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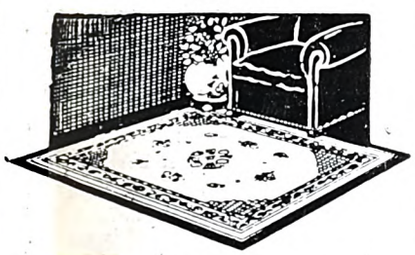

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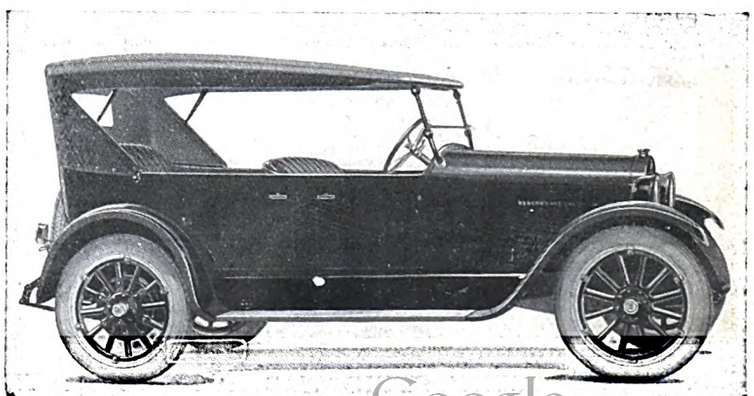

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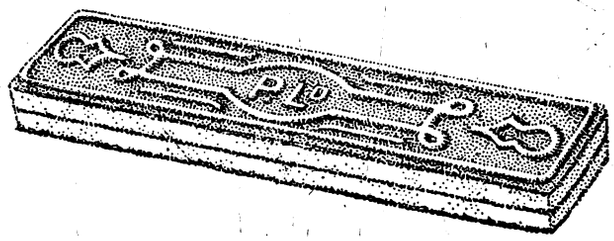

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"THE SHEIK."

Rudolph Valentino in the name-part of the film-version of Miss E. M. Hull's "best seller" novel which is to be screened at the Bijou Theatre, Johannesburg, next week. A photograph of Miss Agnes Ayres, who plays the heroine of the story, is reproduced on page nine.

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JAZZING ROUND THE WORLD.

By JENKYN.

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WELTEVREDEN, Java.

SUCH a simple process as sending money away by post becomes a thing of horror in Java. Having, by sheer British grit and pertinacity, during several years' residence in South Africa and several weeks here, acquired a vocabulary of at least twelve words in Dutch and five in Javanese, one naturally felt proud of one's linguistic attainments. That one doesn't happen to know which language is which is, of course, a matter of detail. Full of confidence, therefore, one hails a *sado* and drives blithely off to the *Post Kantoor*. There are no postal-orders in Java of varied values. One has to purchase a money-order—or *post-wissel*—for the exact amount. By great good fortune the other day I found a man in the Post Office who could speak a little English, and he directed me to a bureau of octagonal shape in the centre of the building. Here again I was lucky, for the clerk spoke our tongue quite decently. I explained that I wanted a money-order for a man in Djokjakurta. He gave me a printed form—2 cents—and a 25-cent stamp. This he directed me to take to the *post-wissel* counter, where I

Had to Stand in a Queue

with natives, and had to wait over an hour for my turn. All the time I was wondering: "How the devil am I going to fill this form in?" The printed instructions were Greek to me, though they were in Dutch. I might guess at it, do it wrongly, have to go back to the bureau and once more take my place in the queue. It was a horrid feeling, and, to add to my terror, the clerk, when I did eventually reach my turn, couldn't speak English. However, he seemed to know what I wanted, made me write the name and address of the person for whom the money-order was intended on a piece of paper, together with my own name, and filled the form in himself. Gladly I tendered the fifty *guilders*, but I was too optimistic. I had only visited two departments yet, and there was more to come. Next I was instructed to join another queue at a counter marked "*Cassa*" (they had apparently forgotten the "-bianca"), and after another wait I received a small slip of paper. This I enclosed with my letter and proceeded to the last counter of all for registration. The whole transaction took about an hour-and-a-half and, luckily for me, it wasn't the busy time of the day. It was about as heart-searing an experience as trying to get an interview with Brigadier-General Cholmondeley (pronounced Bungle) at the British War Office.

* * *

We have done several motor journeys lately, and have noticed a curious phenomenon—the Javanese never sleep. The roads are thronged with coolies and other workers just as much at four in the morning as they are at four in the afternoon. And in many houses a blaze of light is kept on all night. We are told that this is a wise preventive against robbery. The Javanese, however, appear to me to be honest enough—vastly different from the Heathen Hindu, who will rob your teeth of their gold-filling while you are wide awake. I am told, however, that the native is like the little girl with the curl—when he's good he's very very good, but when he's bad he's horrid. I am informed that many Javanese are specialists in secret poisons; that they can

Administer Poison

to you that will carry you off in two minutes, two hours, two months or two years, without arousing the slightest suspicion or leaving the faintest trace. (I must beware of that taxi-man to whom I gave his legal fare the other night!) I was also told, by a man who is remarkable for common-sense, that when a Dutchman marries a native she secretly administers to him a love-philtre which has this effect: That although his errant fancy may cause him occasionally to stray from the strict path of marital virtue, he always returns at last to the same old original half-section. Of course I don't believe everything I'm told. These sound much like traveller's tales. But I should like to put that patent potion on the world's markets. In a very short space of time I would make Henry Ford look the cheapest guy in Detroit City.

* * *

I am inclined to think that in a previous article I mentioned the fact that the postal service is very erratic throughout the East. With the exception of one budget of papers and one letter, I have received nothing during the last five weeks. The other day, however, a postcard from W. G. Sutton, at Muizenberg, did percolate through. It had pasted on it

A Newspaper Cutting

about the change in editorship of *The Rand Daily Mail*, and it had chased me for many weeks all through the Orient. So it is with the news in general. Five weeks without seeing a single British newspaper! What may not have happened in that time! What tragedies or comedies, reputations made or shattered, hatches, matches, dispatches and divorces! It gives one furiously to think, and makes one very anxious to get once more into touch with the outer world.

* * *

Really we Britishers are the outside edge of the limit as regards that matter of foreign languages. We barge around the world, poking our noses into other people's countries, but totally intolerant of their habits, their customs, and their tongues. To us the last are—at the back of our minds—curious noises, an idiot jabber, the chatter of monkeys. We utterly refuse to learn them, and when we do use a few words we simply adapt them to our own ideas. For example, there are two Malayan words in constant use throughout the Middle East—"*stengah*" and "*pergi*." *Stengah* means a half of anything, and applied to a whisky-and-soda is supposed to convey the idea of

A Drink Consisting of

equal portions of each liquid. As a matter of fact it is nothing of the kind. It is a small liqueur glass not too full of whisky that is poured into the bottom of a tumbler, the latter being then filled to the brim with soda-water. It is gaily retailed by hotel-keepers and other varlets at a profit of not less than two hundred and fifty per cent. But this by the way. What I wanted to point out was that we Englishmen when we desire one of these innocuous but gassy refreshers don't say: "*Stengah* whisky soda." Not, on your sweet life. We bang the table with our autocratic fist and yell, "Boy, gimme a stinger!" Again the word "*pergi*" means "go." But do we ever pronounce it correctly? No, Sir! It is "Boy, piggy station—piggy Post-Office—piggy Societat—piggy to hell," *etc., etc.*

* * *

The first thing the Britisher does in a foreign country is to howl for bacon and eggs for breakfast. Of course, in Dutch Java he can't get it let him yell ever so. The Dutch hotelier's idea of breakfast is curious. It is a sort of compromise between the *petit déjeuner* of France and Italy and

(*Continued on page 28.*)

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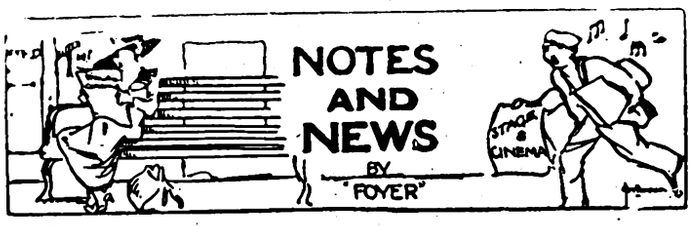

Couple Who Eloped in South Africa.

Enrico Palmetto, "The Danish Caruso," who is now singing at the Johannesburg Empire, has been round the world since his last visit to this country. Some may remember the manner of this adventurous singer's previous coming to South Africa. It was in 1919, and he arrived at Cape Town as the member of the crew of a sailing vessel from Rio de Janeiro, or Monte Video, or wherever it is that sailing-ships come from. That was how he came, and having come, he saw, and then he conquered, not only the public but the heart and hand of Miss Rayna Carbette, of Cape Town, who was then only eighteen. There was opposition from the lady's relations on account of her youth, but the Danish Caruso who had come in a sailing-ship from South America was not daunted by that. He eloped with the girl and married her (and now, by the way, there is a juvenile Palmetto, aged three and a half).

Round the World.

It was in Rhodesia that Madame Palmetto decided that she would help her husband in his work, and she discovered a useful talent for supplying the lighter side of an entertainment with which two people might, with much interest and no small profit to themselves, travel into the distant corners of the earth, paying their way as they went and saving enough to secure a future of confidence and comfort. In this way Signor Palmetto, singing extracts from grand opera, and Madame Palmetto, singing and dancing ragtime, travelled through the Belgian Congo, Portuguese East Africa, British East Africa, Uganda, Zanzibar, Ceylon, India, Burma, the Straits Settlements, the Federated Malay States, Siam (where the King of Siam gave Signor Palmetto a ring bearing the royal monogram), French Indo-China, Sumatra, Java, Borneo and British North Borneo, the Philippines, Manila, Hong-Kong, China, Japan, Australia and New Zealand (in these two countries they worked continuously for 146 weeks—nearly three years), London, the English Provinces, Scandinavia, London again, and so back to South Africa. Unfortunately Madame Palmetto is at the moment laid up at Cape Town, and so she was unable to accompany her husband to Johannesburg.

"THE DANISH CARUSO" AS CANIO.

Signor Enrico Palmetto, the tale of whose travels is told on this page, in the famous tenor part in "*Pagliacci*," the Prologue to which he is singing at the Johannesburg Empire.

"Let's Do It Again!"

The singer says that after he has finished his present engagement with the African Theatres he and his wife (and their little boy) intend to do practically the same world-trip all over again, only this time they are going to begin in the South-West Protectorate, where Signor Palmetto (who sings in English, French, Italian, German and Spanish, as well as in the Scandinavian languages) intends to sing extracts from Wagner in German.

Jennie Hartley Coming.

Miss Jennie Hartley, who as briefly announced last week, is now on her way to South Africa, will reach Cape Town on Monday, and will make the first appearance of her tour at the Johannesburg Empire on August 4. This will be her third visit to this country. The first was made in 1912, when she came out with a vaudeville company under the Hyman management. Her contract specified that she was to be "featured," but she was much surprised, on arriving at Park Station, Johannesburg, to see a poster with her name in huge type "at the top of the bill." That was the first time Jennie Hartley had ever been "starred," and she was duly thrilled, but it was an experience to which in future years she was to grow very accustomed.

General Smuts's Secretary.

Mis Hartley's second visit to South Africa was in 1913-14. She was in Johannesburg during the strike of that new-year period which ended in the deportations, and was the one girl-member of a deputation from the theatrical profession to wait on General Smuts's secretary with the object of persuading the Prime Minister to allow the theatres to be opened. Between her first and second visits to this country Miss Hartley had become engaged to be married to Jack M. Hart, the London theatrical agent; and when she remarked to General Smuts's secretary that she and her fellow-artists were being deprived of their livelihood under martial law, he glanced at the three-stone diamond engagement ring she was wearing, and "You," he observed laconically, "don't appear to be starving!"

Invited to Her Own Wedding.

On her way back to England Miss Hartley received, at Madeira, an invitation to her own wedding, signed by her future husband and all the members of her family. On the other side were the words, "Do Come!" It was soon after her marriage that Miss Hartley first appeared in revue, in which she rapidly became a big favourite, and eventually, when "The Bing Boys on Broadway" was first sent on tour, she was specially selected to play Violet Loraine's part as *Emma, Duchess of Dullwater,* in all the principal towns in England and Scotland; and subsequently she played it throughout Australia and New Zealand. "Hartley," by the way, is a professional name. Miss Hartley's own name was the same as the own name of another famous music-hall star—Ada Reeve. The name is shared by the manager of the Johannesburg Empire.

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BIJOU, MONDAY: "THE SHEIK."

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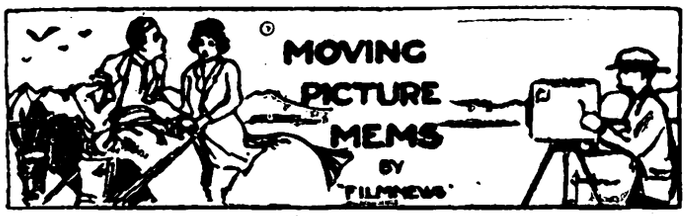

Spectacular Settings in "The Sheik."

One of the most impressive features of "The Sheik," George Melford's production for Paramount, which comes to the Bijou Theatre next week, are the many magnificent and spectacular settings in which the various scenes are enacted. These include: A remarkable conception of a public section of the ancient City of Carthage under Roman rule; a birdseye "shot" of the City of Biskra, the Monte Carlo of the Algerian Sahara, taken from a minaret with an Arab praying in the foreground; fifteen actual "shots" about the City of Biskra, especially made for the picture by a representative from Paramount's London Studio; a picturesque African oasis, especially constructed on a desert site near Hollywood; a complete Arabian village — the stronghold of the bandit chieftain *Omair;* and beautiful, exotic interiors, such as the interior of the *Sheik's* tent, and the desert palace of *Omair*. In the Carthage episode, which is a vision in the picture, a very unusual effect is presented. Agnes Ayres, playing the principal feminine *rôle*, is shown as the haughty queen who rules the city under Roman domination. When the scene first opens, it shows the proud English girl, later to be captured by the *Sheik*, encamped at night among the ruins of Roman splendour in the ancient city. There are broken pillars and crumbling ruins. Then the girl becomes a Carthaginian queen, the architecture is restored and scenes of splendour, peopled with the royal court, flower girls, harp girls, slaves, centurions and Roman soldiers, follow. This vision establishes the haughty, dominant character of the girl, who insists upon taking a journey into the desert, despite her brother's objections. The *rôle* of the *Sheik* is played by Rudolph Valentino, the popular *Julio* of "The Four Horsemen of the Apocalypse." The cast further includes Lucien Littlefield, Adolphe Menjou, George Waggner, Ruth Miller, Walter Long and F. R. Butler.

CAPE TOWN GIRL WHO ELOPED.

Miss Rayna Carbette, who eloped with Signor Enrico Palmetto, "The Danish Caruso," five years ago, and is now revisiting South Africa with her husband. She was "starred" in a film produced in Ceylon.

Sensational Rodeo Film.

Rodeo thrills, cowboys, and cowgirls have all been triumphantly roped and thrown by Pathé cinematographers, whose slow-motion close-up and telephoto film record of the Stadium contests, also to be shown (with "The Shiek") at the Johannesburg Bijou next week, is the most marvellous feat of action-photography ever achieved. It is really easier to follow the film than the actual events. The eight-inch panoramic lens used for the trick horsemanship, steer-wrestling, and bronk-riding contests reduces the length of the Stadium to about thirty yards, so that incidents which the eye cannot detect, owing to speed and distance, occur on the screen right under the spectator's nose, so to speak, and make the courage, strength, and skill, both of riders and animals, far more apparent than with unassisted vision.

Crescendo of Thrills.

The film is a blend of work done with 8in., 6in., and 2in. lenses, and its crescendo of thrills is topped by the slow-motion pictures of bronk and steer riding and steer-wrestling. These pictures, taken at about 200 to the second, are shown on the screen at about sixteen per second. A bucking bronk thus analysed turns out to be an extraordinarily graceful performer, an equine Pavlova, who floats through the air in rhythmic undulations to slow waltz time. But the bucking steer is no Pavlova. His legs are all over the place, yet he is not ungraceful. So clear is this slow-motion record that one can see the muscles of the animals knotting and unknotting. The trick-riding scenes showing cowboys and cowgirls in close detail, leaping from side to side of the horse, or clambering under and round its neck as it is going at top speed, are also a revelation of skill and agility. Lassooing and the much-discussed steer-roping are shown, and the crowded Stadium is in itself a fine sight.

Film Garden Party.

The Cinematograph Garden Party, which took place at the Royal Botanic Gardens, London, last Saturday (July 19), brought together the greatest number of film stars ever assembled in England. The Garden Party was organised to inaugurate a Benevolent Fund from which every needy employee in any branch of the film industry will benefit. Among those who were expected to be there were: Betty Balfour, Alma Taylor, Stewart Rome, Victor McLaglen, Hilda Bayley, Clive Brook, Henry Victor, Lillian Hall-Davies, Rex Davis, Gerald Ames, Mary Odette, Joan Morgan (just returned from America), Marjorie Daw, Cameron Carr, Malvina Longfellow, Mary Brough, Ivy Duke, Guy Newall, Henry Edwards, Chrissie White, Blanche Sweet, Richard Barthelmess, Irene Rich, Pauline Garon, Andrée Lafayette and Alice Joyce.

Starred in Ceylon.

Miss Rayna Carbette, formerly of Cape Town, now Madame Palmetto, whose photograph is published on this page and some of whose adventures and travels are given on the opposite page, was "featured" while with her husband in Ceylon in a photoplay entitled "The Garden of Buddha." It was produced by the Madan Theatres, Ltd., in the Peridena Garden, Kandy, Ceylon—"The supposed Garden of Eden."

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BIJOU, MONDAY: "THE SHEIK."

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£20,000 to Repair an Organ.

London concert-goers (some of them) are evidently proud of their Albert Hall, and prouder still of the great organ installed there. It is announced that the Council of the Royal Albert Hall propose to spend twenty thousand pounds in the restoration of the organ. Four of England's leading organists have certified to the bad condition of the mechanism, which is declared to be worn out. So the renovation must be done at once if the instrument is to be saved. To the ordinary mind, unacquainted with the cost and value of organs, it seems a tremendous sum to expend on organ repairs. How many organs are there in the world that cost twenty thousand pounds, and can anyone be blamed for wondering how much the Albert Hall organ cost originally?

Opera Salaries.

In view of the exaggerated ideas current regarding the salaries paid in recent times to famous operatic artists, information has been given by the headquarters of Opera in London on the subject. It seems that during the last thirty-five years the highest-paid artists were Madame Patti and Signor Caruso. In 1894 Madame Patti, for six performances, was paid four hundred pounds for each performance, and in 1913 Caruso was paid a like sum on a similar contract. In each case the prices of admission were increased. As regards other salaries paid in London, only three artists during the whole of the period named received as much as two hundred and fifty pounds a night, and that only for a very limited number of performances. One singer received two hundred pounds and another one hundred and sixty per performance; two others received one hundred and fifty. With these exceptions nobody has ever been paid more than one hundred pounds a night, and very few indeed as much. Caruso's first contract was at eighty pounds a night, with the right of renewal for two further seasons at one hundred and one hundred and twenty pounds a night. These figures, which are authoritative, seem to dispel any ideas which many have had regarding the fabulous sums paid to great operatic singers during the past generation.

Dominion Concerts.

It appears that all is not well with the various concerts arranged by Dominion artists at the Wembley Exhibition. It is reported that in some cases the concerts have had to be abandoned owing to a deficiency in advertising. Visitors to the Exhibition have complained of the fact that they know nothing of these concerts unless they happen to find out by merest chance that such concerts are in progress.

Bournemouth's Record.

Reports from Bournemouth tell that the popularity of the town's music is growing fast. Between April and June nearly fifty thousand people attended the municipal orchestral concerts given under the direction of Sir Dan Godfrey. The Corporation have adopted a generous policy in the matter of charges, and have given the public the benefit of the reduction of the Entertainment Tax. In spite of a deficit of six thousand pounds on last year's working, the Corporation has decided to continue the orchestra without reduction in strength.

The Music of To-morrow.

The young French composer, Edgar Varese, recently expressed some novel views regarding the future of music. He holds that nothing has changed fundamentally, or is likely to change, in art. Methods of expression, however, have changed and must change. A parallel is to be found in commerce. Fundamentally, commerce is to-day the barter of thousands of years ago, but tremendous changes have taken place in its method. Within the last fifty years leisurely routine has given place to expedition. The elegant correspondence of days gone by has been replaced by the coded telegram. Why, then, the conservatism in music? "Stringed instruments," he points out, "are still the king of orchestras, despite the fact that the violin reached its zenith in the early days of the eighteenth century. Why expect this instrument, typical of its period, to be able to carry the main burden of the expression of to-day? The development of the art has been hampered by certain mechanical restrictions, which no longer need prevail. It must not be forgotten that the division of the octave into twelve half-tones is purely arbitrary. There is no good reason why we should continue to tolerate the restriction. Just as the painter can obtain different intensity and graduation of colour, musicians can obtain different vibrations of sound, not necessarily conforming to the traditional half-tone and whole-tone, but varying ultimately from vibration to vibration.

Forget the Piano.

"In order to exploit the art of sound we shall require an entirely new medium of expression. We certainly should forget forthwith the pianoforte and all the arbitrary mechanical restrictions which it has imposed. This need not be regarded as an iconoclastic proposition. Music is antiquated in the extreme in its medium of expression compared with the other arts. A new notation is necessary, when music will move forward at a bound." I shall comment on this next week.

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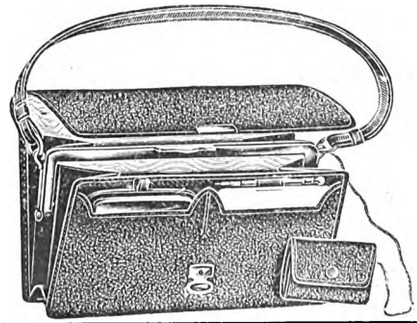

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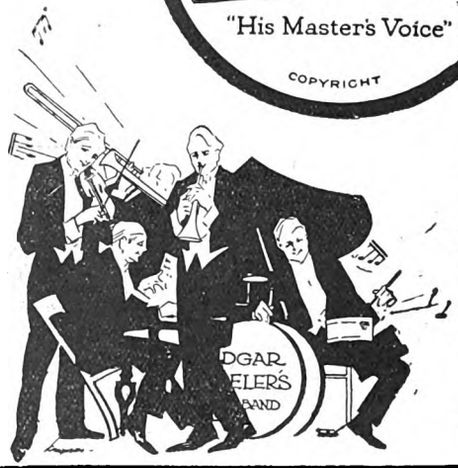

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In the Bright Lights.

EMPIRE PALACE.

WONDERFUL WIRE-WALKERS AND A CLEVER FAMILY ARE AMONG THIS WEEK'S NEWCOMERS.

IT was quite a change again to see the smiling faces of women on the stage at the Empire, for latterly men have predominated in the programmes somewhat strongly. Three new acts and five old favourites gave us a splendid programme on Monday night.

The African Mirror, which opened, was of great interest, depicting the diamond-diggings on the Vaal from the moment the proclamation was read, the "rush," and the subsequent operations at various claims. Oriel as a "mystery horse" figured largely, and so naturally did the British Rugby team.

Holloway and Austin were the first new "turn," and they certainly did marvellous things on the wire. The lady is very dainty and *petite*, and, while not so startling in her act as her partner, backs him up admirably and wears some very *chic* costumes. Mr. Holloway balances himself with and without the customary sunshade, and turns a somersault on the wire with consummate ease. He skips and jumps over ropes, and as a *finale* rides a bicycle on the wire, and, not content with doing this in the usual manner, balances on one wheel. "Good!" came in a voice of deep approval from the gallery, and the rest of the audience roared their agreement.

Winter and Bunny gave a comedy interlude in which the gentleman discoursed on steam and also, with great *éclat*, on "Nothing."

The Harris Family are "a sight for sore eyes"—two curly-haired girls—very pretty girls, too—in the French artist's costume that fancy-dress balls have accustomed us to, carried out in blue velvet; and, as foils, their father and their brother in brown velvet. They play a great variety of instruments, all equally well and with great *verve*. The younger girl gives a very spirited jazz number, and the whole family give a song *ensemble* that is very tuneful. They are one of the best acts of the kind we have had here for many a day.

Vernon Watson, still a prime favourite, gave a number of new impersonations, the late Fred Emney as *Mrs. May*, and Wilkie Bard's "I want to sing in opera." The encores were so insistent that he had to respond more than once, giving, in the first place, an original sketch, "Burglar Bill." While listening to Mr. Watson's impersonations one wonders if it is possible to enjoy anything more—that is, until his own character-sketches come along, which are all of them finished cameos. He enters into the spirit of each. Very noticeable have been the father, the Coster of last week, with his baby, and the voice and the attitude of the hardened burglar who found a baby in the house and who, beneath his hard exterior, loved children. Different in each instance, the father-love crept in as the respective men would have viewed the children. Again an encore and "Frank Tinney" was given. Mr. Watson is having the season of success that his talent deserves.

Victor King, Signor Palmetto (who is always happier in operatic selections than in English ballads), and Rupert Ingalese and Co., had a good reception, and Jack Edge, whom I mention last, although he was not by any means the least, scored a big success.

ELAINE.

KEEN BOOKING EXPECTED FOR FIRST NIGHT OF "TRILBY."

The booking is expected to be exceptionally keen for the first night of "Trilby," with Maurice Moscovitch as *Svengali*, which will take place at His Majesty's Theatre, Johannesburg, on Monday, August 4. The plans will open at the Carlton Hotel Booking Office on Monday, July 28. Mr. Moscovitch, his producer, Mr. George R. Montford, and the members of his company, who have been rehearsing the play at Durban, arrived in Johannesburg this week, and the final rehearsals will take place in town. Miss Sylvia Willoughby is to play *Trilby* and Mr. Nat Madison *Little Billie*.

HIS MAJESTY'S THEATRE.

LAST PERFORMANCES OF "THE GREEN GODDESS": TWO REVIVALS NEXT WEEK.

THIS week holds your last chance of seeing "The Green Goddess" on a Johannesburg stage, for owing to many requests the George Relph Company are to revive "The Way of an Eagle" and "Havoc" for their farewell week at His Majesty's Theatre next week.

Mr. William Archer, well-known as a critic-author, has constructed in "The Green Goddess" a romantic drama which has had a tremendous success in the United States and is still having a tremendous success in London, where it has been running for nearly a year. The author takes us to a lonely spot behind the Himalayas, and he there introduces us to sights and scenes of a dramatic character that keep the audience in a tight grip of expectancy. Thrills there are in plenty, but the text is far removed from the usual loose, slipshod sentences that are generally deemed good enough for connecting links for melodramatic happenings. Mr. Archer has called to his assistance an aeroplane as a means of providing him with a thrilling starting-point. This aeroplane, carrying three passengers, breaks down in Rukh, where the *Raja* reigns with unchallenged autocracy, but with many Western inventions to minister to his comfort.

The chief part in the play is that of the *Raja*, and it is taken with much skill and effect by Mr. George Relph. Mr. Vernon Sylvaine is impressive as a British officer, and Miss Netta Westcott reveals much depth in the somewhat difficult part of the British officer's wife, while *Dr. Traherne*, the third passenger in the aeroplane, in love with the wife, finds an able exponent in Mr. Leonard Upton. The play is finely staged.

"The Way of an Eagle," in which the Relph Company made their first appearance in Johannesburg in February, will be played next Monday, Tuesday and Wednesday, and "Havoc," Mr. Harry Wall's gripping play the production of which preceded "The Green Goddess," will be done next Thursday, Friday and Saturday.

YOUR PHOTOGRAPH? JANE PLOTZ WILL ADVISE YOU. ART STUDIOS, THRUPP'S BUILDINGS.

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LEICESTER SQUARE, June 26.

Summer at Last.

'Tis now the summer of our great content! The maddening iteration of weary wet weeks has ceased at last, and there arrived with Ascot week a spell of settled sunniness nicely tempered with the blandest breezes. "Fair and warmer" has been the slogan ever since—most gratifying, of course, to everybody, more especially our overseas guests, who now, without risking hourly drenchings, can choose between Wembley's wonders, Olympia's Horse Show, Wimbledon's tennis, Lord's cricket, Hendon's Air Force Pageant, Hurlingham's polo and countless minor "season" events for their *plat du jour*. The luckiest ones also put in appearances at the Royal Garden Party or at one of Their Majesties' Courts. Ascot was a huge success, benefiting greatly from the misfortunes of the Derby, as those who stayed away from a swampy Epsom simply *had* to go to Ascot to air their new rig-outs and risk a fiver or two on their fancies. At Wimbledon the tennis "aces" are causing any amount of sensation; surprise victories and defeats being in order. The great Suzanne maintains her title, however, having emerged quite unscathed from her recent illnesses. Her disclaimer, in an interview, of the impolite phrases anent English umpires and others credited to her in print, was a model of diplomacy. "Every woman says absurd things when cross" is a delicious *obiter dictum*. The throngs watching the tennis have included almost as much of the "cream of fashion" as one sees at the big race meetings or at Hyde Park's "Church parade."

The Prince at 30.

The Prince's thirtieth birthday brought him a huge batch of congratulations—a record even for him. Now that your electioneering is over there is again a deal of talk about fixing a definite date for his postponed South African visit. Meanwhile he remains quite the busiest of the whole Royal family—which is no easy position to maintain just now with a multitude of functions all clamouring for preferential patronage. H.R.H. has earned the admiring gratitude of every film-fan here with his decision to attend a special presentation to-night of the new Betty Balfour film "*Revcillé*": this proves the sincerity of the words of encouragement and interest in the British film industry he expressed at a dinner last winter.

Ascot Sunday on the River.

Ascot Sunday we of course spent on the river (once more navigable for small craft after nearly three weeks of impossibly strong currents and floods), and though we didn't get as far as the famous "Boulter's," it was, once we were through the over-crowded locks at Teddington, and settled in the lushy backwater at Kingston, a most gorgeous day of sprawling in the sun, copious feasts of strawberries and cream and ices, lazy listening-in to an afternoon concert, feeding the three families of ducks and one of swans (totalling 32 members!) whose proud parents vainly endeavoured to keep at a safe distance—returning at dusk with the stream, past Eel Pie Island looking like an enchanted bower with its gleaming fairy lanterns in gardens, tea-houses and bungalows, and dodging the rather raffish East-end element that now disports itself in ever-increasing numbers on the Richmond reaches at week-ends.

Queen Alexandra's "Rose Day."

"Alexandra Day" yesterday was immensely popular. I saw many a fayre ladye, though, whose colour-scheme had gone sadly agley—you see, the delicate pink of the Alexandra dog-rose cannot hope to consort successfully with the noisy eccentricities of the jazzily-splashed *batik* and other effects the fashionable world demands for its *marocain*, *crêpe-de-chine* and muslin garments this summer. Queen Alexandra's inability to take her customary part in the collections was most keenly regretted; to Londoners, that drive through the West End and the City had become a favourite occasion for demonstrations of the deep affection they have for her. The cry of "Too many Flag Days" again sounding in the land is most decisively stilled for "Rose Day," which shares with just one or two others the honour of being universally acceptable—proved by the way people walk up and ask for the emblems instead of having to be badgered and harried by the fair vendors.

The Royal Garden Party.

The Royal Garden Party at Buckingham Palace had prevented Queen Mary undertaking the drive usually made by Queen Alexandra. This particular Party was mainly in honour of the Empire visitors to the Exhibition, and there are doubtless any amount of letters *en route* now to South Africa with full descriptions of the glories of the Palace grounds, the dresses and the highly informal "ceremonies" which are so negligible as to make the affair very little different from any "Commoner's" garden-party.

The Outcry Against the Rodeo.

The Rodeo at Wembley has been perhaps the biggest of the "big noises" of the past fortnight. Its opening performances were decidedly unlucky ones for the organisers; so much so that the Exhibition authorities were practically forced to ban the steer-roping contests on account of the repeated accidents to animals which had resulted in several having to be destroyed (strangely enough, the people agitating about the "cruelty to animals" completely ignored the injuries sustained by the cowboy and cowgirl contestants). Quite impartially, one cannot help thinking that the "cruelty" plea was much over-emphasised: any number of noted sportsmen and women and animal lovers have repeatedly been present at the Rodeo and found nothing whatsoever to cavil at. This, however, is no place for controversy—everybody can come to a conclusion for himself by viewing the quite wonderful film of the first (and most exciting of all) performance, taken by the Pathé Company, a copy of which I learn is now on its way to South Africa. [It will be screened at the Johannesburg Bijou next week. —Ed., S.A.P.] This film has drawn huge crowds to the Tivoli here this week (where it is being exclusively shown prior to general "release" next Monday), all as eager as the tens of thousands who flock to the Stadium itself twice daily.

Wembley Revisited.

I was at Wembley the day the Rodeo commenced, and found it difficult to realise that it was the same place I had visited a week or two previously, so different did everything appear in the summer sun and with all the charmingly-arranged gardens, the lake and the avenues a blaze of colour and perfume from the flowers, bushes and trees—whilst overhead a buzzy, bustling 'plane untiringly went on writing out "Daily ——" in gigantic red and white letters over a few miles of blue sky, and a lolling old sausage-balloon (recalling those baking days on the Flanders front) gazed placidly down at us as we took a trip from India to Canada and New Zealand in the motor launches on the lake, passing the island where scores of couples fox-trotted and one-stepped right through the heat of the afternoon and evening. Everything in the South African pavilion was completely finished and large crowds were admiring the exhibits. The two cinemas had had "Standing Room Only" all day, and on the train there had been six separate lunch sittings and there were long queues lining up for tea there. Just outside is the ostrich park, which naturally forms the Mecca every child visitor simply yells to be taken to. The birds are all in fine condition, and there can be no doubt that they, together with the train and the cinemas, make an ineradicable impression on every visitor. These three exhibits were, in fact, a real brain-wave on somebody's part; none of the other Dominions have anything half so striking to get themselves remembered by.

(*Continued on page 13.*)

VISIT JANE PLOTZ PORTRAIT GALLERY, ART STUDIOS, THRUPP'S BUILDINGS.

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JOHANNESBURG, Tuesday afternoon.

THE " tally " of transactions in the shares of 14 companies on High 'Change yesterday and 16 this morning constitutes a pretty good index to market inactivity at the moment.

Government Areas maintain their price of 128s. 6d., but Brakpans are a shilling slacker at 64s., while Modders after climbing laboriously to 72s. 6d. last week, are back to 70s. 6d. on the uninspiring quarterly report, revealing development values inferior to those of City Deep and not much better than those of Crown Mines. The redeeming feature is that the pay-ratio continues good.

Consolidated Diamonds, after sagging to 15s. 6d., are back again to 16s. 6d., and buyers. Randfonteins keep below par. Some fairly good parcels of Robinson Deep " A " are being bought for investment at 24s., while there is a small demand for Cape Cements, on vague expectations of a dividend at a not too distant date, at 16s.

Quarterly reports of the Central-Rand Mines Group have made their appearance at intervals during the week, and comprise many points of interest. The East Rand Proprietary's purchase of 117 claims, mentioned some weeks ago in the market, is confirmed. They were formerly owned by the Witwatersrand and Knight Central. I wonder what bearing this purchase has on the Wit. Deep's area. Exactly half of the development footage was payable, with excellent values, the main reef leader, on which the bulk of development was done, going 18½ dwt. over a couple of feet, the main reef itself the same value over three feet, and the composite reef only a trifle less over four feet. These encouraging values in the western area are limited in extent, but development work therein is being pushed ahead. The working profit was about £48,000, equal to 10s. an ounce, but, as the premium is only 7s. 6d. an ounce, it follows that the mine is even now solely dependent on the dollar-£ exchange. The shares have backed down to 12s. 7d.—12s. 9d.

Durban Deep made only £10,200 profit for the quarter. About half the sampled development was payable, with fairly good values.

At Crown Mines 60 per cent. of the sampled development was payable; at City Deep 70 per cent. In each case the main reef leader was a couple of feet wide, but it went over an ounce at the City against three quarters at the Crown. Village Deep passed both these in pay-ratio at 80, but though the value was 21 dwt. the reef was only 16 inches wide. Nourse's pay-ratio was only 43. The grade called for cannot be recovered owing to the failure of numerous south-reef blocks to come up to scratch, and it is disconcerting to learn that the ore-reserve value will be materially influenced by the lower values of last year's development. Though I do not think there is much danger at 10s., I must modify my hint of a week or so ago that they were worth buying. Rather " dead stock " at the moment.

For the small amount of development Ferreira Deep is getting quite good values out of its pyritic reef. At the " C.M.R." well over half the footage was payable, with good values.

Turning to the Far East Rand, exactly three-quarters of the sampling at " Modder " was payable, with a value of 26 dwt. over 16 inches, which is very disappointing. A " plum " in the shape of extra gold realisation brought the profit well over half-a-million. Only two-fifths of the sampling at Modder " Bee " and Modder East was payable. At the latter, the expense of increased development and the extension of stoping over a wider area will reduce working profits until the company is milling with its own plant.

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MAIL-WEEK IN LONDON.

(*Continued from Page 10.*)

South African Gramophone Records.

In the Palace of Industry I was given a list of "Velvet Face" and "Winner" records made in South Africa which are shortly to be marketed here. They include some temptingly-titled vocal and instrumental music by Mmes. Pierre de Beer, Tina Louw, Violet Turnbull, C. M. de Jongh, J. van Niekerk, Messrs. M. J. Commaille, W. Spiethoff, Norman Hart, Jan Luyt, B. Sowman, the Dutch and Waldorf Trios and Harmony Quartette; also "A Message for Union Day," delivered by Dr. Viljoen. There are more than a couple of dozen songs in the Taal—that's breaking new ground here with a vengeance!

"Mother Come Home and Starch My Shirt!"

After tea in the Malaya section (where the queue seemed less dense than elsewhere), we sat by the lake inventing titles to the dances the band was playing—the object being to get one even crazier than those lately published. First prize was awarded for a "Blues" entitled "Mother come home and starch my shirt, I'm going to the hop to-night." Further musings were interrupted by the advent of a garlanded boat-load of Hindu entertainers from the Indian Theatre, who treated us to some quaint native serenades and dances, accompanied by their three-piece "orchestra," and with the ladies of the troupe executing a rythmic paddle-dance at the prow with golden paddles. A short jaunt around the Amusement Park—rather too clamorously noisy and gaudy for a hot day—concluded the day's programme.

At Drury Lane.

Last week I paid my (long overdue) respects to the reconstructed auditorium of Drury Lane Theatre—which deserves to be set up as the *ultima thule* in comfort and line of vision for a playhouse. Even the gallery has tip-up seats from every one of which there is an excellent view of the stage. The acoustics at the "Lane" have, of course, been perfect always. Basil Dean, however, has been unfortunate in his choice of play to inaugurate the new *régime*. "London Life" is unworthy both of Arnold Bennett and Edward Knoblock. Mr. Bennett, in a programme note, tells us that he and Mr. Knoblock wrote it "in a cabin on a yacht during some extra stormy weather." After sitting through three hours of it I am ready to believe anything about the locality of its conception, but it is at its unruffled calm and innocuous lack of grip that the critics "grouse." The big "sets" of the Terrace of the "House," a political reception and the moonlight-bathed terraced-garden at Coombe, are as magnificent as anything ever seen at the "Lane," but even artists like Mary Jerrold, Lilian Braithwaite, Frank Cochrane and Henry Ainley can do nothing with the anæmic dialogue and plot. Olive Sloane (whom, I daresay, you have seen in various British films) has a delightful little part as a vulgar musical-comedy star, and is about the only redeeming feature of the show apart from the "production."

At Covent Garden.

At Covent Garden I have heard three further operas of varying merit (as far as the singers were concerned). Selma Kurz in "*Traviata*" brought back the golden days of a decade ago and caused quite a *furore* with her amazing *coloratura* singing, to say nothing of the sensation created by the gargantuan size of her crinolined dresses. She was heartily applauded from a stage box by Mme. Albani. Hislop and Dinh Gilly likewise sang magnificently as the two *Germonts*—the latter attained his old form of the Caruso-Destinn-Gilly performances in fact. In "*Bohème*" we heard a new tenor, Luigi Marini, who, after a nervous first act with Delia Reinhardt (the *Oktavian* of "*Rosenkavalier*"), gave quite a charming performance. It was strange how they both missed fire in Act I. yet picked up so finely for the rest of the opera. Ravel's beautifully orchestrated "*L'heure Espagnole*" was not so well done as it was five years ago, though we heard more of the dialogue than ever before. It was followed by a notably brilliant rendering of "*Pagliacci*" by Hislop and Formichi, with a newcomer, Jane Laval, as a very slim, graceful and pleasant-voiced *Nedda*.

PAUL PRY.

BIJOU, MONDAY: "THE SHEIK."

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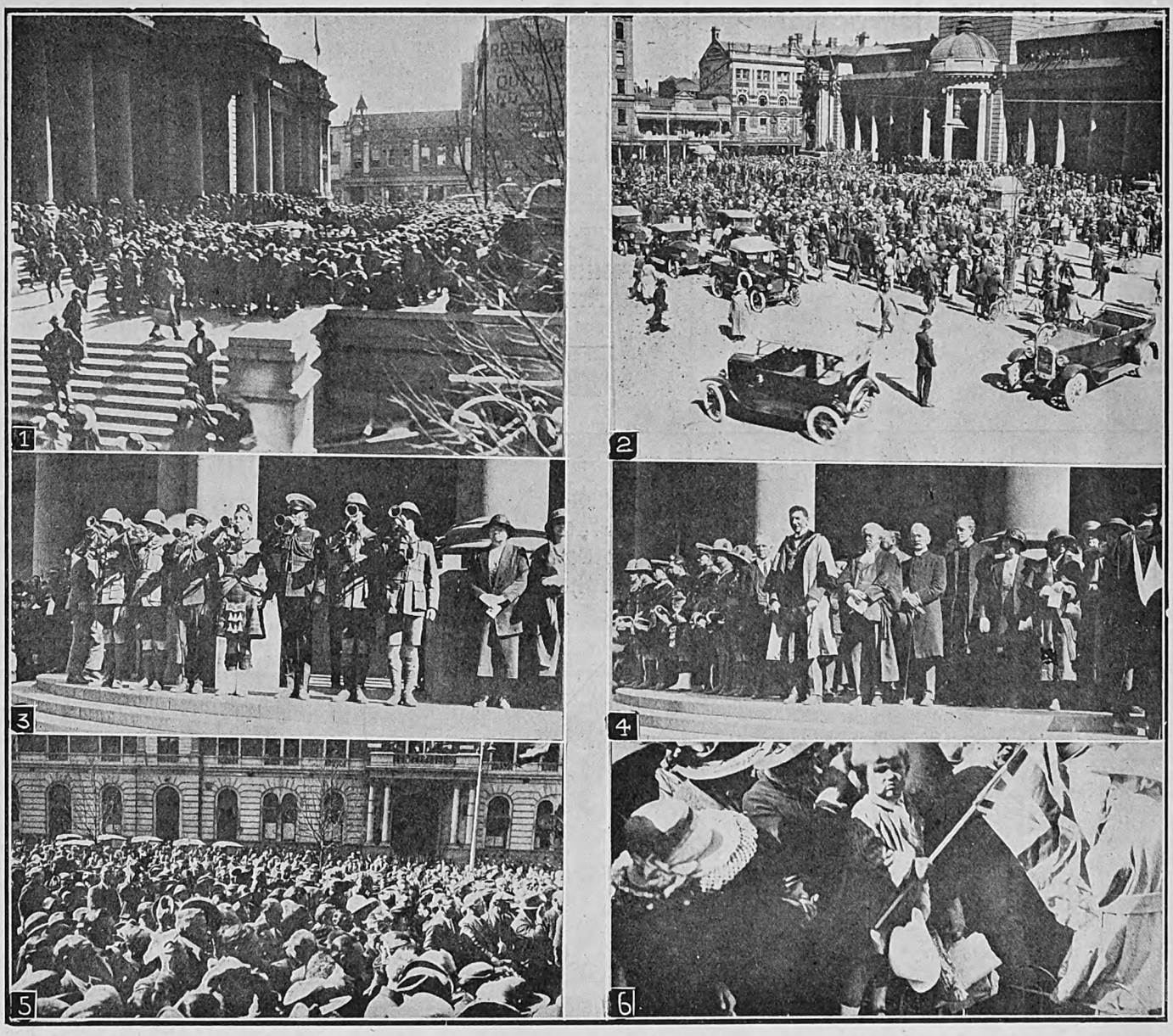
DELVILLE WOOD DAY IN JOHANNESBURG.



THE EIGHTH ANNIVERSARY OF THE BATTLE OF DELVILLE WOOD HONOURED IN JOHANNESBURG LAST SATURDAY.

1. The crowd in front of the Town Hall (photographed from Market Street). 2. The crowd photographed from President Street. 3. Buglers of the Rand regiments sounding "The Last Post." 4. The Mayor and Town Clerk and the Bishop of Johannesburg during the Two Minutes Pause. 5. The crowd during the Pause (photographed from the Town Hall steps). 6. A snapshot during the Pause.

Photos for "S. A. Pictorial" by African Film Productions, Ltd.

AFTER THE ZEEKOEFONTEIN DIAMOND "RUSH": WORK IN PROGRESS AT THE DIGGINGS.

1. Diggers working their alluvial claims at Zeekoefontein, which are proving quite payable despite many rumours to the contrary. 2. Helping "Dad" at the Diggings.

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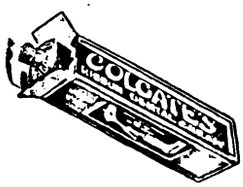

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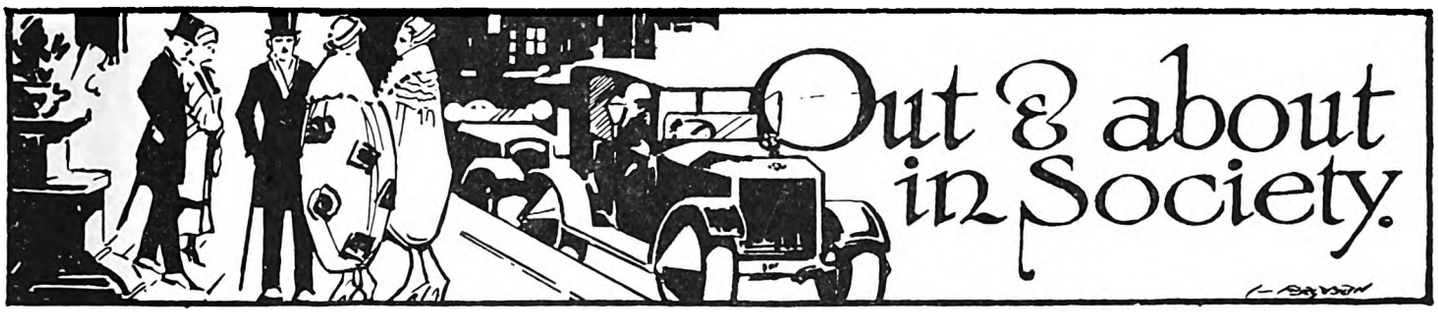


[*All invitations for dances, weddings, and other social functions, and all communications intended for these pages, should be addressed to The Lady Correspondent,* THE SOUTH AFRICAN PICTORIAL, *P.O. Box 1574, Johannesburg.*]

Delville Wood Week.

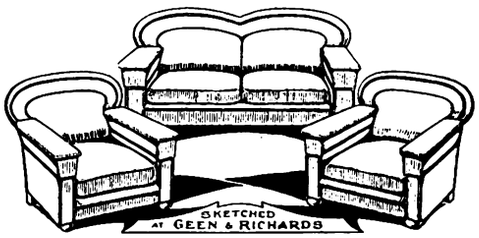
The memory of Delville Wood seems to have come through the days that have gone, making the past week one of the quietest we have had and an absolute dearth of news of any sort. So it has been a time of peace for many women who have rested contentedly at home, for once in a way, and have tried to regain lost looks.

Gladys Cooper's Beauty Shop.

I read that Miss Gladys Cooper is starting a Beauty Shop. She has, in fact, already started it, for a modest unpretentious sign bearing the words "Gladys Cooper's Beauty Preparations" indicates where beauty can be purchased at so much an ounce or cultivated or enhanced for so much a "treatment.' "Oh, dear, no! I am not leaving the stage," laughed Miss Cooper when asked by *The Standard* if her being in business would interfere with her theatre work. "This idea of starting a beauty shop is no sudden freak. I am always having letters from people who ask my advice about skin and complexion treatment, and as I do happen to know something about the subject it occurred to me that I might turn my knowledge to account.

Personal Tests.

"I do not propose to give the public things I haven't tried on myself! My things are not made haphazard. Everything has been carefully tested over and over again in the laboratory attached to the shop until we feel that we cannot get anything better." All who go to the Gladys Cooper Beauty Parlour expecting luxurious fittings and expensively upholstered furniture will be disappointed. Never were premises for such a purpose more Spartan in character.



AN ENTERTAINER'S SONS.

Douglas and Sydney, the two sons of Mr. Fred Lake, the entertainer, who is now on the South African vaudeville circuit. Douglas, though only 7, is a pianist of promise, and has already appeared with outstanding success at the Morley Hall, Hanover Square, and the Wigmore Hall, London. He is a pupil of Tobias Mathay.

White and Washable.

Everything is white and washable. In some respects it reminds one of a miniature operating theatre. For the "patient" a white chair, a mirror, and a table for the necessary beauty-giving paraphernalia, complete the furnishings. The "operators" dress with extreme simplicity in white overalls. There are no becomingly arranged rose-coloured curtains, so that the fierce light that beats upon the completed complexion immediately reveals the improvements effected. The pots and bottles are equally unostentatious. There are no flagons tied up with dainty ribbons nor pretty creams in alabaster pots. The only decoration on plain bottles is a head of Miss Gladys Cooper against a greyish-blue background, with a facsimile of her signature below.

Another Specialist.

Miss Edna Flugrath, who is the sister of Shirley Mason and Viola Dana, and wife, of course, of Harold Shaw, has also gone into the beauty parlour business. Many of you will remember her success here on the screen in some of the films Mr. Shaw directed. She has called her venture the Gainsborough Beauty Shoppe, and it is situated in Hollywood, Los Angeles, California—rather too far for us to travel. I believe there is a very famous beauty doctor there already in the person of Dr. Balsinger, who has given back the appearance of youth to many famous Hollywood stars.

A Theatrical Reception.

Talking of lovely women, there was a very well-dressed gathering on the stage at His Majesty's Theatre the other afternoon, when after the matinée Mr. George Relph and the members of his company gave a tea-party. We sat in the temple of "The Green Goddess," shorn of all its terrors, and the *Raja* in his wonderful robes of black and gold waited on us like any ordinary human-being. It was pleasant to see that *Watkins* had come to life again; a scamp he may be but—such is human nature—a clever scamp has everyone's sympathy. Among those present I saw Lady Andersson, Mrs. R. F. McCall (her elegant hat with its golden paradise plumes made me very envious), Mrs. James Whitehouse, Mrs. (Major) John Reid, Mrs. Percy Hollins, Mrs.

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Sydney Smith, Mrs. Reggie Saner, Mrs. (Dr.) Pocock, Mrs. Harold Wallers, Mrs. Arthur Langton, Mrs. Simpson, Mrs. Mudd, and Mrs. L. L. Saunders. From the Empire came many of the artists who kindly entertained the guests. Mr. Jack Edge was among the visitors. Mr. Fred Lake and Partner gave a very enjoyable entertainment. By the way, you can get many of his records on the "Winner"; in fact, every song he sings at the Empire is recorded on the Winner records. "Twelve O'clock at Night" was the last one he made before he left for Africa. Miss Waldie and Mr. Gane gave a couple of amusing songs, and Mr. Vernon Watson fairly "brought down the house" with his impersonations. The spirits of George Graves, Wilkie Bard, George Formby and Harry Champion, among others, must have hovered very near the stage that afternoon. Then Miss Merci Gregori gave one of her well-known recitations, and a very nice afternoon ended. Mr. Dave Foote officiated at the piano for Mr. Watson, and of course all the Relph company were there and the manager of the theatre, Mr. Dick Cruikshanks.

ONE OF THE OLD SCHOOL.

Mr. Charles R. Stone, the father-in-law of Victor Crawford, the popular comedian who is now in South Africa and is appearing in "Brighter London." Mr. Stone was in the recent London production of "Hassan." In the days that are past he acted with Barry Sullivan, Sarah Thorne, and other old-time "stars."

Fashions for Men.

We have seen in the shops for some time now the fancy "pull-over" sweaters for men, which the Prince of Wales is credited with having made fashionable. The smart London man-about-town models himself on the Prince. He is often seen wearing a white waistcoat (and, of course, a black tie) with a dinner-jacket, a thing at which the Beau Brummels of the past would have held up their hands in consternation, although, as a matter of fact, King Edward always wore a white waistcoat with a dinner-jacket. The correct white dress waistcoats are, of course, the double-breasted backless type, though how they keep on is a marvel to the feminine mind. They are made of marcella, and to be *chic* must have white porcelain buttons. Marcella is the newest material, and your dress-shirt and tie should also be made of it. A controversy has arisen as to how many stud-holes there should be, on such matters hanging the fate of nations, and I am told that, although two are still usual and popular, the Prince of Wales has one only, in which he wears a pearl stud. Taking

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Mr. P. Tucker, from a photograph.

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(Signed) **Thomas Hayes.**

Mr. Thomas Hayes, from a photograph.

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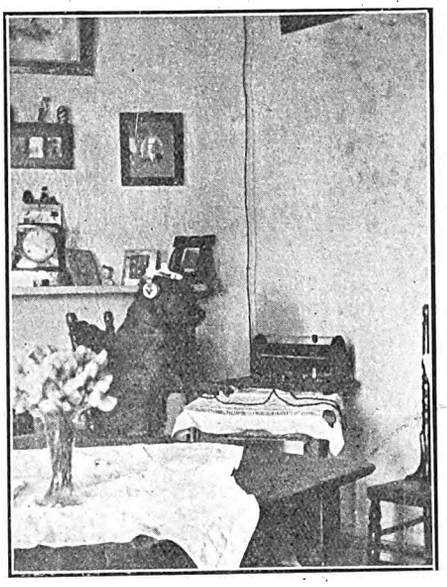
the stage as the arbiter of fashion, I notice in one of the latest plays that a double-breasted dinner-jacket is being worn. Will it take on? By the way, a friend of mine tells me that when, some eighteen months or two years ago, he insisted on having ordinary black bone buttons on his evening-dress (both dinner-jacket and "tails"), his (Johannesburg) tailor thought he was mad, and only fixed them under protest. My friend was not much before, but his tailor was a good deal behind, the times. Bone buttons are now the *only* correct thing for evening-kit, so if yours are cloth-covered, either flat or round, or plain or fancy, for goodness' sake discard 'em at once!

Gloves, Please!

And, dear men, while on the subject of your extremely charming selves . . . I see that in England the girls have decided against the men who do not wear gloves at dances. Hot hands create havoc with a fresh and dainty gown, and the man who appears with a *white* (meaning clean) pair of gloves is scoring heavily. Will you remember this also in Johannesburg? The times have changed undoubtedly, but it is a pity that so many of these little niceties have fallen into disfavour. I was thinking of this at the Carlton Hotel on Friday, where there were so many lovely gowns worn and hardly a man with gloves. Among the dancers were Mr. and Mrs. R. F. McCall, Mr. and Mrs. Llewellyn Edwards, the two Mr. Rissiks, Mr. H. Juta, Mr. Lance Dale Lace, Miss M. Gregory, and a score of others.



NOT HIS MASTER'S VOICE.

Tatters listening-in to a wireless set made by two youngsters, Cecil Everitt and P. H. Brady, of Johannesburg.
Photo by P. J. Brady.

Delightful Dancing.

Talking of dancing, the display given by the pupils of Madame Ravodna at the Standard Theatre in aid of the funds of the Children's Aid Society was an enormous success, judging by the "house" and the standard of dancing, which was exceedingly high. They opened the programme with a jazz number, and then Rosemary Milne, one of our prettiest dancers, gave a *pas seul*. It is impossible for me, of course, to go right through the items, but even reporters (who are supposed by their editor to be above all human feelings) have their preferences and their likes and dislikes, so I shall tell you of a few that appealed specially to me. The smaller children always have an appeal, and the "Two Wooden Dolls," Rita Beilas and June Rose, danced delightfully. Little June should make a name for herself as she grows older, for she has the true spirit of the theatre in her dancing, small as she is. She also took part in a novel interlude, "Three Blind Mice and a Cat," Rita Beilas and Douglas Schulman being the other two Mice, and Peggy Jourdan, who danced a very excellent jig in the first half, the Cat. It was a true nursery rhyme, for the unexpected happened, as it always does in fairy tales, and one mouse lost its tail and developed into a Manx variety of mouse, to the high delight of the audience. Miss Gladys Godby, who is, I understand, leaving Johannesburg to take up a professional career overseas, danced very wonderfully, and the "Jewel Song" from "Faust" was sung by Miss Anna Clive, while Miss Biddy Milne gave an appropriate dance. The Clown (Bertha Pearce) was a cheery little soul. Miss Poppy Frames danced "The Swan Dance," which has to my mind been immortalised to such an extent by Pavlova that, having seen her, one never can separate the vision of the bird dying and throbbing out its life from that marvellous dancer. It is a difficult dance for any pupil, or even teacher; the soul of the swan should lie in its fluttering, beating wings and its quivering muscles. Very fascinating was the dance by eight girls in *ballet* dresses of white and pink roses, but there was not enough team-work, which spoilt the effect. The *bonne bouche* was undoubtedly the operatic solo dance by Madame Ravodna, which showed that the artist had lost none of her cunning by her long absence from the stage, and which taught anew that dancers must be born, not made. I loved the *ballet* of "The Satyr and the Nymphs." In fact, the only grouse

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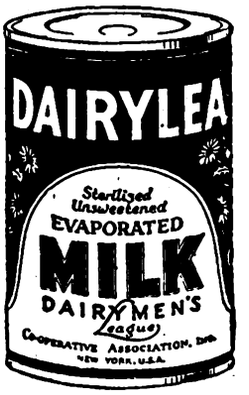

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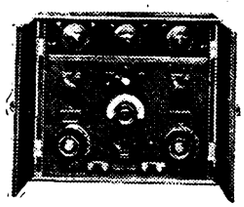

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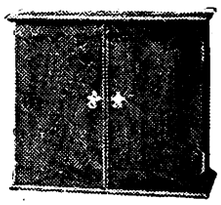

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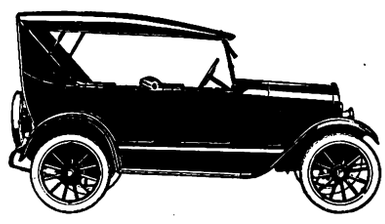

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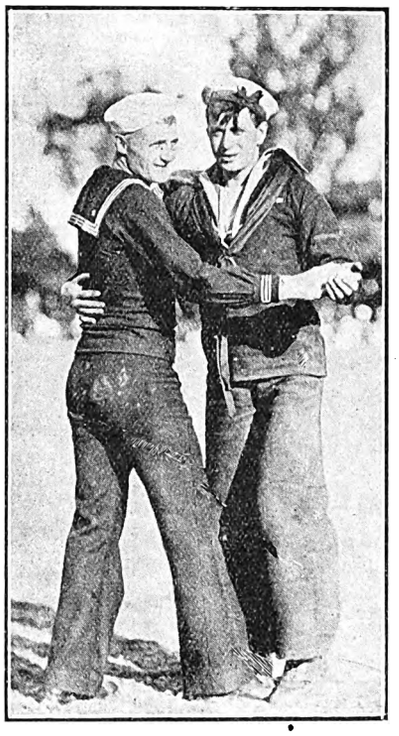
one could have was that the programme was somewhat too long, even for such good fare. Of the ladies associated with the production, I understand that Mrs. A. M. Jacobs and Mrs. Sessil were responsible for much hard work. Mrs. T. A. R. Purchas was "chair" of the committee, and Mrs. Nethersole superintended the sweets. At the close Dr. Baumann thanked Madame Ravodna and her pupils for the help they had given the Society.

Coming Functions.

And again talking of dances, the South African Commercial Travellers' Association will hold their Annual Ball on September 6 in the Town Hall, when fancy-dress will be in order, and such very valuable prizes are offered that one is tempted to compete, even if fat and forty. The Old Johannians will hold their eighth annual dance in the Wanderers' Hall on August 15, and the hon. secretary writes: "We are sparing neither time nor money to make this function a great success." And that means a lot, coming from the Old Johannians.



JACK AND JONATHAN.
A British sailor (from H.M.S. *Dublin*) and an American sailor dancing together during the recent visit to Durban of the United States cruiser *Trenton*.
Photo by "Happy Snaps."

"The Sheik" Next Week.

Next week you will, of course, all be going to see "The Sheik." Rudolph Valentino was over in England a short time ago, and a gentleman who travelled on the same ship with him from America tells me that he had the most amazing collection of suits and accessories (this sounds somewhat like a Ford advertisement) that he had ever heard of, even in novels. Most of us still remember his fine dancing in "The Four Horsemen of the Apocalypse."

Congratulations!

One would like to congratulate Mrs. J. A. Thwaites and Mr. Charles Dietholm on their marriage, which took place last week. Mrs. Thwaites is always one of the best-turned-out women in Johannesburg, and her *toilettes* are very *chic* indeed. As soon as they return from Delagoa Bay, where they are staying at that wonderful hotel, the Polana, they will reside at The Moot House, Valley Road, Parktown.

"A Message for Africa."

From England come cheery greetings from our old friend Percy Hutchison, who seems to be hankering after the sunshine of South Africa. He send regards to the many folks who so kindly entertained him here, and appears to be doing extremely well at Home.

Shingling vs. Shaving.

Talking of shingling—such an engrossing topic—most of the younger set of actresses have fallen into line with the prevailing fashion and are bobbed or shingled. Miss Margaret Bannerman has held out, however, for she contends that with an actress she never knows in what style she will require to wear her hair, as play succeeds play. From America I read about a husband who was thoroughly upset by the fact that his wife had, unknown to him, shingled her tresses. He thought out a deep-laid plot, and from a smart, clean-shaven young man has now developed into a "Beaver." "This will bring her to her senses," he chortled. But his wife smiled sweetly and said to her friends, "I guess it's his own face, and if he wants to grow fungus on it, I should worry!" And so the matter rests.

"What Do They Know of——?"

It is always a source of great joy to me to read what the notabilities write of "poor savage Africa" when they return to Europe. *The Daily Mirror*, talking of Mr. Justice Feetham, says he was one of the brilliant young men sent out to South Africa after the Boer War as one of Lord Milner's "kindergarten." They then go on to express surprise that "long residence on the *veld* (spelt "veldt," of course) has not entirely robbed him of the Oxford manner." What does Johannesburg think of it?

Woman the Huntress.

And now we have Charlie Chaplin on Woman with a very capital "W." "Any woman in the world," says he, "if she makes up her mind to get anything, especially if the thing happens to be a man, can get it. I don't care what she's like to look at, she will get him in the end. She always has." Born hunters, we are! The trouble is that, having once got "the thing," he is often not worth while.

The Kimberley Amateurs.

From Kimberley comes news of "Sweet Lavender" produced by the Diamond Fields Dramatic Club in aid of the Union Masonic Benevolent Fund. Mr. Kenneth Gwynne was responsible for the very excellent production, with Mr. Tom Hill as stage-manager and Mr. Vivian Taylor as musical director. Crowded houses greeted two performances of the play, and the production was a notable success. Miss Hilda Bergman took the part of *Lavender* very sweetly, and it was difficult at times to realise it was acting on her part, she entered into the spirit of the Pinero's heroine so well. Mr. Kenneth Gwynne gave a very excellent rendering of the part of *Dick Phenyl*, and of course had all the weight of the production to carry as well. *Geoffrey Wedderburn*, the Scottish banker, was played by Mr. Donald Campbell. *Clement Hale* (Mr. Mark Kemmey), *Dr. Delaney* (Mr. George Wilson), *Horace Bream* (Mr. John Mackereth), *Mr. Maw* (Mr. Alfred Hipkin), *Mr. Bulger* Mr. A. Ferraris), *Mrs. Gilfillian* (Mrs. H. V. Maclennan), *Minnie* (Miss Blodwen Lloyd), and *Ruth* (Miss Marion Carpenter), were all splendidly played and contributed to a memorial show. Mr. Donald Campbell is the President of the Dramatic Society.

CARRIE.

Mr. Arnold Bennett has turned his Bibilical play "Judith" into a libretto for an opera, and the music is being written by Mr. Eugene Goossens.

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HISTORY OF HOSE.

Keen Racing at Germiston Last Saturday.

A DOUBLE-TOTE STORY.

By "OBSERVER."

THE victory of Hose in the Clairwood Winter Handicap came as a great surprise to followers of form and market movements. But on consideration there is very little to wonder at. The original fifty-eight entries had gradually

Dwindled Down

in number and class until it could be said in all truth that Saturday's field of sixteen was about the worst in quality that has ever raced for a thousand-pound stake in this country. Flush of Dawn appears to have gone off badly. The old mare was, I thought, well in at 8st. 7lbs. in such a moderate field, but evidently she has lost her last-furlong electrifying run of yore.

* * *

Mr. S. B. Joel imported Hose (Scoter-Fireplay) to this country, and in his colours, as a two-year-old, Hose annexed the Trial Handicap at the Johannesburg Turf Club's Summer Meeting of 1921 on the same day that Flush of Dawn made history in the Summer Handicap, then worth 4,000 sovs.

* * *

The dividend of £20 16s., paid out on Hose last Saturday, was not the only big return in his career, for at Benoni on January 7, 1922, he returned his followers in the Boksburg Handicap "C" £18 16s. a win and £5 12s. a place.

* * *

A month later Hose became the property of Mr. C. H. de Meillon, who had the purchase price of 700 sovs. speedily returned, the three-year-old taking the Yeoville Handicap (Bottoms) at the Autumn Meeting of the Johannesburg Turf Club.

* * *

Eventually Hose passed into the hands of Mr. J. Leaman, and in his colours won the Congella Handicap, of five furlongs, at the recent Durban meeting, performed ingloriously in several events, and now adds Clairwood's big race to the stable tally.

* * *

Mr. de Meillon has been the most unfortunate owner from these parts to make the Durban trip, for the sweets of victory decline to come his way. Cardinal Campeggio was badly handicapped—taking a line through the Rand assessments—when meeting Noble Polly in the Mayville Handicap, and had to be content with second place. Mr. Simpson's filly followed up her

Success at Durban

by winning the Merebank Handicap at Clairwood from a weak field, and it will be interesting to see on what terms she meets "the Cardinal" at the next time of asking. Noble Polly looks a likely winner of the Clairwood Flying Stakes, run this Saturday.

* * *

A novelty for South Africa—a hurdle race—will figure on this Saturday's programme at Clairwood. Mr. C. A. Hadley, of the Rand Hunt Club, has nothing engaged, but he is taking a keen interest in the event and the Club is fortunate in having his advice where this branch of sport is concerned. S.A.P. and Salute should run prominently.

The Germiston Sporting Club had delightful weather for the meeting last Saturday. If the attendance lacked in the professional element—a goodly number being still in Natal—the local people rose to the occasion; indeed, it is doubtful if the Club has been at any time better patronised by its "ain folk" than was the case on Saturday. The tote turnover, however,

Failed to Reach Expectations,

although £8,286 seemed to be a fair result, all things considered. In a chat with the stewards I gathered that a bumper attendance is expected at the holiday meeting of the Club on Monday, August 4, when it is hoped that Saturday's tote takings will be doubled or thereabouts. One can hardly imagine a more attractive *rendezvous* if Saturday's weather conditions prevail—abundance of sunshine, and *sans* wind and dust.

* * *

We are told on every hand that racing on the Rand is deteriorating at an alarming rate. Well, there was a stoppage of the rot at Germiston, for every starter seemed to be out after the "oof-bird." This was reflected in the betting, which was remarkably close throughout the day.

* * *

Edelwild was favourite for the principal race, and duly materialised, although his supporters had a scare when they saw the hooded Lang Syne for once sticking to his work like a tradesman. However, Edelwild secured a head advantage almost in the last stride, thanks mainly to Amos, who seems the "headiest" jockey of the younger brigade.

* * *

The two-year-old race, which opened proceedings, was marked by a keen struggle between Polyrose II. and Cardinal's Guard, the judge being unable to separate the pair. Mr. Gard's colt was favourite and was unlucky in not scoring a clear-cut victory.

* * *

The honour of bearing relief to the smitten ranks of the bookmakers fell to Medeboeler in the last race of the day. Previous to this every winner had been well backed. Medeboeler was among the "also ran" in a race at Milnerton last October, and this was his first public appearance since then; so it was not surprising that the public looked elsewhere for the winner.

* * *

The double tote appears likely to stay with us. I am not prepared to say that it helps the sport, or even the tote in the aggregate, but to those who want something more or less of a gamble the double tote comes as a boon if not as a blessing. It may interest my readers to learn the *modus operandi* adopted by the lucky winner of the largest double-tote in recent months. A young man had

Made up His Mind

that a certain horse would win the "first leg" of the double, but he had no preference for anything in the "second leg." In his quandary he lined up in turn to the tote counter, and stated his case to the attendant. The latter said: "Well, why not select the absolute outsider!"

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This was done—and the one ticket brought in several hundred pounds. A day later, between the puffs of an obese cigar, the attendant was talking about going on a holiday, while friends were lost in admiration of the brand-new Stetson which he wore. So that's that!

* * *

The English three-year-old form this season is confusing to a degree. Even the Derby-winner has added his quota to the puzzle which confronts students of form. Tom Pinch, whose pros and cons have filled more newspaper space than any of his tribe heretofore, has been given 8st. 6lbs. in the Goodwood Stewards' Cup, to be run next Tuesday. What Tom's best distance is no-one seems to know yet, and it is quite on the cards that the six-furlong event may supply the missing information.

* * *

Polyphontes, who credited Mr. S. B. Joel with the Eclipse Stakes, only started twice as a two-year-old, but has been kept up to the collar during the current season. His recent victory was easily gained from Papyrus and St. Germans, the last-named being most in request. Polyphontes, like the rest of his year,

Had His Bad Days,

and it was doubtless due to an indifferent showing in the Hardwicke Stakes that the public were chary of supporting the son of Polymelus at his recent outing. McLachlan, senr., rode the winner. He will be remembered as riding for Mr. Dick Wootton, when that worthy was winning races all over South Africa with nags of the "clothes-horse" type.

* * *

The exhibitions of horsemanship on Rand tracks while the leading jockeys are in Durban would be laughable if it were not that much good money, some of it hard-earned, is at stake. It is a regrettable fact that most of the owner-trainers who perforce have to stay at home have had

Very Little Experience

in the saddle themselves, and consequently cannot impart instruction to others. There is no country in the world where the ranks of trainers are opened so widely as they are here. Butcher, baker, candlestick-maker—you get them all willing to tackle the training game, provided some senseless individual supplies "the dibs." What can be expected from the youngsters other than the most crude riding and the punter's piteous appeal: "Oh, if he would only sit still!"

* * *

Benoni is the racing venue this Saturday. Selections:

12.30 p.m.—Stewards' Handicap, 5 furlongs.
Polyrose II. 1, Cardinal's Guard 2, View Holloa 3.

1.5 p.m.—Galloway Handicap, "B," 6 furlongs.
Miss Ferrara 1, Old Tom 2, Titina 3.

1.45 p.m.—Boksburg Handicap, "C," 6 furlongs.
Narcissus 1, Hamlet 2, Polyphonest 3.

2.20 p.m.—Galloway Handicap, "A," 7 furlongs.
Dark Lady 1, Lady Croft 2, Gold Flame 3.

3.0 p.m.—Boksburg Handicap, "A," 9 furlongs.
Lang Syne 1, Medeboeler 2, Ringleader 3.

3.40 p.m.—Boksburg Handicap, "B," 7 furlongs.
Playtime 1, Millax 2, Goldsmith 3.

4.20 p.m.—Boksburg Handicap, "D," 1 mile.
The Dalesman 1, Ammon 2, Polyfloret 3.

5.0. p.m.—Galloway Handicap, "C," 5 furlongs.
Cadwal 1, Diddums 2, Rosaria 3.

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ENGLAND'S GREATEST FEMALE IMPERSONATOR COMING TO SOUTH AFRICA.

TOWARDS the end of this year South Africa is to receive a visit from Bert Errol, the famous female impersonator, who is married to Ray Hartley, Jennie Hartley's sister. Concerning Bert Errol's work, the London correspondent of THE SOUTH AFRICAN PICTORIAL writes: "I drifted into the Coliseum last week and found Malcolm Scott making the audience laugh as vigorously as he made South Africa laugh a year ago. On the same bill was Bert Erroll, the only female impersonator I have ever liked. He is married to Jennie Hartley's sister, and this fact alone should arouse South Africa's interest in him. He is England's greatest impersonator, and he does not do any of those stupid tricks with feathers and fans, nor does he mince up and down the stage in the objectionable manner which has made most female impersonators very unpopular. There is something virile and definite about his work. It is more characterisation than impersonation. His clothes are marvellous, and he sings and acts with a touch of genius. Miss Ray Hartley, who dances with him, is Mrs. Errol away from the theatre, and between them they present a turn as clear-cut and individual as a cameo. It was a sheer delight to watch and hear them, and when I walked out of the theatre and saw Bert Errol's name crowning the electric sign, I realised that it was there by right of conquest."

SOUTH AFRICAN FILMS OVERSEAS.

On Monday, June 30, H.M. Queen Mary and party visited one of the two cinemas in the South African section at the Wembley Exhibition and saw the scenic film entitled "Flowers, Forests and Reflections" which was illustrated in THE S.A. PICTORIAL when it was taken last year. It is a picture of the beautiful George and Knysna district of the Cape Province. The Queen was delighted with the film and said she was coming back on another day to see more of the beauties of South Africa.

"The Blue Lagoon" was shown in mail-week in Rome, where it was a big success, and where it was written of it that this was the sort of picture that would convince Continental exhibitors that England could produce good films. (The picture was, of course, produced in South and East Africa by the African Film Productions, Ltd.).

One of the Government films taken by the African Film Productions, Ltd., for exhibition at Wembley was "Posts and Telegraphs in South Africa." This picture was viewed by the British postal authorities with a view to the incorporation of a portion of it in a British film entitled "The Activities of the Imperial Post." After seeing the South African picture, the British postal authorities were so pleased with it that they decided to incorporate the whole of it in their own film, and accordingly it is now being shown every day in the British Government Pavilion at Wembley.

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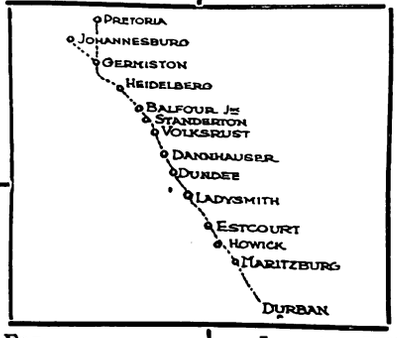

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WEDNESDAY and THURSDAY, JULY 30 and 31:
"WHAT PRICE LOVING CUP?"
6-Part Broadwest Drama, featuring
Violet Hopson.
FRIDAY and SATURDAY, AUGUST 1 and 2:
"DADDIES,"
7-Part Warner Comedy-Drama, featuring
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WEDNESDAY and THURSDAY, JULY 30 and 31:
"BROTHERS UNDER THE SKIN,"
6-Part Goldwyn Comedy-Drama, featuring
Helene Chadwick and Pat O'Malley.
FRIDAY and SATURDAY, AUGUST 1 and 2:
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Universal Drama in 6 Acts.
FRIDAY and SATURDAY, AUGUST 1 and 2:
Helene Chadwick and Pat O'Malley in
"BROTHERS UNDER THE SKIN,"
Goldwyn Comedy-Drama in 6 Parts.

Next Week's Calls.

WEEK COMMENCING MONDAY, JULY 28.

Tivoli, Cape Town.—Till July 29: Rich Hayes, Kenna Brothers, Hayden and Nevard. Continuing: Power and Bendon, Howe and Watt, Jean Alexander. Opening July 30: Rolis and Falls, Dave Lee.

Opera House, Cape Town.—Opening July 29: Thurston Hall and Company in "The Broken Wing."

Empire, Johannesburg.—Tom E. Finglass, Fred Hutchings, Dolce Cariello, Jan D. Martell, Bell Brothers and Nesbitt, Holloway and Austin, Harris Family, Vernon Watson.

His Majesty's, Johannesburg.—George Relph and Company in "The Way of an Eagle" (Monday, Tuesday and Wednesday) and "Havoc" (Thursday, Friday and Saturday).

Orpheum, Johannesburg.—Fred Lake and Partner, Victor King.

Grand, Pretoria.—Jack Edge, Rupert Ingalese & Co.

Opera House, Pretoria.—"Brighter London."

Criterion, Benoni.—Norman Carrol, Renda Rudd.

Apollo, Germiston.—July 28, 29 and 30: Gane and Waldie, Dudley Dale.

Vaudette, Krugersdorp.—July 31, August 1 and 2: Gane and Waldie, Dudley Dale.

Rinko, Maritzburg.—O'Wray and O'Dare, Mamie Holland.

Criterion, Durban.—Rich and Galvin, Reg. Wentworth.

Vaudette, Bloemfontein.—July 28, 29 and 30: Winter and Bunny, Wright and Hartley.

Vaudette, Kimberley.—July 31, August 1 and 2: Winter and Bunny, Hayden and Nevard.

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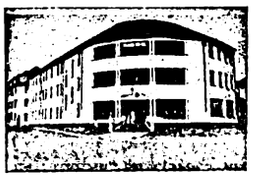

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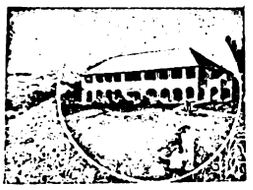

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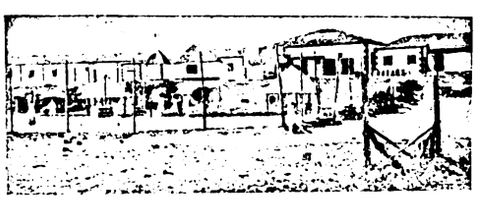

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Terms on Application.
Mrs. MILLS, Proprietress.

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All the Hotels on this Page are recommended to Visitors to Natal.

Beach View Private Hotel, Durban

ON BEACH.
Proprietor: W. E. PRISK.

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MOTORING AND MOTOR-CYCLING.

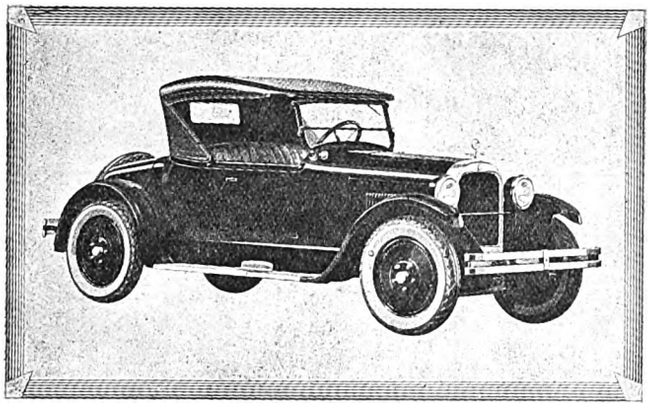
By "WIRE WHEEL."

Increased Prices.

There are rumours that shortly many makes of cars will be increased in price. This seems rather strange when one reads that in England reduced price is the order of the day. Of course, the reductions overseas are due to the repeal of the McKenna duties, which will take effect on August 1. So keen is competition, however, that reduced prices have been announced beforehand. Conditions in South Africa make it imperative that increased price will come about, due mainly to the 100 per cent. increase in freight charges on vehicles from the U.S.A., and the fact that many manufacturers have announced increases at the factories. To those who are hesitating a word of advice might hasten the contemplated joys of the possession of a motor-car. That advice is: Buy now. Messrs. Williams, Hunt & Co., however, announce that there will be no increase in the price of the Chevrolet.

Balloon Tyres.

A little while ago the motoring kingdom went nap on cord tyres. To-day the call is for balloon tyres. It is stated in influential circles that ere long no car will be complete unless equipped with balloon or low-pressure tyres. It is



THE LATEST DODGE BROTHERS' CAR

to arrive in South Africa. It is fitted with 6-ply 5.77 low-pressure balloon tyres. Parking lights and front and rear bumper, and kick-plate step-mats are standard equipment, whilst the switch is now a three-way, in place of the two-way on previous models.

claimed for them that the "life" of such a tyre gives a remarkable increase in mileage, whilst their comfort adds a hundredfold to the pleasures of motoring. The unfortunate position at the moment is the question of standardisation of rims. Quite a few makers of low-pressure tyres are advocating standard rims. If, and when, standardisation should come, then no doubt the boom for balloon tyres will set in. Quite a number of cars are obtainable in Johannesburg fitted, as standard, with balloon tyres. One of the latest arrivals so fitted is a special model Dodge Brothers' car.

Another "Castle" Charabanc Launched.

During the week the third "Castle" bus was put on the road by Messrs. Rapid Motor Transport. The latest addition to the fleet is the *Armadale Castle*, built on a Graham Brothers' *chassis*, with a body built by Messrs. W. Vickers, providing accommodation for twenty-five passengers seated comfortably. Despite tramway extensions, the southern suburbs are patronising the bus service more and more. It is quicker and certainly more comfortable than tramming it.

Enclosed Cars.

One of the problems which is occupying the minds of makers to-day is the question of the enclosed car. Changes in body-design will see great strides in the near future, and a convertible type of enclosed car will not be very far from becoming an accomplished fact. Come to consider it, why shouldn't it be accomplished? An industry which in the short space of two decades has given the world efficient and economical motor transport is surely capable of solving the question of a convertible car, at a price within the regions of present-day prices for touring cars. After all, it must be a source of comfort to know when you travel by car that whatever weather conditions may be experienced you have ample protection in the vehicle which you drive. At the present the coach-built car of the coupé and sedan types is gaining in popularity.

Watch the Wattles!

It is early yet to talk of Spring, but already some of the trees are beginning to "shoot the green," and last week I noticed some wattles "shooting the yellow bud." To my mind there is no prettier drive than the Pretoria Road when the wattles are in bloom. Despite the "corrugations" one can for a while forget the road conditions driving through the scent-laden air. When the wattles are in bloom one can begin to travel farther afield. The weather in early Spring leads one out and away into the country where Nature can be seen at her best.

JAZZING ROUND THE WORLD.

(*Continued from page 2.*)

our own heavier and soggier meal. You have a choice of three hot dishes—boiled eggs, fried eggs, or omelet. It is safer to order the last because the waiters know what it means. If you

Ask for Boiled Eggs

they are sure to bring you fried. I tried sketching a couple of boiled eggs once, complete with egg-cups. Up came the merry old fried 'uns, looking like owl's eyes. Then there are half-a-dozen plates containing thin strips of smoked uncooked ham, bacon, various sausages, and cheese, either the plain Dutch or a vile mess containing carraway seeds. If you are fond of cheese this is your only chance, for you never see it at lunch or dinner.

* * *

One thing must be said—the Javanese coffee is delicious. And what is more, I have found out how they make it, and I'm going to take the secret with me to London. I may make a fortune! Who knows?

FIGHT TO BE PETER PAN.

The competition to play *Peter Pan* in the film-version of "Peter Pan" shortly to be produced in America by Paramount is growing keener and keener. Miss Flora Le Breton is now in the field against Miss Betty Balfour; and both of them are "up against" all the American "possibles."

GOODYEAR.

BALLOON TYRES

ARE HERE
to fit existing rims.

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S.A. PICTORIAL.
STAGE & CINEMA.

VOL. XIX. No. 470.] SATURDAY, AUGUST 2ND, 1924. (Registered at G.P.O. as a Newspaper.) PRICE 6D.

FAMED FOR HER LEGS.

Miss Jennie Hartley, the popular English comedienne, who will begin her third visit to South Africa by "topping the bill" at the Johannesburg Empire on Monday night. In Australia she won the first prize in a competition for the prettiest legs.

A COMPETITION FOR MOTORISTS—SEE PAGE 28.

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AN AMAZING CAREER.

Music-Hall Singer Who Married A South African.

Readers of The S.A. Pictorial who are interested in the little "feature" that usually appears on page 26 under the heading "Ten Years Ago" will have noticed that during the last few weeks it has contained the name of May Yohe as one of the artists who was appearing at the Johannesburg Empire in July, 1914.

Seeing the name there has reminded the writer of the remarkable career and eventful life of this one-time popular singer and musical-comedy actress—the original singer of "Honey, Ma Honey" and the original *Phyllis* in "The Lady Slavey."

May Yohe was a little Pennsylvania Dutch girl from South Bethlehem, where she was born in 1869. Declining to wear the demure habit of her Mennonite forebears, she went to New York to seek her fortune on the stage. Equipped only with two apple-red cheeks, two brown eyes and three fog-horn notes in her throat, she rose to stardom, married an English lord, became the respected friend of King Edward, threw away the proffered coronet of a duchess, ran away with the soldier-son of a distinguished New York family, married him, stuck to him through thick and thin, travelled the road to ruin with him, and survived to marry, as her third husband, Captain John (Jan) Smuts, a cousin of General Smuts.

May Yohe married: 1. Lord Francis Hope, son of the Duke of Newcastle; 2. Major Putnam Bradley Strong, of the United States Army; and 3. Captain Smuts (whom she married in London in the autumn of 1914, after her return from South Africa). Not long since she told some of her adventures to an interviewer in New York. She said:—

"I've been around the world four times since I ran away from Lord Francis Hope, and I want to tell you that the adventures that fellow Jules Verne tells about aren't in it with the things I've come through. He never landed dead broke in Buenos Ayres. He never went hungry in Yokohama. He never had to sing in *cafés* on the Barbary Coast in San Francisco to keep body and soul together. He never had to work as a waitress in a water-front lunch-room, or get down on his knees and scrub like I did in the ship-yards at Seattle.

"Yes, indeed, I did just that. For ten weeks in the fall of 1918 I was a janitress in the Executive Buildings of the North-Western Pacific Ship Yards, at Seattle, and mighty glad too was I to get the job. You see, John was sick. He had the 'flue'—it was during that terrible epidemic—we were out of funds and John was out of his head and knew nothing about it, so I just jumped in and put my shoulder to the wheel at real honest-to-goodness menial labour.

"John had been badly wounded in the campaign in German South-West Africa, in 1915. He had been invalided and we started for America by way of the Pacific. In Singapore I met an old friend, the Sultan of Jahore, whom I had known when I was Lady Hope in England. He said, 'May, if you'll sing that song you used to sing back there in old London, just once, for me, I'll give your Captain John the finest job between Borneo and Bond Street, and, say little woman, if you don't quite have the heart to sing it just now, the job is his anyway.' 'Sing it!' I laughed, 'Why, of course I'll sing it.' I knew what song he meant. It was 'Honey, Ma Honey,' the song that had been King Edward's favourite. And right then and there, sitting in my 'ricksha, in the main street of Singapore, I sang the song and John got the job of bossing the Sultan's rubber plantation, which he held for three years.

"At the end of this time he was, as he thought, quite well again. His wound had healed and he was anxious to re-enlist. So we started for Canada, *viâ* Seattle. But the Canadian military authorities rejected him for active service and we went back to Seattle dead broke. We took a single room furnished for light housekeeping and John got a job in the shipyards as a puncher with a riveting machine outfit. He'd been on the job three days, and we were as happy as a pair of clams, when along came the 'flu.' John had it bad, and even if we had had the money I couldn't have got him into a hospital, for the hospitals were all full.

"So I hired a good trained nurse to come to the room, and I went to the shipyards. I remembered seeing a sign there, 'Scrub Women Wanted—Good Wages.' Fifteen minutes after I stepped inside the office of the employment agent I was on my hands and knees swishing hot soap suds and water over the floor and singing 'That Old Girl of Mine.' Working not far away from me was a shambling, middle-aged man, and after a little I noticed he was whistling the same tune. Our duet went on for quite a while, and then I stopped singing to rinse my mop cloth. He stopped too. 'Say,' he said in a strong Cockney accent, 'I ain't heard that song since I heard it sung in London.' Naturally I was interested. 'Who sang it?' I asked. He laughed. 'Oh, nobody the likes of you ever heard of . . . an actress . . . made a barrel of money . . . hooked a Lord, a real *genuine* Lord . . . and then up and left him cold flat . . . My eye! You ought to heard her sing it.'

"'H-u-mmmmm!' I said, and falling again to my scrubbing I started singing 'Honey, Ma Honey.' This time the man did not whistle; I noticed he didn't even work. I sang the song through and when I had finished he was standing in front of me. I looked up at him and the brass cuspidor he had been polishing fell from his hands. 'Good God! your ladyship, what are you doing here?' 'Earning an honest living, I hope, like yourself, Christopher Bagshot,' I said, and he all but dropped dead with heart failure at my remembering his name, as I remembered it and him very well indeed, for Bagshot had been chief scene shifter in my production of "The Lady Slavey,' the last of the six musical-comedy productions which I had made in London while I was Lady Francis Hope.

"This wasn't the first time I had done menial work. Once before, in the days before I had married Major Strong, when we were awfully up against it, I had a job as a waitress in a small hotel outside San Francisco. And another time I worked as a chambermaid. Both of those times I was well and strong. Another time, after Major Strong had finally left me, I got up out of a sick bed to go and work as a waitress in a little waterfront restaurant in New York."

May Yohe "came back" last year, when she appeared at Keith's Colonial Theatre, Broadway, New York. Her husband has become an American citizen.

THE "DON'T TELL" VOGUE.

A London critic complains that he is growing weary of the notice printed so often in the programme of "mystery" plays requesting the members of the audience not to tell the plot to their friends. Imagine, he says, two portly gentlemen meeting in their club and chatting about a play which one of them has seen; and imagine one asking, "But what is the story? How does it end?" And imagine the other replying, "I should like awfully to oblige you, old boy, but a note on the programme asked me not to tell you. Sorry."

HOW SLOW-MOTION FILMS ARE TAKEN—SEE PAGE 5.

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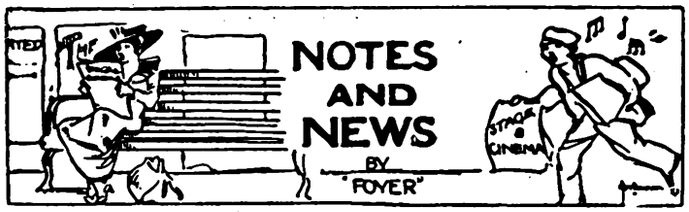

"Trilby" and Whistler.

In the first number of *the transatlantic review* (of which Ford Madox Ford—formerly Ford Madox Hueffer—is the editor), published in Paris in January this year, Luke Ionides, in some reminiscences of Whistler, says that the original *Trilby* was a little fair-haired *grisette* who was madly in love with Whistler and who was known as *la petite lionne*. Whistler, he says, drew a picture of the foot of his brother Alecco Ionides on the wall of his studio and it was seeing the drawing there that gave Du Maurier the germ of the idea which he worked up into his novel "Trilby." A painter named Tammy Lamont was a great favourite among the artists in Paris in those days, and he was the original of "*The Laird*" in "Trilby."

Here Ten Years Ago.

In Maurice Moscovitch's South African production of "Trilby" at His Majesty's Theatre, Johannesburg, on Monday evening the part of "*The Laird*," otherwise "*Sandy*," otherwise *Alexander McAllister*, will be played by Mr. Clifford Marle—who, curiously enough, is not himself a Scotsman, but an Irishman, his own name being Patrick Rafter. He is the eldest son of the late Dr. John Rafter, who, though a native of County Carlow, spent practically the whole of his professional life in Bootle, of which town he was the Mayor in 1913-14. At that time Clifford Marle was in South Africa, acting at the Palladium Theatre, Johannesburg, where he was a member of the company that brought that fine actor the late Stephen Scanlan to this country, and where he (Mr. Marle) played such parts as *Ben Jaggins* in "The Prodigal Parson," *Theodore Cornell* in "A Factory Girl's Honour," *David Armitage* in "Home, Sweet Home," *Isaac Shelberg* in "The Golden Chance," and *Bill Ronsby* in "Motherless." Mr. Marle's brother is manager of the Hotel Belmont in New York, and one of his two sisters is Mother Superior of a convent in Los Angeles. Another brother, Surgeon-Major James Rafter, M.C., died in New York in 1919 as a result of War injuries. Among the parts Mr. Marle has played since his last visit to South Africa are the title-*rôle* in "The Man Who Stayed at Home," *Captain Rymill* in "Billeted" (at the Royalty Theatre, London), and *Tony* in "Quarantine" (at the Comedy Theatre, London). He has been leading man to Miss Ethel Irving, was for three years leading man at the Liverpool Repertory Theatre, and was with the late Sir Charles Hawtrey in the production of "His Lady Friends."

Actors and Burglars!

Mr. Marle relates that two years ago whilst on holiday with relatives in the south of Ireland he got caught in the throes of the last Free State *versus* Republican "dust-up." All communication, both by rail and telegraph, was cut off. He was due in London for rehearsals, so, borrowing a push-bike, he started to pedal the 60-odd miles to Kingstown in order to catch the English boat. In the neighbourhood of the famous Punchestown Racecourse he was held up at the revolver's point by a party of Republicans, who demanded his name, business and destination. He replied that he was an actor on his way to London to resume his part. They asked the name of the theatre, the name of the play, and the name of the part. Mr. Marle gave these particulars and said that the part he played was that of "*Raffles*, the gentleman burglar." To his surprise, one of his questioners, who evidently was something of a wag, said "Well, sorr, I've heard actors were rogues and vagabonds, but I didn't know they were burglars as well. You'd best hurry on to London in case you miss anything!"

A Coincidence.

It is, by the way, a curious coincidence that Mr. Clifford Marle, who will make his first appearance at His Majesty's on Monday night, and Rich Hayes, "The Lazy Clown," who will make his first appearance at the Empire on Monday night, were both in Johannesburg this time ten years ago—the former at the Palladium and the latter at the Empire. In the case of Rich Hayes, his opening was on the corresponding Monday night in 1914 (the first week of the War), and he has not visited South Africa during the ten intervening years.

FAMED FOR THEIR CURLS.

Millie and Connie Harris, of The Harris Family, who are now appearing at the Johannesburg Empire in "A Whirlwind of Harmony."

Engaged to Viscount's Heir.

The engagement is announced of Captain the Hon. Inigo Brassey Freeman-Thomas, only son of Viscount and Viscountess Willingdon, and Maxine, eldest daughter of Sir Johnston and Lady Forbes-Robertson. The Hon. Inigo Freeman-Thomas, who is 25, is the only surviving child of Viscount and Viscountess Willingdon, his brother, the Hon. Gerald Frederick Freeman-Thomas, being killed in action in 1914, when serving as a second lieutenant with the Coldstream Guards. His father recently returned from India, where from 1913 until 1919 he was Governor of Bombay, and from 1919 till this year Governor of Madras. The Viscountess is a daughter of the first Earl Brassey. Miss Maxine Forbes-Robertson is the elder sister of Miss Jeanne Forbes-Robertson ("Anne McEwen"), who has twice visited South Africa with Lady Forbes-Robertson and is now with her in Australia.

Talks to His King.

Mr. Carl Brisson, the young Danish actor and dancer, who was in South Africa about two years ago, and who has been playing *Prince Danilo* in Mr. George Graves's English revival of "The Merry Widow," was the guest of Count and Countess Ahlefeldt-Laurvig at the Danish Legation, London, when the King and Queen of Denmark held a reception. The Danish King remembered Mr. Brisson as a boxer—Mr. Brisson has held many mid-Europe championships—and subsequently as a dancer, in which capacity the young actor appeared before him in Copenhagen. The Queen of Denmark complimented Mr. Brisson on playing *Prince Danilo* in "The Merry Widow" so long, and in a foreign language. Her Majesty asked him how long he was staying in England and what his next play would be. Mr. Brisson told her that his next part would be in the new Daly's production, "Katja, the Dancer," in which he had another princely *rôle*.

HIS MAJESTY'S, MONDAY: MAURICE MOSCOVITCH IN "TRILBY."

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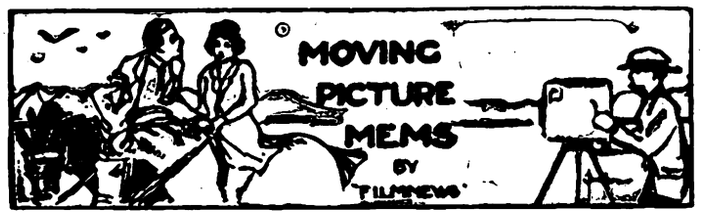


How "Slow-Motion" Films Are Taken.

Many people have asked me lately how the "slow-motion" pictures of which we see so many nowadays are taken. Splendid current examples of "slow-motion" photography include the finish of the Derby, the Wembley Rodeo film (being shown at the Johannesburg Bijou this week), and a very interesting film of the British Tennis Championships at Wimbledon which will be screened at the Johannesburg Orpheum next week. I have persuaded Mr. Joseph Albrecht, of the African Film Productions, Ltd., to tell us all about the subject, and I shall let him do so in his own words. Mr. Albrecht writes:

16 Pictures a Second.

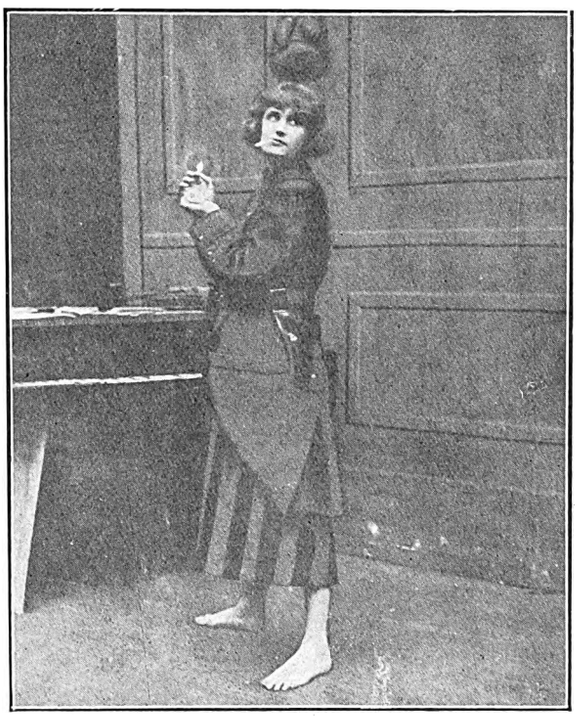
In order to initiate you into the mysteries of the "slow-motion" picture, it is necessary first briefly to explain the principles of cinematography. A cinema film consists of a series of pictures taken in rapid succession. To accomplish this a strip of sensitised celluloid is placed in a camera, the handle is turned, and the film passes behind a lens in a series of regulated movements. The film is perforated at the sides at regular intervals in order that two pins may engage in the perforations and continually displace each picture after it has been exposed to the lens. These pins are worked by an intermittent movement working in conjunction with a rotating shutter. This shutter is so arranged as to cut off all light from the film during the period of displacement; when the pins move back preparatory to making another plunge, the aperture in the shutter allows the lens to make another impression on a further piece of film. The shutter, still revolving, cuts off the light again, and the pins displace the section of film exposed, bringing another section into position for exposure, and so it goes on. Experience has proved that by taking pictures at the rate of 16 per second, and projecting them at the same rate, perfect animation is attained, except in the case of swiftly-revolving objects. The ordinary motion-picture camera—of the sort to which we are indebted for so much of our social drama—serves for delineating motion as we see it, but is useless for solving many problems of motion too rapid for penetration by normal eyesight. The intermittent escapement to this camera is only capable of 300 picture shifts per second, when driven at the highest speed. Any speed beyond that results in bad register and the film jamming.

15,000 Pictures a Second.

The latest high-speed camera, invented by Mons. Lucien Bull, of the Marey Institute, Paris, is capable of taking 15,000 *pictures per second* The subjects exposed to this camera are illuminated by the process of the electric spark. It will readily be understood that it is impossible to use a rotary shutter for covering each picture during displacement at this tremendous speed. In taking pictures at the rate of 15,000 per second it is necessary to have 15,000 periods of light for exposure and 15,000 periods of darkness in order that the pictures may be displaced after exposure. This has been attained by the inventor by the use of the intermittent electric spark. This spark is given out by an induction coil, or the suitably-controlled discharge of a large condenser or battery of condensers. The intrinsic brilliancy of such a spark is from ten to twenty times as great as that of the sun, while the duration of the spark is approximately one ten-millionth part of a second.

150 Years of Darkness.

To bring home to us what this extraordinary small fraction of time means, M. Bull explains that the comparative intervals of light and darkness given by an induction coil discharging 2,000 electrical sparks per second is equivalent to one day of sunlight followed by an interval of darkness lasting 150 years! The principle involved in taking these films is that of shadowgraphy—*i.e.*, the light being thrown from the back of the object as it passes across the field of the recording lens.



FAMED FOR HER FEET: TRILBY.

Miss Sylvia Willoughby as *Trilby*, the part she will play to Maurice Moscovitch's *Svengali* in Mr. Moscovitch's production of "Trilby" opening at His Majesty's Theatre, Johannesburg, on Monday.

The Whole Secret.

These films, taken at 15,000 pictures per second, would not serve their purpose if they were projected at the same rate on to the screen. *They must be projected at the rate of ordinary subjects*—16 *pictures per second*—and by doing this we can see things recorded which are too quick for normal eyesight.

Value of "Slow-Motion."

We have already had pictures showing a bullet fired from a gun penetrating a board. We have seen a bullet fired at an incandescent electric lamp, and have watched the globe bend inward ere it bursts, and the tiny fragrants of glass gently falling like snowflakes. Then there is the slow-motion film of the flight of the dragon-fly, which clearly shows how its wing-action in cleaving the air resembles that of the dipping and feathering oars of the rower propelling himself in a boat along the water. As an instance of the value of slow-motion pictures in the commercial world: An electrical manufacturing firm had some difficulty in discovering a fault in a large rotor which they had made. They struck the idea of utilising slow-motion pictures to assist them in discovering the defect. The

(*Continued on page 28.*)

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HIS MAJESTY'S, MONDAY: MAURICE MOSCOVITCH IN "TRILBY."

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Musical Limitations.

A French composer's views, published last week, on the limitations of present-day music, are not the first to be expressed. It has been said time and time again that modern musical development is tending towards a wider expression, and that the present twelve semitonal system is inadequate. The French composer is very dissatisfied regarding the present state of musical expression; but in regretting the lack of development he seems to overlook one important fact. The great majority of musicians have a fairly accurate estimation of the art-value of musical literature as it has developed for the past three hundred years without in any way entailing a drastic change in method. The point is just this: Will a complete removal of the present mechanical restrictions, and a complete change in expressive method, necessarily mean the creating of a group of thinkers in sound equal to that produced by the present method? It seems unlikely that the future will bring to light musical brains that will definitely eclipse those of the past, assuming that the present system cannot well be altered. This is, I think, the main trouble with composers of to-day. Only one man in the last generation has managed to create a new style of musical expression, despite the colossal achievements of the giants of the past. He is Debussy. The composer of to-day finds himself confronted with such tremendous achievements that he is unable to go further, or express something new in a new way, and he considers the only chance for him is to disregard the musical axioms of the past and endeavour to create something entirely new, and the more it differs from musical art, as we take it, the better is it for his own reputation. The French composer is probably right. The composer of the future, before he can do anything worth while, must just sweep away everything that has so far been done. The world must first forget (if it can) what Bach, Mozart, Beethoven, Chopin, and Wagner have done. When this has been accomplished, the composer of the future might have a chance—but probably not before.

Devilish Ingenuity.

Yet, in viewing the achievements of the last generation, it must be admitted that it is easy to find innumerable instances of devilish ingenuity in musical construction. And not only ingenuity, but definite genius in the handling of existing resources to express entirely new feelings, and to create an entirely new atmosphere, despite the supposed restrictions of the modern scale system. When Debussy first experimented with the whole tone scale, he made, in fact, comparatively small changes in the system, yet, when the effect of these changes is noted, it suggests that the possibilities of the existing scale can become infinite. The experiments of Scriabine and Stravinsky, as we know them, show further what scope original thought can find in twelve semitones. The whole problem becomes one of absorbing interest when these achievements are noted, for they suggest that no other system will ever be able to displace what now exists. It seems, indeed, that the hold of the existing literature of music is too strong and too firmly established in the esteem of man to be in any danger of any new fashion.

Death of Cecil Sharp.

The death was announced recently of Cecil Sharp, the famous collector of English folk-songs and dances and founder of and director of the English Folk Dance Society. There had been previous pioneers in the field of folk-music, but Cecil Sharp was the first trained musician who gave up his whole life to folk-song and dance. It was his one passion in life. His work throughout England was so thorough, systematic and conspicuous that it completely overshadowed the work of others who had been in the field before him. In 1904 he published his first series of "Folk-Songs from Somerset." This was the first milestone of the new century. Since that time volume after volume has appeared; lecture after lecture was given, and when the country songs looked like being exhausted he turned his attention to the country dance. Volumes of these appeared subsequently, carefully annotated, their history traced back to the days of fire worship and pagan festival, discussed in learned treatises. He preached a renaissance of English musical art founded upon the native folk tradition. It is as a scholar and folk-lorist that the name of Cecil Sharp will surely find a place in English history.

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Busoni.

The musical world sustained a severe loss last week by the death of Ferruccio Busoni, the great Italian pianist. For many years he occupied a position among the greatest pianists of the day, and he was generally regarded in European and American circles as a foremost exponent of modern piano-playing. But while his remarkable piano-playing may be forgotten, he will live long in musical literature by his masterly settings of Bach. He wrote, as an introduction to his revisions and annotations of Bach's Forty-Eight Preludes and Fugues: "To the foundation of the edifice of music, Bach contributed huge blocks, firmly and unshakably laid one upon the other. And in this same foundation of our present style of composition is to be sought the inception of modern pianoforte-playing. Outsoaring his time by generations, his thoughts and feelings reached proportions for whose expression the means then at command were inadequate. This explains the fact that the modernising of certain of his works by Liszt, Tausig, and others, does not violate the Bach style, but rather seems to bring it to full perfection." Holding this logical view of Bach's influence and importance, Busoni set himself the task of revising the "Forty-Eight," a work that has established his reputation as a scholar and as a sincerely analytical executant wherever the piano is seriously studied.

CUT OFF BY THE TIDE.

Miss Betty Chester, the London actress, and a girl-friend were cut off by the tide in Kingsgate Bay, Broadstairs, in mail-week. Fortunately they were able, by waving their handkerchiefs, to attract the attention of a visitor on the other side of the bay, who put across in a boat and rescued them.

A PORTRAIT BY JANE PLOTZ IS GOOD. ART STUDIOS, THRUPP'S BUILDINGS.

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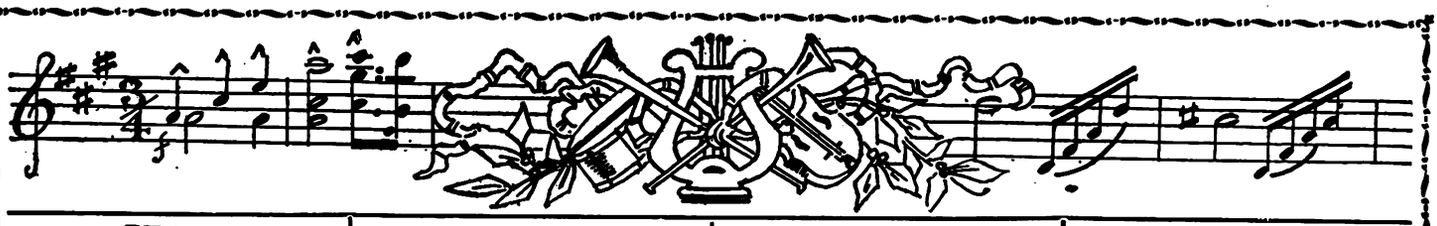

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In the Bright Lights.

"TRILBY."

MOSCOVITCH AS SVENGALI: FIRST PERFORMANCE ON MONDAY EVENING.

ON Monday evening at His Majesty's Theatre, Johannesburg, Mr. Maurice Moscovitch will appear as *Svengali* in "Trilby" for the first time on any stage. The present state of the first-night booking-plan indicates that there is likely to be a full house. Playgoers are requested to note that there will be no holiday matinée at His Majesty's on Monday. Those who are going to the first night of "Trilby" are particularly asked to endeavour to be in their seats before the play commences. The full cast will be as follows:

Mme. Vinard (a *concierge*) ...	Miss Naomi Rutherford.
Talbot Wynne (called "*Taffy*")	Mr. George R. Montford.
Alexander ("*Sandy*") *McAllister* (called "*The Laird*")	Mr. Clifford Marle.
William Bagot (called "*Little Billee*")	Mr. Nat Madison.
Trilby O' Ferrall	Miss Sylvia Willoughby.
Svengali	Mr. Maurice Moscovitch.
Gecko (second violin at The Gymnase)	Mr. Cyril Nash.
Angèle (a *grisette*)	Miss Wynne Brontë.
Honorine (another *grisette*) ...	Miss Zena Horwitz.
Mrs. Bagot (mother of "*Little Billee*")	Miss Beatrice Rowe.
The Rev. Thomas Bagot (uncle of "*Little Billee*")	Mr. H. Mackenzie Rogan.
Zou-Zou (*Duc de la Rochemartell*)	Mr. Basil Bowen.
Dodor (*Theodore de la Farce*)	Mr. Harold Furness.
Anthony (a medical student)	Mr. C. Alexander.
Col. Klaw (a theatrical manager)	Mr. H. Mackenzie Rogan.

The play (which is, of course, Paul Potter's acting version of George Du Maurier's famous novel) is in four acts: Act 1, the Studio of "The Three Musketeers of the Brush" in the Latin Quarter, Paris; Act II, The same, on Christmas Eve (one month later); Act III, The *Foyer* of the Cirque des Bashibazouks (five years later); Act IV, The same as Act I (one day later than Act III).

The play is presented by the African Theatres, Ltd., and produced by Mr. George R. Montford under the personal supervision of Mr. Maurice Moscovitch.

HIS MAJESTY'S THEATRE.

THE GEORGE RELPH COMPANY'S FAREWELL SEASON AND TOUR: TOWNS AND DATES.

AFTER a successful revival of "The Way of an Eagle" on Monday, Tuesday and Wednesday, Mr. George Relph and his company are now concluding their farewell season at His Majesty's Theatre, Johannesburg, with a three-nights' revival of Mr. Harry Wall's thrilling drama of love and the War, "Havoc." "Havoc" is a front-rank play—one that counts—and it is not possible to see it without being glad afterwards that one has done so. It is finely acted by the Relph Company, with Mr. Relph as *Dick Chappell*, Mr. Vernon Sylvaine as *Roddy Dunton*, Miss Netta Westcott as *Violet Derring*, Mr. Leonard Upton as "*The Babe*," Mr. George F. Weir as "*Smithy*," Mr. Dick Cruikshanks as *Sergeant-Major Paley*, Miss Mollie Mackay as *Alice Derring*, and Miss Mercia Swinburne as *Tessie Dunton*.

Before returning to England towards the end of September the Relph Company will do another short tour of the Union, visiting Durban, Maritzburg, Kimberley, Pretoria, Bloemfontein, East London, Port Elizabeth and Cape Town. "The Green Goddess" will be played at all those towns, and "Havoc" will be presented at the towns where it was not played on the company's previous tour—that is to say, at Maritzburg, Kimberley, Bloemfontein and East London. The opening dates are as follow: Durban, August 4; Maritzburg, August 11; Kimberley, August 15; Pretoria, August 21; Bloemfontein, August 25; East London, August 30; Port Elizabeth, September 4; Cape Town, September 9.

EMPIRE PALACE.

VERNON WATSON TOPPING THE BILL IN HIS FOURTH WEEK AND "STILL GOING STRONG."

IT was brought forcibly home to Empire patrons on Monday evening that Vernon Watson, top of the bill and in his fourth week here, has made a special niche for himself in the hearts of those most exacting of audiences. We have seen him during the past weeks in impersonations of many famous actors, their walk, their talk, their actions, perfect and costumed as one remembers them. But the art of Vernon Watson does not require grease-paint or "props;" it can stand alone in the strongest limelight. The most certain proof of that art was given when, after weeks of "dressing up," Mr. Watson came on in the conventional evening-dress and brought straight to us the late George Formby, Wilkie Bard, G. P. Huntley, the late Fred Emney, George Graves, Harry Champion and the late Jack Pleasants. The verse of the song "I was standing at the corner of the street" was a masterpiece, sung so that one could close one's eyes and hear again the voices of the old favourites, their tags, their peculiarities. Undoubtedly Watson has a *flair* for impersonation which is making him second to none in the line of work he has undertaken. As an encore he impersonated the late Albert Chevalier in "My Old Dutch," a song that has become a classic to music-hall patrons. This was received with really volcanic applause and the gallery shouted for "Frank Tinney." After four weeks of him they had not tired, but Mr. Watson came out with new gags even better than the old, and "Ernest" backed him up splendidly.

(Continued on page 24.)

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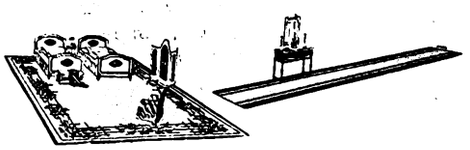

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FAMED FOR HER BACK: MADELINE IN "THE ACQUITTAL."

Miss Claire Windsor.

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A CAPE TOWN CHRONICLE

BY BEACHCOMBER.

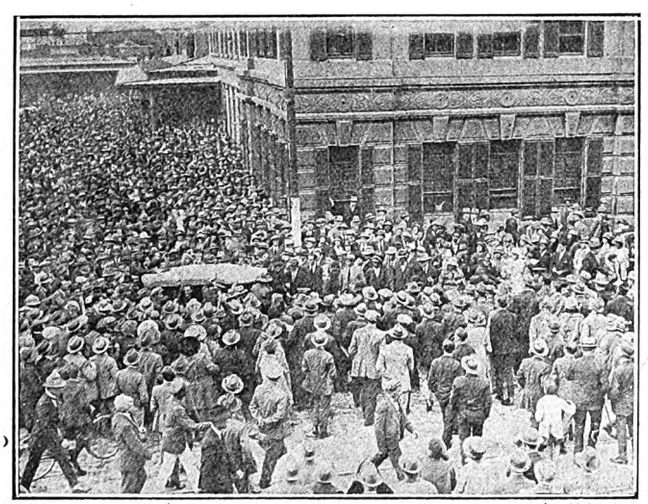
Cape Town, Monday.

Parliament Opens.

Pageantry concluded the week in Cape Town, the pageantry of Parliament. The sun shone forth for a few brief hours to lighten the splendour of the scene. The Earl of Athlone and Princess Alice drove to Parliament through the streets of Cape Town, there was the usual guard of soldiers, the same stern commands, the inevitable click of rifles as they came to the present. We in the Cape who see this ceremony performed year after year now adopt the manner of an audience witnessing a play of which we know all the entrances and exits. It is very familiar. We watch it to see that there are no mistakes, that the mechanism works correctly. We know the exact movement of the officer which sets the guns booming in the town.

The Same Scenes.

The marvel is that we still go, year after year, to witness a ceremony which we know will be perfectly the same as last year. In the Senate on Friday—the afternoon



GENERAL HERTZOG'S ARRIVAL IN CAPE TOWN.

"S.A. Pictorial" photo.

of the opening of Parliament—I found the same social crowd that I have seen there year after year. Those are the onlookers. On the floor of the Senate were many new faces, members whom one has not seen in Parliament before. One also looked for the faces that were not there. Yet there was the same strange juxtaposition of parties. Labour, Nationalists and South African Party men were all squeezed together in the small confines of the Senate, and over the throne were the same desperately-scribbling and overworked journalists who, with pads of telegraph-forms before them, send their picturesque phrases flying across the country.

At Groote Schuur.

There is a new hostess at *Groote Schuur*. No longer shall we see Mrs. Smuts, bespectacled and black-gowned, wandering through these large rooms. I know she never really liked the house, and after a few weeks' residence there used to take the children away to school and journey up-country. General Smuts himself once complained to me of the bad situation of the house, and the fact that it was rather damp. I do not know yet where he has decided to live while in the Cape, but I do not think he will be particularly upset at not living in *Groote Schuur*.

The New Hostess.

The new hostess is Mrs. Havenga, wife of the Minister of Finance. As Mrs. Hertzog cares little for social functions and is remaining in the Free State for the present, Mrs. Havenga has been prevailed upon to accept the duties of hostess. When I met her the other day she was walking round the grounds of *Groote Schuur*. "This is not the first time I have roamed these gardens," she told me, and went on to talk of the days when she was a pupil at the Girls' High School, Rondebosch, and with others from the school used to roam the house and gardens, never dreaming, however, that one day she would act as hostess there. Though the house struck her at first as rather austere and gloomy, she tells me that she already loves it and feels quite at home in it. Certainly on the morning I met her there, the house, flooded with sunshine and bright with lovely flowers from *veld* and garden, looked charming and homelike. She told me that General Hertzog and her husband are so exceedingly busy that she sees them only at meals, and not always then. Their evenings are as busy as their days.

Parliamentarians Arrive.

Meanwhile, during the week the Parliamentary atmosphere thickened by the arrival of most of the members. Swathed in mufflers and heavy overcoats, they gaze mournfully at a Table Mountain, also swathed—in mist. The Cape weather presents a rather cheerless prospect for a month or two, but these dull, cold days are at least conducive to hard work. Members always begin the session with the best of intentions. Once they have fixed up their temporary residence in Cape Town they seem suddenly seized with a desire for self-improvement. You discover them carrying tomes away from the library, heavy dull tomes on the constitution of various countries, which they are determined to assimilate. But, alas! for good intentions. Before a week has passed Parliament will be creating its own literature in the form of white papers, and, deluged with this official literature, members will become sated and we shall see them once more indifferent to the printed word.

General Hertzog.

Six months ago General Hertzog might have walked along Adderley Street without two people taking the trouble to look round at him. Certainly we are living in different times. When he arrived by the Union Express at the Adderley Street Station the other day, half Cape Town was there to welcome him. General Hertzog was, however, first welcomed by our local institution—for that is what most of us would term Sir Frederic de Waal. But Sir Frederic had hardly extended his hand before the enthusiasts rushed all official pretence aside, seized the new Prime-Minister by the body and shot him up on the shoulders of two brawny men. So he was carried through a cheering mass of people to a decorated motor-car and driven away to his hotel. I have never seen General Hertzog look better than he did on this occasion. Bronzed and healthy-looking, he might have

(Continued on page 21.)

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JOHANNESBURG, Tuesday afternoon.

THE market continues quite inactive, and the little spurt last night, which arose from more enquiry, died out this morning, as London closed easier. Both East Rands at 12s. 5d. and Modder East at 10s. 4½d. were lower. The "big stocks" keep remarkably firm; for example, there were sales of Government Areas at 128s. cash and 129s. 6d. *ex* London, which, allowing for the dividend warrant which fortunate holders will be able to "pay in" next week, is within a few shillings of the highest price touched. Modders have also improved 1s. 6d. on the week to 72s. 6d., thus recovering nearly half their dividend, though rather dilatory in this respect. "Bees" are slightly better on the week at 25s. 1½d. There is very little doing in Crown Mines, not a single sale being recorded yesterday. Brakpans and City Deep keep firm at 64s. 3d. and 60s. 6d. buyers respectively, while another member of the "sixty-shilling" brigade, Geduld, has put on a trifle at 61s. 6d.

A few weeks ago I mentioned that Zaaiplaats were being bought round about 6s. 6d. on account of the high return which compensates for the tin-mining risk. They were 9s. this morning, on reports that another pipe had been unearthed. Rooibergs are also a few pence better, with a quotation of 7s. 9d. sellers, on rumours of a promising discovery on one of the company's farms.

The reports of the Barnato group made their appearance during the week. Over 60 per cent. of the sampled footage at Government Areas was payable, with the splendid value of 13 dwt. over nearly five feet of reef. The value has been going up a hundred inch-dwt. in each of the past two quarters. Van Ryn Deep's pay-ratio was as high as 80 per cent. The reef was worth nearly an ounce, but the ore-body is only half as wide as at Government Areas. New State's ratio was just half that of Van Ryn Deep. The reef was much the same thickness, but the value was better at 24 dwt. Randfontein's value was distinctly lower at 21 dwt. over 15 inches, but in this case the average is affected by the proportionate amount of footage done on the Battery reef.

It is a somewhat remarkable fact that both mines on each side of Government Areas, *i.e.*, Brakpan and Geduld, as well as Springs Mines, well to the south, all revealed a payability of from 35 to 37½ per cent. in the June quarter. Springs' values were the best of the trio at 23¼ dwt. over 27 inches. West Springs' ratio was as good as 76 per cent., (a good deal being secondary development presumably), the payable averaging 33 dwt. over 27 inches. In a few days' time we should hear of the results of crushing in respect of July. High payability continues to be shown at Robinson Deep, the ratio being actually higher than at Modder or Van Ryn Deep, with a stoping value of nearly 7½ dwt. on the main-reef leader, and 6½ on the south reef. At Wit Deep half the sampling was payable, and the rock worth 9½ dwt. over something over four feet. But why should costs be 3s. 6d. a ton higher than at the neighbouring "Knights" mine, which crushes much the same tonnage?

WHISKY-AND-SODA WOMEN.

At the Theatrical Garden Party in London Mr. Owen Nares was in charge of the drinks, and says he was struck by the number of women who called for more than one whisky and soda and more than one brandy and soda in the course of the afternoon. On thinking about it, he decided that it was the mature women who took the whiskies. The younger ones asked for brandy.

£15,000 FROM A MIDNIGHT PERFORMANCE.

A special midnight performance by the members of the "Charlot Revue" company at the Selwyn Theatre, New York, in aid of the dramatic scholarship to be founded in London in aid of the late Meggie Albanesi, realised £15,000. Meggie Albanesi was only a name to the average New York playgoer, yet the brilliance of her short career and the tragedy of her sudden death at 24 brought an immediate response to the tribute which the English players of the Charlot Company paid to her memory.

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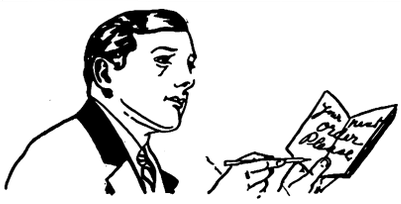

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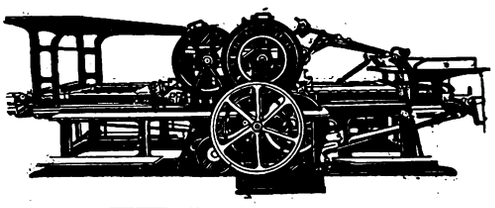

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"S.A. Pictorial" photos.

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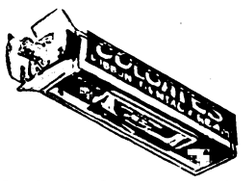

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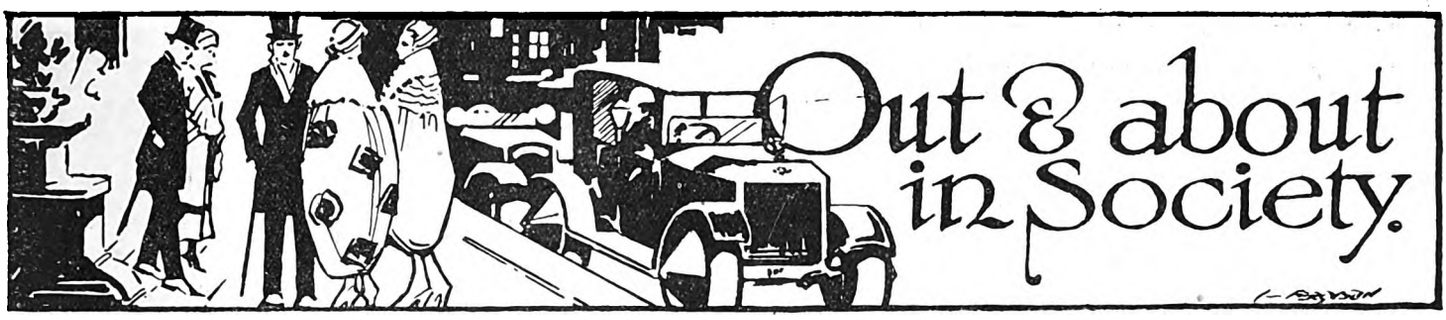

[*All invitations for dances, weddings, and other social functions, and all communications intended for these pages, should be addressed to The Lady Correspondent,* THE SOUTH AFRICAN PICTORIAL, *P.O. Box 1574, Johannesburg.*]

Brither Scots.

The idea that Scotsmen have no sense of humour was entirely refuted at the annual meeting of the Johannesburg Caledonian Society last Saturday evening at the Grand National Hotel. Most of the speeches were extremely witty, and far from it taking hours, as legend leads us to suppose, for the members of the clans to see a joke, they laughed from beginning to end of the meeting, and everyone was in a thoroughly good humour before the dancing part started. Professor John Orr as the retiring Chief gave a very eloquent speech, but I was surprised to hear that there are only 763 members on the books of the Society in Johannesburg, and they call the Scots a clanny nation! The Society does excellent work and deserves lots of support. The Rev. J. Bruce Gardiner was elected Chief for the year, with Dr. R. P. Mackenzie, C.M.G. and Mr. Wm. Lowe (who wore the national costume and looked lonely in it, being, I think, the only one), as the Chieftains, and they have a very strong committee of ladies and gentlemen. So it is hoped that the membership will increase in proportion to the enthusiasm of the present members. A good suggestion was made by Professor Orr, and that was the consideration of a home for all the patriotic societies at present in Johannesburg—some central clubhouse. If such a scheme could be financed it would be extremely helpful, as very few societies have any settled meeting-place. And a point at which one could concentrate would help along the good work enormously. I have always found that when Johannesburg wants anything it usually gets it, so what about it?

WIFE OF "THE SHEIK."

This is Mrs. Rudolph Valentino, whose husband is playing *The Sheik* this week at the Johannesburg Bijou. She danced the Tango with Valentino in "The Four Horsemen of the Apocalypse."

Fourpence for Eightpence.

Anything to brighten us up in the present times, when there is such a dearth of news. One of the tram-conductors told me the other day of a little experience he had in the days when there was a 50 per cent. discount on the Johannesburg tram-tickets. A passenger entered at the Town Hall and found he had, through an oversight, no money. He had an eightpenny ride to go. Would the conductor oblige him? He would and did, giving him eightpence in hard cash with which to purchase a ticket. The man overwhelmed him with thanks and asked his name. The next day promptly a letter arrived and in it were *coupons* for eightpence! Was he Scotch, I wonder?

At the Carlton.

There was plently of brightness on Friday evening at the *souper dansant* at the Carlton Hotel, and many lovely gowns. Among the dancers I noticed the Hon. John Stuart and his wife. She wore such a *chic* gown of mauve, made with four straight flounces to the skirt edged with silver, and long ends of silver to below the waist at the back, finished off with a tassel of silver. Miss Tony Carlin was much admired in white stiff silk patterned in coloured flowers, the corsage being tight-waisted and at the hem of the skirt tiny *écru* frills of net on a net foundation. Mrs. (Dr.) Sheridan also wore mauve—it is a very becoming shade if you have a good complexion—made with a pointed corsage and a long fall of fine silver laces from neck to hem at one side, and here and there tiny rosebuds. Miss Betty Preece, who was with them, wore an elegantly-draped black gown with two *diamant cabochons* at one side. Miss Juta was another young girl who wore a smart black gown. Major Lloyd was entertaining a large party. Miss Ethel Clarke was very charming in pale pink *moire* silk with sleeveless corsage and a fall of the material at one side with a red rose spray. Miss Ahman wore a pretty gown of bluey silver tissue, with marabout trimming at the neck. The small-shawl fashion is extremely smart, and I noticed one young girl in mauve had a shawl of deep cream patterned in fawn round her, and it fell in graceful folds as she danced. From the Empire came Mr. Jack Edge, Mr. Vernon Watson, Mr. Victor King and Mr. Gane and Miss Waldie (who wore a *chic* white gown with gold). Miss Millie and Miss Connie Harris (of the Harris Family) were among the dancers and seemed to be having a very fine time. The elder wore a charming gown of white with tiny side-frills and a post of deep yellow roses. Her sister had on white with frills of pink and a pink sash. Dr. Sheridan, Mr. L. Marks, Dr. Hans Pirow, Mr. Clucas, Mr. Clapham, Mr. Eric Lavenstein, Mr. T. Brady, Mr. B. Benjamin, and Mr. Arliss were

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among the men dancing. Altogether it was another of the jolly evenings one always associates with the Carlton Hotel. Miss Carlin, I noticed, wore the glass bracelets that are so much worn in Paris, and they certainly look very well when the lights catch them and they twinkle with a thousand colours.

Hold, 'Snuff!

I have searched the London papers and I see nowhere any allusion to a fashion that the American papers attribute to London in the month of June. They say: "Fashion's eternal return in London is demonstrated by the newest fad in Mayfair and the smart night clubs—a feminine swing to snuff-taking. Tobacconists who have been supplying cigarettes in increasing numbers to women report a falling-off in sales and an increase in the consumption of snuff among women. Society has divided itself over the question, many women characterising the fad as disgusting, but the younger set is apparently in its favour. The tobacco user has switched from cigarettes to snuff, and the jeweller has found a ready sale for dainty jewelled snuff-boxes." I wonder what London has to say about this!

MANAGER OF "THE BRITONS."

Mr. H. Packer, the manager of the British Rugby Team in South Africa. The team will play their first match in Johannesburg at the Wanderers' this Saturday, when they will meet the Transvaal.

"S.A. Pictorial" photo.

At the Empire.

To look well in a coloured gown or costume is no great feat if you choose your colours to match your particular style; but to look well in white is quite a different matter. One of the nicest and most effective stage costumes in white that I have seen for many a long day is worn by Miss Dolce Cariello at the Empire. It is a full-length coat, ruched at the hips, with cuffs, collar and deep hem of ermine—tailless ermine. The material is of thick white satin, and with it she wears a white turban hat with a long tassel in silk to the waist at one side. She carries a white long stick with two tassels, and looks very attractive, a deep gold rose at the waist being the only note of colour. Fred Hutchings, the dame comedian, has, of course, lately come from London, where feathers are much worn in hats. His is black—the feather, I mean—and has the Wembley droop to it. Ginger hair, has Fred—no, not shingled; he does not believe in it—and George Robey eyebrows, and the most dazzling taste in jazz cretonnes for a dress; and oh! of course, panniers are worn again.

Feathered Garters.

Although there is such a vogue for ostrich feathers in England one has not noticed many of them about here. Perhaps we are waiting for summer. According to *The Daily Mail*, the English summer millinery shows entirely fresh ways of arranging feathers. The plumes may be upstanding in the front of the crown or may cover completely the brim of a becoming mammonth "sun-shade" hat or a long streamer of feathers may hang from the brim to the waist. Glycerined feathers are also fashionable; enormous lancer boas are much worn, and long plumes mounted on fine ninon make handsome sunshades. Feathers as dress garnitures are greatly in vogue. Rosettes, tufts, and long plumes are all used very effectively; feather capes, such as the Queen wore when she met the Italian royalty, are extremely attractive and are to be seen in colours as well as white. Among the favourite shades are opalescent, apricot, and grey. Evening wraps are lined with feathers, and cloaks and boas of clipped plumes are very light to wear and resemble fur. Gloves, scarves, bags, handkerchiefs, and even garters are all trimmed with ostrich feathers.

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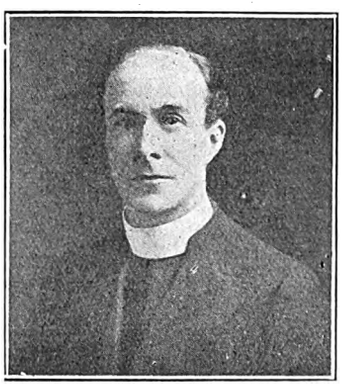
A TALK WITH TRILBY.

MISS SYLVIA WILLOUGHBY, MAURICE MOSCOVITCH'S NEW LEADING LADY.

NEXT week all Johannesburg will be flocking to see "Trilby" at His Majesty's Theatre, and already, I am told, the booking is phenomenal. The name of Moscovitch is one to conjure with. In what lies the secret of his success? It is not his outstanding personality alone; it is surely in the way he loses himself in his part. In "Trilby" he will not be Maurice Moscovitch—he will be *Svengali* himself. And so one lives it with him. These thoughts flashed through my mind as I listened to a rehearsal the other day. The voice of the great actor sounded through the bare theatre, the whitewashed stage was transformed into living pictures as his words ran out, full of fire, of passion anon, with a deep undercurrent of mystic feeling, the voice of *Svengali*.



THE REV. J. BRUCE GARDINER,

Of St. George's Presbyterian Church, Johannesburg, the newly-elected Chief of the Johannesburg Caledonian Society.

And *Trilby*? Looking forward so much, she told me, to the play, and so much to acting with Mr. Moscovitch, of whose art she cannot say enough.

"I toured with him, you know," she told me, "in 'The Great Lover,' and of course I just jumped at the idea of coming out to play with him. He will be wonderful—what a *Svengali* for any *Trilby* to have."

Miss Sylvia Willoughby is sure to be a great favourite; a pretty, fair-haired girl, with a very delightful smile and manner, and a voice that is of the quality that thrills.

"The photos in THE PICTORIAL looked, some of them, as if you had bobbed hair—is that so?" I asked, for it was difficult to see under the *cloche* hat.

"Oh no!" said *Trilby*, "it is not bobbed, but I am glad you thought it was for I wanted it to have that effect. I just turn it under, but really it is long. I love your country. The voyage was wonderful, but really since I have been here I seem to have had no time to see anything or even to settle down. We have been rehearsing all the time. You know nothing but absolutely the perfect finished article will please Mr. Moscovitch. He is too much of an artist to allow anything slipshod to go before the public with his name attached to it. So we have all worked very hard, and I do hope Johannesburg will like the play.

"Clothes? Of course I adore them—what girl does not? You will like my opera gown in 'Trilby.' It is of cloth of gold, very simply made, tight to the figure, and with a long train, and I am, of course, a blaze of jewels. For the rest? Just a blue plain gown with white Peter Pan collars and cuffs. Then grey nuns'-veiling with *fichu* and mob-cap—that one is rather attractive. And in the last act white nuns'-veiling with angel-sleeves and a girdle *à la mode de Juliet*.

"My hobby? Playing Mah Jongg—very fascinating—and to counterbalance that I adore dancing. And I am not the least teeny bit superstitious."

Miss Willoughby has crowded quite a lot of experience into the short time—just three years—she has been on the stage, and has already played *Trilby* in the British provinces. She has also done film work, but likes the stage better on account of the personal touch with the audiences, who are, she says, "a great inspiration." She toured Canada with the late H. V. Esmond and loved every minute of it, and one felt sure she would love the people of this country just the same.

"Here comes *Little Billee*, she exclaimed, as Mr. Nat Madison rushed up. (People who know him well do not take offence at the way he tears in, says "Hallo!" and rushes round generally, because he has inherited all his talented father's thoroughness for detail, and a big production means a lot of work and a good deal of it devolves on Mr. Madison as his father's right-hand). "He is awfully nice to work with. In fact, I must say the whole of the company are dears, and it is a real pleasure to work with them. Right, coming!" as Nat dived out again, "I suppose I have to go and see the wardrobe-mistress."

CARRIE.

A WHIRLWIND OF MELODY.

A CHAT WITH THE HARRIS FAMILY: FATHER, SON AND TWO DAUGHTERS.

TWO curly-haired (oh! yes, bobbed, of course) girls in blue velvet suits fashioned on the traditional style of the French artist, their tams sitting jauntily on one side—wholesome Yorkshire lassies both of them. For contrast, two men in brown velvet. Daughters, father and son, so you have the whole Harris Family who are delighting audiences nightly at the Johannesburg Empire. And

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such an interesting family! Let us take father first. I found him a very friendly, cheery Yorkshireman (Leeds is his city), delighted with our country and with the kindness of the folks about, and very proud, as he may well be, of his family.

"I've taught them all they know," he said. "Put them to the instruments as soon as they were old enough, but I confess they have left me behind and play better than I do to-day."

Mr. Harris has had a long and varied experience. For years he ran his own picture shows, and then was associated with the management side of the Empire at Wakefield and the Hippodrome at Dewsbury, among other places. He started his career with the Midget Minstrel Troupe, which naturally was splendid experience, as those who remember the popular minstrel troupes of those days, with their "corner men" and their melodies, will realise.

The girls were sitting listening, Millie and Connie, both still in their teens, and Connie was, one could see, the "nut of the family," full of high spirits. It was easy to see both girls love their work, in which they take a great pride.

Both girls are very fond of swimming and enjoyed Durban very much. They love dancing too, and are looking forward to going out in Johannesburg. At home in England they motor a great deal, for they have their own Daimler.

"Millie," said her father," commenced to learn the piano at six, and at twelve played for me at my picture houses to release a man for the front. I never thought she would be able to do it, but she did."

Both girls compose many of their numbers, Millie doing the melodies and Connie the words, and next week Empire audiences will have a chance to hear their original songs.

Two months ago they were in Paris, Brussels and Antwerp, and from there came straight here. "We have worked continuously for six years," said Mr. Harris. From South Africa they go to Fuller in Australia on a year's contract, with the option of renewal for the same period.

I heard of a younger son, aged 12, who has remained in Cape Town with his mother, and who is waiting anxiously to join the combine when his father considers him old enough. But in the meantime the lad has played at a large charity show in Cape Town with great success, and on the morning I saw Mr. Harris he had just had a letter from his wife to tell him so.

"Times have changed since we first started in the business," said Mr. Harris. "We used to do classical music, but now I find the public's taste has changed and a quick-fire show is the most popular. I hope we shall please your city, for to us work is a great pleasure."

CARRIE.

Sketched at YVETTE'S, Cuthbert's Buildings, Johannesburg.

FINE FILMS AT THE BIJOU.

"THE SHEIK," THE RODEO AT WEMBLEY, AND A VESUVIUS SENSATION.

CROWDS outside the Bijou every night, queues stretching right along the street, lots of good-natured banter and much heart-burning from the flappers: "Will he be able to get seats?" Why all this fuss and bother? Rudolph Valentino is playing in "The Sheik," and all Johannesburg and his wife want to go and see him and pretty Agnes Ayres.

So many good things come first. One of the most wonderful films, I should think, ever filmed, "A Death-defying Dash into Vesuvius." We see the pretty girl aviator, Dolores Santora, and the American camera-man, Russell Muth, starting on their perilous adventure to fly over Vesuvius, that "erupted" first in 63 A.D. (as the oldest inhabtiant can testify!) and last on February 16, 1922. There are thrills enough in this picture to suit anyone, as the plane comes within fifty feet of the centre cone in the crater, and you see the smoke belching forth and the lava thrown high into the air. The heat must have been enormous. Then an accident, not to be wondered at. The camera-man threw his machine into a tree and saved the film, and the aviators were thrown out, both of them, but escaped with minor injuries.

Next comes the Rodeo. My college education is wasted, for the highest authorities tell me it is pronounced Ro-Day-O, so kindly note, fellow workers. A wonderful film. First the arena, in which, in the seats round, thousands and thousands watch the show. Then the parade of cow-boys and cow-girls—marvellous riding. Exhibition riding that makes one's hair stand on end, and steer-riding too. The steer-roping about which all the fuss was made certainly looks humane enough, for the lasso loosens as the animal turns to fly. Still, one supposes the learned authorities in England knew what they were doing when they stopped it. The slow-motion pictures are very funny and really an education, showing the action of the animals.

Last comes (after Larry Semon) "The Sheik," and there are sighs of anticipation all round, and rapt attention from the minute that one sees the silent watcher on the desert squatting beside his camel, through picture after picture, till love asserts itself. The photography is undoubtedly wonderful. One sees the desert town of Biskra, where the priest calls to prayer from the tower overlooking the white-walled town, sunshine falls across the narrow bazaars, and palms cast their shadows for the faithful. One of the most impressive

(*Continued on page 24.*)

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A CAPE TOWN CHRONICLE.

(*Continued from page 10.*)

been spending a quiet holiday on a farm instead of coming fresh from one of the most vigorous campaigns in recent years.

Mr. Boydell At Work.

After seeing the arrival of our new Prime Minister, I decided to call on the new Minister of Posts and Telegraphs, Mr. T. Boydell. He smiled as I was ushered into his palatial office, for the last time we had met was in a dingy, busy newspaper office. He told me that he was more busy now than ever he had been in his life before. "I began work at 8.30 in the morning," he said, "and I haven't the slightest idea as to what time I shall finish." Every few minutes his telephone is tinkling and the quiet, sedate private secretary is announcing a new caller. "I find I get through an enormous amount of work by dictating," he told me. "I thought I should never be able to dictate, but after five minutes' practice I found myself going on as though I had done it for years." We were in the midst of a long political discussion when Colonel Creswell stalked into the room, and as his business was urgent I took my leave.

Sir Drummond Chaplin.

The other day I met Sir Drummond Chaplin, former Administrator of Rhodesia. He was looking remarkably fit and apparently waiting eagerly for the new Parliamentary Session. He has decided to remain permanently at the Cape, and is building what will be one of the finest houses in the Peninsula. That evening he was the guest of the Owl Club in Cape Town, and told many good stories of his early days in South Africa. "I discovered, in those days," he said, "that the worst place to gather information about the state of the country was at Government House." He advised any young man to go north and help develop Rhodesia. He was certainly of the opinion that, sooner or later, Rhodesia would join the great Union of South Africa.

General Smuts.

Fresh and vigorous also was General Smuts when he arrived in Cape Town. I noticed that on the same train were most of the members of his former Cabinet. I have met General Smuts many times, but never have I found him in a better and more vigorous mood than he was on this occasion. "The South African Party has never been better, either in numbers or in spirit, than it is to-day," he said. Then, dismissing public statements from his mind, he said: "And now tell me, how are things in town?" One member of the Party tells me that General Smuts seems a new man nowadays. "This is the first time he has had any real relief from responsibilities for many years," he said, "and he's as jolly as a schoolboy." I heard also that Smuts has gone back to his passionate study of botany, and, judging by his positively ruddy face, I should say that he has been a good deal out of doors, hunting specimens.

The New Conductor.

The new conductor of the Cape Town Orchestra, Mr. Leslie Heward, seems to have charmed everyone here. Although only 26, he has revealed himself possessed of a thorough musical appreciation. He began by charming a good many Cape Town citizens who met him at a luncheon on his first day ashore. He continued by charming the Orchestra at his first rehearsal, so that all of them are now prepared to do anything for him. And he charmed his first-night audience by his splendid control of the Orchestra and the wonderful concert that was given. Then I heard him charm that group of *cognoscenti* in Cape Town known as the Owl Club, where he was one of the guests the other evening. I predict that he will soon be one of the most popular men in the Cape. The fact that he is a bachelor has caused some fluttering whispers among the Cape Town girls, and already he is being overwhelmed with invitations to luncheons, teas, and dinners.

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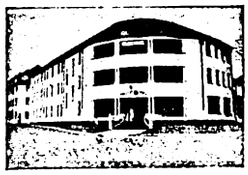

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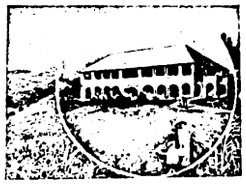

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HURDLE FIASCO.

Red Ronald for the Natal Gold Cup.

GOOD SPORT AT BENONI.

By "OBSERVER."

IT might have been expected that the stake of £250 in the Clairwood Hurdle Race at Durban last Saturday would have induced the owners of those engaged to do a bit of schooling; but from all accounts there was only one "lepper" among them, the old gelding Spring Mist, and he secured the spoils without an effort. The Stewards of the Club appeared in the new *rôle* of merriment-providers. If there was actually no contest in the Hurdles, the antics of the defeated horses and their pilots

Created No End of Fun,

and even the punters who had staked on a non-favourite were ready to admit they had secured their money's worth. Despite the fiasco which accompanied their first attempt, the Stewards have decided to include a hurdle race in subsequent programmes. I hope to see the Rand Hunt Club extend a helping hand and send down a few jumpers for the next meeting, when doubtless there will be less laughter and more excitement among the onlookers than was the case last Saturday.

* * *

The supporters of Spring Mist for a place on the tote were very sore over the decision of the Stewards to pay out also on Salute and Taunt, second and third respectively to finish. I presume these two were "distanced" but were later "placed" by the Stewards, and there is no provision for this

Unusual Experience

in the conditions governing place betting on the tote. Only "starters" are referred to, thus: "When there are six or more starters, 1, 2, 3 place betting will be paid." Apart from the good effect produced by circulating the place money, the Club cleared itself from the chance of difficulties arising over the validity of claims from backers of the second and third, although these were not placed by the judge.

* * *

Noble Polly won the Clairwood Flying Stakes with greater ease than in her two wins earlier at the coast. She was particularly well handicapped, although, of course, meeting a totally different class from any she has met heretofore. Fabaris, who chased the filly home, found the task of conceding 34lbs. beyond his powers. He was by no means disgraced, however, for Noble Polly established a record for the distance on this course, and was apparently not all-out in the effort. With six consecutive wins to her credit Noble Polly has

Improved Out of All Knowledge

since her initial success on the Rand, where she started on the bottom rung of the racing ladder, giving no indication of lowering the colours of Fabaris & Co. within a few months of her *début* at Auckland Park. By Nobleman—Polydore, Noble Polly possesses the courage and pace of her sire, and Mr. Jos. Simpson has owned nothing better. The coast public sized the filly up pretty well, and in each of her three wins she started a warm favourite and looked unusually attractive at the weights.

Durban's third winter fixture opens this Saturday and will be continued on August 4 and 9. Considerable interest is centred in the Gold Cup, in which a good-class field is engaged. For some reason not clear, Red Ronald is considered by the public to be a non-stayer. This view seems to be shared by the handicapper, for we find Mr. Forbes's colt in the two-mile race at 9st., only 2lbs. over his weight in the July Handicap, when he finished a fair second to Oriel, with Harriet third. If

Red Ronald

can stay—and nothing in his races has suggested the reverse—he is the best treated horse in the race, and I do not propose to look farther for the winner. It was a great pity that the weight-for-age event fell through at Clairwood. In open company Red Ronald's activities are now greatly curtailed, and scant is the encouragement extended to owners of tip-top animals throughout the Union. The "scroucher" is specially catered for. No doubt, as a gambling counter, he is just as useful as his classy brother, and it is only when restrictive legislation looms nigh that the cry for improving the breed becomes full-throated and penetrating.

* * *

There is a feeling abroad that legislation may be introduced shortly to curtail racing on the Rand. Personally I see no reason to expect anything of the sort. It will be remembered that General Hertzog, in an early reference during the elections to

The Control of Racing,

expressed himself as hostile to the present system, but pleaded ignorance on the matter. Later, however, when asked as to his attitude if returned to power, General Hertzog stated bluntly that, unless a section of the public expressed its dissatisfaction with the present system, he would not interfere.

* * *

Those who were kept away by the cold weather from the Eastern District Sporting Club's fixture at Benoni last Saturday missed an afternoon of keen sport, the big race being a huge success, half-a-dozen having a winning chance some fifty yards from the chair. Then Lang Syne was

The First to Crack Up,

and King's Daisy led the others by a narrow margin. The top-weight retained her advantage, and, ridden out, scored from Edelwild, with Victorious, a 2-to-1 favourite, third. This was Mr. Highnam's second win, King's Maiden having credited him with the Pony and Galloway Handicap earlier in the day.

* * *

Course withdrawals left the last two-year-old race of the season with but six starters. Stage Girl was pounced upon as "a good thing," and the odds of 2 to 1 were cheerfully laid on. Mr. O'Meara's filly had to be kept on the stretch all the way, so persistent were the attentions of Blue Dye, and backers of the favourite were not happy until the last few yards, when Stage Girl forged ahead to win by a length.

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I had not been on the Benoni racecourse for a considerable time prior to Saturday, and it was gratifying to find the "old stewards," those who brought the Club into existence and have kept it going, still to the fore. Mr. Eaton (chairman of Stewards) is the active personality as of yore; while Mr. J. M. Davidson, still as gay as a sandboy, was good enough to inform me that he had seen in the Press an account of someone reaching 127 years of age—and he was determined to beat that. May it be so!

* * *

Spearmint, whose death at the age of 20 years is announced, was a doughty son of Carbine—Maid of the Mist, and his progeny have proved themselves worthy descendants of "Old Jack." Purchased by Major Loder out of the Sledmere Stud yearlings for 300 guineas, his winnings in stakes during his two- and three-year-old career totalled £17,293. Included in his victories were the Derby and the Grand Prix de Paris. At the stud Spearmint was a signal success. In England and Ireland he

Sired the Winners of 245 Races,

of the value of £136,880. His stock were sent all over the world, and good fortune has followed them. Trocko, a worthy representative in South Africa, won the Johannesburg Summer Handicap of 1916.

* * *

Racing on the Rand this Saturday is at Turffontein. Selections:—

1.15 p.m.—Junior Pony Plate, 5 furlongs.
Sybil M. 1, Rose Gold 2, Silver Ring 3.
1.55 p.m.—Galloway Plate, 6 furlongs.
Marico 1, Rosie 2, Royal Marine 3.
2.35 p.m.—Pony Purse, 5 furlongs.
Dark Lady 1, Clover 2, Lady Galway 3.
3.20 p.m.—Galloway Purse, 1 mile.
Golden City 1, Paraplu 2, Auditory 3.
4.0 p.m.—Junior Galloway Plate, 7 furlongs.
Willetta 1, The Wig 2, Mab 3.
4.40 p.m.—Pony Stakes, 6 furlongs.
Anne 1, Old Tom 2, Black and Tan 3.

* * *

Big fields are likely to be the rule at the holiday meeting of the Germiston Sporting Club on Monday. Selections:—

12.20 p.m.—Galloway and Pony Handicap, "C," 5 furlongs.
Carmelita 1, Rosaria 2, Titina 3.
1.0 p.m.—Holiday Handicap, "D," 1 mile.
Fettle 1, Gun Metal 2, Noble Lind 3.
1.45 p.m.—Galloway and Pony Handicap, "A," 6 furlongs.
Meeuw 1, Lady Croft 2, Beckey 3.
2.25 p.m.—Holiday Handicap, "C," 7 furlongs.
Toddler 1, Heather Lad 2, Playtime 3.
3.5 p.m.—Germiston Handicap, 1 mile.
Banter 1, Edelwild 2, Lang Syne 3.
3.45 p.m.—Holiday Handicap, "B," 6 furlongs.
Antelope 1, Buckram 2, Bad Lad II. 3.
4.25 p.m.—Galloway and Pony Handicap, "B," 7 furlongs.
Billy IV. 1, Miss Ferraro 2, Anne 3.
5.5 p.m.—Holiday Handicap, "A," 5 furlongs.
Essay 1, Euterpe 2, Culmstock 3.

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IN THE BRIGHT LIGHTS.

(*Continued from page 8.*)

Bell Brothers and Nesbitt gave a bright, cherry act that never flagged for a minute. The boy at the piano had a most cheerful grin and danced exceedingly well with one of his *confrères*, while the limes twirled, giving the "something different" touch. The humourist of the trio was responsible for much laughter, and the concerted numbers were excellent.

Jan D. Martell is paying a return visit to this country, and audiences are again enjoying his quaint humour and his eccentric dancing. Holloway and Austin and the Harris Family, from last week's bill, had splendid receptions, the instrumentalists having to give many encores.

Tom E. Finglass made his bow as the steward on the good ship "Cuddle and Squeezum," and then gave two of the coon numbers he has made such a success of. He is a particularly fine dancer.

Dolice Cariello is a singer who made an instant success, giving *O sole mio* and as a contrast "Riviera Rose." Fred Hutchings, "The Lady of Laughs," is a comfortable-looking dame with plenty of patter and songs, and gave as an encore a song about the adventures of a cheese.

With *The African Mirror* and *Pathé's Gazette* the programme is a long and enjoyable one.

ELAINE.

"THE SHEIK" AT THE BIJOU.

(*Continued from page 20.*)

scenes is the gathering of Arabs at the call of their chief (Rudolph Valentino, so handsome in his flowing robes), the white-robed figures sitting like monuments on their fine steeds, on the wide desert sands, when the English girl is kidnapped by the hostile caravan. I remember the tent in the desert, to which Rudolph bears his bride, hung with rich cloths and furnished with soft couches and wonderfully wrought chairs and caskets; the sand-storm when the frightened horses, straining at their halters, break lose and the tents flap in the wind; the Casino to which only Arabs are admitted, but where Agnes Ayres—but, dear me, you will want to see it yourself and I am only spoiling things. So, *enfin*, let me say to you, don't miss it; go and forget your troubles in the magic air of the East where the saffron breezes bring Romance to your spirit—and Romance is Rudolph Valentino.

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Nothing looks so like innocence as an indiscretion.—*Sebastian Melmoth.*

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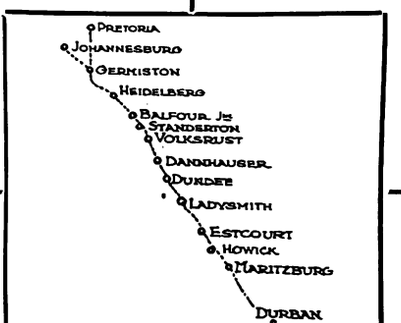

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Grand, Pretoria.—Reg. Wentworth, Gane and Waldie.

Criterion, Benoni.—Victor King, Campbell anl Wise.

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Theatre Royal, Durban.—George Relph and Company in "The Green Goddess."

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"RED DAISY" TEA IS THE BEST—TRY IT.

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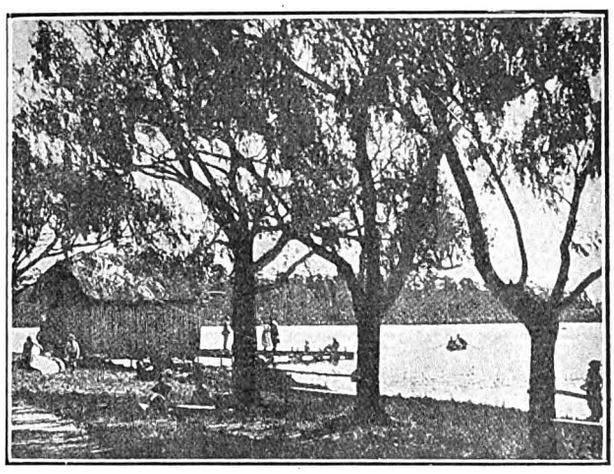
MOTORING AND MOTOR-CYCLING.

By "WIRE WHEEL."

Cars of the Future.

Lighter, more powerful and comfortable cars, that will cost less, run further without adjustment, and will be easier to handle, are being forecast by automobile engineers. It is asserted that a third of the weight of present-day cars can be cut out. Super-charging, or forcing the gas into the cylinders instead of allowing it to be drawn in by the suction of the piston, has enabled the weight of the motor to be cut down, and has resulted in performances undreamed of a few years ago. With the super-charger a motor can be made small enough to give the greatest economy in city driving and yet, at the touch of a foot on a pedal that brings the super-charger into action, it will leap to an 80-m.p.h. speed. It is claimed also that 80 miles to the gallon of petrol will be obtainable, in the cars of the near future, with bodies without squeaks or rattles, and finishes that will resist the hardest of wear for years. Despite the present-day wonderful service of the modern motor-car greater perfection is being sought constantly in every line. Motors with new types of cooling systems are coming, with new valves, gears,



CAN YOU PLACE THIS SPOT?

To the writer of the first letter opened containing the correct name of the above picturesque spot, "Wire Wheel" offers a prize of a motor accessory valued at half-a-guinea.

carburetters, and a thousand and one other things to make them operate better with present-day fuels. Crankshafts, pistons, cylinder walls and bearings also, will undergo considerable improvement in the future. Other advances will be the air cleaner and oil cleaners. There is every indication that the time is not far distant when these new inventions will be incorporated in most makes of cars bearing reputable names.

Courtesies of the Road.

Complaints have recently been made that motorists themselves do not observe the rules of the road. The following golden rules should be observed by every considerate motorist:

DO stop when travelling down hill on a narrow road and give room to an uphill driver to pass.

DO keep as near as possible to the correct side of the road.

DO realise the discomfort to others of dusty roads and mud splashing.

DO pass a led and restive horse on the side nearest the man.

DO observe warning signals and speed restriction notices.

DO give way to faster traffic.

DO show courtesy and consideration ALWAYS.

DO enquire whether you can be of assistance in cases of break-down.

DO consider the safety and comfort of others equally as much as your own.

Trapping.

Motorists are warned that in Pretoria the Police are actively engaged trapping drivers and riders of motor vehicles. Despite repeated denunciations of this iniquitous practice, and its unreliability, Pretoria still resorts to the antiquated methods. Usually it is the unsuspecting visitor who receives the most attention. Motorists are therefore warned to beware when visiting Pretoria.

A Useful Chart.

A neatly designed chart, which can be easily affixed to the garage wall, showing all the points of the Austin "Seven" *chassis* which need periodical attention, has just been issued by the makers and owners should write asking for a copy.

A Notable Tyre.

Messrs. Williams Hunt & Co. have now been appointed sole wholesale distributors of the Hutchinson Motor Cycle Tyres ("the tyre with nine lives") for the Transvaal. This is a tyre which at January 1, 1924, held 182 British and world's speed records.

Motor-Cycle Competitions.

This Sunday, the Rand Motor-Cycling Club will run off a Reliability Trial, 176 miles, for the "Bartle" Trophy. The venue is at the fork-roads on the Alberton-Vereeniging Roads. Competition is confined to machines of 600 c.c. and upwards, and includes solo and sidecar machines. The start will be made at 10 a.m. prompt.

T.A.C. Competition.

The Technical and Trials Committee of the Transvaal Automobile Club is very anxious to arrange a programme of motor-car competitions. Those interested in competitions and social runs, are requested to forward their suggestion to the Town Office of the T.A.C. as soon as possible, in order that the committee may organise functions in accordance with the wishes expressed.

Publications Received.

The Transvaal Automobile Club Official Journal for the quarter ending June 30, 1924. An admirable publication, far in advance of the previous issue.

The Natal Automobile Club Official Review, No. 4 of Volume I. Covers the whole of Natal and the motor movement in that Province. Is chock-full of useful and interesting matter.

FLOOR FOR 10,000 DANCERS.

The biggest dance-floor in the world is being built at Wembley. It will provide accommodation for at least 10,000 dancers.

THE TREES AND MYSTERY.

"Mr. Tree, Miss Tree and Mystery," who were at the Johannesburg Empire not long ago, appeared at the London Coliseum in mail-week.

MOVING-PICTURE MEMS.

(*Continued from Page 5.*)

rotor's commutator was built up of a great number of segments, one of which had developed a spark through "shorting." The high-speed camera got to work whilst the great electrical machine was in motion; 6,400 pictures were exposed in very rapid succession and only one of them revealed the spark in course of discharge, but this was sufficient to enable the engineers to locate the faulty winding.

HIS MAJESTY'S, MONDAY: MAURICE MOSCOVITCH IN "TRILBY."

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S.A. PICTORIAL.

STAGE & CINEMA.

VOL. XIX. No. 471.] SATURDAY, AUGUST 9TH, 1924. (Registered at G.P.O. as a Newspaper.) PRICE 6D.

SEEING HIGH LIFE!

This is Douglas MacLean as **Harry Elrod** *in "Bell-Boy 13," a First National film comedy-drama which is to be shown at the Johannesburg Orpheum next week.* **Harry,** *heir to a rich uncle, becomes bell-boy in a Philadelphia hotel with a thousand rooms—and in each room there is a laugh.*

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JAZZING ROUND THE WORLD.

By JENKYN.

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Soerabaja, Java.

IN previous articles I have bemoaned the fact that in Java there are no weekly British papers available. It must not be imagined, however, that the Dutch journalist is altogether neglectful of the British section of his readers, for he occasionally bursts forth with items printed in English that are sensational to a degree; bristling with thrills set forth in crisp, terse, nervous English, and simply international in their importance and interest. As, for instance, the following, culled without alteration or elision from a Javanese journal:

> londons 14/5 new word quote deratisation unquote mentioned resumption international shipping conference explained as fumigation ships every smester object killing rats discussion showed deratisation unpopular shipowners ofteu outworking fifty sterling per rat asserted cost one spip 467 sterling kill one rat committee appointed consider whole question conference resolutioned urging abolition policies or acts of flag discriminaiion which impededed free flow international commerce discussion port facilities chiefly concerned delays british ports ended adoption resolution urging maritime nations do utmost secure seaports keeping pace modern reijuirements trade moscows ranzau german ambassador litvinoff foreign commissar lengthily conferred rsference berlin incident latter demanded customary apologies recognition extraterritoality foreign mission punishment those responsible searching trade delegations offices payment indemnity.

* * *

By diligent hunting it is, however, quite possible to get a decent book to read. The gentleman who so pleasantly conducts the London Letter for this paper has for a long time given useful gossip about books so ably that I hesitate to encroach on his province. Still, perhaps he won't mind if, for once, I discourse on a couple of tales I have recently read. I picked up "The Prairie Wife," by Arthur Stringer, at Whiteaway's store in Soerabaja some weeks ago. I would not have believed that a book of sentiment, written by a wife about her husband, a book in which she calls him "Dinky-Dunk," could have delighted

A Hardened Old Battler

like myself. But it did, and when I passed it over to another member of the company he also raved; likewise did our manageress. Therefore I purchased the sequel, "The Prairie Mother," and found it, unlike most sequels, better than the first. By this time every member of the company had read and enjoyed the first book, and they are now waiting in queues for the second. It is a matter of surprise to every reader that a man should have written these tales, with their wonderful sense of atmosphere, their humour and pathos (that is never bathos) and occasional patches of drama. We are now agreeing to club together to buy the third of the series, "The Prairie Children," which is published in a more expensive edition.

* * *

And now we come to the epic and moving tale of the Battle of Semarang. It happened like this. We had been for the week-end to Pekalongen and Seratiga (in Java when they wish to find a name for a place they always pick a long 'un) and were motoring by autobus to Semarang on the Tuesday morning. We left at five a.m. but soon forgot the miseries of early rising in the glories of the dawn. Just before departure the hotel manager told us that we should have to pay one *guilder*, ten cents extra for our luggage, but *en route*

The Javanese Conductor

informed us that it would be three *guilders*. This, on principle, we refused to pay, and on our arrival at Semarang a very truculent Dutchman came and renewed the demand. I told him we had paid what was due, but he said, "You have to pay what I say—I make de price." "Oh," says I. "You might say a thousand *guilders*. Suppose we refuse?" "Den I sling de luggage out." "Then sling it out!" I yelled, the blood of the Jenkyns by this time being up. This they proceeded to do, while we clambered out of the bus looking for *sados* and taxis.

* * *

By this time quite a crowd of Dutch, Javanese, and in-betweeners had gathered round, and while the quarrel was at its height a very fat Dutch woman entered a lightning process, or *caveat*, or *emptor*, or something, on "Swaddy's" bag. While he struggled with her for possession of his property, the truculent one grabbed him by the back of the neck and proceeded to throttle him, and the next I saw of the *melée* was that the burly Desmond had entered into the fray and, with arms whirling like flails or a patent windmill, was giving the truculent one what was coming to him. During Desmond's lightning but somewhat unscientific onslaught another bag was pounced on by the bus people and carried to the *stoep*. The next thing was that an angry and puffy Dutch gent. in perturbed pyjamas rushed into the dispute, and while I was verbally tackling him, I suddenly saw something in white flannels streak like lightning past me up to the *stoep*. It was Edgar who up to this moment had been an amused spectator, but who had

Come to the Conclusion

that it was time he did something to stop them mucking old England about. A battalion of the bus company's servants now deployed on Edgar, led gallantly by the adipose *vrouw*. I have not played rugger for nearly forty years, but I rushed to his aid and he and I and (I think) "Blackie" and "Swaddy" did as pretty a piece of passing with a heavy suit-case as the most ardent votary of the game could desire. "Blackie" had all the time been doing a violent war-dance, shrilling defiance at the top of his voice, and offering to take on ten Dutchmen at once. By this time the crowd was of abnormal proportions and there was much ribald laughter, but we departed station-wards with our tails up and our noses in the air.

* * *

At the station we were confronted by our original aggressor, a tall and dignified commissioner of police, and (thank goodness!) a young, intelligent and tactful Dutch interpreter, who did much to smooth matters over. It ended by our paying the amount originally claimed, and

Scornfully Rejecting

a further claim for seven *guilders*—for moral damage, I presume. The whole affair was over a paltry twenty-five cents apiece, and the poignant part of it is that we missed a million dollars. Had Mack Sennett been there with an expert camera-man he would have secured a world-beater of a comedy film—especially when *mynvrouw* fell on the fleshiest part of her twenty-five stone with her heels in the air.

A COMPETITION FOR MOTORISTS—SEE PAGE 28.

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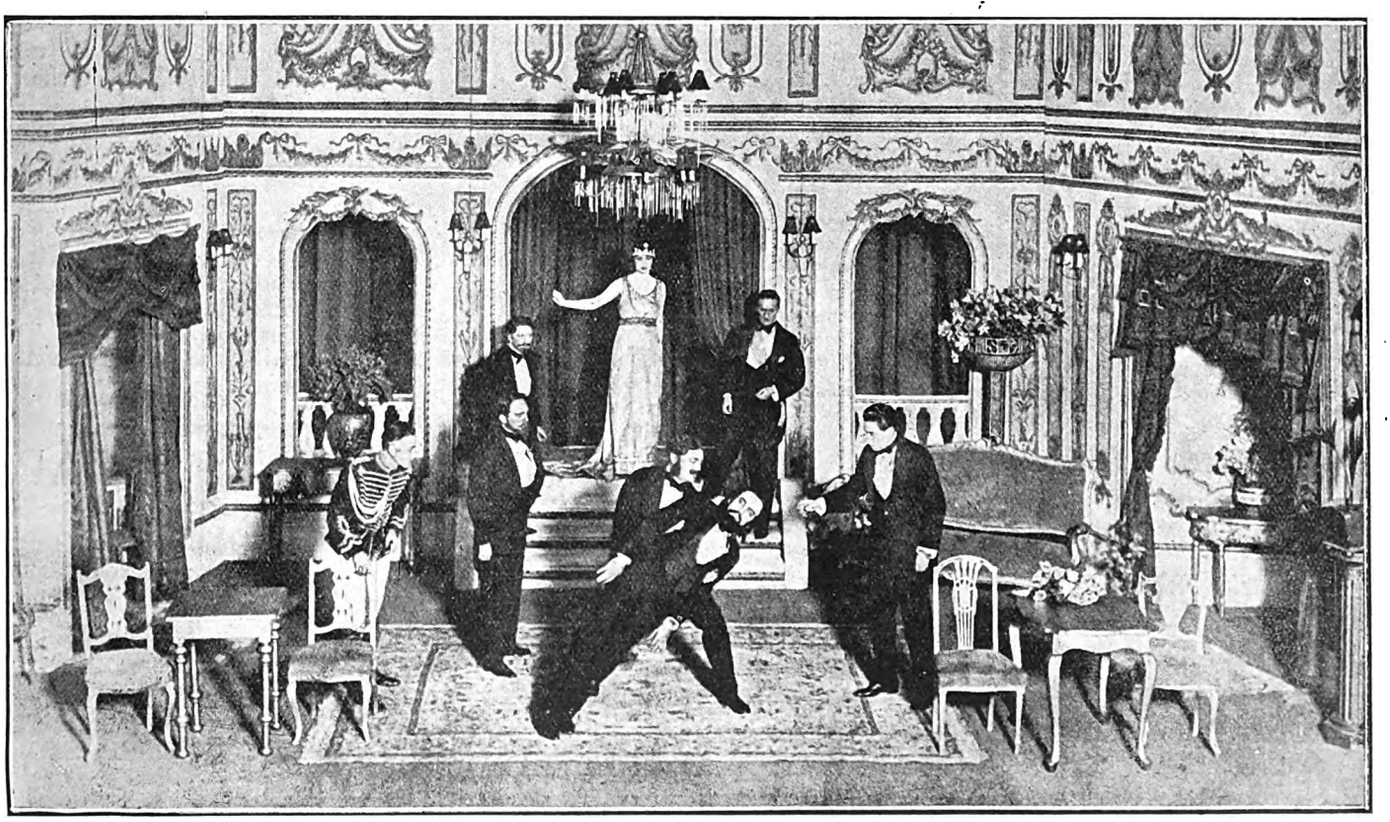
MAURICE MOSCOVITCH AS SVENGALI.

"CAN YOU RISE, TRILBY?" A DRAMATIC MOMENT IN THE FIRST ACT.

At His Majesty's Theatre, Johannesburg, on Monday evening Mr. Maurice Moscovitch gave his first performance as *Svengali* in "Trilby" on any stage. The part suited him to the ground, and his rendering of it will probably rank even above his *Shylock* as the best thing he has yet done on the English-speaking stage. He received a great ovation from a huge first-night audience. The incident depicted here is the first hypnotising of *Trilby* by *Svengali*. The characters, from left to right, are: *Gecko* (Mr. Cyril Nash), "*The Laird*" (Mr. Clifford Marle), "*Taffy*" (Mr. George R. Montford), *Svengali* (Mr. Maurice Moscovitch), "*Little Billee*" (Mr. Nat Madison), and *Trilby* (Miss Sylvia Willoughby).



THE DEATH OF SVENGALI IN THE FOYER OF THE CIRQUE DES BASHIBAZOUKS.

It will be seen that Mr. Moscovitch does not make *Svengali* die in the traditional manner, across a table. As a matter of fact, he makes him die in a very unpleasant manner—in a sort of fit in which he gradually becomes paralysed and rigid.

Photos by African Film Productions, Ltd.

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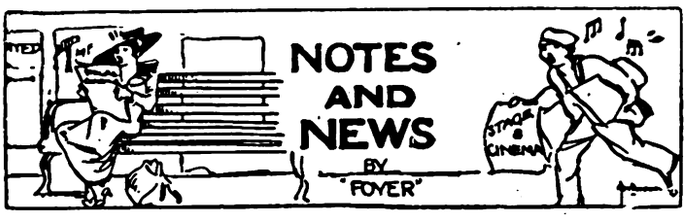

Has Barrie Written a New Play?.

The theatrical correspondent of *The Daily Mail* (London) secured what purported to be a "scoop" for his paper when he wrote in mail-week: "Smoking his inevitable curly pipe, a soft brown hat pushed to the back of his head, and his hands in his trousers pockets, Sir James Barrie spent yesterday morning rehearsing a new play which he has written. The piece—called 'A Slice of Life,' and played by five characters—is in one act, and its production at the St. Martin's Theatre next Thursday afternoon kills the rumour that Sir James some time ago wrote his last play. What 'A Slice of Life' is all about is a secret at present—rehearsals take place with the fireproof curtain shutting off the view of unauthorised prying eyes—and now and then the author, who is his own producer in this instance, has been altering and adding to the script as the rehearsals have gone on. The performance of the play will form an item in the programme which has been arranged on behalf of the 'Meggie Albanesi Memorial Scholarship' fund."

Fourteen Years Ago.

Two days later, however, the dramatic critic of *The Sunday Express* rose up and demolished the "scoop" in the following paragraph: "Sir James Barrie is not writing a new play. Whether or not he will ever write another one is uncertain, though I put little faith in the statement that he never will. But the announcement that the new play on which he is working is to be called 'A Slice of Life,' with the usual additional touches about the greatest secrecy being observed, is rather wide of the mark. 'A Slice of Life' was first performed as long ago as 1910, and is a one-act burlesque of the conventions of modern comedy. It is an amusing trifle. The scene is 'The Rhubarbs, Gower Street,' and fourteen years ago Gerald du Maurier played in it, with Irene Vanbrugh as *Mrs. Hyphen-Browne.*"

MR. CLIFFORD MARLE,

One of the new members of Maurice Moscovitch's Company, who is playing "*The Laird*" in "Trilby" at His Majesty's Theatre, Johannesburg.

Down With a Bump.

The same writer also scoffs at the statement that the special performance of the "Charlot Revue" at the Selwyn Theatre, New York, on behalf of the Meggie Albanesi Scholarship fund, realised £15,000. The correction, he says, was afterwards made that the figure was "nearer £1,500"; but "it now transpires," he adds, "that the amount was actually £514 16s. 8d."

Sane Marie Tempest.

Miss Marie Tempest has made a triumphant return to the lyric stage in the four-part operetta "Midsummer Madness" at the Lyric Theatre, Hammersmith. It is her first singing part for 25 years, and when asked by an interviewer how she had managed to preserve her singing voice all those years she said: "I will tell the plain facts. I have smoked 25 cigarettes a day for the past 15 years. I have not practised singing, for I have been so hard at work in other ways that I have not had time. Perhaps my mode of life has saved my voice. I am a very sane person; I don't stay up late at night, I don't drink, I go to bed for an hour every afternoon, and I am called at 8 o'clock every morning."

Mind Went Blank.

Nevertheless, playing in a musical play again after 25 years made Miss Tempest "more nervous than I have felt on any first night for years," and at one point during the first performance she completely forgot her lines. Next day she said: "I had sung a song which had been specially written to suit my voice, and it had gone with a crash. The applause was overwhelming. Then a horrible feeling of nervousness got hold of me. I tried to remember what came next. Then the symphony started in the orchestra for an encore. I had never expected one, and certainly I would not have taken one had it been left to me to decide. However, I sang it again. After my song is over I have to lie down on the stage. I did this, and then my memory went entirely. My mind was an absolute blank. So blank, in fact, that while Mr. Ranalow and Miss Dixon were going on with their lines I said to myself, 'What's this? It's some other play. What are they talking about?' Somehow I spoke when my turn came, but I have not the least idea what I said, but Mr. Ranalow says I did not speak the author's lines. The attack must have lasted for about a page of music." Miss Tempest added: "When I read my Press this morning I could have given all the critics a big kiss, I was so pleased."

George Robey's Son.

George Robey's only son Edward has just passed his Law Tripos, and has obtained his B.A. and LL.B. degree. Educated at Westminister School and Jesus, Cambridge, he intends to take up the criminal branch of the legal profession.

Ill for Two Years.

After two years' enforced absence, in consequence of a long and serious illness, Miss Kyrle Bellew returned to the stage at Portsmouth at the end of July, when her husband Mr. Arthur Bourchier, revived "The Thief." She is playing the part of the wife who foolishly contracts debts without her husband's knowledge.

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EMPIRE, AUGUST 18: "LITTLE NELLIE KELLY."

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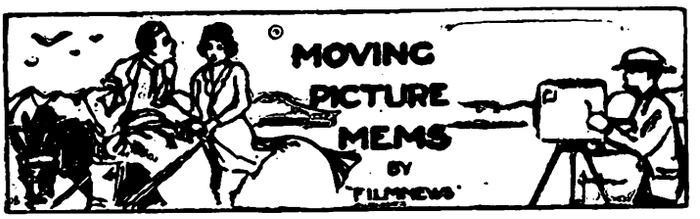

Painful—for the Magistrate.

Recently a small boy was charged with petty larceny at a South-West London police court. "Have you been going to the pictures?" asked the magistrate, as he invariably does on these occasions. "He won't go, sir!" said the boy's father. "The whole family goes sometimes, but he will not. I offered him threepence to come with us on one occasion, but he refused it!" A painful case for the magistrate.

Coming Attractions.

The Bijou Theatre, Johannesburg, is to show the following "feature" films during the next four weeks: August 11, the Goldwyn screen-version of Sir Hall Caine's novel, "The Christian," with Richard Dix as the *Rev. John Storm* and Mae Busch as *Glory Quayle*. August 18, John Barrymore in "Beau Brummel." August 25, Mae Murray in "The French Doll." September 1, Rex Ingram's "Scaramouche" (from Rafael Sabatini's famous novel of the French Revolution).

A Sensation.

A sensation has been caused in English film circles by the announcement that the firm of Hepworth have, temporarily at least, ceased producing films owing to financial circumstances. A receiver has been appointed for the debenture holders. Meanwhile, Mr. Hepworth is producing nothing. Henry Edwardes and Chrissie White—two members of the Hepworth stock company for many years—are producing a picture at the Hepworth studios, but are not being financed by the company, and Alma Taylor is at the moment resting. The story of the Hepworth Company is almost that of British industry. Mr. Hepworth was the pioneer of motion-pictures in England. He made films in the '90's.

Gone to America.

On the strength of his performance as the hero to Betty Compson's heroine in the English film-version of "Woman to Woman" (which, by the way, was again screened in Johannesburg this week—at the Town Hall on Monday evening and at the Carlton Theatre on Tuesday and Wednesday), Mr. Clive Brook was offered, and has accepted, an attractive offer to go to America to appear in pictures under the direction of Thomas H. Ince.

Writing Sub-Titles.

Writing sub-titles for films is a highly-paid art in America, and some women journalists earn sums ranging from £3,000 to £20,000 a year at it. For instance. Mr. and Mrs. Martin Johnson came to Africa to cinematograph wild animals. They have produced a film which they call "Trailing African Wild Animals." The sub-titles were written by Miss Terry Ramsaye. A young black girl, talking to an elderly black fellow, each plentifully beringed, is thus introduced: "A radio beauty with a loop antennae round her neck was broadcasting, while an old sport was trying to 'tune in.'" We see another young black girl, whose ebon smile has an oily sheen. "Young Mrs. Anthracite," says a sub-title, "a polished leader of her set." Nothing escapes the sub-titler's attention. "A gnu," she announces, as a herd of the awkward animals gallops across the screen, "is made out of the spare parts of other animals." A rhino is "a ton of bad temper." A cluster of monkeys in a tree constitutes "an organ-grinder's paradise."

Definite.

So far the only definite choice made for the cast of the film-version of "Peter Pan" is that of Mr. Ernest Torrence to play *Captain Hook*. Mr. Torrence will be remembered as the "principal villain" in "Tol'able David."

MISS WYNNE BRONTE,

Another of the new members of Maurice Moscovitch's Company. Miss Brontë is playing *Angèle* in "Trilby."

Barrie Imitates an Oyster.

Miss Flora Le Breton, the English actress, who is now in New York, has made a spectacular appeal to Barrie to be allowed to play *Peter Pan*. She wrote a film scenario based on her recollections of "Peter Pan," hired a studio, staged, produced and acted a playlet, in which she takes the only part, at her own expense, and consigned it to Sir Gerald du Maurier, who has undertaken to show it to Sir James Barrie. This film is a wistful and whimsical presentation of *Peter's* effort to find his lost shadow. This effort probably cost Miss le Breton at least £100, and she has informed Sir James Barry, in a touching aside, that on a word from him she will sacrifice her magnificent head of hair in order to play *Peter*. The other English candidate, Miss Betty Balfour, has actually interviewed Sir James, reminded him that she is a cousin of Robert Louis Stevenson, and implored him, in Stevenson's name, "not to let the last of the fairies emigrate to America." Sir James, giving his celebrated imitation of an oyster, refuses to make a decision, but it is understood that he disapproves of all the American candidates submitted by Mr. Lasky, who has invited him to go to New York and inspect a fresh batch.

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EMPIRE, AUGUST 18: "LITTLE NELLIE KELLY."

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Boxing in Opera.

A boxing-match set to music, with an "audience" singing its comments, was one of the novelties of a new English opera produced in mail-week by the British National Opera Company in London. The opera is by Vaughan-Williams, a composer already well-known in South Africa through his quartet "On Wenlock Edge" and his London Symphony, the latter played on the Rand for the first time during the last season of the Cape Town Orchestra. The opera is called "Hugh the Drover," and deals with an imaginary village in the Cotswold Hills. The boxing bout—which is believed to be the first ever fought in opera—takes place between *Hugh the Drover* and *John the Butcher* for the hand of the beautiful *Mary*, the constable's daughter. The two men fight with bare fists and the music at this point is said to be suitably warlike. The chorus is divided into two sections, each favouring one man. As the fight continues they sing their praise of their champion's blows, and urge them on. "Hit him lower, Drover," they chant. One section yells "Foul!" on a sustained flattened note. The music becomes more and more excited and so does the chorus. The fight ends in victory for the hero *Hugh*. The two men taking the parts were coached for their fight by a keen amateur boxer. The music of the whole opera is said to be extremely melodious. Everybody has a song to sing, and the composer has endeavoured to cut out "recitatives," except in pure conversation; hence it is called a "romantic ballad opera." What measure of success will attend the production of this novelty must remain to be seen.

KARRIDENE HOTEL

SOUTH COAST, NATAL.

This delightful, select and altogether restful resort is situated at the mouth of the Karridene River, 23 miles from Durban by rail, and within 70 minutes by car.

It occupies a unique position, almost abutting the Ocean Front in such a manner as strongly to suggest to the visitor when promenading the fine and extensive balconies the pleasant hours spent aboard a well-appointed steamship.

The Karridene Hotel is an extensive Brick Building, equipped with the most modern conveniences: Hot and Cold Baths, Electric Light, Bells to each of the forty-five Bedrooms, Dance Hall, Billiard Room, Lounges, Open-air Gardens, etc.

The grounds, 35 acres in extent, take the form of a lovely natural park, and lend themselves to all the usual outdoor amusements: Tennis, Croquet, Shooting, etc.

Boating here is excellent, and the resort is specially noted for fishing and safe surf bathing.

A Golf Course is in course of construction, and guests may be fully assured of every comfort, attention and amusement being provided for them.

Opinions Differ.

At a lecture before the Musical Association Sir Henry Hadow recently said: "Among the signs of progress in the musical life of the present day is the improvement in our musical criticism. It is written with more intelligence, more information, and a more balanced judgment. It has made a great step in advance, and we are grateful to those who conduct it." For this opinion, those concerned with musical criticism in the larger centres in England will be duly grateful. But all do not think like Sir Henry Hadow. For instance, at the British Music Society's Congress Dr. A. Eaglefield Hull said: "Rather than ask the critics their opinion of a concert, I would prefer to consult the programme boy." A lady at the same Congress held the opinion that "the critics should not be content to pull songs to pieces, but should indicate what they really wanted;" whereas Mr. Bernard Shaw thought "that to-day there was a great improvement." The same differences of opinion will, no doubt, be found everywhere. Dr. Hull's view is certainly very emphatic, and one can only wonder at the nature of the grievance in his mind when he expressed it. Mr. Shaw says: "The music critic should always be as personal as possible. I was always intensely personal all over the article, not only because of my natural egotism, but because of my theory, which I constantly entertained, that a critic should keep in his reader's mind the fact that he was reading one man's opinion only, and that he may take it for what it is worth." Another member thought that "the value of criticism depends entirely upon the value of the critic." This opinion seems to me to answer the whole question regarding musical criticism; hence the obligation imposed upon every writer to sign his published comments. It is never anything more than the expression of a personal opinion, and must be accepted as such by those directly concerned.

A New Book.

A vast amount of nonsense is talked about the defects of criticism and the opposing views of critics. There are bound to be opposite views of a great many modern manifestations in art, and no man can claim to be able to judge with any degree of finality anything that is new. But the critic is now able to get himself primed and mentally straightened out, for a sort of text-book on the subject has recently been published by the Oxford University Press. It is written by M. D. Calvocoressi and is entitled "Musical Criticism." Surprisingly little has been written on the subject, so that it is likely that the book will eventually find its way on to the bookshelves of many of those engaged in that particular calling. Whatever the critic is called upon to judge, he can only judge it in relation to his own beliefs and experiences. Whether something is musically pleasing or offensive to the critic's ear is not the main point; what matters more is whether the thing offends the laws of artistic fitness. It will be seen at once that it is the personal attitude that must solve the degree of praise or blame. The author referred to points out that the utmost caution and wisdom are needed if one is trying to make people see that their taste is at fault. He adds that the evolution of musical taste depends solely on musical experiences; there is no corrective outside music for defects in taste, such as there is outside literature, for instance, in general mental education, or that outside the fine arts that is provided by our sense-experiences in the world itself. Music being non-representational, and expressive only in a medium not that of language, has no correctives.

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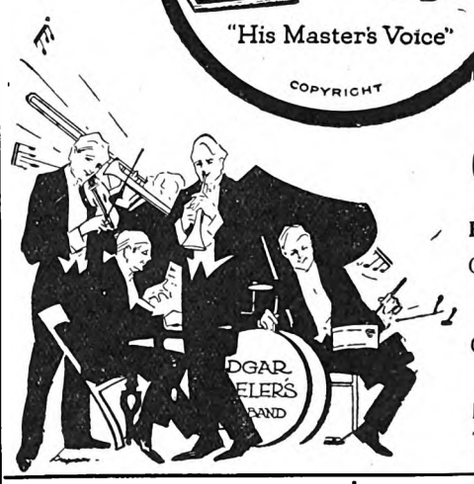

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In the Bright Lights.

HIS MAJESTY'S THEATRE.

Another Triumph for Maurice Moscovitch: His Brilliant Svengali in "Trilby."

IF I am not mistaken, Mr. Maurice Moscovitch's *Svengali* in "Trilby," a part which he played for the first time on any stage at His Majesty's Theatre, Johannesburg, on Monday evening, will rank as his finest performance since he began to act in English plays; and this although it must compete for that place with his *Shylock* and with his *Jean Paurel* in "The Great Lover." His *Svengali* is a remarkable creature, different from all other interpretations of the part, something more robust than the character in the novel, yet conveying perfectly the shabby offensiveness and sinister brilliance of the original. The achievement is the more remarkable in that Mr. Moscovitch is essentially of the "square" type of man, with broad, square hands; whereas Du Maurier's *Svengali* was "a tall bony individual" with hands like talons and a gaunt body. But the actor brushed aside such handicaps as though they did not exist. He disguised not only his appearance, but his whole personality, and succeeded in giving an impression of "snakiness" which seemed natural enough at the time, but which would puzzle anyone reflecting about it afterwards to say precisely how it was done. It was great acting, and Mr. Moscovitch scored another very real triumph. A big first-night audience gave him a splendid ovation.

This production of "Trilby" should be a success; and it will owe its success not only to the *Svengali* of Mr. Moscovitch. The play tells a good story, and a good story is always a good story; whereas the principal problem about the so-called "problem" play only too often is the problem of how long its interest is likely to last. That, you will notice, is merely another way of saying that a vivid imagination probably will prove more profitable in the long run than a meticulous perception of everyday things. Experiences which audiences are under no obligation to link with their own lives—which seem too fantastic to be personal and yet not too fantastic to be impossible—will charm successive generations. On the other hand, the social code changes so comparatively rapidly that a plot with a personal application usually "dates" in a decade. Sir Arthur Pinero may be admitted to be a greater playwright than Paul Potter, who dramatised "Trilby." Nevertheless, "Trilby" is as fresh and as interesting to-day as when it was first staged in 1895—and this in spite of its obvious defects of construction. How different from (for example) "His House in Order," which was first staged in 1906 (eleven years after "Trilby"), but which nowadays, as we saw last year, is calculated to bore you stiff, even when exploited to its limit, as it naturally was by the Vanbrugh-Boucicault company! And the point is that the boring power of Pinero's play has nothing whatever to do with its construction nor yet with its characterisation, but is purely and simply connected with its capacity for making an audience feel, concerning the situation depicted, (1) that they are expected to relate it to themselves, and (2) that although it might actually have happened once upon a time, it never could happen again. About "Trilby," on the contrary, even if one feels that it never actually has happened, one feels that conceivably it might happen at any minute—though never possibly to one's personal friends. Consequently "Trilby" transports one to fairyland for the evening—and that certainly is the chief function of the theatre.

There is a more subtle reason for the perennial freshness of "Trilby." It is connected, not with the play but with the novel; and not with the letterpress but with the illustrations. Lewis Carroll, modest man, once declared that the wonderful success of "Alice in Wonderland" was entirely due to its "beautiful illustrations"; and it is perfectly true that the pictures have become so firmly wedded to the text that now any other illustrations but Tenniel's are out of place. Du Maurier could not, without praising himself, have said that the success of "Trilby" the novel was "entirely due to its beautiful illustrations." There is no doubt, however, that the author's own pictures have helped tremendously to make the book one of the "little classics" of English literature. Captions like "The 'Rosemonde' of Schubert," "'Himmel! The roof of your mouth,'" "*Au Clair de la Lune*" and "'Hast thou found me, O mine enemy?'" do definitely conjure up the pictures under which they are written; and when the familiar captions are realised on the stage, even though the pictures are not quite as Du Maurier drew them, they are as welcome as old friends and more than compensate us for any irritation we may feel, for instance, at the very remarkable uses to which the *foyer* of a theatre is put in the third act, or at the extraordinary "entrances" and "exits" of Act II.

The dramatist, in fact, "realised" the book wonderfully well; a thousand times better than it might have been done for the screen (*has* "Trilby" been done for the screen?) by the modern American producer. The first act, as an act in a play, could with justice be accused of dragging; but as a realisation of the atmosphere of "Trilby" it is excellent, and one is content to listen to *Svengali's* leisurely "Rosemonde was a princess of Cyprus, and Cyprus is an island.—Schubert is not an island, matemoiselle. Schubert was a compatriot of mine, and made music, und blayed the biano, chust like me," and know that the plot will begin to move presently and all in good time

Mr. Moscovitch's *Svengali* does not die, like Tree's *Svengali* died, across a table. He dies in a very realistic and therefore unpleasant fit ("Picture in page 3," as the daily papers say). During his heart-attack in the second act he gabbles words of Yiddish prayer. And, being interpreted by Moscovitch, he is, of course, a master of gesture an inflection.

The play is very well produced by our old friend Mr. George R. Montford, who was producing at His Majesty's just ten years ago, and who himself is a first-rate "*Taffy*" *Wynne*. Miss Sylvia Willoughby is a wistful *Trilby* whose charm grows on one as the play proceeds. Mr. Nat Madison is a graceful "*Little Billee*," Mr. Clifford Marle a dour "*Laird of Cockpen*," Miss Naomi Rutherford

(*Continued on page 20.*)

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A NEW PERSONALITY IN MOTION-PICTURES.

Miss Betty Williams.

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Ethiopians Witness a Surgical Operation.

Officially the Season has almost run its course, yet London, outside those few "rods, poles or perches" we call Mayfair, will certainly not notice it this year, for the whole town is chock-full of visitors and is likely to remain so right on to October. The Prince Regent of Abyssinia, or Ethiopia (as his formal title has it), is the most notable guest of the week. He and his picturesquely-robed retinue (though the Occidental eye protests against the crowning of burnous-like draperies and flowing beards by a prosaic black "bowler") are having a busy time doing the sights in between the numerous state and civic functions arranged in their honour. Their presence at a surgical operation in one of the big Hospitals struck an entirely novel note—a grim gesture very unlikely to be emulated by other distinguished visitors.

The Queen of Spain.

The Queen of Spain is also here on her usual summer vacation, looking up old friends, doing the round of the shops, theatres and picture galleries, as well as some of the multitudinous open-air events, invariably taking her mother, Princess Beatrice (still wonderfully active for her years) with her. King Alfonso has had to forego his holiday on account of political exigencies, but I have heard that his Queen intends to look over some polo ponies on his behalf before she returns to Spain.

"The Most Miserable Girl in London."

Our big sporting fixtures are attracting enormous crowds, as the weather continues to be wonderfully sunny and settled. Wimbledon tennis is in its last lap; most of the champions are packing up ready for their transfer to the Olympic Games in Paris next week. Lenglen's breakdown, involving the loss of her champion's title, brought her shoals of sympathetic messages. She had been showing signs of strain before the final decision to retire from the contest was reached, so that when the announcement was made it did not come as such a surprise as the newspapers would have us believe. "The most miserable girl in London," as the volatile Suzanne called herself, found almost immediate consolation in umpiring for her *ex*-rivals! The inter-'Varsity and Eton *v.* Harrow matches have brought their customary quota of "county" folk to town, providing as well a modicum of additional work o' nights for the keepers of law and order in the West-end.

Donoghue Junior's First Race.

Down at Salisbury a couple of days ago quite a "star" crowd of Turf notabilities foregathered to give the "glad hand" to Steve Donoghue's 13-years-old son Pat, who made his *début* as a jockey in a race for which his famous father was also entered. Papa D. came in second, but the youngster was amongst the "also rans," though his style made a good impression and high hopes are held out for him. Everybody here is delighted that British athleticism is more than keeping its end up at the Olympic Games. The Prince's presence there, with Prince Henry, has undoubtedly had an invigorating effect on our representatives; Abrahams especially has added enormously to his reputation as a crack sprinter.

"Payments-for-Honours" Cases.

What a wealth of material a satirical artist of the calibre of Somerset Maugham can find all-ready "cut and dried" for him in the two "Payments-for-Honours" cases recently before the courts, and what an indictment of human snobbery, hypocrisy and vanity most of the evidence afforded! A little more of this sort of exposure of the wire-pulling, back-stairs, kissing-goes-by-favour methods of getting knighthoods and other titles, and even the half-witted will fight shy of meeting some of our new "nobility and gentry," with their dusky pasts and sonorous titles acquired at tariff rates! It makes one wonder whether we shall live to see the adoption of the German system which permits such absurdities as a minor employee's wife being addressed as "Frau Head-Ticket-Collector Schmidt."

Worthy of Wilde at His Best.

Michael Arlen's new novel "The Green Hat" will doubtless securely consolidate his reputation as the most brilliantly epigrammatic, colourful and subtle delineator of contemporary life in "high Society." His inferences and insinuations reveal the ethics of the social code, and his dialogue is so scintillatingly clever and amusing that we can hardly believe it possible—some of his pages are worthy of Wilde at his best. Perhaps the only little blemish on this delightful literary blossom is the author's recurring references to the "expiring voices" of his characters; also to their habit of "torturing cigarettes" with "wounded ends."

Galsworthian.

From New York comes another volume of remarkably interesting short stories: "Picture Frames," by Thyra Winslow, a writer new to us. The *clou* of the collection is the longest story entitled "A Cycle of Manhatten," a Galsworthian epic of the rise to fame and fortune in New York of an immigrant family whose name, Rosenheimer, undergoes as many permutations as their changing fortunes, and emerges finally as Ross! Miss Winslow shows a great gift for characterisation without indulging in the use of "padding." Every one of the stories in this volume "gets there."

Agate and Mencken.

I have just read, a little late in the day perhaps, James Agate's "Fantasies and Impromptus." Mr. Agate can always be depended upon to refresh by the zest and sincerity of his opinions. He has a wonderful knack of exciting you by his evocation of past triumphs in the theatre, and his enthusiasm for outstanding personalities such as Bernhardt (who was an intimate friend of his family) and Mrs. Patrick Campbell. He is equally interested in the music-hall (read his dissertation on a search for the ideal "Principal Boy" and a visit to the Palladium to see the "Veterans of Variety"—half-a-dozen of whom are to tour South Africa in the autumn of this year), and descants most entertainingly on boxing, horse-shows, the circus—and Balzac's characters. He has much in common with the American critic, H. L. Mencken, whose "Book of Burlesques" and "Prejudices" (Vols. 1 & 2—but there are more) I have lately enjoyed reading. All of us interested in the ultra-modern school of young writers are making a point of getting Aldous Huxley's "Little Mexican" and Osbert Sitwell's

(Continued on page 21.)

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JOHANNESBURG, Thursday afternoon.

A MORE active tendency developed last week, the market being favourably impressed by Mr. Havenga's Budget speech, and especially by the statement that there would be no alteration in taxation. Fears that the policy adopted would be to get more out of the rich mines have overhung the market for some time past. They have been dissipated, at any rate for the time being, which is good enough for the market. In these circumstances it is natural that the highest grade mines have responded quickest. Modders have improved to 74s. (a rise of 3s. 3d. since Saturday week), City Deeps are 63s. (or half-a-crown better on the week), and Van Ryn Deeps have similarly improved to 66s. 6d.

But more spectacular, if perhaps not much greater proportionately, than any of these is the advance in State Mines, or Government Areas to be more official, from 128s. to 135s. I think the chief factor here is that the Government share will be affected to a far greater extent by any "fading" of the premium than will that of the shareholders.

People are talking more about this, and a Cape Town interview reports General Smuts as saying there was a "fly in the ointment" in the Reparations Settlement in that it portended a return to the gold basis, which would imply that the Rand would lose the currency premium. The value of gold last month was assumed at 93s. 3d. per ounce, a drop of 1s. 3d., while the expense of realisation has for the last three months been reckoned at 2s. 9d. As realised gold was taken at 84s. before the currency premium started, the net premium on the Rand's gold is 6s. 6d., representing a trifle over 7½ per cent.

Geduldes have improved to 63s. 3d. on vague talk about the lease of Geduld East. The shares are perhaps more popular in London than they are here. Crown Mines have improved from 53s. to 54s. 9d., and Modder B to 26s. Modder Easts are now *ex* rights, and quoted at 8s. 9d., which makes the new shares 2s. 10½d.

The Rand Mines-Central Mining group deserves congratulations on the promptitude in issuing its returns of July output on the 2nd of the month, a record which some of our easy-going Government Departments might do well to emulate. To be able to give the results of the crushing of over a million tons at fifteen different mines, scattered from Modder East to Durban Deep, one working day after the period to which they relate, is a tribute to the organisation developed by Mr. S. C. Steil, the manager, and his colleagues, and connotes the co-operation of the officials of of the mines of the group. Perhaps they put the machine into "top gear" so as to be able to "accelerate" the dispatch of dividends!

Though crushing what looks like a record tonnage of 124,000, Modder's profit dropped nearly £9,000 to £145,000, recovery being almost half a dwt. lower. Crown Mines again made over £90,000. Durban Deep further receded to £1,600, but Nourse improved to £4,000, and Village regained £13,000. The group's costs were only twopence over the level sovereign.

Pretoria Cements are better at 42s. 6d., and Silvers a little livelier at 3s. 9d.-3s. 10½d.

AEROPLANE ALLITERATION.

The naming of new types of aeroplane must cause their sponsors some anxiety, for the fashion seems to be rigidly alliterative. Here are a few recent names: Handley-Page Hyderabad, Vickers Virginia, Parnall Possum, Gloucestershire Grebe, Bristol Bullfinch, Parnall Pixie, Fairey Flycatcher.

MEN, GOLF-BALLS AND WOMEN.

"If ever I am reincarnated," said Miss Elsie Janis in mail-week, "I shall come back as a golf-ball. Men knock their golf-balls about, or try to, but they are faithful to them, and will search for them longer than they will seek any 'vamp' that ever lifted a lip-stick."

"London Life," by Arnold Bennett and Edward Knoblock (the authors of "Milestones"), has been withdrawn from Drury Lane after only 39 performances.

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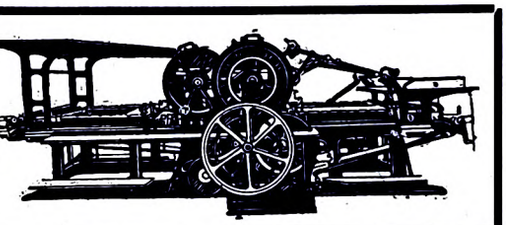

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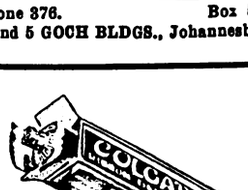

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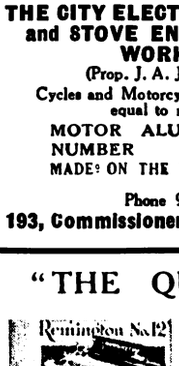

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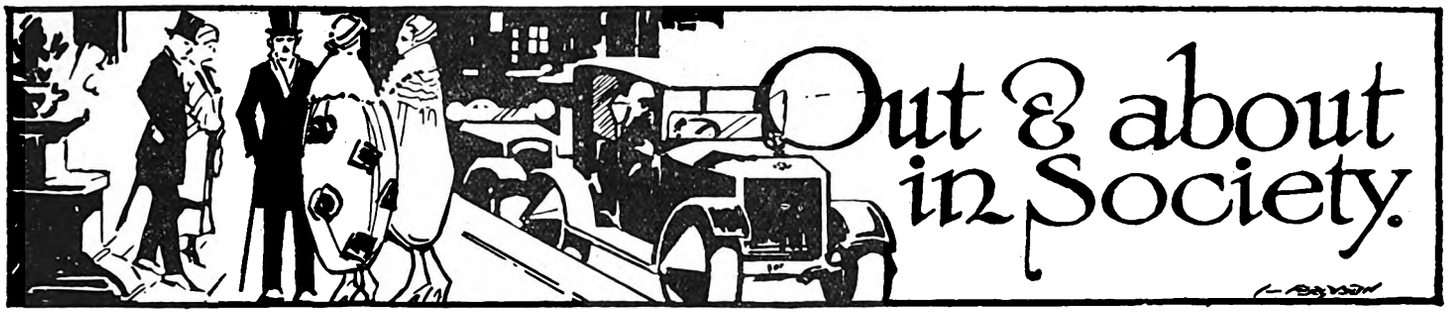
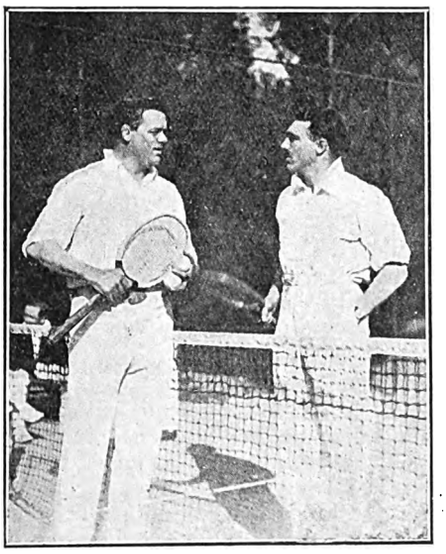


[*All invitations for dances, weddings, and other social functions, and all communications intended for these pages, should be addressed to The Lady Correspondent,* THE SOUTH AFRICAN PICTORIAL, *P.O. Box 1574, Johannesburg.*]

Spring Not Far Behind.

There is a feeling of Spring in the air as I sit down to write. One reads that the alligator at the Zoo has told his keeper so, and that he is a high authority, and so I am wondering if he *is* really sufficiently pally with the Clerk of the Weather to have the straight tip. The enticing look of the Spring clothes in the shop-windows makes one long to attire one's-self in bright soft materials and emerge like a butterfly. This is, of course, metaphorically speaking, for it is only given to the young and slender to be butterflies, and the lines of Dame Fashion are all in their favour. Miss Jennie Hartley, who is playing at the Johannesburg Empire at present, is a great authority on clothes, being extremely *chic*, and in another column you will notice she has given readers of THE PICTORIAL a few of her ideas. On Saturday night one said "Farewell" to the George Relph Company with really great regret, for they have earned the golden opinions of everyone. In my humble opinion "The Green Goddess" and "Havoc" have run a close race for popularity, the one so thrillingly spectacular, the other so realistic of the days that are gone. I do not agree with those who say we should forget, that we do not want to be reminded of, the War; it is over. To my mind the world would be a better place if we did not have such short memories. But, dear me, here I am getting quite serious and on a Monday morning too. It must be the fact that a holiday season is on us, and that, with the Rugby (such handsome fellows the British team are too, my dears), the Big Fight in the Town Hall on Saturday night (where I see there was special accommodation for women, and where I was not), the races, and special matinées all round, the moment a quiet second occurs one thinks—and thinking is so bad for the system, don't you think so?



THE RIVAL SKIPPERS.

J. ("Baby") Michau (left), 6ft. 3ins., 16st. 6lbs., captain of the Transvaal Rugby team, and Dr. R. Cove-Smith, 6ft., 14st., captain of the British Rugby team, meet for a friendly game of tennis at the Transvaal Automobile Club, Killarney, Johannesburg.

Photo by African Film Productions, Ltd.

A Ranee on "The Green Goddess."

I have wandered right away from the "Goddess," and I want to quote to you an article from one of the London papers, *The Daily Express*, written by the Ranee of Sarawak. She is the white wife of the white Rajah of the romantic little state of Sarawak. She writes: "Before I saw 'The Green Goddess' I had not realised the almost terrifying power of autocracy, especially if it is misused. The *Rajah of Rukh* abuses his supremacy. He has savage instincts, savage desires, and a savage vindictiveness against any autocracy greater than his own. He is an Oriental, and therefore enigmatical. He gives way to every emotion. He indulges in every whim. He plays a cat-and-mouse game with human lives. We, I hope, are not like this in Sarawak. If we have savage instincts or desires we control them. We are not vindictive. We do not play with lives. We have no *Watkins*. We have a mistress of the robes, but we have no robes, for no consignments of Paris models ever reach our shores. I wish they did. It has sometimes occurred to me how infinitely easy it would be to lure somebody one did not like into the jungle, poison him with some deadly herb, and give him the immediate burial that is necessary owing to the climate. No law could reach us; no questions would be asked. The man would have died—died from misadventure while on an expedition. We have a gorgeous blossom that grows against the walls of the Astana which can produce a form of sleeping sickness. It would be so easy, would it not? I hasten to add that I have not yet indulged in this pleasant pastime. I only want to point out that it could be arranged as neatly and simply as the *Rajah of Rukh* planned the destruction of the three who fell so unexpectedly into his hands.

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Cold Water and Scorpions.

"There is, of course, more comfort in the home of the stage rajah—the marble baths, the hot towel rails, and all the latest Bond-street luxuries. I wish those who have seen 'The Green Goddess' and likened the land of Rukh to Sarawak could glance for a moment at our bathrooms, where we stand on a stone floor and hurl cold water over ourselves from a plain bucket, watching feverishly lest some scorpion should crawl from a dim corner. I wish they could take a peep into my bedroom. Tables with uneven legs eaten almost through by white ants. A large mosquito net surrounding a bed that no adequate words could describe. A simple primitive bare room where I can see easily and quickly the spiders on the walls and the beetles on the floor. We have electric light, wireless, a racecourse, a golf course, tennis courts, and football, so in some ways we exceed the perfections of London's conception of us. The *Rajah of Rugh* has only a gramophone; we have our own private band and all the latest dance tunes. The natives he had to deal with were of an unpleasant disposition, and he ruled by the terrorism of cruelty and superstition. Our Malays in Sarawak are the very gentlest people, and the Dyaks a lot of mischievous boys. I have wondered often what they must think of our clumsy Western manners, they who are so graceful and so gracious. The *Rajah of Rukh's* courtesy is exquisite, so is his cruelty. I would not care to rule his people, whereas Sarawak is an Eastern Arcadia. No one who has not seen it could believe that there could possibly exist in these crude times a country so utterly untouched and unspoiled by civilisation."

ONE OF THE EMPIRE'S BONNIEST BABIES.

Alice Gill, aged 2, of Mons Road, Bellevue, Johannesburg, who was awarded a prize in the Empire Baby Competition, judged from photographs at Wembley, is cinematographed for *The African Mirror*.

Photo by African Film Productions, Ltd.

Rotary for Women.

Shall we ever have a Women's Rotary Club in South Africa? There can be no doubt that the principles of Rotary would help the women as much as the men. Miss Lilian Baylis, of the "Old Vic.," was the guest at the last luncheon, and one learnt that she was a member of the Women's Provisional Rotary Club, London—"Provisional" because the International Rotary has not yet passed the scheme for admitting women. Councillor W. Fernhead is the new President for the year of the Johannesburg Club, and presided, and among others present were Mr. and Mrs. W. Gemmill, Mr. and Mrs. Wolstenholm, Mr. and Mrs. Harvey, Mr. and Mrs. P. Leon, Mr. and Mrs. A. M. Jacobs, Councillor and Mrs. G. W. Nelson, and the Bishop of Johannesburg and Mrs. Karney.

At the Races.

The Pony and Galloway races certainly suffered very much this month from the fact that the Rugby match between Great Britain and the Transvaal was held on the same day, and there were few, very few, people in the Grandstand—only a handful. In fact, it is rumoured that one horse lost a race completely through turning to another and saying, "No, my dear, there is nobody in *our* set there to-day at all." But it was a good week-end. At the Wanderers' 20,000 people watched the game, and "little old Transvaal" didn't do so badly after all. Then on Monday afternoon and evening the bioscopes were just packed full, and as for the Empire, it was a struggle to get in at the doors. Everyone had the true holiday spirit and most had their summer clothes on. Fond as we are of clothes, I do not think we should ever follow the example of Mlle. Flory. She has always been one of the most written-about women in Paris on account of her *toilettes*, and in mail-week she leapt from the Alma Bridge into the Seine because, according to Professor James, her imagination had been so taxed that her brain temporarily broke under the strain, when to her horror she discovered that another woman at a rehearsal at the Champs Elysées was wearing almost an identical costume. Mlle. Flory rushed two blocks to the river. I saw the same thing happen one Handicap Day at Durban a few years ago. The same thing, but—the two ladies who were wearing identical costumes—and very *chic* gowns they were, too—just laughed and went on their ways.

A Pretoria Farewell.

Mrs. Patrick Duncan, wife of the *ex*-Minister, has again taken up her residence in Johannesburg, and before she left Pretoria was the guest at a luncheon-party at the Pretoria Country Club given by her friends. The Pretoria Country Club is one of the beauty-spots of the Capital to my mind, and from the verandah one looks round on green lawns and shady trees, while further away is a sheet of water. Lady Van Boeschoten gave a very sweet address, saying how sorry they were to lose Mrs. Duncan, and presented her with an illuminated address. Among those present I saw Lady de Villiers, Mrs. Brink, the Mayoress, Mrs. Zeederberg, Mrs. Charles Maggs, Lady van Ryneveld and Lady Adamson. So Pretoria's loss will be our gain here. And now I must stop, for I want to tell you all about *Svengali*, and about Miss Jennie Hartley, whom you will all adore. She has the personality which attracts.

CARRIE.

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CLOTHES AND THE WOMAN.

Miss Jennie Hartley Tells of the Latest Fashions in London.

"LET'S talk of clothes," said Miss Jennie Hartley, so we settled ourselves cosily down, she to tell me, and I prepared to hear, the latest intelligence from *Madame La Mode*.

Miss Hartley is, of course, the dainty little star who is at the Empire this week and who has become already such a firm favourite. *Petite*, with the blackest of hair and eyes, a dainty figure, and of course the wonderful legs of which we have heard so much, Miss Hartley is very, very *chic* indeed; of the type of the Parisienne, perfect in every detail from the tip of her fingers to her toes. She was dressed when I met her in a two-piece suit of peacock-blue *crêpe-de-chine*, the corsage long and pleated and the skirt tight and rather short. A cape to the waist of the pleated material with a stuffed collar was worn over it, a white camellia on one shoulder. Her hat? Black satin and very plain.

"And I am shingled," she told me. "The cry at home is 'Shingle!' Whether you are young or grey-haired all the smart women are shingled. My camellia? Flowers are the rage at home, we all adore them. Any variety for day-wear and orchids for evening. I have drawers full. I am glad to say the tailor-made has come into its own again, just plain tailored suits with short coats, belt and pockets, and please, when you wear one don't forget your button-hole. It is most essential. Small hats also, *cloche* shape. Then we are practically sleeveless this summer. There are no half-measures. Either you have none (and that is the most popular), or you have long, tight sleeves to the wrist. Scarlet and white are the most worn colours for river wear or the seaside, and after that. for every-day wear, well, almost any colour. Black is very smart for evenings, but deep yellow is the latest shade from Paris. Here is a gown I shall wear next week. It is made by Mayheui, of New York. How do you like it?"

One could only murmur admiration, for there was no doubt that it was a veritable masterpiece. It was swathed tight to the figure—in fact, Miss Hartley told me it was literally built on her—and was fastened across at the back with hooks—no back seams of any sort, just wrap-over drapery. Deep yellow, and such a shimmering, shining mass of embroidery in pearls, in *diamant* and in bugle-beads on the sheath-like top, that had shoulder-straps of *diamant*, and merged into side-falls edged with pearls in tiny loops.

"I see you are wearing glass bangles here. The latest ones have metal bands to hold a series of three together," continued Miss Hartley. "I was at a party on the stage at the Shaftesbury Theatre before I left—it was given by Jack Buchanan—and Gladys Cooper wore a wonderful hyacinth-blue gown and twenty glass bangles of the same shade on her arm. You should have seen the gowns at that party! All the stars were there—Fanny Ward. Ethel Levey, Elsie Janis, as well as some notable people not connected with the stage. What did I wear? Severe black, with a full circular skirt and long bodice, and at one side a large mauve orchid. And that reminds me—do tell the women not to wear their pearls or strings of beads loosely round their necks. They should be as tight as possible, and if they are too long, just knot them at the back and let them hang down—that is very smart. It is a funny thing, but paradise birds have gone out of fashion for awhile. Flat heels, yes, are worn by some, but I prefer the French heel. And of course ostrich-feathers are the craze. The cloaks of them are magnificent. Spanish shawls are worn everywhere—they have quite taken the place of cloaks for evening, and scarves are still in vogue, although the ultra-smart woman has discarded them."

Here the vivacious little lady stopped to show me another frock, rose georgette, eighteen yards of it in the gown; a tight, long corsage, with the new shoulder-knot edged with crystal beads, and a full skirt made of circular picot-edged panels with lovers'-knots in silver embroidered on them. That she is wearing as her opening dress this week.

"The cost of my gowns?" repeated Miss Hartley. "No, I won't tell you—they are too expensive and do"—with a sigh—"cost me so much. But"— brightening up—"they *are* rather dears, aren't they?"

Everyone will love her early-Victorian wedding-gown, with its full skirt inset with silver and white, and *berthe* of white lace that sparkles in the limes. Her bonnet, too, with its wide lace bows with their long ends.

"I know I shall have luck in Johannesburg," said Miss Hartley as I left, "for I dropped a cake of soap. It is the only thing I am at all superstitious about. If I drop the soap—accidentally, mind—I always know there is a good contract waiting for me somewhere. Hobbies? Mah Jongg and golf, and of course I love dancing. You ask me if I find Johannesburg different from ten years ago, when I was here last. Yes, I think you have all smartened up so much. Your shops are so up-to-date and so bright, and your girls all look so well-dressed. Perhaps I should hardly say *you*, for I feel somewhat of a South African myself, having been here twice before, and so superior when my companion exclaims at the Kaffirs and ox-waggons and things. They are quite old to me; but do," she finished impulsively, "tell everyone I love South Africa."

CARRIE.

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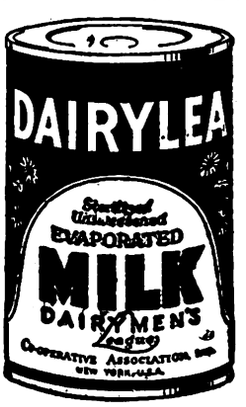

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"Trilby" is a sheer delight from the minute the curtain goes up on the studio of "The Three Musketeers of the brush" to the minute we rise for "The King," our nerves shattered, it must be confessed, by a vision of *Svengali* as *Trilby* saw him and by her shriek of dismay before she died. Starting with quiet action, the play, in the hands of Mr. Moscovitch, leads up to that climax. To a woman his personality, his hypnotic gaze, extend over the footlights. One feels his evil genius as one sits comfortably in the stalls. And *Trilby* is a fresh young girl, coming like a breath of air into the studio, the *Trilby* of the picture, in her red and white striped skirt, grey military coat with red eqaulets and lining, with her belt of leather and her pistol holster. Later she wears Mary-blue, with simple cuffs and collar of white, and looks very winsome. I loved the grey Quaker gown, with its white *fichu* and apron and mob-cap, and in the theatre scene, gold, cloth of gold, made on long sweeping lines that end in a train, the high waist accentuated by a belt of gold sequins that also border the corsage, and on her head a tiara of sparkling diamonds. Later, oh! so pale and weak in pink, a *négligée* with sleeves of georgette.

And if I have one favourite also, it is *Madame Vinard*. Miss Naomi Rutherford gave a wonderfully realistic study of the *concierge*, true to type, as those who have lived on the Continent will realise.

And so I went home with memories of *Svengali* . . . . bloodless, with his black locks accentuating his pallor as the death-rattle sounded on the quiet stage of His Majesty's.

CARRIE.

IN THE BRIGHT LIGHTS.

(*Continued from page 8.*)

a splendid *Madame Vinard*, Mr. Cyril Nash an adequate *Gecko*, Miss Beatrice Rowe a convincing *Mrs. Bagot*, Mr. H. Mackenzie Rogan good and contrastive as the *Rev. Thomas Bagot* (who reads Apuleius and Petronius) and *Colonel Klaw*, and Mr. Basil Bowen an excellent *Zou-Zou;* and the smaller parts are ably filled in by Miss Wynne Brontë, Miss Zena Horwitz and Messrs. Harold Furness and H. B. Clappe.

It is a year and three weeks since the present writer exclaimed in these columns, on first seeing Mr. Moscovitch in "The Great Lover," "What a *Svengali* he would make!" The performance has exceeded the anticipation.

CARLYON.

EMPIRE PALACE.

JENNIE HARTLEY BEGINS HER THIRD VISIT TO SOUTH AFRICA.

A black-haired and black-eyed little lady, who sang song after song and wore the most wonderful gowns—mauve shot-grey taffetas for a French maid; jade; reds and yellows; a most fascinating Italian girl; a charming bride in a very elegant gown; and, last, an urchin in ragged corduroys who danced with agile grace—such was Miss Jennie Hartley at the Empire on Monday, when two packed "houses" greeted the afternoon and evening performances. Miss Hartley is one of the most finished comediennes we have seen on the boards at the Empire for many a long day. She is indeed "The Vital Spark"—full of vim, with just the right amount of dash and *chic* thrown in to put the finishing touches. Her songs are all new to us, and are well written. The women will certainly go to glean the latest in clothes from her act, and she is sure to be as firm a favourite with both sexes as she was on her two former visits. She is supported by a first-class "bill."

Rich and Galvin, in overcoats, mufflers and opera-hats, are very fine simultaneous dancers and well deserved the hearty applause they received.

Hayden and Nevard introduce a new theme—or, rather, a new way of producing an old theme in their musical episode, "A Hundred Years Ago." 1924, gorgeously attired in the latest purple evening-dress, with frilled shirt and flowered waistcoat, at the piano, and 1824, like Johnny Walker, "still going strong," is a Beau Brummel of his period in mauve, with tissue-lined velvet-collared cloak, gold top hat, long ebony cane, and frills and ruffles. 1924 (Hayden, I believe) makes a plea for Jazz, and renders one or two good numbers. But he is defeated by 1824 and the old songs, the melody of which and the excellent voice of the singer gain rounds of applause. But 1924 still smiles his cheerful smile and they combine in a *finale* that is very enjoyable.

Rich Hayes, of whom it is said that he is so lazy that he dropped the "-ard" from his first name to save himself the trouble of writing it, does very wonderful things with rubber balls and a hat, and his make-up is extraordinarily grotesque. He juggles unconcernedly and never makes a mistake, and he is assisted by a black valet whose make-up is exceedingly good and who acts as an excellent foil.

Bell Bros and Nesbitt, Tom Finglass, Fred Hutchings, and the Harris Family are old favourites, and *The African Mirror* and *Pathé's Gazette* show some fine pictures, completing a splendid programme.

ELAINE.

"LITTLE NELLIE KELLY."

"Little Nellie Kelly," which Mr. Philip D. Levard will produce for the African Theatres, Ltd., at the Johannesburg Empire on August 18, is a musical-comedy-song-and-dance-revue from the New Oxford Theatre, London, where it was staged with great success last year. Johannesburg has never seen a piece with so much dancing in it. The principals even dance while telephoning, and the chorus never stops. Tune after tune, dance after dance, follow in such rapid succession that one is left breathless. There is quite a good little plot, and briefly it is contained in this catchy waltz refrain:

"The boys are all mad about *Nellie*,
The daughter of *Officer Kelly*."

It takes something like twenty-two musical numbers for *Nellie* to choose which boy she wants, and all the tunes are gay and pretty. Look out for full details about the production in next week's issue, and meanwhile get busy and book your seat for the first night.

FILM STAR'S EAR-RINGS.

Miss Gloria Swanson, the American film actress, who is now in London, has set a new fashion by wearing some curious ornaments of heavily-cut steel—which have a barbaric effect. They consist of heavy-looking, fantastic ear-rings, which touch the wearer's shoulder, and a handsomely-wrought necklace to match, of curious device. Miss Swanson hopes to have a rest in London before working on a big film shortly. Rumour credits her with having been chosen to play the coveted name-part in the "Peter Pan" film.

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MAIL-WEEK IN LONDON.

(*Continued from Page 10.*)

"Triple Fugue." I find that both are in great demand at the libraries; in fact, I have so far not been lucky enough to get either.

New Gramophone Records.

Summer-time usually brings with it a decided slackening off in the output of serious music by the gramophone companies. Not so this year, however, as you can judge from the following. Two companies (H.M.V. and Parlophone) have issued a complete version of Beethoven's immortal "Choral Symphony;" both excellent, but I think I prefer the Parlophone to the British—and it's much cheaper too. H.M.V. have also given us Tschaikovsky's Fifth Symphony in full, some new records by Galli-Curci, Hempel, Kreisler, Battistini and Fleta, and a couple of the first recordings by Suggia, whose choice of music might have soared considerably higher; there is no need to "play down" to the gramophone public of to-day. The Columbia Company have followed the example of H.M.V. and double-sided their super-stars, with the result that there is an extraordinary demand for the Clara Butt, Stracciari, Barrientos, Casals and Toscha Seidel discs. Barrientos' "Last Rose of Summer," backed by a vocal version of a Strauss waltz, could only be equalled by Galli-Curci herself, whilst Seidel's "*Caprice Viennois*," backed by the "*Zigeunerweisen*," is without exception the best violin record I have ever heard.

A Strauss Boom.

Other first-rate new Columbia issues are the Bach B Minor *Suite* for Flute and Strings, altogether delightful; the remaining numbers of Holst's "Planets" *Suite*, a complete Haydn Quartette by the Lener's, the *finale* of Act 1 of Verdi's "Othello," quite well sung by Frank Mullings and Miriam Licette (of the B.N.O. Coy), and Richard Strauss's orchestral music to "*le Bourgeois Gentilhomme*" (all the principal companies are taking advantage of the Strauss boom occasioned by the success of "*Rosenkavalier*"). Parlophone this month gives us a good rendering of the "Don Giovanni" overture and some more operatic airs by their fine tenor Costa Milona. Vocalion publishes a new selection from "*Rosenkavalier*," as well as the famous Waltz music; they also introduce to the gramophone the Spencer-Dyke Quartette in some slight but very delicious modernities by J. B. McEwan and Frank Bridge, and have re-issued their records of Negro Spirituals, rendered by Roland Hayes, in double-sided form and at cheaper prices, though still not so cheap as the splendid Columbia discs of Edna Thomas's versions of the same songs. I understand that in a few weeks we shall have some H.M.V. discs of the new American mezzo-soprano Dusolina Giannini, who has been *the* success of the season here in the concert world.

Dance-Music Records.

Of dance-music records I like "What'll I do?" (H.M.V.), "Chili Bom-bom," "*Marcheta*" and "*Cara*" (Columbia) the best. The first and third are hauntingly pretty syncopated waltzes, the second a peppy rag, and "*Cara*" is the first of the new five-step dances issued. Jennie Hartley, that roguish little *soubrette*, when I met her at lunch to-day, told me she leaves for a tour of the South African music-halls on the *Arundel* to-morrow and is going to feature "Chili Bom-bom" out there. It's the sort of number to suit her down to the ground.

Vaudeville "Coming Back."

It looks as though the music-hall public here is just awakening to the fact that South Africa and Australia are monopolising most of their pet particular "stars" nowadays. Anyhow, whether that is one of the causes or not, it is hardly possible to affirm positively, but the fact remains that vaudeville entertainments are showing every sign of coming into their own again in England; business is better all round and managements are scouring around for attractions. Next week the world-famous Empire, Leicester Square, re-opens with a vaudeville bill—after some ten years of revue, films and operetta—and there is a possibility of the Palace, in Shaftesbury Avenue, doing likewise within a few weeks. Sounds most satisfactory and healthy for all concerned.

Max Linder's New Film.

One of the first big matinée idols of the screen, breezy, bustling Max Linder to wit, has just lately made a resounding hit in a new 6-reel comedy he calls "Circusmania." I believe you will shortly be given the opportunity of seeing it in South Africa, so that then you will be able to judge for yourselves and find that Chaplin is not without a rival. Linder, in fact, was on the screen long before Chaplin left Fred Karno's Sketch Company, and whenever I see a Chaplin film I always seem to perceive Linder's influence in the great Charlie's work. Another screen-play you must not miss is Lubitsch's comedy of manners, "The Marriage Circle;" it contains one of the finest character studies ever seen on the screen—Adolph Menjou's nonchalantly *blasé* Society benedict repenting of a *mariage de convenance*.

Good Work by Stephen Ewart.

The Stage Society concluded their 25th season with a queer expressionistic style of play by Beatrice Mayor, called "The Pleasure Garden." Its trend was not very clear, the moral of most of its eight scenes seeming to be that life is very "crool." The characters were named after their station in life ("A Student," "An Actor," *etc.*) and were very finely portrayed by a long cast which included Athene Seyler, Jean Cadell, Felix Aylmer, Richard Bird (the original "*Babe*" of "Havoc"), D. Hay Petrie (the "Old Vic's" Shakespearean clown) and Stephen T. Ewart (an old South African favourite, who was particularly fine as an actor well on his way to the "demnition bow-wows").

PAUL PRY.

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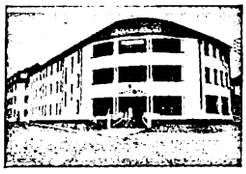

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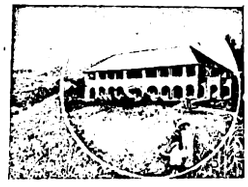

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DURBAN GOLD CUP.

Royal Rufus Wins: Red Ronald's Bad Luck.

BANK HOLIDAY AT GERMISTON.

By "ONLOOKER."

SINCE the opening of the new racing season there has been a plethora of the sport throughout the Union. Chief in importance was the Gold Cup meeting at Durban, the big race for last Saturday bringing about a great tussle out of which Royal Rufus emerged victorious. When the result was posted in Johannesburg—Royal Rufus, Oriel, Japanette, Bolohouse—the almost general remark took the form of a query:

What Could Have Happened

to Red Ronald? The majority of the followers of racing on the Rand had their little bit on the champion colt. Having regard to the Gold Cup being his first race over two miles, and also taking into consideration that he had to make concessions to all the others in the race, many were not over-sanguine as to Red Ronald winning outright, but practically all his admirers were confident that he would be there, or thereabouts, at the right end.

* * *

The explanation of why Red Ronald did not fulfil expectations was soon forthcoming. The stout-hearted colt broke down—spraining a tendon—when going well half-a-mile from home. It is to be hoped the breakdown is not so serious as to necessitate the permanent retirement from the racecourse of the bright particular star of the past two seasons.

* * *

The Durban course has been a disastrous ground for Mr. Forbes. His two best horses, first Katabasis and now Red Ronald, have struck misfortune there. It will be remembered that Red Ronald, making his *début* at Durban, was

Badly Cut About,

and a race he should have won fell to Python. It was the 13th time—ill-omened number—the colt was under silk when he was runner-up for the Durban July; and last Saturday's event, his first run as a four-year-old, marks his exit for a time at least.

* * *

The finish for the Gold Cup was a particularly exciting one, for Royal Rufus only held off Oriel to win by a head. Japanette, like the winner trained by Russell, being another head back. The honours of the contest go to the July Handicap winner, seeing that he was conceding Royal Rufus 22lbs. There can be no question as to Oriel being a good 'un. He is the meanest-looking good horse seen out for many a long day. On appearance he would be rated as a fourth-classer—for the reason that there is no lower class.

* * *

Noble Polly's run of successes was interrupted in the chief sprint event on Saturday's programme at Durban. Jester, receiving 20lbs., came between Simpson's filly and victory. When Jester cares to put it in it

Takes a Smart One to Beat Him,

and Noble Polly had something to do on Saturday. The Stewards' Cup, five furlongs, was the leading item on the holiday card at Durban. An outsider in Leprechaun, an imported six-year-old, won, Fordwych being second and Flush of Dawn third.

* * *

The ingredients for a good day's sport were wanting for the Pony and Galloway Club's meeting last Saturday, and the attendance at Turffontein was very small for a headquarters fixture. To be sure there was a very powerful counter-attraction: the Rugger match at the Wanderers,' In a tame day's racing the outstanding performer was Clover, and the outstanding performance was that pony's victory in the Pony Purse. Clover had certainly

"Small Beer" to Beat,

but he was burdened with 9st 7lb., a very hefty impost for one of his inches. There was money for all the nine runners for the mile Galloway and Pony Purse. The short-priced ones quite failed, Mifanwy a 10-to-1 chance, winning from Sea Moment, another at the same price. The closest thing of the day was when Mr. J. E. Bigwood's Pal, ridden by the owner's son, squeezed home from Billy III. and Lord Beaumont at the end of the seven furlongs in the Junior Galloway and Pony Plate. Pal was at 20-to-1 in the ring.

* * *

With the weather conditions at all favourable the August Bank-holiday meeting at Germiston invariably draws a big attendance. The weather was fine on Monday and the gate was a bumper one. The popular secretary, Mr. J. D. Dallas, just back from a holiday in Europe, and

Looking Very Fit,

had all his arrangements in apple-pie order, and the gathering was in every way successful. In a full card the first race, one for ponies and galloways, went to the favourite, Pomper, who was putting up a penalty for a win at Turffontein two days earlier.

* * *

"The bigger the field the bigger the certainty" is a racecourse saying that proved correct at Germiston on Monday. Milford had let his connections down the first time he was solidly backed, but this week he was backed down to 6 to 4 in a field of 27 for the fourth division of the Holiday Handicap, and the supporters of the gelding had no uneasiness from the word 'Go," and eventually Milford won by a wide margin.

* * *

It was the second favourite, Doleful, that captured the principal Pony and Galloway Handicap, the first choice, Gold Flame, giving a poor display. The Dalesman had been running with such ill-luck for some time that it was pleasing to find him having a winning turn. His success came in just "heading" Spawn in the seven-furlongs Holiday Handicap.

* * *

For the Germiston Handicap, one mile, Castor, now running in Mr. T. G. H. Potgieter's colours, was made

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favourite. It was said that Castor had been very highly tried. If so he lamentably fell short of his private gallop, for he never looked a winner and got no nearer than fourth. The "class" horse, Appetiser,

Also Gave a Poor Display.

Appetiser was joint second favourite with Happy Omen. The last-named, looking in fine trim from his spell, won in good style from Back Answer, Victorious gaining third place. Happy Omen is an evergreen customer. Only a couple of weeks back he was purchased outright by his nominator, Mr. D. Jones.

* * *

Laureate had a close call in getting the verdict over the favourite, Buckram, in the second division of the Holiday Handicap; but it was three long-priced ones, The Wig, Rosie and Antivari, that decided the spoils in the seven-furlongs Pony and Galloway Handicap. Peroxide, made

Favourite for the Chief Sprint,

the last race, ran fast for some four furlongs and then petered out, and it would seem that Butt's filly is not a weight-carrier. The winner turned up in Mr. Gard's Moonrise, one easy to back in the ring. The price from the totalisator was, however, small.

* * *

Considering the opportunities he had at the Welbeck stud, the first of Carbine's stock sired in the Old Country hardly came up to expectations. After a few years, however, his progeny did so well that the enterprise of the Duke of Portland in (through Carbine) re-establishing the Musket line in England received due recognition. The death occurred a few weeks back of Spearmint, the best son of Carbine. Spearmint was among the great horses of recent times. Danny Maher, who was

His Pilot in the Derby,

considered him the best he ever rode. At stud Spearmint was nothing like so prolific as, say, Sunstar, but no contemporary sire has begotten a greater percentage of really first-class horses than Major Loder's champion. Among the few Spearmints that have raced in South Africa was Trocko, winner of the Johannesburg Christmas Handicap in 1916. Trocko was a sick horse when he won that race. He was rated by his trainer, J. Russell, as one of high class. Indeed Russell, at one time at all events, was inclined to regard Trocko as superior to Pamphlet.

* * *

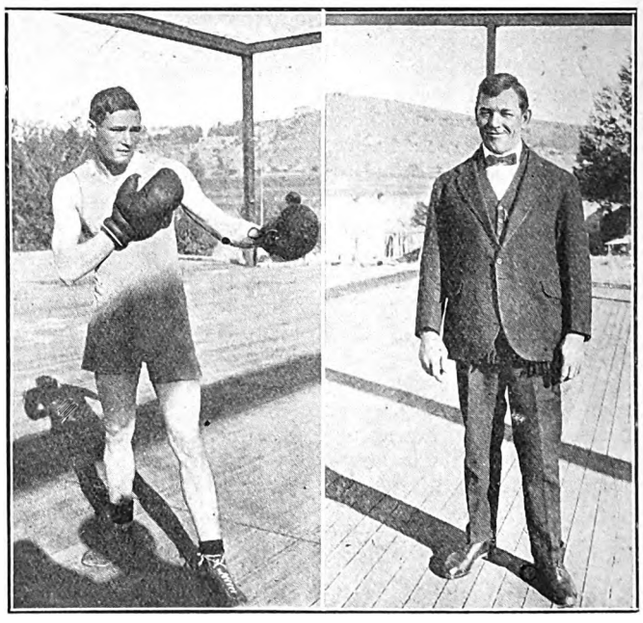
The squabbles that have arisen at the Olympic Games this year cannot fail to mar the future gatherings. Instead of promoting a spirit of friendly rivalry among the nations taking part, it is found that the competitions create nothing but enmity. It would be well, then, to

Put an End

to the gathering. The Games have been of no benefit to sport in South Africa. The £40,000 subscribed in the Union to send representatives to the Olympiads would have been better spent in fostering local sport.

The racing on the Rand this week-end is at Benoni. Selections:—

12.30 p.m.—Maiden Handicap, 5 furlongs.
Romp 1, Gladiator 2, Paper Cup 3.
1.5 p.m.—Pony and Galloway Handicap, "A," 5 furlongs.
Auditory 1, Guiding Star 2, Flossey 3.
1.45 p.m.—Boksburg Handicap, "C," 7 furlongs.
Blue Dye 1, Polyfloret 2, Boxer 3.
2.20 p.m.—Pony and Galloway Handicap, "B," 7 furlongs.
Tamworth 1, Royal Marine 2, Rosie, 3.
3.0 p.m.—Boksburg Handicap, "A," 1 mile.
Happy Omen 1, Back Answer 2, Prince Orb 3.
3.40 p.m.—Boksburg Handicap, "B," 9 furlongs.
Crusade 1, Rex Lee 2, Polyphonest 3.
4.20 p.m.—Boksburg Handicap, "D," 6 furlongs.
The Pick 1, Kei Croft 2, Dark Ruby 3.
5.0 p.m.—Pony and Galloway Handicap, "C," 6 furlongs.
Sybil M 1, Lord Beaumont 2, Carmelita 3.



THIS SATURDAY'S BATTLE OF GIANTS.

Johnny Squires (left), heavyweight champion of South Africa, who is to defend his title at the Johannesburg Drill Hall this Saturday evening (August 9) against Fred Storbeck (right), who, although now something of a veteran, is confident of being able to "come back" and take the championship from Squires.

Photos by African Film Productions, Ltd.

Miss Winifred Barnes, the musical-comedy actress, is to be married shortly to Mr. Roy Faulkner, the elder son of Mr. and Mrs. A. R. Faulkner, who is on the Stock Exchange. His father is a director of the Imperial Tobacco Company (of Great Britain and Ireland), Ltd.

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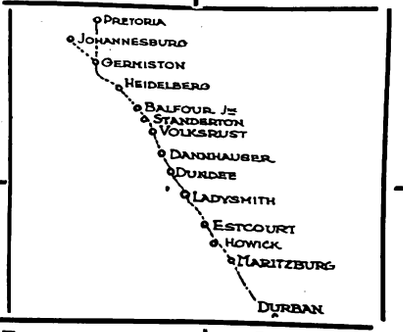

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"MASTERS OF MEN,"
7-Part Vitagraph Drama, featuring
Earl Williams and Wanda Hawley.
FRIDAY and SATURDAY, AUGUST 15 and 16:
"IDOLS OF CLAY,"
6-Part Paramount Drama, featuring
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WEDNESDAY and THURSDAY, AUG. 13 and 14:
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FRIDAY and SATURDAY, AUGUST 15 and 16:
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10-Part First National Drama, featuring
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Next Week's Calls.

WEEK COMMENCING MONDAY, AUGUST 11:

Tivoli, Cape Town.—Till August 12: Rupert Ingalese & Co., Dave Lee, Syd. Burl. Continuing: Elton Black, O'Brien and Harris, Lillian Bennett, Renda Rudd. Opening August 13: Gregorio Halevy, Tom E. Finglass, Otago Bill and Company.

Opera House, Cape Town.—Thurston Hall and Company.

Empire, Johannesburg.—Jennie Hartley, Reg. Wentworth, Rolls and Falls, Kenna Brothers, Rich Hayes, Hayden and Nevard, Rich and Galvin, Harris Family.

His Majesty's, Johannesburg.—Maurice Moscovitch and Company in "Trilby."

Orpheum, Johannesburg.—Fred Hutchings, Jean Alexander.

Grand, Pretoria.—Vernon Watson, Victor King; "The Sheik."

Criterion, Benoni.—Jack Edge, Gane and Waldie.

Scott's, Maritzburg.—George Relph and Company in "Havoc" (August 11 and 12) and "The Green Goddess" (August 13).

Criterion, Durban.—Kit and Eddie O'Shea, Howe and Watt, Videau and Kirby.

Vaudette, Bloemfontein.—August 8 and 9: Jean Alexander, Howe and Watt. August 15 and 16. Rupert Ingalese & Co., Dave Lee.

Theatre Royal, Kimberley.—Opening August 15: George Relph and Company in "The Green Goddess."

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Empire.—Bowden and Gardey, Rose and Ellis, The Takiness, Gladys Hay and Doris Crawford, Vera Saunders, Vallecita's Leopards, Maud Courtney and Mr. "C," Rich Hayes, Anna Hana, Hersleb Brothers.

His Majesty's.—"The Girl from Utah."

Standard.—"A Dresden Fantasy" and "The Swiss Maid."

Palladium.—"Motherless."

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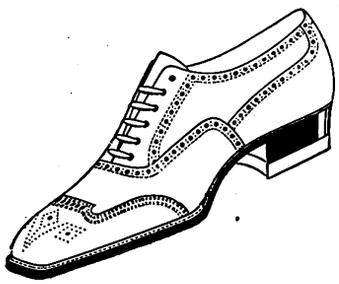

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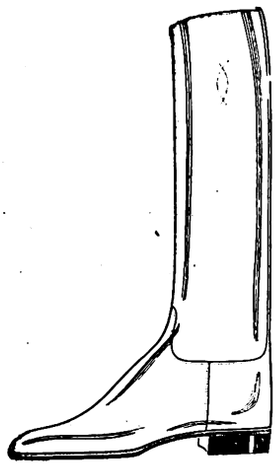

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Dear Sir,—When my daughter began to use Kotalko she was nearly bald. Although she tried many things, her hair would not grow. We thought the roots were dead. However, as one more trial, we sent for a tin of Kotalko, though thinking it would prove to be just like the other preparations used; but we are glad to state that after one year's use she now has a thick mop of wavy hair. Unless I had seen it for myself, I would not have thought it possible. In my opinion, Kotalko is the best preparation for making hair grow.

Yours sincerely,
(Signed) **F. Lonsdale.**

HEAD WAS QUITE BARE.

MARY LITTLE.
Gorton.

Dear Sir,—What Kotalko has done for me is nothing short of wonderful. Four years ago I lost all my hair. My head was bare and shiny just like the back of my hand. I had been under a hair specialist and a doctor, but all in vain.

One day, on seeing your advertisement, I decided to try Kotalko, and I am simply delighted that I did so, for I now have a head of beautiful, curly, silk-like hair, which is admired by everyone. Kotalko has certainly proved itself a true hair grower.

Yours gratefully,
(Signed) **Mary Little.**

Buy a Box of Kotalko and Test it for Yourself

Thanks to Kotalko, these two young ladies are now happy in the possession of fine heads of hair, although not so long since both of them were nearly bald.

A multitude of others, men and women, have used the remarkable compound—Kotalko—with astonishing and delightful benefit in removing scurf, stopping the falling out of hair, and developing a new growth. This has been done in many cases where the baldness existed for years and when all other hair tonics, lotions, pomades, etc., had been unsuccessfully tried.

Kotalko has components of **genuine bear fat** (oil), juice of the rare pilocarpus plant and other potent ingredients from the **three Kingdoms of Nature,** in accord with the receipe of the original compound, and modern improvements thereon, which the Cherokee Indians have used for centuries in ensuring for themselves the extraordinary growth of hair for which they are noted. While trading in their territory Mr. Brittain, who was bald, **got a completely new hair growth.** Later he secured the formula, and has since put Kotalko on sale.

You may obtain a box of Kotalko at your chemists; apply it twice daily. Or you may obtain a testing box by sending sixpence by P.O. or in stamps to the address below.

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TRUE HAIR GROWER

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MOTORING AND MOTOR-CYCLING.

By "WIRE WHEEL."

What a Supercharger Does.

Last week I wrote of "Cars of the Future," mentioning the supercharger. This is a device installed on a high-efficiency engine for the purpose of maintaining the volumetric efficiency of the engine at wide-open throttle positions. The supercharger maintains the compression of the engine at all engine speeds. In effect, suppose you have an engine with a compression ratio of say 6 to 1, which will give, say, a gauge compression reading at low speeds of about 95 lbs. When this same engine is turning at 5,000 r.p.m. we find the compression has dropped to 69 lbs. By installing a properly-designed supercharger the gauge reading will be maintained at the original volume of 95 lbs., or very slightly lower. The shortness of the time-interval of the suction-stroke at high-engine speeds prevents the complete filling of the cylinders with mixture, and what the supercharger does is to force the charge into the cylinders under pressure. The pressure exerted on the charge is usually about 2 to 2½ atmospheres. The supercharger allows the use of cams that have easy opening and closing characteristics, thus saving the valves and valve-springs from the pounding they would ordinarily receive.

Competition Winner No1.

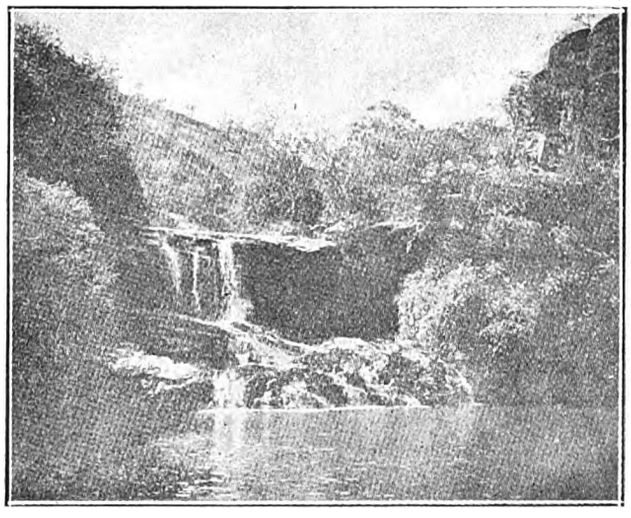
It is singular that the first letter I opened in The Pictorial competition contained the exact locality of the view published in these notes last week. The winner is:

L. Keulemans, 208, Tramway Street, Kenilworth, Johannesburg, who gave the correct answer: Florida Lake, looking south-west.

The prize will be exhibited in Messrs. Williams, Hunt and Co.'s windows at 45, Eloff Street, Johannesburg.

A number of other correspondents also named the locality of the photograph correctly, but the condition is that the prize goes to the sender of the first correct answer opened.

This week I give you another view, with a similar competition. I think it is a little more difficult to "place" than last week's picture.



No. 2. CAN YOU PLACE THIS SPOT?

To the writer of the first letter opened containing the correct name of the above picturesque spot "Wire Wheel" offers a prize of a motor accessory valued at half-a-guinea.

The Holiday.

The weather over the week-end and on Monday (Bank Holiday) was not quite in keeping with the glorious day with which July 31 ended the seventh month of the year. Last Thursday was one of those delightful Spring days when one could have wished to be out on the open road, away from business worries. It usually happens that the best days are those on which the cares of business demand our attention. When the off-day comes just the opposite kind of weather greets us. However, I trust all my readers had a joyous time over the holiday, out on the open road and *veld*.

South Africa's Motor Census.

Are you included in these figures? If not, the number of motor-vehicle owners in South Africa, and their distribution, may help to edify those who still consider a motor-car a luxury. Last year licences were applied for by the owners of 38,815 passenger cars, 1,989 trucks and lorries, and 16,849 motor-cycles. Of the cars, 17,503 were in the Cape Province, 11,755 in the Transvaal, 5,624 in Natal, and 3,913 in the Orange Free State. Motor-cycle registrations in the Transvaal number 8,035 as against only 5,044 in the Cape, 3,003 in Natal, and 767 in the Orange Free State. Of the 57,653 motor vehicles in the country, 46,436 were last year used for private purposes and 11,217 for commercial work.

STAR'S MOTHER'S FANTASTIC FEARS.

Raquel Meller, the famous Spanish concert singer, who has been described as "'Europe's Living Angel,'' has signed a contract to go to America.

Her parents have only given their permission on condition that she shall never go "within the State of California," and a clause to this effect has actually been inserted in the contract.

The secret of a fantastic fear gnawing at the Mellers' minds eventually came out. "You see, if my poor innocent child goes to America," said Raquel Meller's mother, "some wicked person may prevail on her to visit California. It takes but an hour or two, does it not, to go from New York to Hollywood. [Hollywood is about four and a half days' journey from New York.] And that awful Hollywood. What a place it is!

"Red-skinned men, what you call Indians, rage over its mountains and through its ravines. They carry off beautiful white maidens. They bind them to stakes. They scalp them. It must be so. For I, myself, have seen these horrible deeds—in the cinema. Shall my daughter meet such a fate? No, no, no!"

So Hollywood will not see Raquel.

On the eve of her departure Raquel herself gave way to hysterics, in which sharks, seasickness and shipwreck mingled. She suffered a nervous breakdown, and is now recuperating.

UNNATURAL HISTORY.

"Mummy, have you ever heard a rabbit bark?" "Rabbits don't bark, dear!" "But my book says that rabbits eat cabbage and bark."

GOODYEAR.

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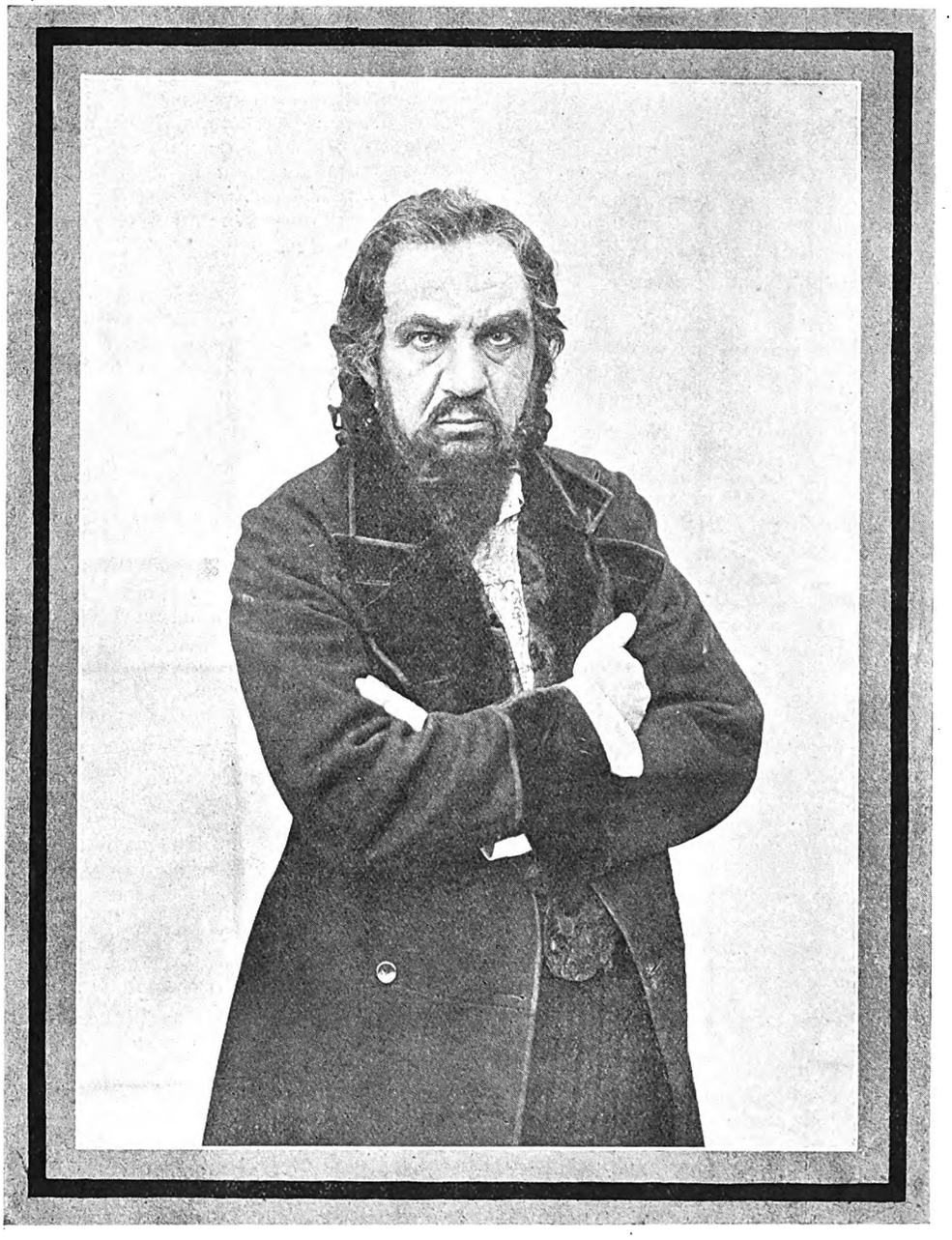
STAGE & CINEMA.

VOL. XIX. No. 472.] SATURDAY, AUGUST 16TH, 1924. (Registered at G.P.O. as a Newspaper.) PRICE 6D.



MAURICE MOSCOVITCH AS SVENGALI.

Mr. Maurice Moscovitch's Svengali—*a part he is playing for the first time at His Majesty's Theatre, Johannesburg—is entirely different from the* Svengali *of tradition. He is an inspired genius rather than a chance-taking charlatan, and he knows that eventually he must pay for* Trilby's *voice with his life. It is possibly the best thing Mr. Moscovitch has done since he went on to the English-speaking stage.*

Photo by African Film Productions, Ltd.

A COMPETITION FOR MOTORISTS—SEE PAGE 28.

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DIAMOND CUT DIAMOND.

By THOMAS EDMUND KINNA.

IT was just at the close of the Boer War that I met my friend O'Donovan, of the Criminal Investigation Department, at Port Elizabeth. I had not seen him for several years, and we spent one or two pleasant days together, as he was not on duty, having travelled to the Bay for the purpose of giving evidence at the Circuit Court in a civil case.

One night, after dining with me at the Palmerston Hotel, we walked up to St. George's Park, where a large *fête* and open-air concert were being held. At this time numerous entertainments of that kind were being organised for the relief of those whom the war had left destitute. The night is still fresh in my memory. It was on this occasion that I first came into contact with "the man from Monte Carlo." I had already made a literary acquaintance with him in the South African newspapers, five years back, when his trial furnished a big news-story for the journalists. Now I met him in the flesh.

Tea was being served in the Park in a small grove of fir-trees, and the enclosure was illuminated with Chinese lanterns. O'Donovan and I had ordered our refreshments, and were chatting idly in the meantime. Just then a man strolled towards us, and as he came into the light of the lantern overhead a projecting bough swept his hat off. It rolled in my direction and I stooped to pick it up for him. In returning it, I noticed that he had a long welt or scar on his forehead, just under the hair. He was a handsome, well-dressed man, finely proportioned and confident in bearing. As he was thanking me he turned towards O'Donovan.

He made a sudden movement and the detective grinned: "Well, Monte, are you feeling better for the change?" The man took a threatening step towards O'Donovan and then shrugged his shoulders. "As well as might be expected," he said, with his former air of arrogance, "but I missed my Drakenstein and convivial friends." The grin faded from my friend's genial face and he looked annoyed. The stranger waved his hand, laughing the while, and moved off in another direction.

"Who is he?" I asked, and O'Donovan answered a trifle brusquely, "Why, don't you know? That's Montague Gifford, who defrauded Levensohn's of Cape Town to the tune of £10,000. It can't be long now since he finished his terms of five years' hard, and yet he seems as chirpy as ever."

"What is his history? I remember very faintly what happened; something about a diamond, wasn't it? I was in the bushveld at the time and only saw one of the papers a couple of months later. It was a hopelessly tangled yarn, mysterious at the beginning and absolutely incomprehensible at the end. Anyway, he must have been a smart man."

"He was," said O'Donovan "Too smart to remain long out of gaol. Gifford came to this country about 1897, and after landing at Cape Town he proceeded to the Imperial Hotel with a great deal of baggage, and generally 'did the heavy.' He must have had a certain amount of ready cash in hand, which he distributed freely.

"Shortly afterwards it was rumoured that he had won a huge fortune at Monte Carlo, and he made no disclaimer. As a matter of fact he did everything in his power to give a fillip to the legend, which he had started himself. When he had acquired a certain amount of local prominence, he started his campaign.

"The largest firm of jewellers in Cape Town at that time was Levensohn's, Ltd. Gifford made several cash purchases of precious stones from them on a fairly large scale, and posed as a diamond enthusiast. In this way he built up his credit, and generally boosted himself for all he was worth.

"A few years previously a big diamond had been discovered at Kimberley, and was at the time in the possession of Levensohn's. This was purchased by Gifford for £5,000, and the news of the transaction considerably increased his credit, which he continued to exploit to the full.

"It subsequently transpired that this had not been a cash purchase. Levensohn's were rather loath to let the diamond out of their possession, but Gifford was extremely plausible, and represented to them that he would cable to his bankers in London for funds, and within a fortnight at the most would be able to settle the matter. Finally, Levensohn's agreed to this arrangement, and the diamond was handed over."

"I suppose that was the last they ever saw of him?" I asked.

"Oh, no," answered O'Donovan. "Exactly a week later Gifford informed Levensohn's that he must have another diamond to match the one in his possession, and that he was prepared to pay anything they might name for it. Levensohn himself assured him there wasn't another stone in the country like it, but promised to do his best.

"Contrary to expectation, a stone almost identical with Gifford's was located on the Kimberley market, and with some difficulty Levensohn's ultimately succeeded in purchasing it for £10,000. Gifford was greatly excited, but unfortunately when the stone arrived he was ill, and he arranged to call on the jewellers the next morning."

"Surely he didn't get both?" I enquired.

"No," said O'Donovan, grinning. "The next morning he did not keep his appointment, and when they rang up the hotel the bird had flown. The night before he had walked out and caught the train, leaving a huge bill at the hotel and numerous unpaid debts."

"Anyway, they had his luggage," I remarked.

"Yes, and all the stones in it as well; but wait a moment. The next thing was to discover his destination. All the ports were closely watched, but Gifford was far too clever for that. He travelled to the place where he was least expected, Kimberley, and if only his luck had been equal to his cunning he would probably have succeeded in working his way out through Rhodesia and the Belgian Congo.

"By a stroke of luck the C.I.D. tumbled on to the right scent. I cannot tell you how, but it was pure chance. I was stationed at Kimberley, and one evening I succeeded in getting into touch with the gentleman we were after at the Carlton Hotel. I had never seen Gifford. Needless to say he was disguised, but as soon as I spotted him in the Lounge I felt instinctively that we were at the end of the trail, or somewhere near it.

"I got into conversation with him a few minutes later, but I did not seem to get any further. After some time he invited me to have a drink with him, and as he suddenly became confidential, I accepted.

"He told me he had an appointment of a somewhat peculiar nature, and that as the locality of his meeting-place was rather notorious, he would like to have a friend at hand in case of need. 'For certain reasons, which I need not disclose,' he said 'I have made no friends here, but I have taken a fancy to you. Will you come?'

"I was determined to stick to my man like a leech, and as my suspicions were being momentarily confirmed, I consented. Just then he drew my attention to a peculiar fresco design on the wall, and as I turned somewhat

(*Continued on page 28.*)

THEIR FAVOURITE SCREEN SWEETHEARTS.—SEE PAGE 5.

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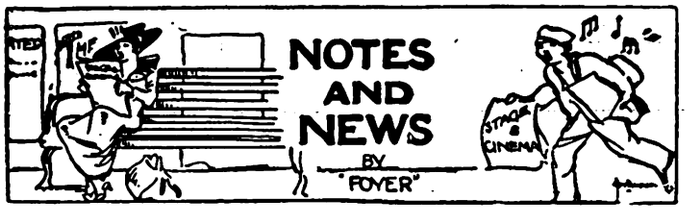

A Modern Hans Andersen.

I have received from Mr. Granville Marshall, Johannesburg, South African representative for Chas. Morgan & Co., Ltd., a copy of "The Twelve Sisters; and Other Stories," by Carl Ewald (translated by Alexander Teixeira de Mattos), with illustrations in colour and black-and-white by Edwin Noble. Carl Ewald is almost as good as Hans Andersen; and, like the great story-teller, he is a Dane. Carl Ewald, however, is scientific as well as entertaining, and I can imagine no more delightful gift-book for a child than "The Twelve Sisters." It contains a number of inimitable stories of the insect world. Bees, caterpillars, spiders, ants, flies, crickets, moths, beetles, locusts (all South African children should read the story of the locusts): these are some of the little people of the stories; and the author writes of them with a quaint humour, a subtle sense of insect-character and a wonderful skill in weaving a narrative that enable them to reveal their habits and functions as an essential part of the tale. The publishers are Thornton Butterworth, Ltd.

Golf and Mah Jong.

From the same source and the same publishers I have received "Golf Simplified," by Cecil Leitch (the lady champion), and "Mah Jong: Rules of the Queen's Club, London." No lady golfer is better qualified to help others than Miss Leitch, and her book should be of great service to followers of the "royal and antient," particularly to players of the author's own sex. In the little Mah Jong book you will learn all about "The Four Winds" and "The Three Dragons," and "*Pung*" and "*Kong*" and "*Chee*," and "The Thirteen Unique Wonders," and "Plucking the Moon from the Bottom of the Sea" (or "the Plum-Blossom from the Roof"), and "The Four Blessings Hovering over the Door," and "The Wriggling Snake," and other picturesque and extraordinary things.

A COMEDIAN AT THE EMPIRE.

Reg. Wentworth, "The Renowned Light Comedian," who is appearing this week at the Johannesburg Empire.

J. H. Scotland.

J. H. Scotland, the bass singer, who was in South Africa at the beginning of the Boer War with the Arthur Rousby Opera Company, and who paid a return visit in vaudeville a few years ago, is coming back next month—once more as a music-hall singer. Twenty-nine years ago Mr. Scotland, who is a Liverpool man, made his first appearance as a singer at the Argyle Theatre, Birkenhead, under the name of "J. H. Bruce"—a name he adopted in a vain attempt to hide his identity from his father. As a youth he had a phenomenally deep voice, but not much high range. "I worked and prayed for a top F for fifteen years," he says, "and when I got it I didn't want it."

Scenery Two Years Late.

Two years ago Mr. Albert de Courville, the London revue producer, took his revue "Pins and Needles" to New York. The company arrived safely; the scenery and accessories failed to turn up. After running up a big cable bill trying to find the missing equipment, Mr. de Courville had to place orders in New York for new costumes and scenery. This delayed the production for several weeks, and meanwhile salaries had to be paid and also the rent of the Shubert Theatre. The boat with the missing scenery arrived in New York a few weeks ago. The consignment had been round the world twice since it was shipped in England—127 cases and 54 packages. It was all sold by auction.

Money in Musical Plays.

Recently Mr. Robert Evett announced that he was no longer going to produce musical plays in the West-end of London because "there was no longer any money to be made out of them." Mr. J. A. E. Malone, of Grossmith and Malone, contradicts this in an interview. He says: "Our firm does make money out of musical plays—quite a lot of money sometimes. It costs about £1,000 a week more to run a musical play to-day than it did in, say, 1912, but that does not mean there are no profits to be made. One of the greatest trials in the business is finding new pieces. In all, six of us read plays for Messrs. Grossmith and Malone, and not one play in 500 submitted to us is worth reading twice. There is a very great shortage of authors and composers of musical plays in this country. 'New' writers grumble that they cannot 'get into the theatre.' They could do so if they were to produce better material. Managers are not to blame because they will not encourage trash."

Venus Censored?

A sensation was caused in London theatreland in mail-week when the beautiful Dolores, the model, who has often sat for Epstein, the sculptor, and also for Nevinson, the painter, "disappeared" with dramatic suddenness from the cast of "The Little Revue" at the Little Theatre, Adelphi. In an interview she stated that she agreed to appear at the Little Theatre for a week—the management having an option to prolong the engagement at the expiration of that period, if they so desired. She appeared in a sketch called "The Empty Easel," in which she posed in representations of four world-famous works of art, including the "Venus and Adonis" of Titian. "On Tuesday night I made my first public appearance," said Dolores. "It was really a dress rehearsal, for I had none before. On Friday afternoon, while I was resting at home before going to the theatre, I received a telegram from the agents who had arranged the engagement, saying that my sketch had been taken out of the revue. I was amazed to hear this. I went at once to their office and asked the meaning of the message. I was told that it was not the fault of my posing, but because of the sketch itself. I do not know whether the Lord Chamberlain or his officials made any complaint about the way I was clothed. But I know this: At the first performance on Tuesday night I wore tights and draperies for two representations of Venus. Afterwards I received two requests from the management, through the wardrobe mistress, to wear less. I felt obliged to comply, and at my last appearance on Thursday—as the Titian Venus—I wore only a small piece of tulle." Mr. Edward Laurillard, who presents the revue, said: "The Lord Chamberlain's department did not make any stipulations about the amount of clothing the artist should wear. They merely asked what the Venus would wear, and we answered, 'fleshings and draperies.'"

EMPIRE, MONDAY: "LITTLE NELLIE KELLY."

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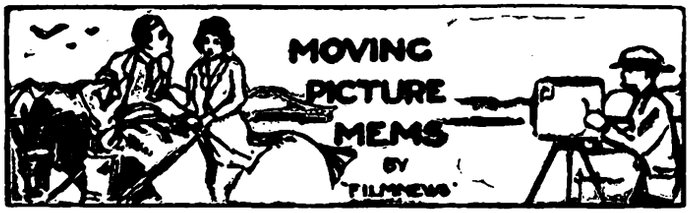
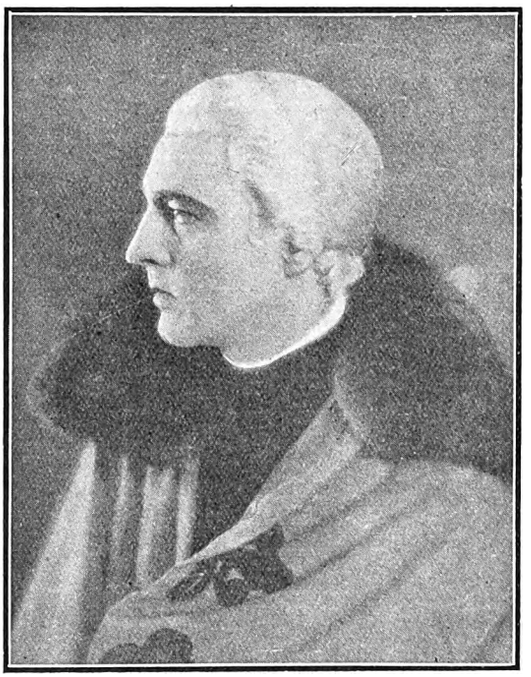


Their Favourite (Screen) Sweethearts.

In The Pictorial of June 28 I told you how the cinema stars had been making choice of the favourite lovers—for screen-work only. It was told how, and why, Alice Terry chose Ramon Novarro; Gloria Swanson chose Rod La Roque; Norma Talmadge chose Eugene O'Brien; Barbara La Marr chose Lew Cody; Pola Negri chose Robert W. Frazer; Betty Compson chose Richard Dix; Jacqueline Logan chose Thomas Meighan; Corinne Griffith couldn't make up her mind between Frank Mayo and Conway Tearle; Mary Astor chose John Barrymore (and that reminds me that they will be seen together in "Beau Brummel" at the Johannesburg Bijou next week); Nita Naldi chose Rudolph Valentino; Viola Dana chose Monte Blue; and Alma Rubens chose Lewis Stone. Now we have the other side of the case—the leading men of the screen choosing their favourite screen-sweethearts; although it seems to me that the choice of all those who had themselves been chosen must of necessity have been strictly limited, because gallantry would demand that they should "return the compliment." Thus we find Robert Frazer reciproating with Pola Negri; Ramon Novarro with Alice Terry; Eugene O'Brien with Norma Talmadge; Conway Tearle with Corinne Griffith; and Richard Dix with Betty Compson. Other "selections" are: Lillian Gish, by Monte Blue; Estelle Taylor, by Antonio Moreno; May McAvoy, by Malcolm McGregor; Laura La Plante, by Reginald Denny; Bebe Daniels, by Jack Holt; Carmelita Geraghty, by (of all people) Jack Dempsey (but Dempsey is now a screen hero); and Peaches Jackson, by Thomas Meighan (who finishes a frank confession of being badly in love with Miss Jackson by stating that she will be nine years old next birthday).



BARRYMORE AS BRUMMELL.

Mr. John Barrymore as *Beau Brummell* in the photoplay of that name in which he will be "featured" at the Johannesburg Bijou next week.

"The Madonna Woman."

Monte Blue says Lillian Gish is "inspiring and inspired—the madonna woman, who absolutely transported me." Robert Frazer says he "lived every moment" of the character he played "opposite" Pola Negri. "In the love scenes," he adds, "she is an enchanting creature—just a mighty, vital rush of human power. Into every scene she throws herself with a fervour of abandon."

Alice Terry Baffling.

Ramon Novarro says of Alice Terry (you will see them together in "Scaramouche" at the Bijou in a fortnight's time) that she has "aloofness, an appearance of inaccessibility that charms . . baffling . . depths which challenge your curiosity, yet a delicacy that forbids." Eugene O'Brien says he always has felt in his love scenes with Norma Talmadge "a tenderness, a delicacy of emotion like fine music, that is neither too earthy nor too ethereal, but that is simply the sincere expression of fine love." Conway Tearle says: "Corinne Griffith is my ideal type of screen sweetheart"—and hastens naïvely to add, "professionally speaking, understand, for I am a most happily married man." He thinks she typifies the majority of American girls.

The Ugliest Man.

The owner of "the ugliest face on the film screen"—according to his American employers—had rushed over from California in mail-week to spend a week's vacation in the United Kingdom. The hustling holiday-maker, who was accompanied by his wife, is Mr. Ernest Torrence, a Scotsman of over 6 feet, who played the principal villain with Richard Barthelmess in "Tol'able David," and who has been selected to play *Captain Hook* in the film-version of "Peter Pan." To-day Mr. Torrence is one of America's greatest screen players. Thirteen years ago he left Britain after a ten years' futile struggle to win recognition of his talents on the musical-comedy stage. "I played for ten years in musical-comedy in the States," he told a London interviewer, "before I got the chance to appear in a film play. My career on the English stage was all ups and downs—more down than ups. My last 'shop' in the West-end was a small part in 'Peggy' at the Gaiety. When I sailed for America I paid for my passage with borrowed money. Soon after landing there, through George Marion, the American producer, I obtained a part in 'The Girl in the Taxi.' After five years I played a comic Scotsman in 'The Only Girl,' and for the remaining five years of my musical-comedy career I was condemned to be a Scottish comedian in every piece in which I appeared. When I was trying to get into films the producers always declared I was unsuitable; either I had no screen personality or my height made me impossible for comedy work. To-day they think my height is my biggest asset—except, perhaps, my 'ugly face.'"

"Orgy" at Versailles.

Versailles was invaded in mail-week by a vast crowd of cinema actors and actresses, who made their way to the park. There they took part in a series of "orgy" scenes on the steps of the palace and in the park avenues. Indignation was aroused among the spectators when it was found that the producers were giving instructions in German. The costumes, which were hired from a Paris music-hall, consisted in some cases of nothing but a few feathers.

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EMPIRE, MONDAY: "LITTLE NELLIE KELLY."

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Paying for a Piano.

The annual meeting of the Johannesburg Musical Society took place last Monday evening, when the annual report was submitted and adopted. The committee was re-elected *en bloc*. Three years ago the Society decided to buy a new pianoforte for the monthly concerts. This decision was a wise one, for the old piano was no longer suitable for the Society's purpose. A Steinway Grand piano was bought for a sum of £450, and the Society had to set itself the task of raising this money. At the last meeting it was announced that a sum of slightly over £60 was still owing on the purchase, and ways and means were discussed whereby the piano debt could be liquidated. I am not now concerned with the methods proposed and adopted to raise the sum still owing, but I must express an agreeable surprise that the original debt has been reduced to so comparatively small a sum. During a period of just under three years the Society has paid practically £400 on the new piano account, and from a purely outside point of view this seems like an achievement upon which the secretary and management committee must be very heartily congratulated. I am unable to guess by what direct means this splendid result has been obtained, but there is the feeling that some whole-hearted and determined efforts have been responsible, and I am of the opinion that the Society has every reason for expressions of gratitude and appreciation for the work done by the committee.

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A Financial Suggestion.

In connection with the question of finance, there is one point that has frequently occurred to me. It is in regard to the Students' Concerts. It is the present policy of the Society not only to encourage clever students' efforts, but also to undertake the whole of the financial responsibility of these concerts. This policy is certainly an admirable one, but one or two points might be considered. For instance, in viewing the work done by the Society in the past to assist students and teachers, it is realised that the opportunities offered by the Society are of immense practical value to all directly concerned. In spite of this the Society not only undertakes all the necessary arrangements and attendant financial responsibilities, but also issues complimentary tickets to every student invited to appear on the programmes. It seems to me that in view of the value of the Society's efforts in this connection, and the opportunity offered for practical experience, teachers and students concerned might well consider the advisability of buying their admission tickets. The amount involved in the case of each student would be negligible, but the total result over a period would appreciably affect the Society's finances. I do not think that any teacher or student would grudge the Society the amount of admission when the Society's efforts on their behalf is fully realised.

205 Concert-goers.

The chairman's report was as follows: On behalf of the Council of the Johannesburg Music Society, I have the honour to present to you the annual report and statement of accounts for the year ended June 30, 1924. The financial statement shows a revenue from all sources of £317 1s. 8d., and an expenditure amounting to £345 3s. 1d., leaving a debit balance of £28 1s. 5d. on the year's working. Since the loss on the previous year's working was £21 3s. 9d., the position is not so serious as it would at first sight appear. During the year ten regular concerts were given, including two Students' Concerts. The average attendance was 205, as against 187 in 1922-23, the highest attendance being 295 at the 233rd Concert. The revenue from the sale of tickets was £99 19s. 6d., as against £70 1s. 6d. last year. The concerts have retained their high artistic level, a new departure which was eminently successful, being the provision of an historical recital of French music, performed by Mrs. L. Japhet, Miss Dorothy Boxall, and Mr. H. Ketelby. The idea of utilising the services of a student teacher was amply justified in this case, and the experiment seems worth repeating. The membership of the Society stands at 221, as against 234 last year. The position of the Steinway piano fund is as follows: At the end of 1923 the Society owed MacKay Bros. £237 3s. By June 30, 1924, this amount was reduced to £102 3s. Thanks are due to the Press for the great encouragement and assitance that have been so consistently extended to us. Finally, the Society must express its indebtedness to its Musical Director, Treasurer, and Secretary, Mr. Robert A. Pritchard, whose unremitting labours have also assured the faithful carrying out of the objects of the Society.

An Interesting Programme.

A programme of exceptional interest has been arranged for the August concert of the Musical Society. The artists will be Mrs. H. L. Karnowsky, Miss Joan Carlill and Miss Helen Smith. Mrs. Karnowsky, whose fine singing at her recent recital will be readily remembered by those who heard her, will sing "Elsa's Dream" from "Lohengrin" (Wagner) and two songs by Delibes "*Eglogue*" and "*Chanton Espagnole*." Miss Joan Carlill, violinist, will be associated with Miss Helen Smith in Handel's Sonata in D major for violin and piano, while her solos will be the "Slavonic Dance in E minor" (Dvorak-Kreisler) Zarzycki's Mazurka in G, the programme concluding with Grieg's Sonata for violin and piano in F, Miss Helen Smith taking the piano.

Beecham Pays £600.

Judgment was recently given in London for £600 and costs for Mr. Robert Parker, the baritone, in an action for arrears of salary which he brought against Sir Thomas Beecham, the conductor. It apeared that during 1918, Sir Thomas Beecham ran an opera company to give employment to those who could find no other field. He said that the undertaking meant a loss to him of nearly one thousand pounds a week. The judge accepted Mr. Parker's evidence with regard to the agreement as to his salary, adding that Sir Thomas might possibly have forgotten what was arranged.

I myself am a conservative liberal labour communist nationalist—provided, of course, you spell all the words except one with small letters.—*Mr. Robert Lynd.*

Is golf really a game or a treatment?—*Dr. Saleeby.*

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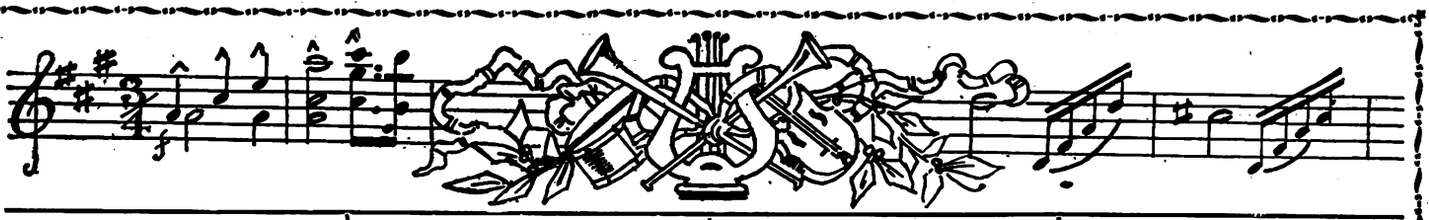

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In the Bright Lights.

"LITTLE NELLIE KELLY."

SOME PRELIMINARY DETAILS CONCERNING THE EMPIRE'S 30TH REVUE.

"UNDOUBTEDLY the brightest show I have yet handled in South Africa," said Mr. Philip D. Levard, the producer, in a chat about "Little Nellie Kelly," which will be staged for the first time in this country at the Johannesburg Empire on Monday evening.

"It is," he continued, "a real novelty, full of swift surprises, haunting melodies, dancing specialities, playful burlesques, beautiful dresses, and by no means without a sustained plot. It has been done in New York, in London, and in Australia, and we are giving Johannesburg the picked features of those three productions. The keynote of the whole thing is youth—youth, music and laughter. It is just a happy laughing, dainty affair—a whirl of melody, girls, dancing and comedy. Everybody in the company will be on the go all through the show. The chorus, for instance, have a hundred and ten changes of costume in the first scene alone—and there are five scenes and two acts. All the time the people who are not actually on the stage will be changing their clothes. The whole things—words, music and lyrics—was written by Mr. George M. Cohan, the famous New York manager and producer. Additional and *ballet* music has been written for the South African production by Mr. Gordon Stamford. It is unlucky to prophesy, but I can say that none of my previous revue or pantomime productions in this country promised as well beforehand as 'Little Nellie Kelly' does."

The cast of "Little Nellie Kelly" is as follows: *Wellesley* (a butler), Mr. Bert Harvey; *Matilda* (a housekeeper), Miss Aida Kaye; *Sydney Potter*, Mr. Hal Gordon; *Harold Wescott*, Mr. Willie Jubb; *Jack Lloyd* (a young millionaire), Mr. Laurence Halbert; *François de Vere* (proprietor of a New York department store), Mr. Justus Gerard; *Jean* (a *modiste*), Miss Gwen Slater; *Nellie Kelly*, Miss Renée Sutton; *Mrs. Chesterfield Langford*, Miss Jean Andrews; *Marie* (her niece), Miss Bertha Ricardo; *Jerry Conroy* (from The Bronx), Mr. Gordon James; *Captain John Kelly* (of the New York Police), Mr. Victor Crawford; *Miss Splendington*, Miss Vera Van Rij; *Ambrose Swift* (a Society detective), Mr. Jess Sweet.

There will be speciality dances by Miss Vivien Talleur (who is the *ballet* mistress), Miss Vera Van Rij, and Mr. Jess Sweet (making his first appearance after an absence of nearly three years).

The following is the synopsis of scenery: Act I, Scene 1, A reception room in the home of the *Lloyds;* Scene 2, The exterior of *Jerry Conroy's* home in the Bronx. Act II, Scene 1, A showroom in the shop of *De Vere;* Scene 2, "Mystery Lane;" Scene 3, The exterior of the *Langford* home on the Hudson River, New York.

The piece contains between twenty and thirty musical numbers, among which are these: "The Voice in my Heart," "*Nellie Kelly*, I love you." "You remind me of my mother," "The Hinky Dee," "When my luck comes rolling home," "The name of *Kelly*," "Broken-hearted Melody," "Does the Spearmint lose its flavour on the bed-post overnight?" (the producer swears that this is the genuine name of a genuine number). "Marching with the Band," and "Peter Piper."

The special features include a burlesque on slow-motion films, introducing impersonations of many famous cinema stars, and the dances include a Pierrot, Pierrette and Columbine *Ballet*, and a Pearl *Ballet*.

"Little Nellie Kelly" will be the Empire's 30th musical-play production.

The difference between free verse and prose is that free verse has one ragged edge on the printed page while prose is smooth on both sides.—*Mr. Gerald Gould.*

Mental efficiency is lowered when the temperature rises above 70 degrees.—*Dr. Laird.*

EMPIRE PALACE.

Those who affect to believe that music-halls are dens of infamy and innuendo should go to the Johannesburg Empire this week. Anything more innocent and innocuous it would be difficult to imagine. The programme is replete with—"sob-stuff" I think is the correct term. I came away with the impression that I had been to a Sunday-school concert and that every artist had sung a song about his or her mother, or lost sweetheart, or ruined life. (Not that there were many "hers" to do this, for the "bill" consists of thirteen men and only three women). The chief offender in this respect belied his description on the programme as a "comedian" by doing a song-monologue called "Vagabond Dan" that for sheer bathos would be hard to beat; it would have been considered "sloppy" even in the mid-Victorian era. And then people have the nerve to tell me that "Trilby" is out of date! Even Jennie Hartley (whom I saw for the first time since she was here eleven years ago, and wished she would sing "Poor old Adam was me father," like she did then) tried to start the reluctant tear with the pitiful assurance that "As long as he loves me I'll not complain" (even although, mark you, his love was not, of all things in the world, "refined"). What *is* this germ of melancholy that has bitten the variety profession lately, anyway? I always thought one went to a music-hall to be cheered up.

Most of the cheering-up was reserved for the end of the evening, when, after the Harris Family had remained on the stage about twice as long as was necessary, the Kenna Brothers, "The Funny Airmen," got a chance, and shone like the kindly light amid the encircling gloom. This is a lovely act, full of bright, clever, original and genuine laughter-making comedy, and if you take my advice you will either see them at the Empire this week or at the Orpheum next week. Earlier another bright spot had been provided by Rich Hayes, looking (and behaving) very much like Carlton in his slim prime, but without Carlton's running fire of comment. Before that some remarkably

(Continued on page 21.)

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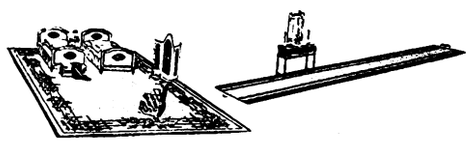

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A CAPE TOWN CHRONICLE
BY BEACHCOMBER.

Cape Town, Monday.

The Sporting Spirit.

I do not think real justice has ever been done to the sporting spirit of the Cape. There is often a mistaken idea, especially among newcomers, that we people of the Cape are very superior to the sporting side of life, that we prefer to dabble in art and music, and that our only reasons for visiting a racecourse are that our women-folk may display their frocks to the best advantage. I have even heard it said that Cape Town prefers the meandering inanities of a garden-party to the hectic virility of goal-posts.

Inter-University Battles.

But that Cape Town does engross itself in the ordinary sports is proved whenever there is a match worth seeing at Newlands, be it cricket, rugger or soccer. The other Saturday saw inter-University day there. To the average person a match between Cape Town and Stellenbosch Universities may appear to be merely a youthful affair of no particular promise. Yet the man who can go there on such a day and remain calmly aloof is someone to wonder at. For the

THE SOUTH AFRICAN SOCCER TEAM LEAVING FOR ENGLAND.

"S.A. Pictorial" photo.

excitement the other Saturday was intense. It is not merely a football contest—it is a musical contest as well. Both universities bring their bands with them, and also a varied programme of music. They crowd the stands and yell their songs at the slightest encouragement of the conductor standing on top of the piano. Heaven alone knows how they get those pianos there, but they are never missing. And when the conductor tires of urging the band to renewed efforts, the students merely ignore him and launch themselves into a new song.

Cape Town Wins.

There was enough football played to satiate even the most enthusiastic. Four games were played, and Cape Town succeeded in winning them all. As the points went up so did panamas, caps, walking sticks and every conceivable object. In the enthusiasm of one of the games even a youth was flung to the sky, but was deftly caught again. It is unwise to mix oneself with these hearty students at a football match. The noise for some three hours is like surf continually beating on rocks. A poor pressman trying to telephone from his box in the midst of this pandemonium gave it up in despair. He might just as well have thrown the telephone up in the air when the next try was registered. Later in the evening this pandemonium pours into Cape Town proper, and forms whirlpools of sound in the Tivoli, so that even comedians stop in the middle of their best stories to wonder what is happening. Another spate rushes into Adderley Street, there to eddy up and down, crying the joyful news of victory.

Soccer Team for England.

Altogether, this has been a sporting week in Cape Town. The South African soccer team sailed for England on Friday by the mail-boat, cheered encouragingly by the big crowd that had assembled to see them off. The general opinion is that it is rather a pity they should be visiting England at a time when the South African cricket team will be ruefully counting its losses and few winnings. It is recognised that the South African cricket team may have learned to dance—they threaten to introduce the latest style of English dancing to South Africa—but it is still doubtful whether they have learned to play better cricket. The programme in front of the South African soccer team is not an easy one. It contains a larger number of professional matches than many had reckoned upon, but even so there is no reason why, when they have settled down, they should not develop into a good useful side that some of the best teams in England will be pleased to meet.

University Debaters.

There are to be more university battles in Cape Town. This time, however, it is to be a battle of tongues and not one of limbs. There have arrived in this country two representatives of the Oxford Union Debating Society, who intend to measure their eloquence against the best that can be produced in this country. They are to debate on such matters as Free Trade and Preference, and it is possible that the Prime Minister will be present at one of the debates.

Parliament Welcomed.

In really splendid fashion the Mayor and Mayoress of Cape Town officially welcomed the members of the new Government in the City Hall the other evening. Everybody who matters in Cape Town managed to squeeze in at this crowded affair. The main hall was magnificently decorated, the Pact colours having been used with great effect both in the floral decorations and the lighting. The platform itself was like a miniature tropical forest with its waving palms, silver trees and feathery mimosa, and the front of it was banked with palms and foliage through which red and yellow lights shone with a soft radiance. Yellow mimosa further emphasised the Nationalist colours, while red salvia and scarlet geraniums were emblems of the Labour side of the Government. Ropes of foliage and small Chinese lanterns of many colours, through which the light fell softly, festooned the balcony and bays. The whole effect was fairy-like and fascinating.

Government House Party.

Soon after nine o'clock the party from Government House arrived. They were met by the Mayor and Mayoress and General Hertzog. The Governor-General was soon chatting with friends, while Princess Alice and Lady May Cambridge joined the dancers. Princess Alice, who always

(*Continued on page 24.*)

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JOHANNESBURG, Tuesday afternoon.

THE continued decline in the price of gold, following the improvement in the sterling exchange, has rather unsettled the market. Thursday's price was 92s. 6d., Friday's 91s. 4d., and yesterday's 90s. 9d. The price taken for the June output was 94s. 6d., that for July 93s. 3d., and now there has been a further drop of half-a-crown from that level. In these circumstances the steadiness of the general market is noteworthy. The tone this morning is less nervous than yesterday. For example, Modders and Government Areas are each a shilling better at 73s. 6d. and 133s. respectively. Even Crowns, which are greatly affected by the premium, are steady at 53s. 6d., or a sixteenth down on the week. Nourses have sagged to 9s. 6d. (against 10s. 3d. a week ago). Randfonteins, also concerned with the premium, have receded from par to 19s. 1½d., but you could not get many at that figure. Modder Easts advanced to 9s. 4½d. on London enquiry, but came back to 8s. 9d., recovering to 9s. this morning. West Springs advanced 1s. on the first output declaration to 25s. 6d.

Sub-Nigels were scarcely altered by the announcement that the Government had "turned down" the application for an additional area of the farm *Grootfontein*, which incidentally hangs up the agreement with the Nigel.

On the lower price of tin, Zaaiplaats have further receded to 7s. 9d. Silvers are a trifle better at 4s. 6d.—5s., though only a sixth of the quarter's footage was payable. The bore-hole to test the lode at 1,500 feet, or nearly double the depth of the present workings, is down a hundred feet. The statement of the value of liquid assets (£42,900) is unusual, and, perhaps, a trifle ominous.

The gold output for July was a record at 829,437 ounces for a month's production. The actual declaration in March, 1912, was somewhat higher, but it included 70,143 ounces taken from reserves. The value, however, is not the highest, for the £3,867,500 was beaten by a hundred thousand "sovs.", in August three years ago, when gold was 18s. 3d. an ounce higher. Every company except "Mr. Miscellaneous" showed an increase over June. More than half the advance, however, was contributed by a new producer in the shape of West Springs, which declared 14,353 ounces from 37,700 tons crushed during the month, resulting in a profit of £28,400, besides 16,975 ounces from the trial run which commenced late in April and ended June 30. Working costs were only 19s. 3d. per ton, or 1s. 9d. per ton below the figures of the two other mines of the Anglo-American group, each of which crushed double the quantity of rock. This must be a record for a first crushing, and demonstrates the economy of the all-sliming process. West Springs has certainly started off more auspiciously than did New State Areas, a year or so ago. The new tube mill liner, which has been giving the latter company such large tonnages, has not come up to expectations at West Springs, so orders have been given for two additional tube mills which will increase the capacity by 25 per cent., bringing it up to about 50,000 tons monthly.

Government Areas made the splendid profit of £206,300 from 165,000 tons. Working costs at 16s. 8d. per ton included 1s. 3d. gold realisation (which other groups deduct from the revenue), and the net figure of 15s. 5d. is the lowest of any mine on the Rand, though it "ties" with that of the Robinson, which is doing practically no development and paying for no renewals, as it is on the verge of closing down. Randfontein's costs were higher by a tickey, and the drop of 1s. 3d. in the price of gold means £3,500, and the profit declined to £60,000—against £75,000 in March and £70,000 in May.

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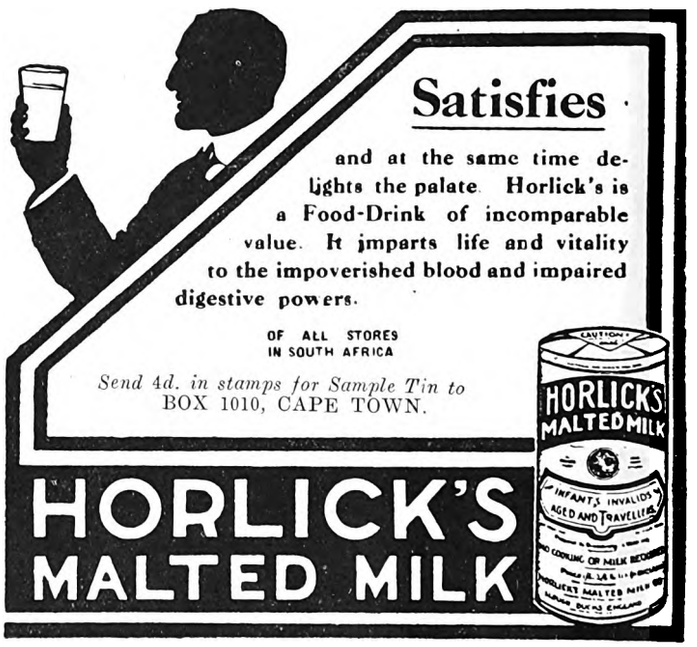

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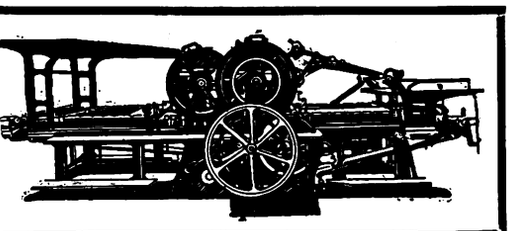

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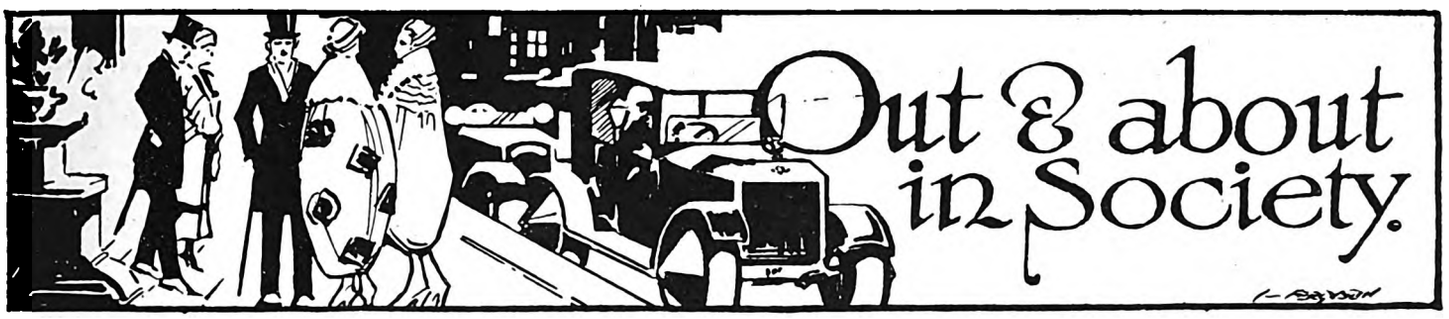

[*All invitations for dances, weddings, and other social functions, and all communications intended for these pages, should be addressed to The Lady Correspondent,* THE SOUTH AFRICAN PICTORIAL, *P.O. Box 1574, Johannesburg.*]

Back from Durban.

Back have come most of the folks from the coast, with sunburnt faces and nerves in the best possible condition for again tackling the problem of life, and we stay-at-homes in Johannesburg have heard marvellous things of the centenary celebrations at Durban, and the wonders of the South Coast with its peace and quietness, and once again have felt assured that were we able to have the sea on the Rand there are no heights to which we could not climb, with the virile forces of the city behind us and health-giving ocean in front. Being one of the aforesaid stay-at-homes, all I can do is to look on and envy the many pretty gowns that have been brought back. One thing I notice, and that is the popularity of the Shingle for the seaside; but, as one man plaintively told me, "Bobbing in the waves, the back of the heads of men and women look quite alike, and the tresses of the mermaids have gone right out of fashion."

PRODUCING "THE CRITIC."

Mr. W. Seals Wood, of Johannesburg, producer of "The Critic" for the University Players at the Standard Theatre this Friday and Saturday, August 15 and 16.

Photo by Jocelyn Leigh-Hunt.

Some New Shingles.

Since the women began invading the barbers' shops in America a lot of barbers have turned inventors, and at a demonstration lately there was quite a game as to who could invent a new hair-cut for the ladies. Before "a barber's life was just one hair-cut, shave, shampoo and massage after another"—but now . . . So, ladies, I would tell you of a new kind of hair-cut—"the military straight cut with an Egyptian curl." What do you think of that? I will give the creator's own description of it. It's a sort of shingle—that is, the back hair is cut along the contour of the head, except where it falls in a straight line. The two edges are shaved straight down the neck instead of being rounded. So there you have it! "The Ina Claire" is another shingle. Then there is the shingle bob for straight hair, the shingle bob for marcelling, the semi-shingle, the school-girl bob—with bangs across the forehead—and the Diana bob—a combination of the Ina Claire and shingle for naturally curly hair.

"Crushed Blue" Suits.

So having "fixed" the ladies, I shall show "no fear or favour," and turn to the masculines, as follows: Men, the New York style-fixers have issued a bulletin—or warning—that your next suit will be "crushed blue." And the bulletin thus describes "crushed blue": "Sea blue seen through a spray of mist. It is an indigo hue, brushed or crushed down with a transparent grey tint, producing a colour effect that is at once pleasing and restful." What do you think about that?

A Johannesburg Wedding.

By the way, one of the "Hello girls" was married this month at St. Mary's Church, Johannesburg—Miss Annie Hill, daughter of Mr. and Mrs. W. Hill, to Mr. Robert Stewart Gloag, son of Mrs. and the late Mr. Gloag. The Rev. Mr. Esdaile performed the ceremony, and it was such a pretty wedding. Miss Hill wore a very charming gown of white *charmeuse* and georgette, beaded in silver and draped to one side to be held in place with two *diamant* buckles. The veil was draped over a coronet of orange-blossoms, and her bouquet was arum lilies and carnations. She was attended by Miss Freda Hill, her sister, and Miss Sylvia Levin. They wore *chic crêpe-de-chine* gowns trimmed with bead embroidery, the one of turquoise blue and the other pale pink, and hats *en suite*. They received pendants and strings of pearls from the bridegroom. Mavis Lawrence and Phyllis May were the flower-girls, looking very dainty in lemon *crêpe-de-chine* with Valenciennes laces and silver mob-caps, and they wore gold lockets and chains, their gifts from the groom. A reception was held at the Freemasons' Hall, Claim Street, which was very well attended, testifying to the popularity of the young couple. Mrs. Hill received wearing a gown of mole-grey *charmeuse* with touches of red, and a smart hat. There were numerous telegrams and many gifts, the bride receiving a handsome silver and glass centre-piece from the operating staff of the Central Telephone Exchange, and the bridegroom a canteen of cutlery from the engineering staff of the C.T.E. The honeymoon is being spent at Dooneside, Natal. Mrs. Gloag travelling in a smart grey gaberdine costume and a hat of saxe-blue embossed velvet.

At the Carlton.

At the Carlton Hotel among the latest arrivals are: Mr. and Mrs. Kropp, Miss L. King, Mr. J. Whitcutt, Mr., Mrs. & Master Dock, Mr. & Mrs. Henry Adler, Mr. & Mrs. Descy, Mr. & Mrs. A. W. Menkins and Mr. H. Wand (Durban); Mr. Isaac Lewis (Vereeniging); Mr. Pevsner, Mrs. & Miss Webster, Mr. A. E. Adams, Mr. A. B. Godbold and Mr. W. Irwin (Cape Town); Mr. & Mrs. Roure, Mr. A.

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The Supper Dancing.

The Palm Court and ball-room were quite filled last Friday evening and some very *chic* gowns were worn. Mr. and Mrs. Percy Leon were entertaining a large party (Mrs. Leon wearing a smart taffetas gown), among whom were Miss Sylvia Willoughby (*Trilby*), in a pretty blue and mauve shot taffeta frock and a Spanish shawl of almond-green with deep fringes. Mr. Nat Madison, Mr. Basil Bowen and Miss Wynne Brontë were also with them. Dr. and Mrs. Sheridan were among the dancers, Mrs. Sheridan in a lovely white *charmeuse* gown with loops of pearls. Miss Betty Preece wore an elegant black draped georgette gown. Mrs. A. W. Menkins was smart in rose *charmeuse* with side ruchings to the skirt at the hips. Captain and Mrs. Bedell Sivright, just back from a motor trip to Durban, had a table, and were being welcomed by many friends. And I saw Mr. T. Clapham, Mr. J. Jolis, and many others.

Children in Fancy Dress.

I had come straight from the City Deep where a children's fancy dress dance had been held in aid of the Sunday School. It was organised by Mrs. Percy Sherwell, who wore a lovely black gown, and a committee of ladies assisted by the Rev. Mr. Esdaile. The kiddies were there in full force, and with the bowers of greenery and bright colours the hall looked very pretty. I would love to tell you of all the costumes, but haven't enough space. I would like, however, to praise loudly the manner in which the judging was arranged. Willing hands arranged every child under its own age-ticket, and there was no trace of the confusion that usually spoils such functions. My *salaams*! Mrs. Francis Phillips (who wore an elegant black beaded gown and lovely ermine wrap), Mrs. E. M. Ramsay (*Rand Daily Mail*) and I were the judges, and I think we all thoroughly enjoyed it. Shall I tell you of one of the costumes? Why pick out one? Well, because you are sure to recognise it. The City Deep have always been very good in the matter of arranging war dances, so that there are few of us who do not know of "Blandy," the boss boy, whose round cheerful face and rather large dimensions are a special feature of every dance as he struts up and down in front of his line of warriors. The little grandchild of the Compound Manager, Mr. Alexander, Master Kingsley Green, had been specially got up by "Blandy" as a very miniature impersonation of himself, and behind the greenery somewhere I noticed an anxious eye that belonged to the boss boy, watching to see the effect on the people. Of course he got a prize, for we, as I said before, one and all know "Blandy." There was a Jackie Coogan, a Prehistoric Man, a ferocious Golliwog, two fine kiddies as "Vim," Nurses, Twink, Scotch Girls, in fact every character you could think of. Mrs. Francis Phillips distributed the prizes and had a kindly word for everyone, and among those present I noticed, in addition of course to Mr. Sherwell, Mr. and Mrs. Max Tilliard of the Village Deep (who have just gone to the coast for a holiday), Mr. Humphries (to whom our thanks are due for fetching us, and whose little daughter made a charming Pompadour Lady), and many many others. It was such a gala night for the kiddies.

Met at Vimy Ridge.

There was a great deal I still wanted to tell you of, but "Little Nellie Kelly" and the wonderful gowns are getting in my way, so I shall have to cut it short. Monsieur Vaudeville will have vanished from the Empire next week and Madame Revue have taken his place. By the way, did you see Hayden and Nevard? The old songs and the new. They met at Vimy Ridge for the first time and there amid the shot and shell a friendship started that ended with the present act. Hayden is 1924, very jolly and bright, and Nevard 1824, tall and stately and the idol of the flappers.

Jeppe Old Boys' Dance.

The coming weeks are to be so full, but don't forget the Jeppe High School Old Boys' Club—they will hold their annual dance on August 22 (a Friday) in the Wanderers', and it is sure to be a jolly affair, for the Old Boys do look

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after their guests. Last time they gave a dance no one wanted to leave and everyone had a good time. Mr. James A. Hurd is the hon. secretary, and his 'phone is 1625 Central. So ring him up and he'll tell you all about it. Cheerio!

CARRIE.

HUNDREDS OF BEAUTIFUL FROCKS.

A PRELIMINARY PEEP AT THE CHORUS DRESSES FOR "LITTLE NELLIE KELLY."

RIOT of green, of gold, of blue, of crimson—bright splashes of colour under flickering limes.

They say that true happiness to a woman consists in looking at beautiful gowns; one here, one there, a model from Paris, the last word from New York. . . . But what is one to do when confronted with over 200 of the most wonderful frocks, hats, shoes, everything to match? Just a riot of colours before your eyes. . . . Let me try to tell you.

"Little Nellie Kelly," that most successful of London revues, will be produced here next week at the Empire, and it has been my good fortune to have a preliminary peep at the gowns. Armed with great determination and a pencil, I sallied forth to tell you all about *Little Nellie*, her sweethearts and all, and I found myself in a mass of colour that is to be worn by the chorus, and as the dresses are by far the most beautiful things I have ever seen, I am just going to apologise to *Nellie* and tell you of her next week.

Please seat yourself comfortably and listen. Each year we say to ourselves: "Dame Fashion's decree is more colourful this year than ever"; but the fairies must have painted these with a lavish hand, for imagine . . . Reckitt's-blue self-flowered silk, close-fitting, low-necked, sleeveless corsage edged with white swansdown; long pantaloons to the ankles tied round above and below the knee with glittering gold and swansdown and edged with tinkling bells at the feet. Then from top to bottom long narrow lines of white ribbon, a hussar's cap of blue with gold and fur round and long ends of ribbons. How does that strike you? Then, please, tango and red; again a plain corsage of tango silk, with a rolled belt of gold and red from which depend small handkerchief points in the two shades and a skirt of larger points. The latest scarf to the neck, the latest shoulder-knot, and hats of red turned up with tango and having the ribbon-ends drawn through a slot in front. Do you like that?

Shall one have a favourite? Perhaps it will be these: Mauve taffetas made in coat-shape, but with front panels of a deeper shade trimmed with tiny ruchings, stand-up collars of grey taffetas rose-sprinkled, long sleeves edged with lace in white to match the hem of the gowns and having puffs of grey and mauve at the wrist. Hats to match. Then, if you require a dainty housemaid, turquoise-blue silk with deep folded belt of white edged with frills, a large collar also with frills, and two long lines of frills to the skirt. As a contrast on the stage will be orange gowns of *charmeuse* with pleated black velvet ribbon at the wired hips and round neck and sleeves.

Oh! and I must not forget The *Ballet* of the Seasons. *January*, all white georgette and swansdown with a hint of mistletoe. *February*, with the blue forget-me-nots. *March*, with a windmill in lace on her hair and cloudy blues and greys—a windy sky. *April* brings the rainbow, a short circular cape of grey with clouds and rain-drops and all the colours in the world on the folds of soft chiffon. *May*, so delicate in palest pink with lilies of the valley and lilac just bursting into bloom. *June*, the time of the roses, wonderful

FIVE MEMBERS OF THE CAST OF "THE CRITIC,"
Sheridan's amusing satire on the drama, which the University Players will stage at the Standard Theatre, Johannesburg, on Friday and Saturday this week.
Photo by Jocelyn Leigh-Hunt.

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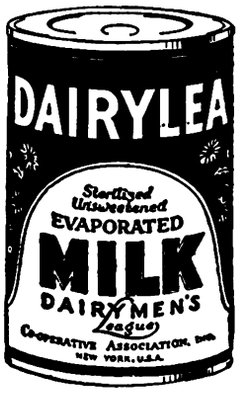

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La France blooms against white and a cap of rose petals with a nodding spray on her *coiffure*. *July*, orange and green draperies and at each hip a sheath of gold carrying luscious fruits; basket on her head. *August*, autumn draperies with the sun just glinting through. *September*, mauve and purple and black, and grapes with the bloom of the sun on them. *October*, the leaves fall, warm brown and reds. *November*, black over blue, such a drizzling damp month, edged with swansdown and with a large muff to cuddle the hands. *December*, rogueish in black velvet, bright-eyed and rosy-cheeked; holly with its scarlet and green and large leaves of velvet lined with red and then . . . just trousers of cloudy grey tulle, layer after layer. Do you like The Seasons?

Bronze and shell-pink are the next frocks for the pretty chorus girls; corsage of bronze, *picot*-edged petal skirts of pink, a shoulder-knot of pink daisies and a posy on one ribbon-end of bronze that falls over the skirt. A crownless petal hat of pink georgette with fall of blossoms. Or do you like white satin?—such a frilly net skirt of white with edging of rose, front panel painted in flowers and a hint of roses on the cross-over corsage that is edged with frills and has arm-holes edged also. Little white hats with side rosettes of white and rose and long ends.

Then come the crinolines, in black with white fox fur, and a knot of green ribbon brought by their sweethearts from the fayre. Top hats of black with fur round and ends of green ribbon. I saw The Futurist *ballet*—wonderful reds and greens and yellows. I saw . . . it would take a book to tell you, for these are only the chorus gowns. And the presiding deities were Miss Benjamin and Mr. Philip D. Levard. So here's luck to "Nellie Kelly." See you all there next week. CARRIE.

NYMPHS AND PIRATES IN "THE CRITIC,"

The University Players' production of Sheridan's play at the Standard Theatre, Johannesburg, this Friday and Saturday, August 15 and 16.

Photo by Jocelyn Leigh-Hunt.

VICTOR CRAWFORD CONFESSES.

COMING away from seeing the dresses whom should I bump into but that cheery chap Victor Crawford, who as *Captain John Kelly* of the New York Police will have lots of fun to deliver in "Little Nellie Kelly." Immediately I fired the following catechism at him, and I give his answers as he gave them to me:

Which is your favourite theatre? The Warmbaths Opera House.

Which is your favourite play? "Cinderella."

What is your earliest recollection? Eating.

Which is your favourite sport? Rummy.

Which is your favourite hobby? Collecting fronts for the U.T.C. competition.

Which are your favourite cigarettes? Springboks, the national flower of the country.

What would you do to make South Africa brighter? Put in more street lamps.

What is your ideal holiday? Work.

Which is your lucky day? Pay-day.

Which is your favourite dish? Ox-tail.

What is your great ambition? To lead a quiet life.

What is your favourite motto? *Honi soit qui mal y pense.*

When do you feel at your worst? Dress rehearsals.

When do you feel at your best? When Dave Foote laughs at my gags.

What would you do if you were Prime Minister for a day? Abolish the Income Tax.

What is your opinion of Mah Jong? I have never been introduced to the lady.

What is your favourite pet? A locust.

What is your pet aversion? Snakes.

What, if you were not connected with the stage, would you prefer to be? Manager of the Castle Brewery.

What is your favourite Christian name? I must say Daisy—it's the wife's.

All the same, I think in the circumstances he might have said

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HERE, THERE AND EVERYWHERE.

Playful.

"Trilby," possessed by "The Green Goddess," met "Little Nellie Kelly" on "The Top of New York." They quarrelled about "The Sheik" and it became a case of "Woman to Woman." For some time "Havoc" reigned, and they were brought "Within the Law." However the judge took "The Christian" view and it ended in "Acquittal."

A Daughter of the East.

This is a true story. I met her daily at a *café* in ——, where at lunch-time I used to consume corned-beef sandwiches and tea.

She was a queenly creature. Tall, fair, stately. She looked a blonde Cleopatra, with an abundance of plaited corn-coloured hair wound round her pale forehead. Her eyes, blue and lustrous, were cold, and she possessed that *hauteur* that only the patrician can possess.

I only heard her speak once. But of that anon.

She always sat at a little table smoking. She was always smoking, the while she gazed at space with a far-away look in her eyes.

I wove a little romance round her. She was, I reflected, a foreigner. That was obvious. And she wore a wedding-ring. At last I had it. She was the wife—probably she was a princess—of some adventuresome South African who picked up this marvellous jewel in some foreign clime. This wonderful daughter of the East had been transplanted to the South.

And then, as I said before, I heard her speak.

She beckoned majestically to the waitress and I hung upon her words. She said:

"*These 'ere blinking cigarettes mike me sick!*"

She was a daughter of the East right enough—of the East End.

Dramatic Criticism.

Dramatic criticism is becoming very pungent in England and America. You remember the "notice" attributed to A. B. Walkley, of *The Times*; it is supposed to be the shortest theatrical criticism on record. The play was called "A Terrible Night," and this was Mr. Walkley's criticism:

"——Theatre. 'A Terrible Night.' Quite so.—A.B.W."

The Worst of Education.

In California three brothers named Rosall, Jesus and Mateo Manzano are awaiting trial on a charge of attempted murder. The origin of the crime commenced this wise: One D. Goena, from Mexico, told them that the world was flat and said they were crazy with false knowledge. Whereupon the brothers fell upon him hip and thigh and cut open his head. The prophet of the flat world is still in hospital.

Putting a Kick into Politics.

If politics in the Union ever become half as exciting as they are in Germany the public would flock to Cape Town to attend the Parliamentary session. This is what happened in Germany recently (I quote from an American journal):

"During a session of the Reichstag a Monarchist Deputy walked up to a Socialist Deputy and dealt him a resounding smack in the face. Such impropriety sent a rush of hot red blood to the face of every Socialist, and they swooped upon the Monarchists, who advanced toward their attackers, fists clenched. The next moment the air became full of imprecations, fists, howls, groans. The President of the Reichstag adjourned the sitting for ten minutes. When the sitting was resumed the fight broke out again and the President was forced to suspend the session for the day."

A New Danger.

In New York in mail-week the glass eye of Ernest L. Westlake exploded in its socket and lacerated the cavity while its owner sat at work at his desk.

T.J.H.

IN THE BRIGHT LIGHTS.

(*Continued from page 8.*)

neat simultaneous dancing had been done by Rich and Galvin, and a quite pleasing singing act presented by Hayden and Nevard (*Nevard*, I said—not *Levard*. It was not, "We will now show you a picture of the crew bidding farewell to their wives.") Miss Hartley did five numbers, of which incomparably the best was one about a bride. *Pathé's Gazette* contained most interesting pictures of the Mount Everest expedition.

If you want to assist at the interment (temporary) of vaudeville you must be at the Empire this Saturday night.

PARADINE.

HIS MAJESTY'S THEATRE.

I hope Mr. Maurice Moscovitch, in his quite legitimate desire to make his *Svengali* different from the *Svengali* of tradition, will not end up by drawing his sting altogether and converting him into a benevolent old gentleman. I say this because it seems that he has "modified" somewhat his conception of the character since the first night of "Trilby." To my mind his first-night performance was just right—a really intelligent and completely successful attempt (the first of its kind, as far as I am aware) to vitalise and make credible, without going too far, a character that always has been too theatrically unpleasant to be quite believable.

Mr. Moscovitch is finely supported by Miss Sylvia Willoughby as *Trilby*, Mr. Nat Madison as "*Little Billee*," Mr. George R. Montford as "*Taffy*," Mr. Clifford Marle as "*The Laird*," and the rest of his company.

A pleasant adjunct to the production is the *entr'acte* music, played by the orchestra under Mr. Gordon Stamford. It includes a selection from "*La Fille de Madame Angot*," the *Ballet* music from "Faust," and a selection from "Lilac Time" (which is entirely made up of melodies from the works of Schubert).

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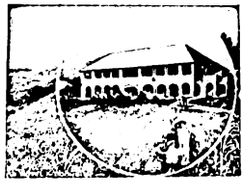

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DURBAN REVIEWED.

Exploits of the Rand-Owned Contingent.

S. A. WINNING SIRES.

By "ONLOOKER."

THE Rand contingent secured what might be considered a fair proportion of races during the Durban Winter season. All the same the high hopes that were entertained of the Transvaal's crack horses came short of fulfilment, for the richest stakes went to the Natal-owned division. Fabaris certainly won one of the best sprint events—just scored by enough to swear by—but his showing did not come up to expectations, and Mr. Murray's horse will probably

Cease to be Lauded

in the same manner as heretofore. Just as disappointing as Fabaris—more so, indeed—was Desert Gold. The gelding was produced in fine shape for the July Handicap and ran a fairly good race; thereafter he would appear to have gone quite off. But Major Cooper's four-year-old has other days before him. This may not be so with Desert Gold's champion contemporary, Red Ronald, whose deplorable breakdown will keep him out of commission for a long time; if not for all time. Mr. Forbes had a further misfortune in Red Ronald's stable companion Katabasis breaking down in a race which, all going well, the mare in all likelihood would have won.

* * *

Mr. Jos. Simpson was the Transvaal owner who did best at the coast. Noble Polly won for him thrice, and in her last essay was beaten into second place by a narrow margin. Triple Crown and Ocean Rose were also seen to the fore carrying the Simpson livery. When Noble Polly was winning her races at suburban meetings

Astute Racing Men

marked the filly as a Merchants horse. She has proved herself that right enough, for although she has not yet competed in a Johannesburg Merchants' Handicap she has won an equivalent race. As a matter of fact Noble Polly is being assessed at only a few pounds from Flush of Dawn, the record-holder in this country as a winner of important sprint races.

* * *

The principal event on the last day of the carnival went to a Transvaal-owned horse, The Pearl. The distance for the race was a mile and a half, and Mr. de Meillon's mare won going away from the opposition. Hose, held on lease from the owner of the winner, just beat the favourite, Japanette, for second place. This form rather discounts the merits of the first and second in the Durban Gold Cup. The Pearl, a thoroughly exposed performer, was allowing Japanette 6lbs. on Saturday. In

The Gold Cup

the latter was only beaten two heads when giving the winner, Royal Rufus, 14lbs., and receiving from the runner-up, Oriel, 8lbs. It seems to one then that an erroneous view was taken by those who held that Red Ronald, had he stood up, could not in the Cup have reversed the placings in the July Handicap with Oriel. The running of The Pearl and Japanette in the August handicap suggests that, all going well, Red Ronald would have accounted for Oriel and the winner as well in the Gold Cup. Royal Rufus, when all is said, cannot be set down as more than a moderate horse that stays well.

* * *

Another winner from the Rand on the wind-up day at Durban was Dark Brown. This last race won by Dark Brown, making the third he has secured during the campaign, was over a mile and a half. Mr. Lavenstein's good-looking gelding is at length doing something to justify the long price given for him as a yearling. It seems apparent that his real forte—staying—has been discovered. And seeing that there is a dearth of long-distance horses, Dark Brown should continue to do well.

* * *

During the long period he was trained at Durban, Orpheus did not win a race. His best showing for the season 1922-23 was in being third in a race with five runners. Taken to the Cape at the end of last season, Orpheus was not long in striking winning form, and on Saturday last, with top weight, won the chief sprint event at Milnerton.

* * *

Happy Omen gave a very stylish display in winning the Boksburg Handicap at Benoni last Saturday. The old gelding led practically from end to end of the mile, and was at no time fully extended. Appetiser with his big impost, 9st. 6lbs. cut False Pride out of second place by a neck, but it would certainly have taken a good poundage to bring Happy Omen back to the other placed horses. Happy Omen must be

A Hardy Customer,

seeing that this is the sixth season he has been on the go. As a two-year-old he won once; also once when a three-year-old and then as a four-year-old. He annexed four races when five, and three when six years old. Up to that time all his racing had been at the Cape. When he went into Mr. D. Jones's stable at Turffontein he was in very low condition, and it was some time before he won his first race on the Rand. There is, however, not much doubt that Happy Omen is to-day a better horse than ever he has been.

* * *

Besides Happy Omen, two of the other winners on the holiday at Germiston made good at Benoni. These were The Dalesman and Pomper. The former won over nine furlongs at Benoni, and scored in capable style from Culmstock, the favourite. There was an idea that seven furlongs might prove beyond the distance that Pomper could with advantage compass, but the gelding won in just as

Ready Fashion

at the end of that course as he did in his essays over five furlongs. Woodland, the winner of the Maiden Handicap on Saturday, is now in the same ownership as Happy Omen. A four-year-old by Greatorex, Woodland has passed through several hands before joining Jones's stable; yet up to last week was a negligible quantity in any race he had taken part in. In Jones's hands Woodland is likely to be heard of again.

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Brown Ronald came out on top of the winning sires' list for last season, the stakes won by his progeny just exceeding £7,000. The previous season, with but few runners, the champion show stallion held sixth place. Although Brown Ronald has lost the services of his best son, he has a lot of good ones to do duty this season, and his name is likely to be high up in the sires' list for some years to come. At the head of the list for the 1922-23 season, Pietri this time comes third, Sugar Plum being in second place. At present Mr. Everard's sire has no outstanding representative, but the E's (it would be singular to come across a Sugar Plum whose name did not start with that capital) all appear

Equal to Winning

races. Twenty-eight winners of seventy-five races gave the Sugar Plums over £6,600 in stakes. Polystome comes fourth in the present list, the £4,700 opposite his name being almost entirely won by two-year-olds. Next following Polystome is defunct Greatorex, and as his stock last well the good old name will probably occur among the winning sires for some years to come. The stock, too, of Nobleman are of the wear-and-tear sort, and his name will be kept green for a long time yet. Nobleman keeps about the same position in the winning list as formerly. Fourth for the season 1922-23, he is sixth in the present list. It can be said that Nobleman is helping to remove the prejudice that has long existed against Colonial-bred sires.

* * *

This week-end the racing is at Auckland Park. The long-distance races did not fill well, there being only ten engaged in the chief event. Selections:

12.40 p.m.—Pony and Galloway Handicap, "B," 5 furlongs.
Pierette 1, Security 2, Loch Leven 3.

1.20 p.m.—Auckland Park Handicap, "B," 9 furlongs.
Fisher's selected 1, Crusade 2, Metropolis 3.

2.0 p.m.—Brixton Handicap, "C," 5 furlongs.
Brag 1, Milford 2, Turret 3.

2.40 p.m.—Pony and Galloway Handicap, "A," 6 furlongs.
Pomper 1, Miss Muggins 2, Not Far 3.

3.20 p.m.—Auckland Park Handicap, "A," 1¼ miles.
Castor 1, Lang Syne 2, Norwood 3.

4.0 p.m.—Brixton Handicap, "D," 6 furlongs.
Greeting 1, La Soviet 2, Gun Metal 3.

4.40 p.m.—Brixton Handicap, "B," 5 furlongs.
Browse's selected 1, Memoria 2, Laureate 3.

5.20 p.m.—Brixton Handicap, "A," 6 furlongs.
Gard's selected 1, Naples 2, Nightshade 3.

Thirty years ago I imagined that a dozen speeches from Tom Mann and John Burns would make a new heaven on earth. But real progress was a slow, gradual process.—*Mr. T. Topping* (railwayman).

Trade follows electrical mains more than it follows the British flag.—*Mr. Hardie, M.P.*

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A CAPE TOWN CHRONICLE.

(*Continued from Page 10.*)

wears her gowns with such excellent grace, came in a beautifully-fitting swathed frock of mauve ninon, draped to the right hip and held by a diamond ornament. From the right shoulder fell a soft cape of the same shade, charmingly edged with ermine. In her hair she wore a narrow diamond tiara. Lady May Cambridge came in a becomingly simple frock of peacock-green *crêpe-de-chine*, the skirt being fashioned in three tiers. Miss Cazalet (lady-in-waiting) was present in a new shade of royal blue, exquisitely patterned with crystal beads. Miss Braginton looked distinguished in black eolienne with a handsome shoulder-clasp of pearls.

Popular Thurston Hall.

One of the most popular men in Cape Town to-day is undoubtedly Mr. Thurston Hall, the American actor. Immediately he steps on the stage there is a burst of warm applause, for his genial and sometimes *braggadoccio* style of acting has appealed here both to the critics and other pundits of the stalls. By a remarkable coincidence he was producing the Mexican drama, "The Broken Wing," at the time the news had come from there that the intrepid Englishwoman, Mrs. Evans, had been murdered by Mexican bandits. The drama thus took on a grim significance which was not lost to the large audiences that witnessed it.

The Busy Amateurs.

Our amateur societies in Cape Town are very busy these days. The Repertory Society, towards the end of the month, will launch themselves at the Opera House for a whole week, playing Galsworthy's success, "Loyalties." The story of the young ex-officer who steals money from a Jew's bedroom and is shielded by his friends is one which will have a considerable appeal. I remember Mr. Nat Madison telling me that his father, Maurice Moscovitch, considered that this was the finest play on in London during the time he was over there, and I imagine he had a secret desire to produce it himself. Anyhow, it will be interesting to see what the Cape Town Repertory Society makes of it.

BEACHCOMBER.

OUR COMPETITION FOR MOTORISTS.

Up to the time that WIRE WHEEL's contribution went to press no-one had named correctly the locality of the photograph published on page 28 in last week's issue. Since then, however, the prize has been won by Mrs. Wiseman, of the Ferreira Deep Gold Mine, Johannesburg, who has correctly stated that the view was of the waterfall six miles north of Warmbaths, reached through a farm by paying a toll of 6d. She adds: "The road on leaving Warmbaths towards Nylstroom is a little difficult to find, but the ganger's cottage on the railway line is a good landmark, and then the road to the waterfall goes off sharply to the left."

The prize for this competition (No. 2) will be exhibited in the windows of the General Garage (Dodge cars), Marshall Street, Johannesburg, and Mrs. Wiseman may secure it by applying there. Mr. L. Keulemans, of 208, Tramway Street, Kenilworth, the winner of Competition No. 1, should apply for his prize to Messrs. Williams, Hunt & Co., 45, Eloff Street, where it is exhibited in the window.

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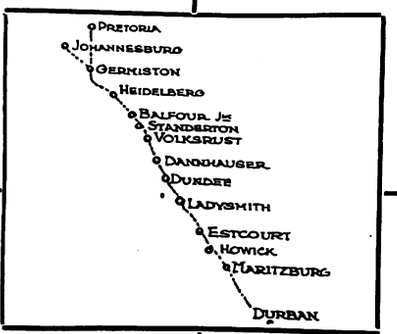

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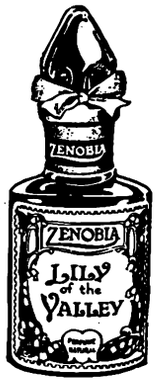

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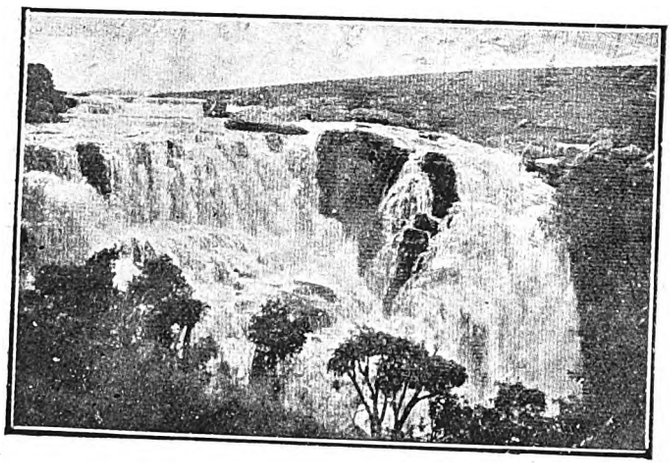
By "WIRE WHEEL."

The Competition.

Up to the time of writing these notes I have not had a correct reply to Competition Picture No. 2. True, it is a little more difficult than No. 1, and was chosen with the idea of taking motorists and motor-cyclists further afield. Each photo published gives a clear indication of the spot, and those whose bump of locality is well developed should have no difficulty in placing the photos. It is not intended to give "mystery places." The pictures reproduced in this column will be of places which hundreds of motorists must have visited at one time or another. This week's picture is in the opposite direction to No. 2, and should not prove very difficult to locate.

The Prince and the Buick.

The Motor (England) of July 8 has a picture of the Prince of Wales at Southampton, on the occasion of his opening of the largest graving dock in the world, being driven in one of a fleet of "British" Buicks which had been placed at his disposal. The Canadian Buick, as exported to England and South Africa, is British, of course, and it is a more finished article than the United States product.



No. 3. CAN YOU PLACE THIS SPOT?

To the writer of the first letter opened containing the correct name of the above picturesque spot "Wire Wheel" offers a prize of a motor accessory valued at half-a-guinea.

Bank Holiday Mems.

Monday, August 4 (Bank Holiday), turned out an exceptionally fine Spring day, and from far and near motorists were to be seen out on the roads. Motor-cyclists over the week-end had a rare outing. At Alberton on Sunday, August 3, Mr. H. C. Leon on an A.J.S. won the Rand Motor-Cycling Club's Bartle Trophy over a course of 176 miles. At East London Mr. C. du Plooy won the port to port (Port Elizabeth—East London) race of 200 miles on a 2¼ o.h.v. Chater-Lea, whilst another Johannesburg rider, also on a Chater-Lea, Mr. B. E. Scott, obtained sixth place in the same competition. At Pretoria there were speed races on the Racecourse, the meeting being promoted by the Pretoria Motor-Cycle and Sports Club. Mr. Alf. Long, on a Sunbeam, won the 5-lap handicap, and Mr. C. D. Bulman on a Triumph the Pretoria Blue Riband. The Novice Handicap was won by Mr. Swanepoel on an A.J.S., and Mr. L. van Rensburg accounted for the side-car race on a Reading Standard. The racing was good, but somewhat marred by the prevalence of nails on the track. One rider repaired no less than 36 punctures, whilst others were put out of the competition through punctures when within measurable distance of success.

DIAMOND CUT DIAMOND.

(*Continued from page 2.*)

unexpectedly towards him he gave a slight start. 'Good God!' he said, 'I'm getting jumpy already.'

"We finished our drinks. By the way, it was Drakenstein. You will see just now why he referred to it. In a few minutes' time we were rumbling in a cab through some of the most evil back streets of the city. Suddenly I became aware of a choking sensation in my throat, and my head seemed about to burst. For a couple of minutes we had not spoken. Then I realised that I had been doped, and I made a grab at Gifford before it was too late."

"Yes?" I said excitedly.

"No," said O'Donovan, "it wasn't. My friend had left by the other door just previously, without mentioning the fact. I remember very little after that. I know I gave one despairing yell to the cabby to stop, which he did. He was evidently frightened, and dumped me in the gutter without further ado. Quite probably he thought I had been despatched by his fare. I was picked up by a theatre party returning home, and conveyed to the hospital."

"And who caught him eventually?" I asked.

"Well, nobody caught him exactly; he sort of caught himself. You see he had quarrelled with a lady."

"Oh, I see; so there was a lady in the case after all?

"Yes," said O'Donovan, "commonly known as Dame Fortune. When Gifford jumped off the cab, he must have slipped, and struck his head against the edge of the pavement. You noticed the scar on his forehead. While he was lying in the gutter, his face covered with blood, a man was arrested in the act of rifling his pockets."

"Rather peculiar, wasn't it?"

"Yes," said O'Donovan, "more peculiar than you'd think. The man was Gifford's partner, who had come out to South Africa with him, and it was owing to the fact that he turned Queen's evidence, in order to save his own skin, that we managed to fix his master. But, as I said, it was this unfortunate accident that spoilt his escape to Johannesburg that night."

"His luck was certainly out," I assented. "But where did you eventually find him?"

"When I completely recovered my senses, which was about twenty-four hours later, I discovered that he was lying in the next bed to mine in the hospital. I can assure you I never parted from him again, until I left him at the gaol."

"And the diamond?" I asked, "where did you find that?"

"Which diamond?" said O'Donovan, with a broad grin.

"Why, the first one, of course."

"There was only one. That's why a week elapsed between the first and the second order. Meantime Gifford sent the diamond to his sparring partner in Kimberley, and Levensohn's bought their own stone back at twice its price. Then our friend went to Kimberley to receive the proceeds. That's why we would never have got him, except that his luck failed him."

"By jove, but he was smart, no doubt about that, eh?"

"Yes," said O'Donovan, "too smart to remain long out of gaol."

I left it at that. O'Donovan was a detective. All men and all professions have these idiotic fixed ideas, and probably the Drakenstein had left a bitter taste behind.

At Eastbourne there is a parrot which tells its mistress when it is time to go home for lunch. A well-dressed woman has recently been seen regularly on the lawns carrying the bird on her sunshade, gown and parasol being selected to match the green and white of the parrot, which at the correct time screeches, "It's one o'clock; go home."

EMPIRE, MONDAY: "LITTLE NELLIE KELLY."

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S.A. PICTORIAL.

STAGE & CINEMA.

VOL. XIX. No. 473.] SATURDAY, AUGUST 23RD, 1924. (Registered at G.P.O. as a Newspaper.) PRICE 6D.

AFTER PRODUCING "SCARAMOUCHE."

Mr. Rex Ingram, the famous motion-picture producer, his wife, Miss Alice Terry, and Mr. Curt Rehfeld, his production manager, leaving New York on board the Leviathan *for Europe after completing the production of "Scaramouche," which will be shown at the Johannesburg Bijou on September 1. It is a film-version of Rafael Sabatini's novel of the French Revolution. Alice Terry, Ramon Novarro and Lewis Stone play the principal parts.*

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JAZZING ROUND THE WORLD.

By JENKYN.

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CHERIBON, Java.

THIS is a commercial article, written for commercial people, and it really should be published in a different sort of paper from THE SOUTH AFRICAN PICTORIAL. And, considering its immense value to the commercial community (said he, blushing rosily with innate modesty) it should be paid for, on a strict commercial basis, at about ten times the usual rate. And as a slight commercial risk, I am willing to take long odds that I sha'n't get a cent over the usual.

* * *

However, let us be serious. I have now visited over twenty towns, dorps, and villages in the island of Java, and without laying any claim to knowing it all, I can at least say that I have seen more of the place than does the usual globe-trotter. And it has struck me very forcibly that here is a new, valuable, and inexhaustible market for the sale of certain South African goods. Consider. There are fifty millions of souls in the Dutch East Indies alone, and eight million of these are Europeans. How many of them are near-whites no one knows—they've

Got 'Em All Shades

here! Java itself, which is much smaller than Great Britain, has at least thirty millions of population. Don't ask me for precise figures. I am a strolling player, not a statistician. Besides you can't get them! No one in Java knows or cares what the exact population is. But there are no hardships, no famine, no slums, no grievances, no vast tracts of desert lands. So far as I can see, there is very little disease and no discontent. And yet there is little enterprise or hustle, and there is vast scope for the "go-getter."

* * *

Also, I think the South African commercial man stands a better chance than the Englishman or the Australian, for one supreme reason. He understands dealing with Dutchmen, and his correspondence could easily be conducted in Dutch, and his advance representative, ambassador of commerce, plenipotentiary of progress, or whatever you like to call him, should of course be a man with

A Fluent Command of Afrikaans.

There is, of course, a difference between the *Taal* and the Dutch spoken here, but not enough to matter, and a knowledge of the former would be an invaluable oil to lubricate the wheels of commerce—as the Young Journalist would say. Naturally, I do not suggest that an African importer of soft goods, for instance, should try to sell his goods in Java, with the additional expense of extra freightage, in competition with home markets. It couldn't be done. Neither could a hardware merchant sell windmills or other aids to irrigation in this well-watered land. But there is plenty of scope for business in other directions.

Fruit, for instance. The fruit in Java is the world's worst. The hotel-keeper's sole conception of it is two large bananas. "Yes, we have some," is his motto. The oranges are stringy and tasteless—except when they are bitter. I have never seen a pine, or a bunch of grapes, or a peach, or a nectarine, or even a tomato. Then there is jam. I don't know what jam is obtainable by private persons here, but the stuff they give you in hotels is like nothing on earth. Cape wines, too, should have a ready sale—when the wine farmers make up their minds to charge something near pre-War prices.

* * *

It is impossible to get a decent bit of fish in a Javanese hotel. The waters are teeming with the finny denizens of the deep (again I quote the Young Journalist), but no one troubles to catch them and none knows how to cook them. A chain of fish restaurants throughout the island would, I believe, clean up a fortune. The principal products of Java are sugar, oil, copra, bananas, rice, rubber, and a moderate amount of mealies. It is not a farming or a ranching country. The meat is poor in quality and there is practically no mutton. There is no cold storage here, as in the Malay States, where I got delicious fresh salmon all the way from England. In the matter of food-stuffs it is almost

The Most Backward Land

in the world. It is not a mining country, and I don't think it would be a place where a glib-tongued gent. could come along and plant a lot of dud mining shares on the phlegmatic Dutchman. The latter doesn't seem very keen on anything. He is hard to move, but once he starts he lets things go with a whizz. And he's got the money. There are not many millionaires here, but there are thousands upon thousands of people who are well off—and they are the real spenders, after all. Oh! I forgot bacon. When I first came to Africa in 1909 the local bacon was a thing of horror. When I left in 1923 it would compare favourably with the best Wiltshire. A decent bit of bacon is quite unobtainable in Java, and the local sausages and *lieberwürst* are the wurst I ever tasted.

* * *

As I have said, it would be absurd to export goods from England to Africa and then to Java; but big South African merchants with offices in London might find it pay to have a representative over here. The knowledge of Dutch would be just the little factor that would swing the pendulum in the right direction. You know what the average Britisher is. He won't learn foreign tongues. I was talking to a man last night who has been here four years—and can't speak a word of Dutch. Yet we calmly expect them to learn and converse fluently in our tongue. Really, we are the limit.

* * *

This article is not written only with a view to encouraging big South African business concerns to add still further to their profits. I believe it would pay any young Afrikander, with a small capital, with vision, intelligence and initiative, with some business sense, and with a knowledge of *Afrikaans*, to come out here. He would find

More Scope and Less Competition.

There are no vast empty spaces here, no tiny populations. The island teems with life in all its forms, but there seems to be little ambition and no hustle. Some weeks ago I alluded to a young friend who was once a taxi-driver in Bulawayo, and who now owns three magnificent motor-marts—one might almost say palaces—in Java, and one in Sumatra. You see, he knew how to speak Dutch.

* * *

There are no *cafés* in Java as we understand them in Johannesburg. The clubs, or *societats*, are everywhere the focal point for the gregarious. In all clubs and *cafés* you can get intoxicants—but you can't get that curious sweet—so dear to the South African flapper—known as the ice-cream sundae. An experienced hotel man, who could make arrangements with Estcourt for a supply of bacon and who would put on a decent breakfast, and who would teach the Dutch that there are other things in the world

(Continued on page 24.)

A COMPETITION FOR MOTORISTS—SEE PAGE 28.

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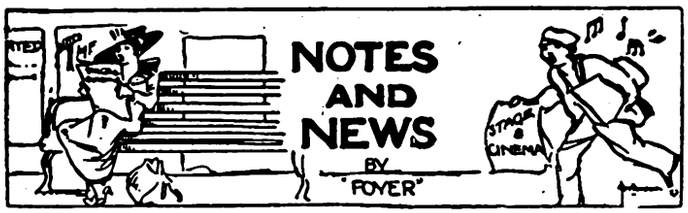

The Mummer's Code.

H.W. writes from Durban: A short time ago a little work fell into my hands entitled "The Theatrical Cipher Code," published at Los Angeles, for the benefit of the theatrical profession, when speed and economy are required. It is a strange compilation and supplies a curious demand. The word "foliage" has always meant to me the leaves of a tree, but were I to cable "Foliage" it would produce a "Dutch-Irish team of knockabouts." The word "Follower" means "fun-provoker"; if it can deliver the goods it ought to overwork the wire. "Focus" is a "blacked-faced banjo-player"; a "clever act" is "Fogless"; a "contortionist" is "Foist"; a "genuine gilt-edged hit" is "Fomalic"; a "pretty girl" is "Fume"; a "rube act" is "Fungiform" ("rube," of course, meaning rustic). "Fimble" means "desirable chorus girl," and cannot be used too often; "Fixture" means "shapely and good-looking" —the same remark meets the case; "Fitfully" means "not willing to appear in tights."

"Diagrades" Scarce.

"Diagrade" (continues H.W.) is "an encore-getter." "Diagrades" are not too plentiful, and flourish more, perhaps, among the amateurs. Only one who has had a long and varied experience behind the scenes could have compiled such a work as this; nothing seems to have been forgotten or overlooked. What do you think "Exhume" means? It means "child's mother must accompany." "Excitement" means "child's mother must have transportation on the road and other expenses paid." How this would have suited *Mr. Crummles* when seeking an engagement for the Infant Phenomenon! At the end of most messages you would probably find "Frantic," meaning "do not want those who cannot deliver the goods"; or "Forrester," which means "acts that are not first-class, and not as represented, will be closed after the first performance."

AS JIMMY GILLEY IN "BOUGHT AND PAID FOR."

Walter Hiers, Paramount's fat comedian of the film, who will be seen as *Jimmy Gilley* in "Bought and Paid For," with Agnes Ayres and Jack Holt, at the Orpheum on Monday.

Very "Boring."

So far all has been respectable; no engagements have been made, and all has been straightforward. But the code embraces every aspect of stage life. Thus, "Dropwise" means "no contract-jumper wanted"; "Drove" means "no kickers wanted" ("kicker" meaning an unwilling performer, who objects to make himself generally useful). "Drown" means "no mashers wanted." Now comes a most comprehensive word, "Dropworm," which means "no drunkards, contract-jumpers, kickers or mashers wanted." Why not use "Dropworm" every time? The section dealing with "Agent to Manager" and "Manager to Agent" shows us the inner life of a touring company. "Bordering" means "I cannot get out of here unless you send me some money." That would be from agent to manager; but "Boring" would be from manager to agent. It means "if you do not sober up at once, will discharge you." "Bosom" seems singularly out of place; it means "understand you are drinking." "Behalter" appears much more appropriate: "Our trunks are attached for hotel expenses."

Humour and Pathos.

The demand for this little work is suggestive of the immense ramifications of the business side of stageland. Entertainers are evidently in such a desperate hurry that they must needs fall back on a code. There is also the human side—the vision of stranded mummers in a town in which they have failed to "click"; of managers unable to resist the fascination of cock-tails or the humbler lager beer; of telegrams anxiously waited for; of dreary waiting in frowsy lodgings, hoping for better times. When writing about the stage it seems unavoidable that one should come back to *Crummles*, in whom Dickens surely reached the high-water mark of his comic genius. Now he would have revelled in the code had it existed in his time. "Drove" would have been in constant use, for he had no room for "kickers" in *his* company!

New Light Music.

I have received from the Lawrence Wright Music Company, of London, copies of several of their latest publications, all of which have scored very big successes, both as vocal and dance offerings, at Blackpool, Douglas (Isle of Man), Scarborough and other important seaside pleasure resorts, as well as at variety theatres all over the United Kingdom. "Riley's Cow-shed" is sung by George Bass, the fine comedian who made the same firm's "Ca-bages, Ca-beans and Car-rots" so popular a year or two ago; it has proved an instantaneous and really wonderful hit. "Do Shrimps Make Good Mothers?" is one of the very popular "Nonsense" songs of the "When it's Nightime in Italy" and "Yes, We Have No Bananas" type which has enjoyed such an astonishing vogue for the past year or more. "Nightingale" is a beautiful new waltz ballad, which, in conjunction with Horatio Nicholls's waltz creation "Riviera Rose" Miss Vanwy Chard is singing with success and vocal charm in John Tiller and John R. Huddlestone's production "On the Road," at the Winter Gardens, Blackpool. "Shine" is a novelty fox-trot number with which Fred Barnes has won acclaim.

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BIJOU, MONDAY: MAE MURRAY IN "THE FRENCH DOLL."

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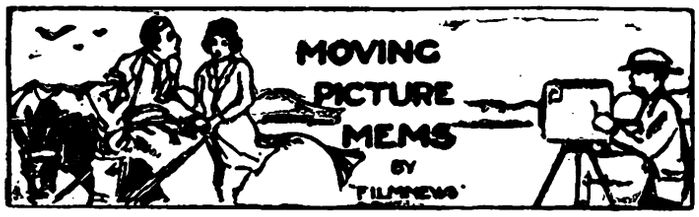

The Cast of "Scaramouche."

Cut this paragraph out and keep it—you will need it when you go to the Johannesburg Bijou the week after next to see "Scaramouche," Rex Ingram's production of Rafael Sabatini's novel of the French Revolution: *André-Louis Moreau* ("*Scaramouche*"), Ramon Novarro; *Aline de Kercadiou*, Alice Terry; *The Marquis de la Tour d'Azyr*, Lewis Stone; *Quintin de Kercadiou*, Lloyd Ingraham; *The Countess Therèse de Plougastel*, Julia Swayne Gordon; *The Chevalier de Chabrillane*, William Humphrey; *Philippe de Vilmorin*, Otto Matiesen; Georges Jacques Danton, George Siegman; *Le Chapelier*, Bowditch Turner; *Challfau Binet*, James Marcus; *Climène Binet*, Edith Allen; *Madame Binet*, Lydia Yeamans Titus; *Polichinelle*, John George; *Rhodomont*, Nelson McDowell; Maximilien Robespierre, De Garcia Fuerburg; Jean Paul Marat, Roy Coulson; Louis XVI., Edwin Argus; Marie Antoinette, Clotilde Delano; The King's Lieutenant, Willard Lee Hall; A Lieutenant of Artillery, "Napoleon Bonaparte" (see next paragraph); *Count Dupuye*, Lorimer Johnston (of whom we are told by Metro, under whose banner "Scaramouche" was produced, that he "built a complete studio and made sixteen pictures in Johannesburg, South Africa," but when he heard that Rex Ingram was making "Scaramouche" he "deserted the megaphone to take part in this picture." The truth of this is, of course, that Lorimer Johnston came to South Africa in 1915 as the first producer employed by the African Film Productions, Ltd., in whose employ he was when the Killarney Studios were built, and that after directing sundry pictures for them he returned to America); A Minister to the King, Edward Connelly; *Viscount d'Albert*, Howard Gaye; *Monsieur Benoit*, J. Edwin Brown; *Madame Benoit*, Carrie Clark Ward; *Jacques*, Edward Coxen; Gamekeeper, William Dyer; *La Revolte*, Rose Dione; A Student of Rennes, Arthur Jasmine; Keepers of the Paris Gate, Tom Kennedy and Kala Pasha.

AS PEDRO CARROVA IN "THE FRENCH DOLL."

This is Rod La Roque, who is said to out-Valentino Rudolph Valentino. He will be seen at the Johannesburg Bijou next week with Mae Murray in "The French Doll."

"Napoleon" Discovered.

When Rex Ingram was filming "Scaramouche" he wanted to get a man to take the part of Napoleon Bonaparte as a young artillery officer. Famous paintings of the illustrious Corsican were unearthed, until the appearance of the idol of the French Empire as a youth was determined. But nobody who looked like the young Napoleon was found until one day Mr. Ingram scanned the faces of the mob of extras that had been assembled to enact one of the big mob scenes. There among the extras was a startling counterpart of the figure represented on the paintings. When asked his name, the young man replied, "Napoleon Bonaparte." As a matter of fact his name is Slavko Vorkapitch, but owing to his uncanny resemblance to the famous general, his companions nicknamed him "Napoleon," the name by which the young man prefers to be known on the screen.

The Story.

The following is a brief synopsis of the story of "Scaramouche": Returning to Gavrillac and the home of his godfather, *M. de Kercadiou*, is *André-Louis Moreau* (Ramon Novarro), with his friend *Philippe*. *Philippe* is killed in a one-sided duel by the *Marquis de la Tour d'Azyr* (Lewis Stone), who fears the youth's revolutionary sentiment. *André-Louis* swears vengeance. *André-Louis* parts from his godfather and his boyhood's sweetheart, *Aline de Kercadiou* (Alice Terry), now courted by the *Marquis*, and goes to Rennes. In the public square he inflames the populace and denounces *la Tour d'Azyr*, until he is forced to flee for his life. The dragoons pursue him to Gavrillac, but *Aline* helps him elude them, and he joins a band of strolling players, as *Scaramouche*, the clown. Partly because of bitterness at *Aline*, *André* becomes engaged to *Climène*, the leading lady. In time he brings them to the Theatre Feydau in Paris. The *Marquis*, meanwhile, has been attracted to the beauty of *Climène*. *Climène*, dazzled by the nobleman's attentions, believing his empty promises, gives herself to *la Tour*.

Fight in a Theatre.

That night the *Marquis* attends the performance at the Theatre Feydau with *Aline*. The play progresses smoothly until suddenly *Scaramouche* tears the clown's mask from his face, and in mad fury denounces the hated aristocracy and *la Tour d'Azyr*. The audience, swayed by his eloquence, rush to the box of the *Marquis*, shouting "Death to the butcher of Rennes!" The *Marquis* is saved by the arrival of the *gendarmerie*. *André-Louis* makes a daring escape, and abandons the *rôle* of *Scaramouche*. He becomes a fencing master, and the police find no trace of him. Meanwhile the aristocrats in the National Assembly have evolved a new way of disposing of the people's representatives by killing them under the lawful guise of duelling. The patriot Danton prevails upon *André-Louis* to become substitute deputy for one slain by aristocrats, so the fencing master becomes the people's idol in the National Assembly, and with his sword evens up the score against the nobility. At last he crosses blades with *la Tour d'Azyr*. *Aline* and the *Countess de Plougastel* arrive at the duelling grounds as the wounded *Marquis* emerges. Believing *André* killed, *Aline* swoons in the *Marquis's* arms. *André* misunderstands this.

The Revolution.

Gory revolution at last breaks out in Paris. *Aline* and the *Countess* find escape barred to them. Learning, meanwhile, that *Mme. de Plougastel* is his mother, *André* goes to save her, and finds at her house the *Marquis*, wounded in escaping from a massacre at the Tuileries. *Mme. de Plougastel* flings herself between the two men, intent on killing each other, and cries that *André* is her son and the son of *la Tour*!

Poets' Corner: I Could Snatch a Day.

I could snatch a day out of the late autumn
And set it trembling like forgotten springs.
There would be sharp blue skies and new leaves shining,
And flying shadows cast by flying wings.

I could take the heavy wheel of the world and break it——
But we sit brooding while the ashes fall,
Cowering over an old fire that blackens,
Waiting for nothing at all.

ORPHEUM, MONDAY: AGNES AYRES AND JACK HOLT IN "BOUGHT AND PAID FOR."

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Choir of 10,000.

There were 10,000 singers, an orchestra of 500, and an organ, for the choral concerts given at Wembley during mail-week. The singers were conducted by Dr. Charles Harris, and it is said that never before had music been performed by such numbers. The Handel Festival Choir itself was surpassed. The choir consisted of recruits from one hundred London choral societies, together with others from the Midlands and the North. One opinion has it that choral singing appears to be not enhanced in effect of power, but to be mellowed by performances in such conditions. Only the brass of the orchestra seemed at the distance (the concert was held in the Stadium) to be capable of vehemence. The choral tone was singularly sweet. While some might have expected great strength and volume from such numbers of singers, the actual effect was beautiful and almost dreamily remote. Whether so large a choir can be handled in music of an intricate nature is doubtful, but the effects referred to can be readily realised when it is mentioned that the music selected was of a comparatively light order.

South African Artists.

The first of a series of "Dominion Concerts" was given in the chief concert hall of the Palace of Industry, Wembley, during the same week. The artists were from South Africa, and included Mr. John van Zijl, Mr. Adolphe Hallis, Miss Thelma Tuson, Miss Dorothy Clark and Miss Sair Rosen. Most of these artists are well known on the Rand. Mr. van Zijl sang some "Songs of Nyasaland.' An English writer refers to the exceptional voices of some of the South African singers, and particularly to the soprano of Miss Thelma Tuson, and the contralto of Miss Dorothy Clark and Miss Sair Rosen. '"What all of them rather lacked," said the same authority, "was a discrimination in the actual music sung. Nearly all of them were too generous in using their distinguished gifts to serve some poorish songs, especially when they came to the encore pieces." Anyway, it is good to hear of South African artists being referred to in such eulogistic fashion, and it is pleasant to know that in England their gifts are regarded by eminent critics as "distinguished."

Advice to Choirs.

Sir Henry Wood has been giving some lessons in voice-production to the members of the Handel Festival Choir, which performed Verdi's *Requiem* at the Crystal Palace recently. He said: "Arrange your mouths before you put on your voices. Regulate your breathing and do not blow. I loathe people who take breath like a vacuum-cleaner. The greatest singers in the world do not open their mouths wide, but they do open their throats. Verdi knew the voice. I wish some of our modern young composers would study the voice as they study the instruments of the orchestra. They ought to be made to sing some of the music they write. It is nonsense to say that a large choir cannot be expected to sing with the same flexibility as a small one. The *Pianissimo* of the Handel Festival Choir is better than its *fortissimo*, notwithstanding its size."

Vocal Recital.

On Thursday evening next week, August 28, a Vocal Recital will be given in the Grand National Hotel hall by Mrs. S. J. Hattingh, *coloratura* soprano, who comes from the studio of Mr. Burns-Walker. Mrs. Hattingh will be assisted by Miss Dora Dorfman (pianist) and Mr. Burns-Walker. Her songs will include a group of *Lieder* by Wolf Franz, and Lassen, Mozart's "*Non Paventar*" ("*Il Flauto Magico*"), The Mad Scene from "Hamlet" (Ambrose Thomas), some *Lieder* by Schumann and Schubert, and Alabieff's "The Nightingale." Miss Dorfman will play Chopin's First *Ballade*, Liszt's "*La Campanella*," and pieces by Albanesi and Rubinstein. Mrs. Hattingh is leaving for Europe shortly.

KARRIDENE HOTEL

SOUTH COAST, NATAL.

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Mechanical Music.

It is surprising to note how gradually but surely the gramophone is creating musical taste. Many can remember the days when phonograph and gramophone records were devoted almost solely to marches and similar types of music. The contrast afforded by the various recording companies to-day is remarkable. A very large percentage of gramophone music is given to great artists and famous musical combinations, with the result that the finest music is rapidly becoming available through the agency of the gramophone companies. The casual music lover now-a-days speaks in almost intimate terms of the singing of Galli-Curci, of John Coates, of Chaliapin, and few music lovers are there who have not a fairly accurate estimation of the peculiar artistry that distinguishes Kreisler from Heifetz, and Paderewski from Hoffman. The modern gramophone is heard at its best in the reproduction of a string quartet, and in this respect the number of records of fine chamber music, finely played, is surely an indication that the gramophone is solely responsible for the growing taste in this direction. That this taste for chamber music is growing must be assumed by the rapidly increasing *répertoire* devoted to such music.

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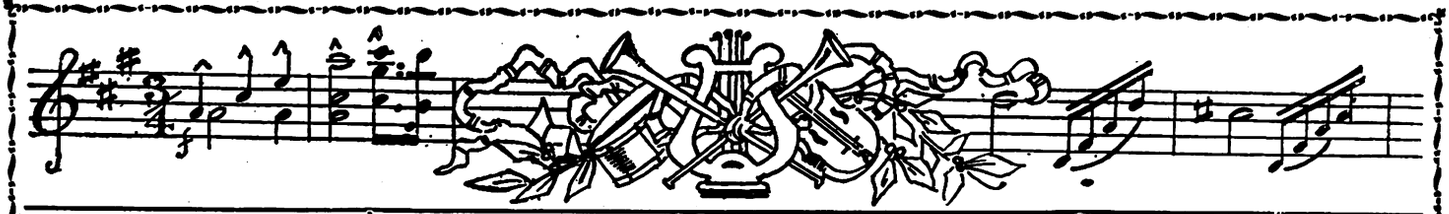

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In the Bright Lights.

EMPIRE PALACE.

Twinkling Toes and Catchy Songs: Brilliant First Night of "Little Nellie Kelly."

At twenty-five minutes to twelve on Monday night Mr. Philip D. Levard, the producer of "Little Nellie Kelly," was dragged on to the stage by the principals of the company at the conclusion of one of the most crowded and enthusiastic of the thirty first-nights of the thirty girl-and-music productions the Johannesburg Empire has sandwiched between its spells of vaudeville since March, 1914. Peering over the tops of baskets of flowers and round the corners of boxes-of-chocolates and gold cigarette-cases (and who more surprised and bucked than the actor who had that very desirable offering bestowed upon him!), he (Mr. Levard) thanked everybody for doing the show so proud, and particularly (he said) Mr. Gordon Stamford, for conducting the choral rehearsals, orchestrating the music and composing additional music (said musician arrived from "Trilby" among the standing-room-onlies in time to hear this public mention of his services); Miss Vivien Talleur, the *ballet*-mistress and *première danseuse* (whom, for the purpose of receiving praise which deserved and aroused the special applause of the audience, he handed from the table whereon she was perched for the *finale*); and Mr. Gordon James, who, with a shocking influenza-cold, had defied the doctor and insisted on appearing in his important acting and singing part of *Jerry Conroy* (from the Bronx), in order not to "let the show down" (no understudy being then, of course, ready).

If he had gone on mentioning every member of the company by name, down to the last-joined and therefore most obscure chorus-girl (if chorus-girls ever *are* obscure), as well as every member of the behind-the-scenes and pre-production staffs, none of that praise would have been misplaced either, but we would all have gotten home much later than we did; and it was quite late enough as it was. Seldom (if ever) has there been a show with more what-d'you-call-it—"pep," "zip," "ginger," "punch" in it than this one.

The programme describes it as George M. Cohan's "gorgeous song-and-dance revue;" but really it is a musical-comedy. At any rate, it is the most musical-comedy-like revue the Empire has had since (shall we say?) "Very Good, Eddie!" It has a plot that is rather a capital story. There is a real mystery and a real thrill—"Who stole the pearls?"—but the plot, you must understand, although it does not peter out but exists to the very end, is always a consideration secondary to the true aim of the entertainment: which is to present a whirl of song and dance and superlatively beautiful dresses. Yes, certainly, the dresses are superlatively beautiful, that is what they are; and there are more of them than you would be likely to imagine. Fact is, it seems to me it will be necessary to call a halt soon to these orgies of dress in light-musical productions. In each succeeding (and successful) piece the dresses become more lovely, more lavish and more numerous; and of course the aggregate of time that is spent by the wearers of them in changing into and out of them must grow longer and longer. Some day, maybe, the changing will have to be done *on* the stage, the actual wearing in the wings. Bright idea for somebody (no charge).

By the way, remarkably versatile fellow our Mr. George M. Cohan must be. He wrote "Little Nellie Kelly" all by himself—words, songs *and* music. And in New York he produced and managed it, and produced it in London. (We have, of course, had many of his plays here in the past—notably "Get-Rich-Quick Wallingford," "The Seven Keys to Baldpate" and "Broadway Jones," and he was the part-author of "So This Is London!"). "Little Nellie Kelly" must be taken very much with a pinch of salt. Examine it carefully, and you will find that beneath its flippancy and apparent inconsequence it is really a clever series of skits, poking fun at musical-comedy, at revue, at American "crook" and "mystery" plays, and even at the inevitable sentimental song about mother. Most of the music is about the catchiest of its kind we have had here for a long time. The refrain of "*Nellie Kelly*, I love you" will spread all over the town like wildfire. Some members of the British Rugby team who graced a box on the first night, and who evidently had seen the show in London, nearly lifted the roof off with this number whenever the opportunity was presented to them. The words of this chorus, and of the burlesque emotional ballad "You Remind Me of My Mother," were thoughtfully supplied to the audience on a printed slip in the programme "with the compliments of the management." I can also foresee a run on such songs as "The Hinky Dee," "The Name of Kelly" and "All I can offer is a happy disposition—till my luck comes rolling along." And there are others.

Every member of a big cast put so much dash and obvious zest into his or her part, and all succeeded so admirably in pleasing the very large audience, that the only thing left for a writer of notices to say is that everybody was happily cast and that nobody could have been improved upon. Strongly successful work was done by Mr. Victor Crawford as *Captain John Kelly*, Miss Renée Sutton as *Nellie Kelly*, Miss Jean Andrews as *Mrs. Chesterfield Langford*, Mr. Hal Gordon as *Sidney Potter*, Mr. Lawrence Halbert (lately of the Thurston Hall Company) as *Jack Lloyd*, Miss Bertha Ricardo as *Marie* (a very charming achievement), Mr. Justus Gerrard as *François de Vere*, and Mr. Gordon James as *Jerry Conroy* (a part heroically sustained under obvious disadvantage), with valuable assistance from Mr. Willie Jubb, Miss Gwen Slater, Miss Aida Kaye, Mr. Bert Harvey, Miss Vera Van Rij, and others. A very welcome reappearance on the South African stage was made by Mr. Jess Sweet as *Ambrose Swift*, the Dancing Detective (everybody dances in "Nellie Kelly"). Mr. Sweet is a fine comedian and a wonderful dancer, and was a great asset to the second half of the piece. He was also, if I mistake not, the excellent Charlie Chaplin in Miss Andrews' cinema number in the first half.

Beautiful dancing was done by Miss Vivien Talleur in a "Pearl Dance" (music by Gordon Stamford), and the

(Continued on page 21.)

YOUR PHOTOGRAPH? JANE PLOTZ WILL ADVISE YOU. ART STUDIOS, THRUPP'S BUILDINGS,

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LEICESTER SQUARE, July 24.

The Pageant of Empire.

After the thrills, excitement and controversy of the Rodeo at Wembley we are having the Pageant of Empire in the Stadium there—conceived and carried out on a gigantic scale, with some fifteen thousand performers. It is to last six weeks and should prove a magnificent adjunct to the Exhibition itself in its educative capacity, apart from the entertainment point of view. (These notes are written before the actual date of opening, owing to vacation-time, but judging from the rehearsals, the Pageant is going to be a resounding success). Very sensibly, it has been decided to admit visitors free except to covered reserved seats, and even they cannot cost you more than 4s. each.

The Great Advertising Convention.

In between, Wembley has been extremely busy housing the 5,000 delegates who arrived for the International Advertising Convention. The main Conference Hall was the venue chosen for the opening meeting, when the Prince greeted the visitors in one of those neat and charmingly natural speeches which he delivers with such *bonhomie*—and which are undoubtedly one of the secrets of his enormous popularity.

Wembley Next Year?

After dealing with the "slogan" of the Convention—"Truth in Advertising"—he referred to the rumour regarding the re-opening of the Exhibition next year, and expressed a hope that the project may be realised. This appears very likely from what I hear, and, in point of fact, many here believe that this was the intention right along—provided always that this year's results justified it.

Advertising as an Art.

No wonder the advertising experts are so loud in their praises of London, for London has given them a truly wonderful welcome and entertained them in right regal style. English advertising contractors have used their valuable poster-space and sign-boards for the display of "Welcome" signs, using, in some cases, letters a yard high. Never before has it been brought home to the public here that advertising is a form of applied art as well as a business; there is no mistaking the fact that this Convention is "telling the world" something only dimly apprehended by it beforehand—and incidentally giving Wembley and the "Old Smoke" a huge boost into the bargain.

The World's First Advertisement.

By the way, from somebody who has retained as a hobby his boyhood's Latin, I learn that the earliest example of advertising known to history was a painted daub lately deciphered on a wall during some excavatioons at Pompeii, proclaiming that "Decimus Puntatus Lucretius will have ten squads of gladiators fighting at the Pompeian Games on April X."

Van Gogh and Gauguin.

After the recent exhibition of Van Gogh's paintings at the Leicester Galleries, we have a further one, equally as amazing and macabre, of the work of his friend and fellow-unfortunate, Paul Gauguin. Both of these artists suffered the usual fate of prophets and pioneers—obloquy, neglect and starvation—in their lifetime, their genius only being recognised some years after their death. (Well do I remember the howl of derision and taunts that marked the opening of the first Post-Impressionist exhibition at the Grosvenor Galleries, at which they were largely represented). Van Gogh's top price for a picture, in his lifetime, was £20. Nowadays even a small study of his fetches anything around £1,000. And with Gauguin it was even worse. It was undoubtedly the latter's fate that prompted Somerset Maugham to write, with a thin fictional disguise, that impressive novel, "The Moon and Sixpence," two or three years ago.

A Duchess's Pictures.

Another art exhibition all the *beau monde* has been visiting with much assiduity is that of the Duchess of Rutland's portraits. Her principal model, as usual, was her beautiful daughter, Lady Diana Duff-Cooper (looking entrancingly lovely and serene in the many poses from her New York "Madonna"), but of course there are studies of most of the Rutland family's huge circle of friends amongst the Royal Family, in the political arena and on the stage. The Duchess's exchequer should benefit considerably from the little show, for already about fifty per cent. of the exhibits bear the little scarlet seal denoting their sale.

The Predetermination of Sex.

Dr. Marie Stopes will have to look to her laurels, for she will very soon have the rivalry of another lady medico (apparently a non-professional this time) anxious to broadcast, per the printed page, her views on matters of sex. We are promised that the new book will explain how its author can determine the sex of infants before birth, and give an exposition of a formula which will infallibly lead to the procreation of sons and/or daughters as required. Interesting, no doubt, to nations thirsting for a preponderance of males, but to our peaceful minds the whole thing sounds like those cleverly-worded advertisements from the Department Stores—"We supply everything."

Hints for Week-enders.

In these selfish days, however, I fancy that "The Week-end Book," by those clever people, Vera Mendel, Francis Meynell and John Goss, will attain a far greater degree of popularity, for in it are immortalised all the hints anent travelling, hotels, bungalows, camping, cooking, reading, music-making, sports, games, *etc.*, ever garnered by the most venerable addicts of the week-end habit. Beyond its utility, the book also has literary points in plenty as well as an abundant supply of bantering humour and burlesque—read "Crimson Nights, or 366 Ways of Cooking Lentils"—and some of the "Cookery Hints": "A marmalade omelette once tasted will never be forgotten, but always avoided"; "Mice in honey should be imported from China, not prepared at home." Altogether this is really one of the "books you can't do without." Publishers, "Nonesuch Press," price 6s.

Operatics.

The B.N.O.C., after attracting quite so-so audiences for their summer season, put on a revival of the Beecham production of Rimsky-Korsakov's "*Coq d'Or*" last week and found that they were quite unable to satisfy the demand for seats, even when they put it on for two extra performances in place of other works previously announced. It would be impossible to find better proof of the public's tiredness of the eternal round of "Faust," "Carmen," "Cav." and "Pag." and other threadbare favourites of yore. Of the standard composers, Mozart, Wagner, Puccini and Strauss seem to be the only ones who can still be relied on to fill the house consistently. The old Italian and French works only attract when rendered by an expensive cast of "stars," but the Russian and a few of our native works (which the B.N.O.C. do so well) draw throngs to the box-office merely on their name and irrespective of singers or conductor. I heard the company again last week in an excellent all-round performance of "*Bohème.*" Mary Lewis, the beautiful young Texan singer who once figured in the chorus of the New York "Greenwich Village Follies," makes a very appealing *Mimi*, and sang well enough to prove that she can partner such favourites as Tudor Davies and Percy Heming (very welcome back to his old position after a couple of years in "Lilac Time") and come through with flying colours. This week the company have produced Vaughan-Williams's "Hugh the Drover," one act of which I heard "on the wireless" and enjoyed very much indeed.

PAUL PRY.

VISIT JANE PLOTZ PORTRAIT GALLERY, ART STUDIOS, THRUPP'S BUILDINGS.

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JOHANNESBURG, Tuesday afternoon.

PERHAPS the most striking feature of the week has been the rise in Leeuwpoort Tins from 5s. 3d. to 6s. 9d., on reports of very promising discoveries. It is also thought that there will be increasing demand for the metal for industrial purposes in Germany, and in the London metal market there has been some Bear covering.

In gold shares the tendency continues to buy those of leased areas which, owing to the incidence of the royalty scales, are less affected by a falling currency premium (the latest price is 90s. 8d. per ounce). The Government got the lion's share of the premium; it now has to face the major portion of the diminution of profit consequent upon its wane. Thus Government Areas keep steady at 133s. to 133s. 9d. Brakpan Mines bid a couple of shillings higher at 66s. 6d., while Springs are again over the 50s. mark.

Where this lease consideration does not apply there is demand for highest-class shares, *e.g.*, City Deeps at 63s., with buyers at the price, and Modders 74s. 3d., each a rise of a florin on the week. Robinson Deep "A" advanced half-a-crown to 27s. on London demand, but reacted slightly to 26s. 3d. Modder East new shares are 22s. 3d. Randfonteins are in rather better demand, while some business has passed in Witbanks at 33s. 6d. A dividend of 10 per cent. has been declared for the half-year.

Reports by the Inspector of Mining Leases (Mr. J. H. Twiddy) upon four of the leased mines in the June quarter have been issued, but what may prove the most interesting, the West Springs, is not one of them. At New States there is no longer "over-mining," which was done to the extent of three-quarters of a dwt. in the March quarter. The value of the ore before milling is now one dwt. less than then. Less waste is now being mined, and the gold accounted for shows improvement. Nevertheless, the discrepancy between the mine and estimated metallurgical valuations of the ore is still considerable. Both at Brakpan and Springs the value of the ore mined was rather below that of the ore reserve, while at Government Areas it was only slightly above. Unfortunately, some of the other mines do not pursue so conservative a mining policy.

In reviewing the gradual waning of the gold premium it is interesting to notice that this was worth, in the June quarter, about 4s. 3d. (representing an extra dwt. at standard price) per ton at Government Areas and Springs Mines, 3s. 8d. at Brakpan, and 3s. 5d. at New States. Government Areas recovered as much as 300 ounces of osmiridium, which is worth five or six times as much as gold.

There has been quite a moderate demand lately for Pretoria Cements up to 43s. 6d., with sales at 44s. this morning. You might have bought them *cum* the June dividend at 38s. 6d. a few weeks ago, on the issue of the yearly report. A profit of £160,000 was made, of which £126,000 was absorbed by two dividends, while the balance forward was increased from £60,000 to £87,200. Presumably this reserve is being accumulated for replacements of machinery at the Pretoria factory, some of which is reaching the stage of obsolescence. This factory ran at full capacity, but the Slurry works were operated on a restricted basis throughout. The Cape Company for several months has sold their whole production; conditions it is confidently expected will continue. Although the Pretoria Company's sales were again below productive capacity, they were 14 per cent. over those of last year.

BUT WAS PAID FOR IT.

Many a manicurist has held worse hands than the unluckiest poker player ever saw.

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A fire recently swept a group of buildings in the rear of Mabel Normand's Los Angeles home. Roused from her sleep, she rushed out and beseeched the firemen to save her limousine from its blazing garage. The newspapers said: "Mabel's pink pyjamas hampered the rescue work, because the crowd that turned out to see the fire got into the firemen's way to get a peek at Mabel."

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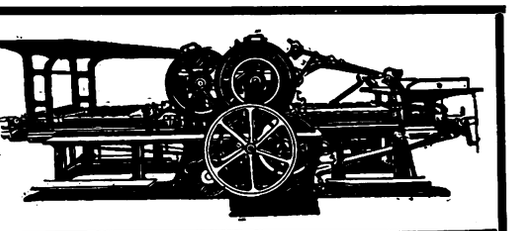

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THE LAST SCENE OF THE LAST ACT: OUTSIDE THE LANGFORD HOME ON THE HUDSON RIVER.

The same principals appear as in the top picture, and also Mr. Jess Sweet (fourth from right, in horn-rimmed glasses) as *Ambrose Swift*, a Society detective.

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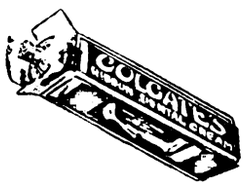

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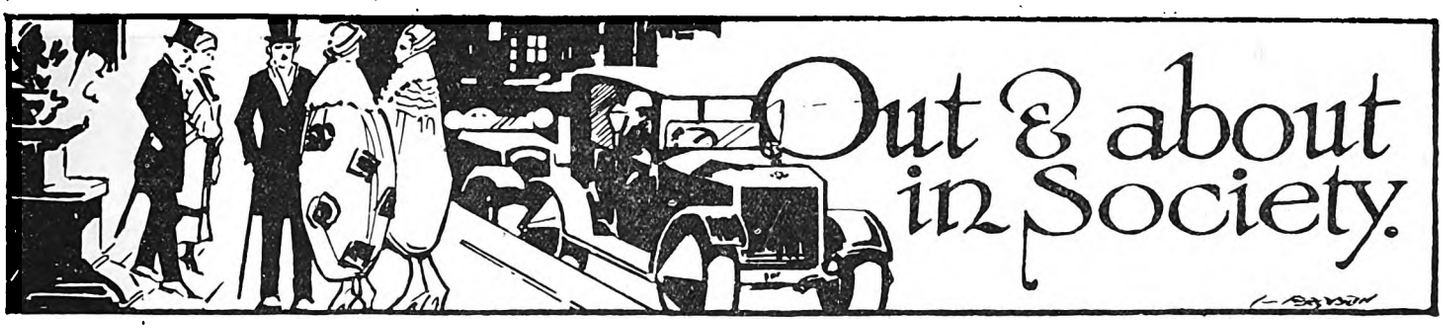

[*All invitations for dances, weddings, and other social functions, and all communications intended for these pages, should be addressed to The Lady Correspondent,* THE SOUTH AFRICAN PICTORIAL, *P.O. Box 1574, Johannesburg.*]

How to Make Husbands Happy.

There is not very much excitement about elections nowadays—we are becoming too staid and respectable. It remains for America to give the required "pep" to anything. At present over there a great battle is being waged round the election of President, and all the newspapers are just full of it. It is a woman, however, who has advocated a new cabinet department. A cabinet department to make husbands happy, with a woman at the head, is the idea of Mrs. Margaret Shotwell, of Omaha. "The department I am urging would be known as the 'Home Economics Department,' and would have a woman at the head. It would deal with children, clothes, and how to keep husbands happy." Mrs. Shotwell said: "This would lead to shorter conventions. Men would insist on getting back to their homes." Mrs. Shotwell's appearance on the platform caused a stir. She wore a tightly-draped black satin gown, braided in gold, and a small satin hat with a Lord Fauntleroy plume. Her golden hair is bobbed. I wonder how her Home Economics Department would work out?

Frivolling and Dancing.

This week in Johannesburg we have been frivolling, dancing and going to theatres. First and foremost was the *première* of "Little Nellie Kelly," an outstanding success,

MARRIED IN JOHANESBURG ON SUNDAY.

Miss Fifi Irvine, daughter of Mrs. H. A. S. Irvine, and M. Marcel Lèvy, who were married at the Wolmarans Street Synagogue, Johannesburg, last Sunday. The reception after the ceremony was held at the French Club.

about which I shall tell you later. Then the University Players gave "The Critic," which was excellent; and there have been one or two dances. The Old Johannians certainly gave us a very delightful evening at their annual dance on Friday in the Wanderers' Hall, and we all enjoyed ourselves. Mr. Juta, who was the chairman of the dance committee, brought his sister in a lovely gown of rose georgette, the corsage embroidered in crystal beads and the skirt having three flounces edged with beads. He was assisted on the committee by Father Biggart and Messrs. Heath, Howe and Mitchell, and Mr. H. Raubenheimer was the extremely efficient hon. secretary. The Wanderers' Hall is a delightful place to dance in, and upstairs, amid cosy surroundings, with a bright fire burning, you can always sit and chat. Father Eustace Hill, M.C., the headmaster of the College, was present, and Messrs. Baumann and Goudvis came from King Edward VII., Messrs. A. Cooper and Treadwell from Jeppe Old Boys, Mr. van Gorkom from the Marists, and Mr. Haddon from the Hiltonians. Such pretty girls and such lovely gowns!

A Shingular Old Vulture.

But—— is shingling going out? There was only one girl in about every seven with shorn locks. It was a disappointment, for I hear that young and old, rich and poor, are shingling at present. And that reminds me of a little yarn Roy Moulton, the American writer, tells: "I was driving out with a friend of mine the other day, and we went to the Wisconsin woods and stopped in front of a dilapidated cabin. There was an old man about 80, hairless, toothless and with a scraggly chin whisker, sitting in front of the cottage and chewing tobacco. My friend happened to know the old vulture. 'Hello, pap!' he bellowed. 'Where's the wife?' The old man shifted his position, shaded his eyes with his hand to get a better view of us. 'Oh!' he cackled, 'you mean my old woman? Well, she's gone t' Milwaukee to git her hair shingled. Ain't it hell? She's takin' these here kalsomine dancing lessons, too,' he added as we were driving away. By the time we reached home we had it figured out that the old man meant calisthenics."

Old Johannians.

But how awful of me! I was in the middle of the Old Johannians' ball and about to tell you of the gowns. Mrs. Harold Wallers came in such an elegant powder-blue frock made with the new apron-front edged with marabout fur of the same shade. At one side the material, which was flowered *crêpe-de-chine*, hung in a fold with one long end edged with marabout. Mrs. Tilden-Wright had on a very *chic* gold-tissue gown cut rather short, with a kind of kilt effect on a deep band. A rose scarf of georgette was worn over the shoulders and hung in graceful folds. Miss King wore a dainty pale pink gown with bands of *crêpe-de-chine* on the net skirt, the corsage also being of *crêpe-de-chine*. She wore a tight-fitting cap of net on her hair, banded round with roses. Mr. and Mrs. R. F. McCall were present, Mrs. McCall very smart in old gold georgette and laces, with a shoulder-knot of velvet. Miss E. McPherson wore silver with gold lace tracery on skirt and bodice, the skirt being also trimmed with tabs of rose ribbon. Mrs. Holloway came in a deep blue gown with a mount of ostrich feather at one side. Miss Browse wore a pretty black frock, the net skirt having bands of taffetas on it. Miss Chambers was much admired in green floral *crêpe-de-chine* with marabout on the full skirt. The gown was made on straight lines, the underlining of tissue showing under the arms, and was caught at one side with a bow of the material. Miss Peggy Gibbon

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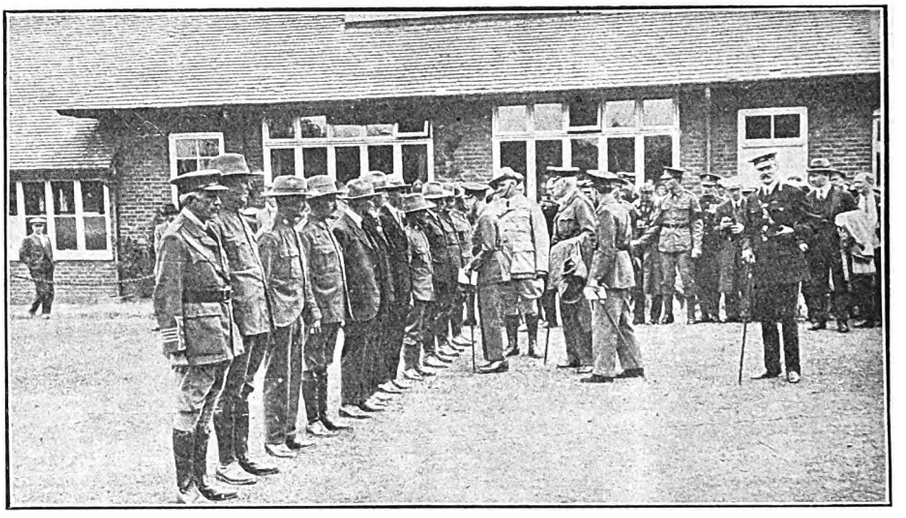
came in black with blue waist band, and ——but it would take pages to tell you of all who were there. The badge of the school shone out in electric lights on the platform, and undoubtedly the dance was one of the biggest social successes of the year. Supper was an inviting meal, and the Jazz Maniacs played the latest music.

A Johannesburg Wedding.

Then on Sunday I was at a wedding at the Wolmarans Street Synagogue when Miss Fifi Irvine, daughter of Mrs. H. A. S. Irvine, was married to Mr. Marcel Lèvy. The Rev. Mr. Lopatie performed the ceremony. Mr. S. de Lange was the best-man. Messrs. Siegenberg, Gans, Stal and B. Lenton held the canopy-poles. The bride, who is a very lovely fair-haired girl, wore an elegant gown of white georgette made on straight lines with a full apron-effect gauged on just below the narrow belt. The corsage had long sleeves, and the court-train depended from the shoulders and was of georgette edged with deep bands of white *charmeuse*. The veil was caught round the head with a single strand wreath of orange-blossoms, tiny posies clustering about the ears, and fell in soft folds to the feet. She wore a string of pearls and carried a bouquet of arum lilies and fern. She was attended by Miss Betty Irvine as bridesmaid in a very *chic* frock of white *crêpe-de-chine* over palest mauve. The long bands of silver lace were inset and came from neck to hem, and the sleeves were tiny flaps of silver lace. At the back a buster-bow of mauve tulle was worn. Her hat was of white and silver with long satin ends, and she, as well as the train-bearer, carried a silver chain bag, gifts from the bridegroom. Little Hetty Querido was the train-bearer in pale pink. The frock had front and back panels of tucks and tiny frills at the sides. Here and there were tiny bunches of pink roses. Her hat was of pale pink with a cluster of roses on the ribbon ends. A reception was held at the French Club, the pathway through the garden being strewn with flowers and an arch of blossoms being placed near the door. Mrs. H. A. S. Irvine received her guests wearing a wonderful gown of black mirror-velvet draped to one side, where a magnificent sun-ray of *diamant* beads was embroidered. A side-panel was lined with silver. Her tagel hat of black was turned up and had a black paradise plume at the side. Over her gown she wore a handsome Spanish shawl of black, beautifully embroidered. Mr. Irvine proposed the toast of the bride and bridegroom, the bridegroom replying. His family are in Lyons, and were therefore unable to be present. Among the guests was Mrs. A. F. Ross, aunt of the bride, and Mr. Ross. Mrs. Ross wore a very *chic* black georgette gown. The wrap-over corsage was edged with jet in bands and the skirt had the new apron-effect edged with jet. At the back of the corsage was a band of jet which came down to the side of the apron. Her hat was of turban shape with a transparent crown and had clusters of ospreys in black, and she wore a magnificent diamond pendant. Mrs. Querido, mother of the train-bearer, came in a smart black georgette gown embroidered in flowers in rose and green beads, and a smart black hat. The gown was sleeveless and had the new side draperies, and with it was worn a white fox fur. Mrs. I. Querido came in an elegant black gown handsomely beaded in jet, and a black hat with paradise plumes. Mrs. M. Querido had a tunic of laces on her black gown and a hat with white ospreys round. Mr. Siegenberg brought his daughter in a black gown embroidered in bright wool, which was very attractive, and a hat *en suite*. Dr. and Mrs. Brossey, the Messrs. Absche, Mr. D. Woodberg, Advocate and Mrs. Smullian, Mr. Rambant, Mrs. Thomaselli, and Mrs. Blomquist were among the guests. The honeymoon is being spent at Delagoa Bay, Mrs. Lèvy travelling in a brown wool *marocain* gown and hat of oriental tissue.



THE PRINCE AND THE SOUTH AFRICANS AT BISLEY.

H.R.H. the Prince of Wales inspecting the South African shooting team at Bisley on July 19, after they had won the Kolapore Cup and the Mackinnon Cup. Behind the Prince, facing the camera (in slouch-hat), is Captain Dave Smith, who was third in the King's Prize. He is the Curator of Joubert Park, Johannesburg.

Photo lent by Major M. Howarth, V.D.

"Cutting-In" at Dances.

Lady Diana Duff-Cooper, who has just returned to England from America, has been telling her experiences, and says that one of the differences between American and English parties is the "cutting-in" system, by which any man is permitted to come up in the middle of a dance and snatch you from the arms of your partner. This seems to work well in the long run; it promotes the party spirit, makes for the greatest happiness of the greatest number and tends to diminish the ranks of that gloomy gang of youths who in a London ball-room hang around the door as though they were awaiting execution and seem never to get a partner at all. American men are less apt than Englishmen to suffer from shyness, which perhaps accounts for the success of the "cutting-in" system in New York and its failure to be adopted in London. A good deal of self-confidence must be required to come up to a couple who are dancing happily together and tear them apart. Don't you think so? But we are never backward in Johannesburg.

CARRIE.

ENGAGED.

From Los Angeles it is reported that Marie Prevost has become engaged to Kenneth Harlan. Both are well-known cinema stars.

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ON MOVIES GENERALLY.

An American Writer's Views of the Eternal "Blame the Pictures."

EVERY now and again some thrilled youth dashes off to the coast, leaving his home and parents. When hauled before the magistrate, or telling the story to a kindly reporter, they always blame "the movies." Having seen Wall-Eyed Bill, the bush-ranger, their little hearts are fired with ambition to go and do likewise. Are the movies really the cause of the trouble? I read in an American paper an article by Roy K. Moulton on the subject, and I am going to quote it for you because I think you will find he has a lot of interesting things to say about the bioscopes. He writes:

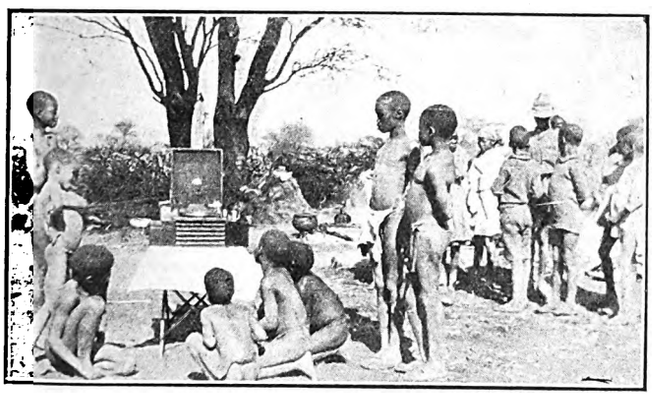
A voluminous pamphlet has reached me asking my co-operation in stamping out a good many motion-pictures now being shown, or advertised to appear soon, saying they are sinful and degrading. Titles are mentioned. The future of our children is despaired of on account of the predominance of sex-stuff.

I don't know how they tell what a picture is going to be by the name of it. I never could. I have often been disappointed in a racy name.

At any rate, I must decline to join this latest crusade. My service would be of no value. I am not an expert in sin and degradation.

I must leave all that to the reformers, who seem to know all about it.

I have seen "Flighty Wives," "Why Flappers Leave Home," "The Sheik's Seraglio," "Wayward Women," "The Vamp's Vengeance," "Home-Dodging Husbands,"



THE GRAMOPHONE IN THE WILDS.

His Master's Voice Portable is a source of great wonder and delight to the native piccanins of the bushveld in the Rustenburg district of the Transvaal.

and a few hundred other thrillers and have found usually that most of the so-called sex-stuff was in the names and titles.

The pictures themselves have not been sufficient to cause me to jump the home corral and strike off down the primrose path.

I have not been intrigued by "The Sins of the Fathers" nor by the famous bathing-beauty drama, "The Skins of the Daughters."

For years I have vainly sought for sin in the news-reels. I wanted to see just what sin looked like, not being as well acquainted with it as some of the self-appointed censors.

I can see nothing sinful in General Pershing passing out diplomas to West Point graduates (he doesn't kiss 'em), in silk worms at play, in ski-jumping at Stockholm, in the battleship *Wyoming* passing under the Brooklyn bridge, in the girls' soccer team at Vassar, in a dash by the Seattle fire department, nor in Alaskan glaciers with the setting sun behind them.

I have even seen Calvin Coolidge leaning over the rail of the yacht *Mayflower* and, although that is hot stuff, I cannot believe that the picture is intriguing enough to lure any modern flapper from home.

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Even when Cal has waved his hat it has not made me feel wicked, and I have gone through all these ordeals with a consicience unscathed.

The following impressions are the ones that I always carry home from the movies, although perhaps I am hard-boiled and do not catch the finer:

Many heavy persons walking on my feet.

Loud-voiced woman reading titles to her husband.

An overture from "Bolshedammerung," by Leon-trotzky.

The spotlight on the conductor.

These are all more or less unpleasant, but I would not call them sinful or degrading.

I also carry away an impression of the feature picture if the people in front of me remain seated long enough to let me get this impression. Generally the impression is pleasant.

At least I have never seen any big picture that seemed to loosen my grasp upon my own sense of morality or my hope of a fairly temperate life in the beyond.

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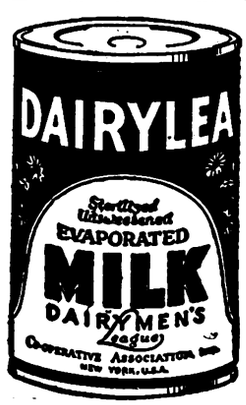

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Perhaps I lack imagination. In fact, I know I do, for I laughed uproariously through a picture the other night, thinking it was a farce-comedy, when really it was a sordid drama of passion and other things that I, being a fairly-decent man, should not have seen at all.

I had been degraded to a state of hopeless moral ruin without knowing it.

Since Charlie first acted as receiver for a custard pie factory, I have been hanging out in these dens of vice, the movie houses. I went to the movies before they had orchestras, and I have not eloped with a chorus girl, stabbed my rich uncle, tried to walk from one roof to another on a telephone wire nor dropped anything into anybody's coffee. And the more I attend the movies the less I feel like doing any of these things.

But, of course, there are things to be said against the movies. I have entered these houses and have seen otherwise good mothers holding children not more than 18 months old up in their arms so that the latter could see the pictures. The infants actually gurgled their delight.

Yesterday a child of two years sat directly behind me. He enjoyed the feature picture, a drama, immensely. Some plays are written to appeal to that age. If a child of that age can revel in a photo-drama to-day and yell for more, what will it require to satisfy him when he is 40?

A YOUTHFUL LISTENER-IN.
This young Johannesburg listener-in, aged 15 months, looks as if she were very bored with Wireless Telegraphy. Aren't the new generation *blasé* about the wonders of the age!

Yes, yes! Perhaps we are labouring under the curse of celluloid.

But it is a ripe question in my mind whether the movies are ruining the race or the race is ruining the movies.

CARRIE.

JEAN ANDREWS CONFESSES.

THOSE of you who have seen "Little Nellie Kelly" will realise that every minute spent by principals and chorus off the stage is taken up in changing their costumes. So it was with difficulty that I got hold of Miss Jean Andrews and asked her the following questions:

What is your favourite theatre? The London Coliseum.

Which is your favourite play? The one I am playing in at present, of course.

What is your earliest recollection? Nothing.

Which is your favourite sport? Walking.

Which is your favourite hobby? Mending ladders in silk stockings.

Which are your favourite cigarettes? De Reske Tenors —good for the voice.

What would you do to make South Africa brighter? Build more towns.

What is your ideal holiday? On the river.

Which is your lucky day? Friday, the 13th.

Which is your favourite dish? Lobster mayonnaise.

What is your great ambition? To have plenty of money and travel the world.

What is your favourite motto? "There's no fun like work."

When do you feel at your worst? Matinées.

When do you feel at your best? When I feel I've pleased my audiences.

What is your opinion of Mah Jong? Negative.

What is your favourite pet? A black kitten.

What is your pet aversion? New shoes.

What, if you were not connected with the stage, would you prefer to be? A Lady of Leisure.

What is your favourite Christian name? Aha!

Can it be yours, I wonder?

CARRIE.

THE UNIVERSITY PLAYERS IN SHERIDAN.

IN the amateur theatrical world of South Africa the name of Mr. Seals Wood is a guarantee that a show will be a success, and certainly last Friday and Saturday he added yet another laurel to his crown as a producer, for the large audiences who saw "The Critic" by the University Players at the Standard Theatre were unanimous in its praise. Without exception the characters were splendidly cast. To take the ladies first, *Mrs. Dangle* in her full taffetas gown was very charming and dainty. *Tilburina* (Miss Y. Alexander) and her *confidante* (Miss E. Orpen) were responsible for a great deal of amusement, and the Italian girls were very good. Perhaps pride of place went to *Puff* —Mr. J. G. Lawrie—who was also the organiser and who, at the close of the first performance, presented Mr. Seals Wood with an illuminated album containing the photos of the players. Then *Mr. Dangle* and *Mr. Sneer* were particularly fine.

It would take too much space to tell you of each character. The woodenness of the actors in the play that is in the play, which must have been more difficult to arrive at than anything else (for your amateur always likes to have plenty of action), created much laughter; and in fact the piece went with a swing from start to finish.

I thought the *masque* the finest I have seen for many a day on the amateur stage. The colouring and the grouping of the Nymphs and Pirates left nothing to be desired and, with the Battle of the Fleets, was a delight to watch. I believe Miss Dulcie Bailie taught the dancing; it could not have been done better. The music was in the hands of Professor Kirby, in whose orchestra I saw Mrs. John Reid and Mrs. Francis Phillips. It was a very enjoyable production.

CARRIE.

"LITTLE NELLIE KELLY."

YOU go away humming the tunes. They haunt you, and the melodies occur again and again. "Little Nellie Kelly" scores because it is a show to which you can go several times and still enjoy. Last week I told you of the gowns worn by the chorus. Now I must make an attempt to tell you of some of those worn by the principals.

Right away I would speak of "The *Ballet* of the Seasons," with such a charming song sung by Miss Jean Andrews, who wears a lovely gown of white taffetas with a pointed sleeveless corsage having a lace *berthe*, and a full skirt of Brussels laces with a wired bow at the side of velvet having long narrow ends. Her hat is white lined

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with black, and has a curling black feather plume on it, and she carries a long ebony stick with a knob of brilliants. The Seasons are gorgeous.

I took away so many pictures in my mind. Fair-haired, winsome *Nellie*, in blue with a tight-fitting skirt of silver laces and side full panels of net banded in blue and lined with the palest blush-rose pink. An opera-cloak of shimmering silver laces with a full stand-up collar. *Nellie* in pale grey, a kind of Quaker gown of *crêpe-de-chine* with a broad white panel from neck to hem, caught round the waist with a twisted belt of grey and white, and oh! such a demure little hat of white and grey. *Nellie* in silver tissue, long corsage and skirt of cream laces, a small frill accentuating the low waist-line. And Miss Renée Sutton, golden-haired and charming, just danced her way into the hearts of everyone.

Miss Jean Andrews as *Mrs. Langford* was a very well-dressed woman of the world with quite a passion for Victor Crawford, the gallant *Captain Kelly*, officer of the force, whose make-up was splendid and whose popularity was evinced by his reception when he came on. *Mrs. Langford* wore an exquisite gown of white beautifully beaded in black jet with a swathed waist-band, also beaded, and at the back three narrow panels embroidered and lined with black and edged with jet fringes that swept the ground. A Russian coronet of pearls and jet with waving black plumes. Again, almond-green *charmeuse* with wide sleeves and cape and back-panel to the skirt in the same shade of lace. It had a wrap-over skirt draped to one side, and such a cunning little hat of emerald-green velvet with a flowing cavalier plume. This was worn in the shop of *De Vere*, the proprietor (Justus Gerrard) being very reminiscent of Herschel Henlere in his make-up. Then *Mrs. Langford* in the *finale* wears gold with a floating drapery of blue georgette.

I loved "The Futuristic *Ballet*"—such a blaze of brilliant satins. I loved the mauves of the *De Vere* shop and the pretty shop-girls. There was *Sidney Potter*, such "a lad," and *chic Marie* (Miss Bertha Ricardo). There was Lawrence Halbert as one lover and Gordon James as the other. There was . . . but really I shall have to leave some till next week. One thing I am sure of, and that is that you will go away humming. "They're All My Boys," "When you do the Hinkey Dee" (such a very simple dance—you try it), "*Nellie Kelly*, I love you" or "The Broken-hearted Melody." You'll love Vivien Talleur and her dancing. Oh! well, you'll just love them all.

CARRIE.

IN THE BRIGHT LIGHTS.

(*Continued from page 8.*)

tit-bit of the evening to me was "The Romance of Pierrot," another *ballet* by Gordon Stamford, beautifully dressed and lighted, and perfectly danced by Miss Talleur, Mr. Sweet and Miss Van Rij.

During the singing and dancing in Act II. of "They're All My Boys," a bright number having the value of a kindly chorus (but, in a case like this, "choruses yield little consolation"), *Nellie Kelly* met with a *contretemps* which may be summarised in the following limerick:

There was a young lady named Sutton,
Who met with disaster: A button
Gave way, and her vest
Slipped over her chest—
If you want more than that, you're a glutton.

I am sure the member of the *jeunesse dorée* who slept so peacefully in the forefront of a stage-box during several large chunks of the evening would have woken up for this incident could he have been warned of its coming. And talking of warnings, I do think some-one should tell comedians about to make jokes about Volksrust, Vrededorp and *veld* that the "v" in Dutch is pronounced like the "f" in "Fatherland" and "wardrobe."

"Little Nellie Kelly" has come to town to stay for some time.

PARADINE.

HIS MAJESTY'S THEATRE.

Mr. Maurice Moscovitch's notable production of "Trilby," with himself as *Svengali*, shortly will have to be withdrawn from His Majesty's to make room for the second and farewell production of the Moscovitch season. This will be "What Money Can't Buy," a romantic play of the modern business world by George H. Broadhurst, the author of "Bought and Paid For," "The Law of the Land," and many other successful dramas.

The play is in four acts, all of which take place in the mythical European Kingdom of *Marathia*. Mr. Moscovitch will be *Madison Hale*, an American millionaire who is financing railway construction for the *King of Marathia* (Mr. George R. Montford). The *King's* daughter, the *Princess Irenia* (Miss Sylvia Willoughby), is betrothed to a neighbouring *Prince* (Mr. Cyril Nash), who, however, is in love with a *Dancer* (Miss Wynne Brontë). The millionaire's son, *Richard Hale* (Mr. Nat Madison), and the *Princess Irenia* fall in love with each other, and this leads to a duel between the *Prince* and the young American. Meanwhile the millionaire's financial rivals in America are plotting his downfall, and there is a very powerful third act in which *Madison Hale* is torn with anxiety between his fears for the safety of his millions and his fears for the safety and honour of his son.

FILMING UNDER THE SEA.

J. Edwin Williamson and George Williamson are brother Britons, domiciled in America. They are pioneers of under-sea filming, and they use a barge with a telescopic steel tube let down into the water. It is large enough to allow a man to pass down and has at the bottom a kind of funnel projecting sideways. At the mouth of this is a thick glass window through which the camera photographs. The window is two to five feet in diameter. Fifteen feet below the surface of the water in clear tropical seas it is possible to film by daylight. For scenes down to thirty feet large batteries of powerful electric lights are lowered into position near the objects to be photographed.

HIS MAJESTY'S: MAURICE MOSCOVITCH IN "TRILBY."

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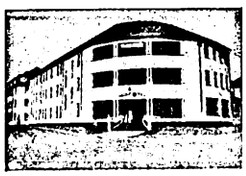

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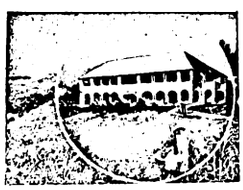

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EPINARD IN AMERICA.

By "ONLOOKER."

A NUMBER of Rand owner-trainers who took horses to the coast prior to the Durban winter carnival are said to have decided to make their headquarters at Durban. Without doubt just at present there is comparatively more money for racing at the coast towns than in Johannesburg. The slump has

Not Affected the Ports

to the same extent as it has the Rand. Moreover, there are far more people dependent on racing in the Transvaal than in any of the other Provinces of the Union. And for at least the last couple of years most of the Transvaal racing men have experienced difficulty in making ends meet. Let it be hoped better times are in store for them, and for other sections of the community.

* * *

As times go, the Auckland Park Club had quite a successful meeting last week-end. A totalisator turn-over of nearer £11,000 than £10,000 for a gathering in the middle of the month is good these days. The racing produced some interesting sport. Three first-choice favourites prevailed. One of these was Milford, backed down to evens and

Carrying a Lot of Money.

Beatt's gelding had a very close call, for it was only in the last few strides that he mastered Brag to gain a head verdict. The other favourites to score were Hamlet, who readily accounted for the opposition in the nine-furlongs Auckland Park Handicap; and Lousby's Pride, who led from end to end of the six furlongs in the lowest division of the Brixton Handicap.

* * *

Pomper's winning career was checked in the top-class Galloway and Pony Handicap. The distance was six furlongs and, with the minimum weight, Pomper was sent out most in demand. He was, however, beaten into third place, Auditory, carrying 9st. 2lbs.,

Scoring in Good Style

from Not Far. Seeing that Auditory had been close up in her races just previously it was surprising that the mare started at an outside price, the return from the machine being at the rate of over 16 to 1. In the other Galloway and Pony event the uncertain Corallie was first home by a wide margin from the favourite Pierette.

* * *

There were only eight runners for the chief event, the Auckland Park Handicap, one mile and a quarter. Victorious was made favourite and ran well, but failed to concede the required 13lbs. to the improved Culmstock. The winner was

In Mr. Gard's Stable

as a two-year-old. He did no good as a youngster, his first races being won as a three-year-old at Bloemfontein carrying the colours of the late Major Myburgh. By Catrail, Culmstock gets his name from the stud-farm at which he was bred.

That reminds one that the founder of the Culmstock Stud, the Hon. Charles Southey, died a few weeks back, full of years and honour. The late Mr. Southey was one of South Africa's "Grand Old Men." The Culmstock Stud will be carried on by Mr. Claud Southey, and will no doubt continue to send out thoroughbreds of the class to make turf history.

* * *

Enrico, winner at the Park of a second-division race over five furlongs, is, I fancy, the first of the three-year-olds to make good this season in open company. Enrico was not in the first flight as a two-year-old. The colt is probably improving with age; yet, from his breeding (his dam was a sprinter), is not likely to shine except over short courses.

* * *

It is early yet to size up the three-year-olds. The present impression is that the best has been seen of the best of last season's youngsters. It is more than likely that the classic winners will come from the division not hard-trained as two-year-olds. Of the prominent youngsters of last season, Plenty, the Nursery Plate winner, has failed more than once in open company. He is a very fine-looking colt, but seemingly lacking in stamina. Royal Attendance

Carried All Before Him

in his races at Cape Town as a two-year-old; but he has failed (at Durban) when much expected this season. Shouts, an early winner last season, was groggy after a race at Durban and may not train on. When False Pride won the Gosforth Park Plate many regarded that filly as the most likely one to capture the Oaks. False Pride has done nothing so far this season to strengthen her Oaks prospects. She is only a handful, and 8st. 9lbs. is a burdensome load for such a little one with a mile and a half to cover.

* * *

Mr. H. F. Seale, who confines his racing operations to Cape Town, heads the list of winning owners for last season. And as he was second or third in the winning lists in the three preceding seasons it follows that his stable appropriates

A Large Share of the Stakes

run for at the Mother City. Mr. Seale's team is constituted for the greater part of horses whose usefulness on the Rand was regarded as having come to an end. The Peninsula owner-trainer would appear to have the happy knack of rejuvenating his charges.

* * *

Cape Town-owned Damask, one of the first of Brown Ronald's stock, was killed in his race at Clairwood on Saturday. Damask was a six-year-old and won his fair share of races at the Peninsula. A hard-worked horse last season—he took part in some thirty races—Damask won only twice, but was second or third on no fewer than fifteen occasions.

* * *

Karoo II., a winner at Milnerton last Saturday, is a three-year-old gelding by Sunstar—Aprille, imported by Sir Abe Bailey and held on lease by Mr. Seale. Karoo II. holds the distinction of having measured strides with Mumtaz

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Mahal in a race. He was the only opponent of the flying filly in the Molecourt Stakes at Goodwood. Mumtaz Mahal, on whom 40 to 1 was laid,

Won by Ten Lengths.

Karoo II. was followed home in the Cape Town race, which he won very easily, the distance being a mile, by Durazzo and Musketeer Dan. The winner and second were running at even weights, the third allowing the other two 3lbs. Another winner at Milnerton was Desert Born, the three-year-old sister to Desert Gold.

* * *

We should soon be hearing how Epinard fares in his matches with the crack American horses. The condition of the track when Papyrus failed rather ignominously in his match against Zev was against the English colt, but, making allowance for this, Papyrus was so badly trounced as to leave very little doubt that the American representative on any track would have

Proved the Better Horse.

Since getting back to England Papyrus has not done much good. People have lost conceit in that Derby-winner, and he is some removes from the best now in commission in the Old Country. Epinard is a far more highly-tried representative of the older countries, and if he be beaten fairly and squarely it will be granted that the States can raise as good horses as any in Europe.

* * *

There would appear to be no diminution in the number of horses held on lease. The last *Racing Calendar* details over 1,000 such leases. This reflects how few legitimate owners there are at present racing.

* * *

The lease of Brown Study has been transferred from W. E. Pullen to A. D. Herbert, and the horse is now racing at Bloemfontein. Classicus is another Rand performer secured by Mr. Herbert for racing in the Orange Free State.

* * *

This Saturday the racing on the Rand is at Germiston. The fixture, unfortunately for the Germiston Club, clashes with the Rugby test match being played at the Wanderers'. Good entries were taken for the meeting. Selections:

1.30 p.m.—Rose Deep Handicap, "C," 6 furlongs.
Milford 1, Woodland 2, Epos 3.

2.5 p.m.—Simmer Handicap, "C," 7 furlongs.
Extravaganza 1, Sandleigh 2, Queen of the Karoo 3.

2.40 p.m.—Rose Deep Handicap, "D," 5 furlongs.
Kei Croft 1, Some More 2, Sir Frederick 3.

3.20 p.m.—Simmer Handicap, "A," 9 furlongs.
Happy Omen 1, Culmstock 2, Edelwild 3.

3.55 p.m.—Simmer Handicap, "B," 1 mile.
Hamlet 1, Elmo's Fire 2, The Dalesman 3.

4.30 p.m.—Rose Deep Handicap, "B," 5 furlongs.
Browse's selected 1, Incomparable 2, Memoria 3.

5.5 p.m.—Rose Deep Handicap, "A," 6 furlongs.
Elegant 1, Queenminster 2, Treasurer 3.

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JAZZING ROUND THE WORLD.

(*Continued from page 2.*)

that are nice to eat beside the eternal *rijs tafel* would, I think, do quite well. But he must be prepared to adapt himself to local customs in some things. A judicious admixture of South African and Javanese ideas in hotel-keeping would bring about the desired result, I fancy.

* * *

It is quite possible that some person or persons may read these lines, take my advice, come over here, and do well. And what shall I get out of it? Precisely what in Bolton they call "nowt" and in London "nuffink!" Ain't I the merry little altruist?

ALL WEMBLEY ON THE SCREEN.

Pathé Frères have taken a wonderful "super-interest" film of the British Empire Exhibition at Wembley, and it is to be shown for the first time in South Africa at Cape Town on Monday, and for the first time in Johannesburg at the Orpheum Theatre on September 8.

The film is over five thousand feet in length—as long, that is, as the average "feature" photoplay—and it shows the whole Exhibition, including the Queen's Dolls' House and all the fun of the Amusement Park.

In London the picture has been hailed as a remarkable achievement. One critic wrote of it: "If this can be classed as an interest film it must stand as a class by itself. The picture has been well done, is excellently assembled, and its story is told with just the little touches that add to the interest and bring the whole Exhibition before our eyes in a way that we could not hope to see it personally, and in such a manner as to provide us with a complete guide. Wembley, the greatest Exhibition the world has ever known, can be visited in the cinema by those who cannot hope to see it, and revisited by those who have had the good fortune to see it. There is nothing dull in it; nothing of the 'instructive type.' It is super-interest."

THE NEW SINGER.

The new singer, Miss Dusolina Giannini, of New York, who has been delighting London, is the daughter of an Italian tenor who settled in America—an excellent singer who gave her sound notions of technique. This tenor was one of the first singers to be recorded by the gramophone. Nearly 30 years ago he made some discs of airs from "Rigoletto" for Mr. W. C. Gaisberg, one of the pioneers of the gramophone. Mr. Gaisberg not only worked the recording apparatus single-handed, but also accompanied the singer. The resulting discs were noisy, scratchy things compared with the suave, perfected discs of to-day, but for that time they were remarkable and had a great success.

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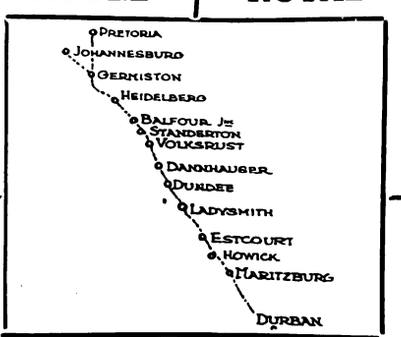

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In Original Comedy Songs.
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"DADDIES,"
7-Part Warner Comedy-Drama, featuring
Mae Marsh and Harry Myers.
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Mae Marsh and Harry Myers in
"DADDIES,"
Warner Comedy-Drama in 7 Parts.

Next Week's Calls.

WEEK COMMENCING MONDAY, AUGUST 25:

Tivoli, Cape Town.—Till August 26. Otago Bill and Company, Tom E. Finglass, Gregorio Halevy, Dolce Cariello. Continuing: Rich and Galvin, Videau and Kirby, Kit and Eddie O'Shea. Opening August 27: Vernon Watson, Victor King, Les Uniques, Fred Hutchings.

Empire, Johannesburg.—"Little Nellie Kelly."

His Majesty's, Johannesburg.—Maurice Moscovitch and Company in "Trilby."

Orpheum, Johannesburg.—Rich Hayes, Dave Lee.

Grand, Pretoria.—Hayden and Nevard, Kenna Brothers.

Criterion, Benoni.—Rolls and Falls, Reg. Wentworth, Jock Crawford.

Rinko, Maritzburg.—Howe and Watt, Renda Rudd.

Criterion, Durban.—Jennie Hartley, Moon and Morris, O'Brien and Harris.

Grand, Bloemfontein.—George Relph and Company in "Havoc" (August 25 and 26) and "The Green Goddess" (August 27 and 28).

City Hall, East London.—Opening August 30: George Relph and Company in "Havoc."

Palace, Salisbury.—Jack Edge, Jean Alexander, Harris Family, Rupert Ingalese and Co., Angela Grey, Merna Stewart.

TEN YEARS AGO.

EMPIRE.—Signor Westony, Bert Earle, Gwennie Llewellyn, Romano Brothers, Madge Clifton, Harrigan and Holt, Jarvise and Marine, Maud Courtney and Mr. "C," Bowden and Gardey.

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Kotalko the Genuine Hair Grower

J. EVANS.

The Knighton Town Football Team photographed at Hereford before the Semi-final of the Leintwardine Challenge Cup. Mr. Evans is at the right, front row.

HE WAS BALD—HIS HAIR GREW

From a Photograph of Mr. JACK EVANS in February, Enlarged from the football group.

Knighton.

John Hart Brittain, Ltd., Rads.
London, W.1.

Dear Sir,—

The photograph, enlarged from a Football Group taken when I was playing at Hereford, will show you how bald I was six months ago. The other photograph proves the wonderful growth of hair which has come through using three boxes of Kotalko.

I had gradually been losing my hair for a long time, until at last I became almost completely bald, with hardly a hair on my head. My hair, previous to the baldness, was very straight and thin, whereas to-day it is a mass of wonderful curls.

If anyone in this neighbourhood likes to call on me, I shall be very pleased to see them, and they can see for themselves what a fine head of curly hair I now have after using Kotalko.

I can strongly recommend Kotalko to those who are bald, losing hair, or troubled with dandruff.

Yours faithfully,

JACK EVANS.

From a Photograph of Mr. JACK EVANS in September, after using 3 boxes of Kotalko.

LET KOTALKO PROVE ITS WORTH

As a football player, Mr Evans, whose letter and photograph are reproduced above, is known in several counties, and his former lack of hair and present ample growth have been evident to the thousands who have seen him on the football field and elsewhere.

Legions of others—**both men and women**—are enthusiastic in praise of Kotalko because it has stopped hair falling out, removed scurf and caused a new growth to appear, even after years of baldness.

Those who have tried other preparations without satisfactory result are often loudest in praise of Kotalko. Many who had spent pounds and pounds in vain on washes, tonics and pomades have been delighted to see a new growth on a clean, healthy scalp where there had been dandruff and baldness. The *hair-roots were not dead after all*, but it needed Kotalko to prove it!

Kotalko is used and recommended by men and women of all ages (even to 70 and more), and in all walks of life, including clergymen, doctors, schoolmasters and mistresses, lawyers, musicians, farmers, engineers, architects, clerks, business men, electricians, saleswomen, miners, etc., etc. Thousands who have used and are using Kotalko owe their splendid head of hair to this wonderful discovery, the story of which is told in "The Indians' Secret of Perfect Hair Growth,"—sent post free on request.

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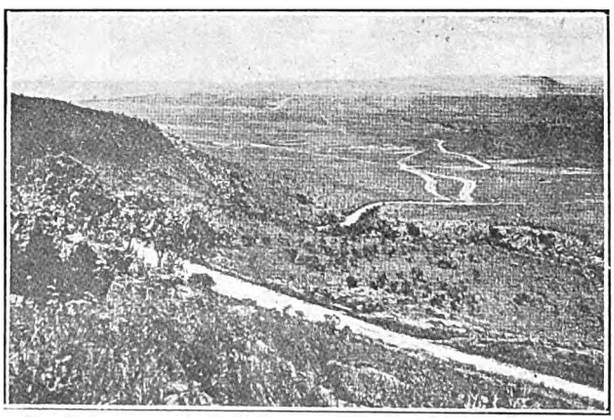
MOTORING AND MOTOR-CYCLING.

By "WIRE WHEEL."

The King's New Cars.

For fourteen years His Majesty King George V. has used the Daimler sleeve-valve car. Shortly after the introduction of this type of engine, which revolutionised the hitherto accepted standards of silencers, the King honoured the Daimler Company with his patronage. The sleeve-valve-engined Daimler used by King George is the largest the company have ever produced for private car use. In the King's new cars, orders for which has just been placed with the Daimler Company, there will be many improvements. The *chassis* is entirely a new design, the frame incorporating new features by which an exceptionally low entrance is achieved, and is more commodius than its predecessors. Four-wheel brakes are one of the important features. The Daimler Company have been studying the problems associated with four-wheel brakes for many years. The Daimler solution of the four-wheel brake system incorporates a patent compensation which permits all four brakes to be adjusted simultaneously at one point by a handle that is readily accessible on opening the bonnet. The



No. 4. CAN YOU PLACE THIS PICTURE?

To the writer of the first letter opened containing the correct name of the above picturesque spot "Wire Wheel" offers a prize of a motor accessory valued at half-a-guinea.

body-work of the King's new cars is to be built by Messrs. Hooper and Co. (coach-builders) Limited., 54, St. James's Street, London, W. In the limousines the seating accommodation is in accordance with "royal practice," two special bucket-seats being provided for the use of Their Majesties on state occasions and a large seat at the rear for use of equerries and ladies-in-attendance, and built with unusually high head-room. Frameless glasses are provided fitted with mechanical lifters, and the windows provide uninterrupted vision. The upholstery is carried out in blue morocco leather and cloth, and the paint-work in royal clarat picked out in vermilion. The Royal arms are emblazoned upon the doors and back panel. Exterior mountings are of brass, and the whole of the interior fittings are carried out in silver.

The Hendee Vase.

This Sunday on the Alberton course the Rand Motor-Cycling Club will hold a competition for the Hendee Vase, presented to the club by Messrs. Williams Hunt and Co., Indian House, Eloff Street, Johannesburg. The competition is open to side-car machines, run on handicap, and reliability scoring. The distance is 176 miles approximately, (4 circuits of the course). Competitors are warned to be at the start not later than 9.30 a.m. The first rider will leave at 10 a.m. sharp. As usual the R.M.C.C. officials will be in attendance, and Mr. J. W. F. Hoffman, the Hon. Secretary, will take up the reins again after his sojourn, for a month, at the coast.

"SPRING IS HERE."

Q. Do you or do you not think spring is here?

A. I was speaking to my gardener only yesterday and . . .

Q. Never mind about your gardener. We are questioning you, sir. Answer the question.

A. What was the question?

Q. Will the stenographer kindly read the question?

Stenographer: Do you or do you think spring is here?

The Chairman: There must be something wrong with that question. There is a "not" missing, is there not?

Stenographer: I think not.

The Chairman: Whether or not you think not, I know there should be a "not" between the word "you" and the word "think" . . . about half-an-inch in from the left. Now kindly read it.

Stenographer: Do you or do you NOT think spring is here?

A. Yes, sir.

Q. Yes, sir, what?

A. I think spring is here and have so stated publicly.

Q. Will you tell this committee where you get your evidence that spring is here?

A. Must I answer that questioin?

Q. You must.

A. Very well. I got my evidence from very reliable sources.

Q. Kindly name the sources.

A. I'd rather not.

Q. Why?

A. I don't want to drag in a lot of names here. I talk with dozens of people in the course of a year on the topic of whether or not spring is here, and I couldn't recall any particular person anyway.

Q. Do you mean to tell this committee that you are in the habit of discussing a subject of that nature witho making careful note of the people with whom you discuss it?

A. Yes, sir.

Q. Now, then, let us get down to the main issue: Is spring here or is spring not here?

A. I decline to answer on the ground that it might incriminate and degrade me.

(At this point a recess was taken to get the weather forecast.)

OUR COMPETITION.

Congratulations to Mrs. Wiseman, Ferriera Deep Gold Mine, Johannesburg, whose letter was the first to be opened naming correctly the locality of Picture No. 2 in our competition. This was the waterfall six miles north of Warmbaths on the road leaving Warmbaths towards Nylstroom. At the time of writing no-one has named correctly the locality of Picture No. 3.

GOODYEAR.

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S.A. PICTORIAL
STAGE & CINEMA.

VOL. XIX. No. 474.] SATURDAY, AUGUST 30TH, 1924. (Registered at G.P.O. as a Newspaper.) PRICE 6D.

THIS IS BABY PEGGY!

Baby Peggy Montgomery, the youngest star in motion-pictures—she is younger even than Jackie Coogan—will be seen at the Johannesburg Orpheum next week in "The Darling of New York," the first big film in which she is "featured." She appears as Santussa, *an Italian waif who is taken to New York by a member of a gang of diamond-smugglers who hides his diamonds in her doll.*

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JAZZING ROUND THE WORLD.

By JENKYN.

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Weltevreden, Java.

WE are off, we are off! We are leaving Java, hurrying away, hurrying! We are on the run, run, run. We shall soon be somewhere else. We know what it is, the salt tang of the wind beating against us, beating, yes, beating against us as we walk up and down the decks, walking first up, and then down! Overhead the sky, all blue—yes, all blue, like a famous comedian's songs, and around us the ocean pressing, pressing against the sides of the vessel. The sea, the sea, all wet, wet, wet, and oily and thick, thicker than some of another famous comedian's gags. See those clouds, hurrying, hurrying, hurrying westwards, or perhaps even eastwards, or shall we say to the north or south? flocculent, flocculent, I dunno what it means, but floc—In case the reader imagines that I have

Gone Completely Mad,

permit me to remark that I have just finished reading a novel, "The Clean Heart," by the world's champion best-seller, Mr. A. S. M. Hutchinson. I like syncopation in music, but not in literature, and this writer is as jerky and flickery and dithery as a last-century cinema film. His hero is a mixture of cad, coward and lunatic, and alienates one from the very first chapter. And yet there are scenes that glow and pulse with life and carry you away by their irresistible *élan*. Most of the characters are overdrawn, including the otherwise excellent "*Paddlebox*," but I am bound to admit that I once knew a headmaster of a school who was the exact double, especially as a drinker, even to personal appearance of *Pennyquick*. The book, despite its irritating faults, is well worth reading, however, if only for the entirely adorable character of *Essie*. Taking it all in all, I consider Mr. Hutchinson to be a particularly lucky man.

* * *

By the way, I have only just realised what an extraordinary character I am. I have

(*a*) never read "If Winter Comes,"
(*b*) never heard Lloyd George,
(*c*) never seen "Chu Chin Chow,"
(*d*) never listened to Clara Butt,
(*e*) never been to the Royal Academy,
(*f*) never witnessed the performance of Doctor Walford Bodie,
(*g*) never met a duke,
(*h*) never seen a D. W. Griffith "masterpiece,"

and I am still alive. Like most people past the meridian, I am compact of all sorts of prejudices. Thus, I object to mechanical forms of "art," including moving-pictures, gramophones, and pianolas. But I shall have to revise some of my opinions. The other day, at friend Fikkert's beautiful home in Weltevreden, I heard a record by a world-famous Italian *coloratura* soprano, and so realistic and perfect was the reproduction that, seated as I was close to the instrument, I distinctly caught a whiff of garlic!

* * *

A certain young lady, whose front name is Gwennie and who is well-known to many South Africans, has just joined our Jazzers, thus entirely destroying the all-male character of the company. From the moment she arrived the attitude of our audiences changed completely.

Champagne Commenced to Flow,

and members of the public who had hitherto been quite content to sit in front and applaud are now eager to make our personal acquaintance. Invitations to lunch and to dinner are daily occurrences—we are able to pick and choose. Ain't it a damn funny world—especially in the colonies!

* * *

Our Chief Jazzer has written a local song, to be published in Java, and, I believe, also in Jo'burg and Holland. The chorus goes as follows:—

Hoe gaat het met de jongens en meisjes?
Hoe gaat het met de jongens en meisjes?
De jongens are *goot en de meisjes* fine,
We've been having a wonderful time!
Do we like Java?—Yes! we do!
It makes us want to yell:
"*Hoe gaat het met de jongens en meisjes,*
And the RIJSTAFEL as well?"

* * *

I would like the reader to note the following facts. Firstly, the C. J. has followed the traditions of the very best American lyric-writers by rhyming "fine" with "time." Then, in an alternative chorus, he introduced *Kloster Bier* (a local brew) instead of *Rijs-tafel*. Result—the firm immediately sent us forty-eight quarts! The Dutch words of this chorus are Dutch as spoken in Java, and South African Dutch readers of The South African Pictorial will, I think, be interested to

Note the Difference.

There is, however, a species of *patois* or pigeon-Dutch spoken here by native-born Hollanders, who, incidentally, are very jealous of the European variety, who, they claim, get all the best jobs. But I don't think the question is a very serious one. Everybody seems, on the whole, very happy and contented in this lotos-land. Some of the shops close from twelve-thirty till four-thirty and then open till eight. The hot afternoon hours are devoted to the siesta—and to the digestion of *rijs-tafel*.

* * *

We are, at the moment, playing in a hotel in the Nederlandsche—and as every hotel is, after all, only a sort of glorified pub, it is a bit of a come-down after performing in all the best theatres in the East. Of course we have done it before, and, for myself, I have often sung not only inside but outside a pub, with my foot well in the door of the jug-and-bottle department. And the salary is only a mere £75 a night, with drinks and dinner thrown in! Dreadful, isn't it?

* * *

This article is in a sense our swan-song, so far as Java is concerned. We leave on Wednesday next for Sumatra, with, I believe, Penang and Bangkok to follow. If the King of Siam persists in giving me a white elephant I shall gently but firmly refuse it. There is some talk of our returning to Java later on, for an Exhibition, at some fantastic fee or another. Anyway, we shall be sorry to leave. The Dutch are

A Charming, if Phlegmatic, People.

I would like to see a firm, a real, *entente* between them and ourselves, and, as I have indicated in a previous article, I am sure that a commercial *entente cordiale* with South Africa would be to every one's advantage. In many ways they are miles ahead of South Africa, whilst in others they

(Continued on page 24.)

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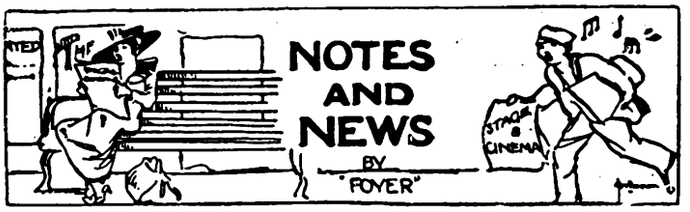

Actors Going to America

Salaries much in excess of those in Great Britain and the likelihood of more regular work are the baits tempting players to the United States. The American stage is described as "full of British artists just now." Mr. André Charlot's "London Revue of 1924" has made a great hit, and continues to be one of the outstanding successes of New York, even during the present "off season" there. Mr. Nelson Keys, Mr. Herbert Mundin, Miss Beatrice Lilley, and Miss Gertrude Lawrence are the principals in this revue; and other British players who are established as popular figures on the American stage include Mr. Lawrence Grossmith, Mr. Lupino Lane, who is with the Ziegfeld Follies; Mr. A. E. Mathews, Mr. G. P. Huntley, Mr. H. Reeves-Smith, Mr. Eric Blore, Mr. Lionel Atwill and Mr. Henry Herbert, the Shakesperean actor and old Bensonian who is so well known in South Africa.

24 Hours in a Queue.

Gilbert and Sullivan are more popular in London than ever, to judge by the extraordinary scenes which marked the close of a brilliant season of many months of Savoy opera at the Prince's Theatre on Saturday in mail-week. As briefly reported by cable at the time, queues had started to form on Friday morning. Twenty-four hours before the last performance there were 80 persons waiting outside the theatre. On Saturday afternoon the management took pity on the queues and allotted tickets. The programme was a secret. Its piecemeal disclosure kept the audience quivering with excitement—first "Trial by Jury"; then the second act of "The Pirates of Penzance"; and last the second act of "Iolanthe," the best treat of the evening, for it is full of capital things. Mr. Leo Sheffield sang in all three pieces. Of him and Mr. Henry Lytton the audience could not have enough. For Miss Bertha Lewis, too, the applause sounded like artillery. Mr. Sydney Granville (*Strephon*) was embarrassingly greeted. The gallery seemed determined to stop the piece altogether in his honour. After "Iolanthe" the singers passed separately across the stage, and the tireless applauders did everyone justice. Mr. Rupert D'Oyly Carte made a speech, promising a not-too-long delayed return in London and hinting at revival then of "Utopia, Limited." The audience refused to depart until they had a speech from Mr. Lytton, who came forward to oblige in his dressing-gown.

Mr. Percy Hutchison.

Mr. Percy Hutchison (says *The Stage*) has postponed his Canadian tour until October, and meanwhile has arranged a short provincial tour of "Nightie Night." The tour opened at Golders Green Hippodrome in mail-week.

Ettie Landau.

At the London Hippodrome on Monday in mail-week, Ettie Landau, the principal dancer, received a hearty welcome back to the cast of "Leap Year," after her illness (says *The Stage*).

RAMON FOR ROMANCE.

Mr. Ramon Novarro, "the Prince Charming of the screen," plays *André-Louis Moreau*, known as *Scaramouche*, in Rex Ingram's film-version of Rafael Sabatini's novel, "Scaramouche."

Slovenly Talkers.

Mr. Bernard Shaw has a new bone to pick with society at large. He cannot understand why young people who are proud of their vigour in lawn tennis and other violent sports are so unathletic in their articulation of the English language as to deserve the epithet of "slovenly." The distinctness of spoken language was of especial concern to him as a playwright, he said; yet there also were times outside of the theatre when he wished that people would work a little harder to make their words comprehensible. He continued: "When I was young—which is a long time ago, for I am really a seventeenth-century Irishman—you used to hear of 'Hymns Ancient and Modern.' Modern was then pronounced almost as a trisyllable, but is now a disyllable, and in a short time every one will be making it 'modn.' You are getting a shorter word, though you may spoil some good poetry of the past. But you have to be careful, because that is slovenliness.

Strive a Little.

"You ought to cultivate a certain athleticism in your speech just as you do in tennis or other games. There is athleticism in articulation, and I do not know why it is that so many young people who are quite properly proud of athleticism in lawn tennis and other sports should yet be intolerably slovenly when they come to speech. I think they ought to be made a little ashamed of it and be taught to understand that the most intelligent and cultured people are rather particular about their articulations. I am, for example, but, generally speaking, in public one has to be." It is not true, according to Mr. Shaw, that a fallacy clearly enunciated in public is easily upset. He proceeded to reiterate a sentence declaring that "black is white." His audience would, he insisted, in time come to believe it. If they did not agree with him they had only to think of the number of times they had believed it when it was set forth by prominent statesmen. The maker of ironical phrases told how he instructed the late Louis Calvert, in "John Bull's Other Island," to hurl the unnecessary words across the footlights as important and mumble the rest. "That," he said, "is the secret of political oratory in England." "Do not make the mistake," Mr. Shaw concluded, "of getting a correct language. There is no such thing. There is a genuine demand for something else. People know very well that certain sorts of speech cut off a person from ever earning more than £3 or £4 a week, and consequently they say: 'Will you teach me an English that will pass if I am King, Lord Chief Justice or Prime Minister?' One solution would be to get a really good actor or take a really great one like Sir Johnston Forbes-Robertson, whose English is perfect, and make him the model."

Pythons by the Yard.

"There is one market in New York," says *The New York Times*, "which has a wider range between longs and shorts than Wall Street itself. It is the python market. You can get pythons, at the right time of year, anywhere from seven feet to twenty-five feet in length. Usually they are sold as ribbon is sold; the more you want the more you have to pay."

BIJOU, MONDAY: "SCARAMOUCHE."

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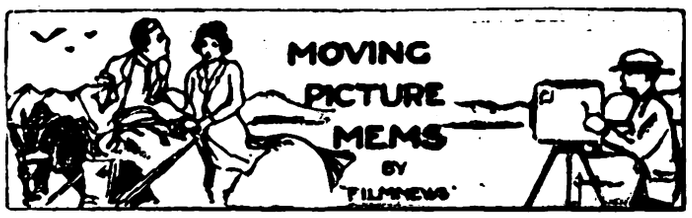

About Rex Ingram.

A life as colourful as the stories he puts on the screen is that of Rex Ingram, who directed "Scaramouche," the Metro special opening at the Bijou Theatre on Monday. Barely past the thirty-year mark now, Ingram was the son of a Dublin university professor. He went to America in 1911, worked in freight yards in New Haven, and then enrolled in the School of Fine Arts at Yale University. He studied sculpture and later became assistant to Professor Lee O. Lawrie. At Yale he became engrossed in the possibilities of motion-pictures. His first movie experience was with the Edison company, writing scenarios and doing "bits" of acting. Then he joined Vitagraph, and acted opposite Clara Kimball Young, Lillian Walker and Leah Baird. Next came Fox, and then Universal, where he was given the opportunity to direct. After the War, where he saw active service with the Royal Air Force, Ingram had his first great opportunity, and directed "Shore Acres" for Metro. His next effort was "Hearts Are Trumps," for which he chose as leading lady an unknown young player, Alice Terry.

His Rise to Fame.

Metro so liked young Ingram's work that they assigned him to make Vincente Blasco Ibanez's "The Four Horsemen of the Apocalypse." "The Four Horsemen," as everyone knows, turned out to be one of the really great pictures in the history of the industry. Commendation for the picture was world-wide. Yale University honoured her former student by an honorary degree of Bachelor of Fine Arts. Soon after this rise to fame Mr. Ingram became the *fiancé* of Alice Terry, during the production of "The Conquering Power," from Balzac's "Eugenie Grandet." "Turn to the Right" was next, followed by "The Prisoner of Zenda," from Anthony Hope's novel, in which Ramon Novarro won recognition. While making "The Prisoner of Zenda" Rex Ingram and Miss Terry were married. Following this Mr. Ingram produced "Trifling Women" from his own 'script, which served to bring stardom to Barbara La Marr. Then "Where the Pavement Ends." Now Ingram has made "Scaramouche," from the popular Rafael Sabatini novel.

"Scaramouche" Statistics.

More than 500,000 feet of raw film was used during the "shooting" of "Scaramouche." The biggest item in the production was the construction of sets representing the palace of the Tuileries, an old *chateau* and city streets of the France of 1789. Kennels, pens, stables and cages had to be built for dogs, pigeons, ducks, cats, oxen, horses, canaries, peacocks and other birds and animals. Carriages and coaches had to be reconstructed with perfect historical accuracy. Costumes had to be made for the 10,000 people who appeared in the mob scenes. There were uniforms for the soldiery, and outfits of especial magnificence for players representing the nobility.

ALICE TERRY IN "SCARAMOUCHE."

Miss Alice Terry, in her costume as *Aline de Kerkadiou* in her husband's production of "Scaramouche," with her prize dog Ignatz, facing the camera between the scenes for a picture of themselves.

11,200 People.

The total number of people involved in some capacity in the production of "Scaramouche" reached the figure of approximately 11,200. Ten thousand of these made up the mob that rushed through Paris when the Revolution broke. Of those with definite other places in the picture's making were 30 principal players, 34 assistant directors, 8 research experts, 22 cameramen with their assistants, 23 property men, 65 electricians, 55 costumiers, 54 wig-makers, 11 architects, 630 carpenters, 75 plasterers, 88 painters and scenic artists and 48 *chauffeurs* and teamsters. Of the sixty-acre location where the duplicates of streets in Paris, Gavrillac and Rennes were constructed, 412 tons of cobblestones were used for paving, besides 610 tons of gravel and sand. For the buildings 762,264 feet of lumber was necessary. Also 340 tons of plaster, 4,000 pounds of nails, and 200 tons of casting plaster.

A Romantic Actor.

Mr. Lewis Stone, who plays the villainous *Marquis de la Tour d'Azyr* in "Scaramouche," had to be furnished with ten complete costumes, all of the most elaborate description. His clothes alone occupied the attention of five tailors and dressmakers. Mr. Stone is a veteran actor and a veteran soldier. He has served in two wars. In 1898, as a boy, he went to Cuba with the 12th New York Volunteer Infantry; in 1917 he got his commission as an infantry captain at the first Plattsburg camp. He had no intention whatever of being an actor, but when a friend of his who played in a Toronto stock company fell ill, he "subbed" for several weeks, and when the friend returned and Mr. Stone was free to go back to his own line of work, he was offered other *rôles* in other companies. Taking the stage seriously at last, he became a "trouper," and soon had appeared in many important parts in New York City and elsewhere.

On the Screen.

Then he turned to the cinema and found it an even more satisfactory medium of expression. He appeared in the Marshall Neilan picture, "The River's End," and became greatly in demand immediately. His association with Rex Ingram began when he appeared in the *rôle* of *Rudolf Rassendyll* in Metro's "The Prisoner of Zenda."

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ORPHEUM, MONDAY: BABY PEGGY, IN "THE DARLING OF NEW YORK."

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Miss Cecilia Wessels.

A concert that should prove highly attractive and interesting is to be given in the Selborne Hall on Thursday, September 4, by Miss Cecilia Wessels and Miss Dorothea Vincent. Miss Wessels has just completed a course of three-years' study in London, where she was a pupil of Mr. Frederick King at the Royal Academy of Music. This noted teacher of singing has expressed the highest opinions of Miss Wessels' vocal equipment, and thinks that much artistic success is within her reach. Miss Wessels, who is the daughter of the late Sir Cornelius Wessels, Administrator of the Free State, has already met with enthusiastic appreciation in South Africa, and during recent weeks was accorded flattering receptions in several towns in the Free State and in the Cape Province. In London she sang with marked success in opera at the "Old Vic.", appearing in "Tannhäuser," "*Il Trovatore*" and "Carmen," and she has also gained much concert experience at the Palladium, the Alhambra and the Alexandra Palace. Miss Wessels will return to London, where she has been engaged to sing at the Queen's Hall with the Queen's Hall Orchestra under Sir Henry Wood. For next week's concert Miss Wessels has made a judicious selection of songs by Handel, Gretchaninor, Rachmaninoff, Landon Ronald, Coleridge-Taylor ("Life and Death"), Saint-Saëns ("Softly Awakes"), Massenet, Bemberg and Puccini. The programme indicates a catholic taste and sympathy with a big variety of style and mood. Her first appearance in Johannesburg will no doubt prove to be an exceptionally entertaining event.

Miss Dorothea Vincent.

Miss Wessels seems to be singularly fortunate in her selection of an associate, for in Miss Dorothea Vincent she appears to have secured the assistance of a particularly capable pianist. I am, of course, judging now solely by the nature of the programme items. Miss Vincent has elected to play Beethoven's "*Appassionata* Sonata" and Ravel's "*Jeux d'eau.*" The indication is that of a performer of superior ability, for though both works are well known and their attraction for concert pianists is fully realised, the technical and interpretative onus on the performer is considerable. Especially is this so in the case of the Beethoven number. Miss Vincent will play also works by Debussy and John Ireland, making altogether a programme that offers both variety and distinction.

Pot-Hunting.

There was considerable disturbance at a Musical Festival held recently at the Crystal Palace, London. It appears that some Welsh Choirs were dissatisfied with the adjudicators' award of the first prize for male-voice choirs. This went to a Yorkshire Choir. The other competing choirs expressed surprise at the announcement in the programme that the Yorkshire Choir would sing a ballad by Mr. Cyril Jenkins, one of the adjudicators. It was maintained that "for a chief adjudicator to pre-arrange with a competitive choir to render his own work on the day of the competition is apt to create an unfavourable impression." The composer of the ballad (Mr. Jenkins) stated in reply "that the Yorkshire Choir was asked to take part because at the last moment it was found that the entries were not up to what was expected. If it is impossibile to ask a choir to sing without 'collusion' being hinted at, then it is time we left musical festivals alone. Sir Hugh Allen was the co-adjudicator in the contest, and gave out the adjudication. Unfortunately many competitive choirs in Wales are more concerned with pot-hunting than with the study of music." As Mr. Jenkins is a Welshman it can be assumed that he speaks from first-hand knowledge of his countrymen, but it cannot be denied that on the face of the incident the arrangement with a competing choir to sing his own music was not altogether advisable. Despite the standing and authority of the adjudicators, the Welshmen evidently had no hesitation in questioning the judgment.

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Migrating Musicians.

I notice in a contemporary that one or two Rand musicians are of the opinion that there is more scope for them in America than on the Rand. This opinion has held ground in this country for a long time, but I do not know of a single case in which it has been justified. I have in mind the experience of two highly capable all-round musicians who left South Africa for the better promise of things in America. In each case a keen disappointment was the result, and both have long since left America and have settled in the British Dominions. There can be no questioning the attraction of the States to the highly specialised concert artist, and in cases where ability is of an exceptional type appreciation and support are always assured. But this applies only to the few great ones who can command respect wherever they might go.

Launching a Classic.

Dr. Ralph Vaughan Williams' Opera "Hugh the Drover" seems to be creating an unusual amount of interest in London. It is said of him that "in spite of all temptations to belong to other nations he remains an Englishman," and that he has never been more English than in this opera of the west country. The little opera has two short acts, making less than the measure of an operatic evening and its subject is not big; it does not storm the heavens with any of the grand passions. The librettist has contrived an engaging little story, set in a Gloucestershire village in Napoleonic times. One writer, in referring to the opera said "Hearing 'Hugh the Drover' for the first time one felt that here was the launching of a new English classic. Many generations assuredly will delight in this music. Whether it will hold the grand opera stage alongside 'Tannhäuser' and 'Madame Butterfly' no one can tell. But the work will live. It has something of the quick unlaboured charm characteristic of past masters of English music—Weelkes, Purcell and Sullivan. Musically it is more lightly wrought than 'The Yeomen of the Guard,' but it ought to command an equal affection."

Mr. Bertram Henson, a younger brother of Mr. Leslie Henson, the comedian, has just been called to the English bar.

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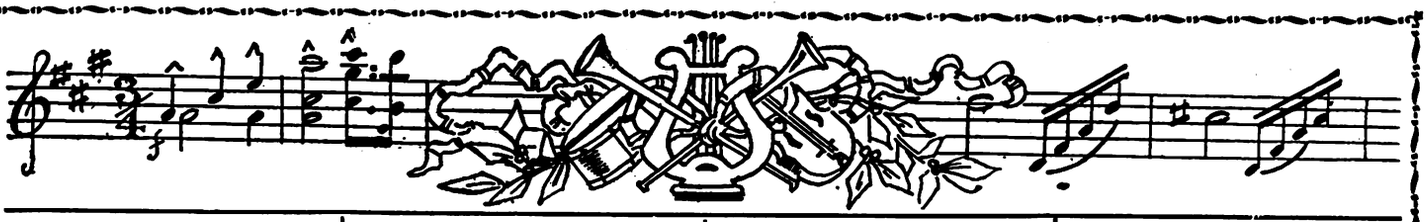

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In the Bright Lights.

HIS MAJESTY'S THEATRE.

MAURICE MOSCOVITCH'S FAREWELL PRODUCTION: "WHAT MONEY CAN'T BUY."

"WHAT Money Can't Buy," staged for the first time in South Africa at His Majesty's Theatre, Johannesburg, on Wednesday afternoon by the Maurice Moscovitch Company, is a romantic play of the modern business world, in four acts, by George H. Broadhurst, author of "Bought and Paid For" and "The Law of the Land."

In some respects, and particularly in its setting, "What Money Can't Buy" is reminiscent of Sir Anthony Hope's enormously popular romances, "The Prisoner of Zenda" and "Rupert of Hentzau." All the action takes place in the supposit.ous European kingdom of *Marathia*, and a young stranger—in this case an American—falls in love with the *Princess Irenia of Marathia*, and fights a duel for her sake with the Prince of a neighbouring kingdom to whom she has been betrothed in infancy.

The young American is *Richard Hale*, and he is the son of *Madison Hale*, an American millionaire of European orig.n who is financing the construction of a railway in *Marathia*. The part of *Madison Hale* is played by Mr. Maurice Moscovitch, to whom it affords another splendid opportunity of displaying his genius for characterisation. The millionaire is threatened on one side with financial ruin, through his heavy commitments in the *Marathian* railway scheme which are used as a powerful weapon against him by his business rivals in America, and on the other side with the death or dishonour of his dearly-loved son. With superhuman efforts he straightens out both tangles, and shoulders aside the waves of adversity that threaten to engulf him.

The play was enthusiastically received at both its performances on Wednesday, and should draw good audiences for the remainder of Mr. Moscovitch's season—his farewell season, by the way—in Johannesburg. A notice of the production will appear in next week's PICTORIAL.

The full cast is as follows: *The Countess of Strelitz*, Miss Naomi Rutherford; *Baron Bonaco* (the King's Chancellor), Mr. Clifford Marle;, *Prince Ferdinand*, Mr. Cyril Nash; *Mlle. Valora*, Miss Wynne Brontë; *Princess Irenia*, Miss Sylvia Willoughby; *Richard Hale*, Mr. Nat Madison; *Jean* (a waiter), Mr. C. Alexander; *Pierre* (a waiter). Mr. Harold Furness; *Madison Hale*, Mr. Maurice Moscovitch; *The Queen of Marathia*. Miss Beatrice Rowe; *The King of Marathia*, Mr. George R. Montford; *Lamson (Madison Hale's* secretary), Mr. Basil Bowen; *Adolph Fineberg*, Mr. H. Mackenzie-Rogan. The play is produced by Mr. George R. Montford.

"BLUEBEARD'S EIGHTH WIFE."

The Thurston Hall Company, who recently completed at the Opera House, Cape Town, a tour of the Union which included Pretoria, Kimberley, Bloemfontein, Durban, Maritzburg and Port Elizabeth, and during which they played "The Broken Wing," "So This Is London!" and "Paid in Full," will shortly return to Johannesburg to stage at H's Majesty's Theatre, for the first time in South Africa, "Bluebeard's Eighth Wife," a play by Arthur Wimperis (from the French of Alfred Savoir), direct from the Queen's Theatre, London.

Seldom has a play from the French achieved such substantial success in London as "Bluebeard's Eighth Wife." Its production at the Potiniere in Paris, where it instantaneously became the vogue, started a race between London managers to secure the English rights.

To Mr. Arthur Wimperis was entrusted the difficult task of conveying the purely Parisian humour of M. Alfred Savoir across the Channel without losing its highly delectable French flavour on the journey.

EMPIRE PALACE.

"LITTLE NELLIE KELLY" ANOTHER WINNER: A FASCINATING PRODUCTION.

LAST week one had heard of "Little Nellie Kelly," certainly; but there are so many things one hears about and then forgets. This week the captivating little lady is a friend, an acquaintance we hope to see again and again; her haunting melodies will not allow us to forget her. Brightness, laughter and youth are her most valuable assets, and a strong sense of humour that is to be found in the laughter-makers, Victor Crawford, Hal Gordon and Jess Sweet, the Dancing Detective (who tells us many interesting things about himself on page 20).

"*Nellie Kelly, I love you*" is the keynote of the whole revue, and who can help it? for Miss Renée Sutton is a very winsome little lady, very dainty, and an exquisite dancer. Miss Jean Andrews as *Mrs. Chesterfield Langford* gives a really excellent performance and scores with her singing. Then Mr. Victor Crawford makes his bow as *Captain Kelly* (a wonderfud make-up in which he wears his own hair, though most people believe it to be a wig), and is a force (no pun intended) in himself. Of course the Aunt has a "pash" for him, but he is a coy member of the force, although he certainly leads her on. His is an outstanding performance. Mr. Hal Gordon as *Sidney Potter* spends most of his time on his knees to *Marie* (daintily played and danced by Miss Bertha Ricardo), and is a sure laughter-getter from start to finish. Mr. Gordon James as *Jerry Conroy* acts and sings well, and in "You remind me of my mother" always receives an ovation. It is difficult to sing a sentimental song so that it does not sound "slushy," but Mr. James gets just the right atmosphere.

There are so many other characters that it is difficult to find space to tell you of them all. Jess Sweet makes a welcome re-appearance and puts in a lot of good work.

(*Continued on page 24.*)

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THE HEROINE OF "SCARAMOUCHE": REX INGRAM'S WIFE.

Miss Alice Terry.

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A Cape Town Chronicle

BY 'BEACHCOMBER.'

Cape Town, Monday.

The Men from Somewhere.

We have suddenly begun to think Imperially in Cape Town. Our streets, our tea-rooms, and our hotels seem to be thronged with Dominion visitors and, particularly, with English Parliamentarians. We are rather accustomed nowadays to seeing "plus-fours," "Fair Isle pull-overs," bowler hats and other masculine monstrosities which charming young men, with a vision always of the charming Prince of Wales in their mind, bring to our shores and our notice. They arrive by every mail-boat. But what we are not quite used to are these energetic Parliamentarians from England and Canada who seem to be "doing" South Africa with all the vigour of American tourists. Ever since they landed from the mail-boat they have been attending functions—official and semi-official—arranged in their honour. One has a lurking suspicion that during the intervals between speeches they are busily "swotting," from some book beneath the table, the economic and historical progress of South Africa.

Oxford Speaks.

It was only the week before that we were not only thinking Imperially but talking Imperially. Those two young debaters from Oxford insisted upon pointing out to us the disadvantages of Protection in the Empire. And, despite considerable and, one ought to say, well-spoken opposition, they succeeded in gaining their point. One does not know whether Mr. Thomas, the Colonial Secretary, now in Cape Town, is discussing this matter with General Hertzog, but no better forerunner of the English Parliamentarians than the two young Oxford men could be imagined.

The Romantic Hotel.

Most of our visitors to Cape Town stay at the Mount Nelson. One of these days some indiscreet waiter there will write a book of his adventures among the adventurous. Through the Mount Nelson Hotel passes many a romantic figure, and their stories, which many a novelist would be only too eager to learn, are lost in the prosaic bills which are paid at the desk. I have myself met many strange personalities there. There was the Portuguese who possessed a diplomatic secret that everybody in the country yearned to know, but who kept it buttoned up tight in his closely-buttoned suit. The only expression he ever gave was a sad smile as he patted the head of a big boar-hound which used to stroll through the lounge occasionally. He passed through South Africa and into Portuguese territory without a word of that diplomatic secret being known to anyone.

What Cynthia Stockley Heard.

Miss Cynthia Stockley, who is now in Rhodesia, is able to give us some romantic glimpses of the Mount Nelson Hotel in her book, "Dalla the Lion-Cub," shortly to be published. "Here many romances and melodramas have played themselves out," she writes. "A bride was once hooted (undeservedly) at her wedding breakfast. A nice young man got ducked in the lily pool. A Duke was once seen in the small hours of the morning shinning up a post that reached the balcony of No. 27, wherein dwelt a lady indeed pretty—if not pretty in deed. In the dining-room a furious step-daughter once threw vitriol at the face of her mother's husband, blinding him; while in the smoke-room, during the Boer War, twelve officers used to sleep in a row on the floor, and twelve pairs of *chic* and debonair boots stood without the door decorating the lounge; until one day came Kitchener and swept them all back to the fighting line, which he considered the proper place for officers in debonair boots." And so on, and so on. One waits eagerly for that literary waiter.

"Loyalties."

The famous social play by John Galsworthy, "Loyalties," is being produced at the Opera House this week by the Repertory Society. It is really a man's play, dealing chiefly with club life and the *cameraderie* which exists among men. There are women in the play, of course, but they play rather a secondary part. A young Jew upsets the equanimity of a Newmarket house-party with the news that he has had £1,000 stolen, and startles everybody the same evening by giving voice to a suspicion that the thief is one of his fellow-guests—a Gentile. With his usual even-handed impartiality, Galsworthy unfolds his plot to its inevitable tragic climax. It is hate for hate between the Gentile and the Jew—and the fine loyalty of the clubmen to one of their own crowd. As the thief suspected by the Jew is one of them, they refuse to believe in his guilt. The ending is tragic, for it is so inevitable. It is a play which requires remarkably fine acting by a particular school of actors. It may be difficult to find a *Forsyte* family in Cape Town. The production, however, is certainly one of the most ambitious that the Repertory Society has ever undertaken.

"Trilby."

Talking to a bookseller in Adderley Street the other day, I was told that there has been an extraordinary demand for the book "Trilby," by George du Maurier. Everybody in Cape Town wants to read the story. It is a good augury for Mr. Moscovitch and his company when they arrive here.

The Wembley Film.

It is only the lucky few who are able to go to Wembley. Most of us have to stay on in South Africa and try to satisfy our imagination regarding the world's greatest exhibition by listening to the tales told by returned travellers. Every Friday, here in Cape Town, we are waving good-bye to the lucky ones bound for London and Wembley, and there are few people who, having seen the mail-boat sail on Friday, have the courage to go back to the dull desk and the dull round at the office. Even the sternest and most disciplined of business men succumb to the appetiser or cocktail which follows the departure of the mail-boat.

First Empire City.

Yet a few of us this week have really seen Wembley, the world wonder. The great film of the Exhibition is now being shown at the Alhambra Theatre in Cape Town, this being the first part of the Empire outside England to see the film. It is a wonderful affair, this film, as wonderful as the Exhibition itself. One sees the original Wembley as a suburban golf-links just outside London, and the strange metamorphosis which takes place as an army of

(Continued on page 21.)

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JOHANNESBURG, Tuesday afternoon.

THE market is every bit as dull as one would expect as a reflex of "London in August," for, as has been explained, the impulse of activity in recent months has always originated on the other side. Moreover, our prices are too high to permit of London buying much. Here, the announcement that there would be no premium bonus to the men has caused a good deal of comment along the Reef, and it was, indeed, stated that at one mine the men had refused to go down this morning. It so happens that the mine in question is entirely dependent upon the currency premium for its profit. Rival buying probably explains the advance in East Rands from 12s. to 13s. (as good as 13s. 4½d. at one time yesterday), and if this becomes intensified it may neutralise the effect of smaller profits due to the waning premium.

City Deeps have been remarkably firm at 63s. 9d., as have Crown Mines at 54s. 3d. "Bees" are sixpence better on the week at 26s. 3d., and Modder Easts similarly at 22s. 6d., with debentures occasionally quoted at £120. They combine security, a modest interest, and the attraction of a gamble should the shares advance, inasmuch as they are convertible. Langlaagtes changed hands at 22s., and Geduldes have firmed up to 63s. 3d.—63s. 6d. Transvaal Silvers have improved to 5s. 3d., and there are buyers of Alkalis at 5s., the previous sellers' quotation.

Crown Diamonds last year sustained a loss of £17,000. The cost of recovering diamonds to the value of £27,000 was £37,900. Mine costs per load washed were reduced to 3s. 4d. in December, and have since heen brought into line with the estimates furnished by the company's engineers. The new washing plant embodies some novel features, which have proved completely satisfactory. It is expected that most of the hardibank intrusion, which had the effect of reducing the recovery last year, will be removed during the current year. New and cleaner levels should yield better results.

Mr. J. H. Twiddy, the Inspector of Mining Leases, in his report on West Springs, confirms my view expressed some weeks back that the high percentage of 76 payability was due to a very large proportion being secondary development in areas demonstrated to be good by the primary development. It transpires that a loss of £35,000 was made during the trial crushing, but this was nearly wiped out by the profit secured in July. Though the design of the plant was entirely new, it has run with remarkable smoothness, the mechanical adjustments being few and of no magnitude. The reef has been economically mined, and the stoping-width has been five inches less than estimated. Shares are better at 26s. 6d. buyers.

In view of the recent activity in the shares, the report of the Cape Portland Cement Co. is of interest. The plant is capable of continuous full capacity operations, and the product is now being extensively used throughout the Province in all classes of work. "Gratifying progress has been made during the year, and all indications point to an encouraging future." There was a trading profit of £25 064, which has been applied to write off the previous year's loss (£1,650) and to wipe out the preliminary expenses of £17,200. Profits will have to increase somewhat before a dividend is forthcoming, and I think I prefer Pretoria Cements even at 44s., as the dividend paid will reduce their price considerably by the time the Cape Company makes its *début* in that direction.

Which of us is likely to go down to his grave and feel that all the hopes of his youth have been fulfilled?—*Lord Balfour.*

DIVORCED.

Dustin Farnum has divorced his wife (*née* Mary Bessie Conwell) on the ground of desertion.

Communism might be likened to a race in which all competitors came in first with no prizes.—*Lord Inchcape.*

A prominent resident of Aberdeen objected to the reduction of the local tram fares. He said he could only save a penny by walking instead of threeha-'pence.

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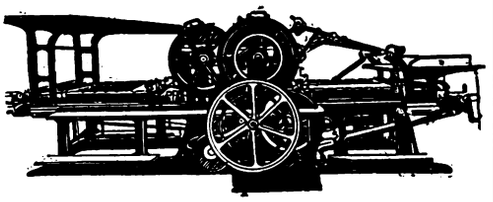

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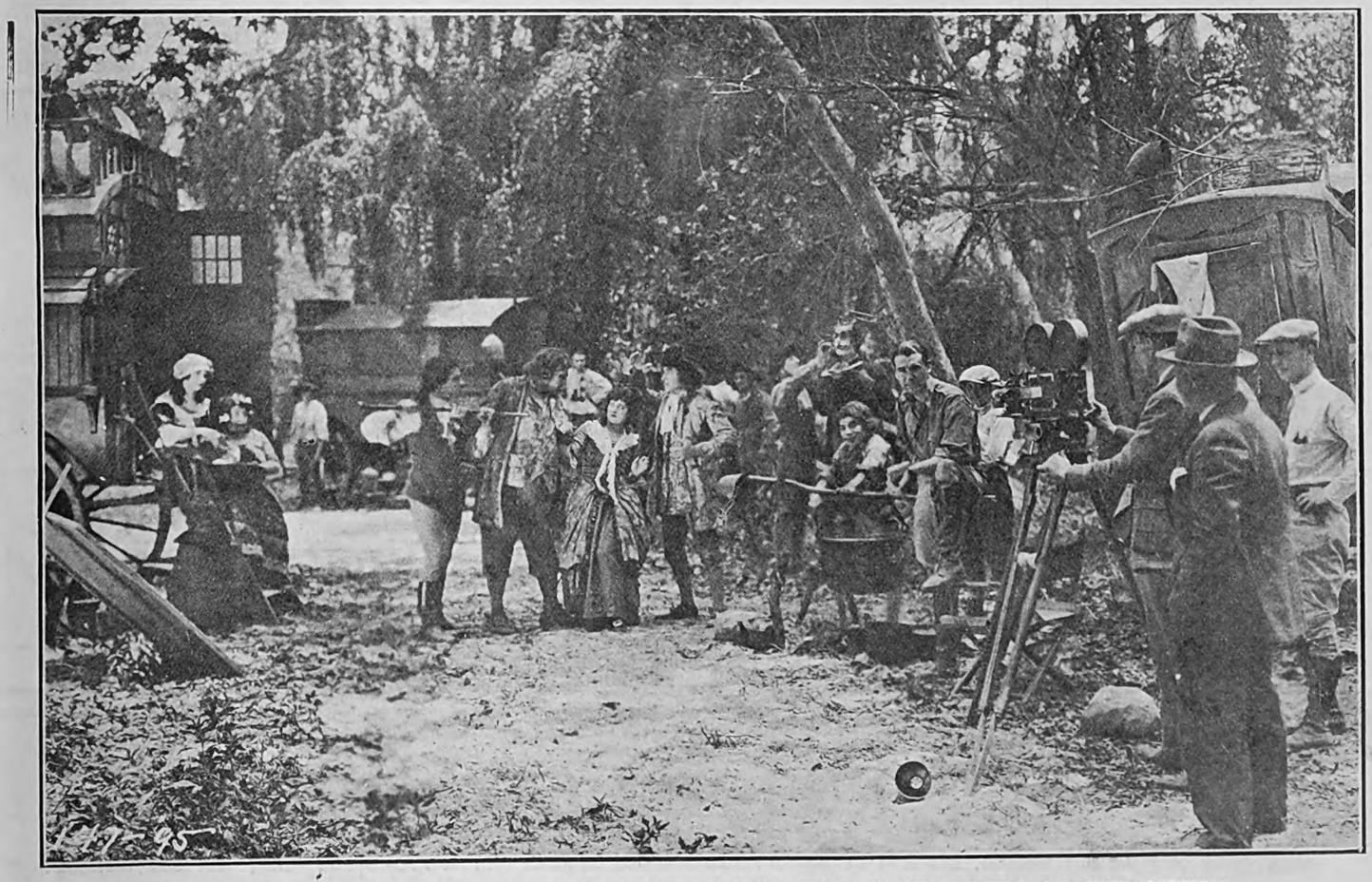
REVIVING THE SPLENDOUR OF 18th-CENTURY FRANCE.

MR. REX INGRAM AT WORK ON A SCENE FOR "SCARAMOUCHE."

The distinguished young motion-picture producer is seen explaining the situation they are about to enact to his star-wife, Miss Alice Terry (as *Aline de Kercadiou*), and Mr. Ramon Novarro (as *André-Louis Moreau*). Behind Mr. Ingram are Miss Julia Swayne Gordon as the *Countess Thèrese de Plougastel* and Mr. Lloyd Ingraham as *Quintin de Kercadiou* (father of *Aline*). "Scaramouche" will be shown for the first time in South Africa at the Johannesburg Bijou on Monday evening.



RAFAEL SABATINI'S NOVEL OF THE FRENCH REVOLUTION TRANSFERRED TO THE SCREEN.

Over 130 years ago just such a scene as this must have taken place in some small village in France—with the very important exception, of course, that Mr. Rex Ingram and his cameramen (seen on the right) would not have been there! Those were the days just before the French Revolution broke out, and the whole of France was feeling a strong current of unrest.

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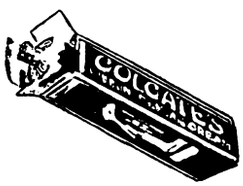

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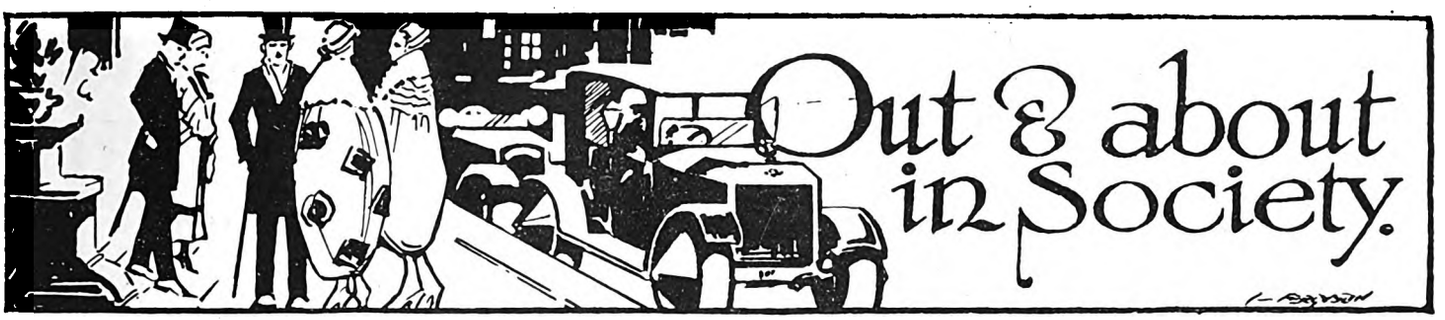


[All invitations for dances, weddings, and other social functions, and all communications intended for these pages, should be addressed to The Lady Correspondent, The South African Pictorial, P.O. Box 1574, Johannesburg.]

"This Football."

There are times when you feel you are not wanted on the earth, that there is no small niche just your size, that everyone round you hates the sight of you and that you are not at all popular. This week I have been round looking for a dug-out for myself. With true feminine curiosity you will be wanting to know why that is. It is because I know nothing of football. Of course, I realise that for writing this I really deserve the V.C. It is a bold admission to make, and with everyone from the typist to the office-boy, from the boss to the parlour-maid, discussing the chances of the Britons *versus* the South Africans and *vice versa*, it is a lonely world! Ah me! It seems only a few short weeks ago that "Wireless" was on everyone's tongues and they discoursed learnedly on valves and other hitherto unknown insects. I got a set and soon began to talk as much as anyone on the subject of "Listening-in." And then . . . Just as you retire to a corner quietly, something else comes along—this football—and you have to start all over again. It was with great respect that I looked at all the women at the tea-party at the South African Party Club the other afternoon, who had captured an African or a Briton to sit at their table and held forth at great length on goals and so forth. The player who sat with us soon discovered, I am afraid, that I was not an expert, and gave himself up to a fluffy little thing whose brothers had told her the rules of the game. It was a happy thought of the W.S.A.P. to invite both teams to an afternoon in their honour, and they certainly appreciated it. Mrs. Anthony, chair of the Witwatersrand Council, and Mrs. Pemberton, vice-chair, were there, and Mrs. Leslie Blackwell was one of the hostesses. Then I noticed Mr. Dreyer, chair of the Club, the Misses Cohen, Dr. E. B. Woolf, Major O'Hara, Councillor and Mrs. G. W. Nelson, and, in fact, all the stalwarts of the Party. "Bonzo" was among the dancers—I believe his private name is Brand, of the Britishers—and I liked both Mr. J. D. de Villiers, the South African manager of the tour, and Mr. H. Packer, the manager—both "good sports" with strong senses of humour. Such a priceless blessing.

The Sasbo Ball.

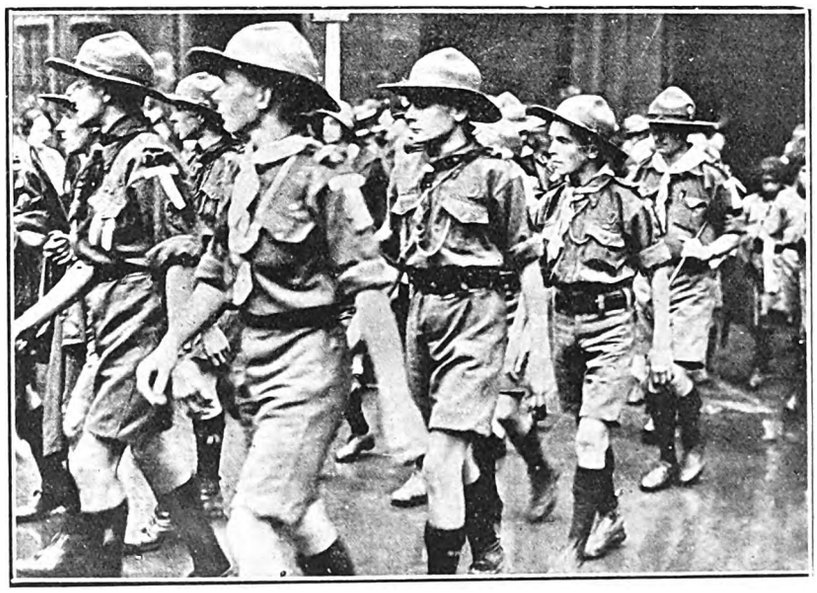
It has been a giddy round this week—just one thing after another (we leave the adjective out—it sounds more ladylike). The S.A.S.B.O. gave a very jolly dance in the Wanderers' Hall, which is getting very popular just now for dances, the new floor being a treat. The Rugby players were many of them there and had a very good time. Mrs. J. D. de Villiers looked very well in yellow georgette embroidered in beads. Mr. J. Leisk, C.M.G., came over from Pretoria, and from there also journeyed Mr. and Mrs. G. Patterson. Mrs. Patterson wore a lovely gown of daffodil-yellow embroidered in beads. Yellow is, of course, as I told you some weeks ago, *the* shade for evening. Mr. and Mrs. Le Sueur and Mr. and Mrs. Roseveare and their daughter were also present. Mr. Swan is the organising secretary of the Bank Officials, and had as assistant hony. secretary Mrs. Beattie. Mrs. Swan came in a smart black gown with ostrich-feather trimming and *chic* head ornament. In England ostrich feathers are the vogue, but we seem slower to take them up in this country. Is it another case of the prophet? The ostrich-farm at Wembley has created a great deal of interest, and I believe that one great reason for the revival of interest in the industry is that visitors have seen for themselves the humane way in which the feathers are obtained.

On Being a Mannequin.

The National Council of Women Workers will hold a Fashion Display on September 10 in the Town Hall, when many society girls will act as *mannequins*. Mrs. Elizabeth Ponsonby, daughter of the well-known Labour M.P., has taken up the profession of *mannequin* seriously and says: "My friends who see me at work as a *mannequin* are amused. They wonder why I bother to do it. I do it simply and solely because I like it. It gives me pleasure to put on beautiful gowns. If the clothes one has to exhibit were inferior or in bad taste, I should immediately throw up my job. As it is I have opportunities of robing myself in gorgeous productions every day of the week, and what could be more delightful to the average girl?"

The Dancing Sergeants.

Friday evening was "some" evening. Dances everywhere. At the Selborne Hall, where I journeyed first, the Transvaal Scottish Regiment, Sergeants' Mess, gave their annual dance, and the uniforms and kilts formed bright splashes of colour. Regimental-Sergeant-Major Brown was the guiding spirit, and he was assisted



SOUTH AFRICAN SCOUTS IN LONDON.
South African Scouts marching to Westminster Abbey to take part in the special Scout Festival service held in connection with the Jamboree of British Empire Scouts at Wembley.
Photo by Photo-Illustrations.

FOR A PORTRAIT OF YOURSELF OR YOUR BABY—JANE PLOTZ, ART STUDIOS, THRUPP'S BUILDINGS.

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by Pipe-Major Martin, Sergeant-Major Alexander, Quarter-Master-Sergeant Jones and Drum-Major Hossel, as well as by a ladies' committee. Certainly they had filled the hall to its utmost capacity, and as the majority of dancers carried balloons it was a very pretty sight. Major Ford had given his patronage but was away on leave, so Major Kirby, M.C., the second-in-command, was present. Mrs. Kirby wore a pretty white gown with white fur. Major and Mrs. Rendall were among the dancers, Mrs. Rendall in black with gold laces to the skirt. Major Forsyth Allan brought his son, Lieut. Allan, M.C., who has just arrived in Johannesburg. Captain van Mentz was present with his wife who wore black *charmeuse* with gold laces and the new cape-effect to the corsage. Mrs. Morgan wore a pretty rose gown, and Mrs. McCalgan, wife of Captain McCalgan, D.C.M., had on a pink frock, the skirt being composed of layers of scalloped flounces. Lieut. Phillips, M.C., and Mrs. Phillips, Sergeant-Major Instructor T. Chalmers, D.C.M., and Lieut. Campbell Pitt were amongst others I saw. It was a very cheery dance.

MADAME KATE OPPERMAN,

The well-known South African contralto, formerly of Johannesburg, who is making her way steadily in London, and was one of the bright particular stars at the South African concert in the South African Pavilion, during "Women's Week," at the Wembley Exhibition.

Jeppe Old Boys.

Then away to the Wanderers,' where the Jeppe Old Boys were holding their annual dance, on the committee being Messrs. A. H. C. Cooper (whose wife wore a *chic* black gown made on straight lines), L. V. Hurd (the last hony. secretary, who, one was sorry to see, had resigned that position), H. C. Longhurst, G. B. Treadwell (to whom one would say "Thank you" for his kindness) and J. A. Hurd, the hony. secretary. From the Old Johannians came Messrs. Eric Thompson and Langford, Mr. Suzman represented the Old Edwardians, and the Old Andreans and Maritz Brothers also sent representatives. Mr. Manduell, the headmaster of the Jeppe High, was there; also Miss Cummins, of the Girls' School, in a smart black *charmeuse* gown with side-train lined with gold tissue. Mrs. J. B. Ware wore a handsome blue and black and gold brocade gown, and Mrs. Marks came in black jet with a side-fall of tulle. Mrs. Howe's gown was pale pink and with their party were Mr. Frank Wheeler and Mr. McKechnie. Miss Whytock, another good Samaritan, looked very charming in blue silk with a band of fur on the hem of the skirt and blue flowers forming a shoulder-knot. Miss Wells came in pale pink taffetas with a waist wreath of flowers. Miss Dickinson had on a smart jade-green gown, the wrap-over skirt having a deep hem of gold lace edged with fur. Miss Ovendale wore a paler shade of green with net tunic skirt. Miss King came in saxe-blue and Miss Guy wore rose-pink. Miss Treadwell looked charming in a green gown made on straight lines and edged with brown fox fur.

At the Carlton.

From the Wanderers' to the Carlton Hotel, where there must have been a record crowd. Mr. and Mrs. Lewis Rose McLeod had entertained a party to dinner and had gone on to the *souper*. Mrs. McLeod wore a very *chic* pale yellow gown with two frills to the skirt and a waist-wreath of flowers. The Hon. Mr. Justice Stratford and Mrs. Stratford, Mr. and Mrs. Walter Webber, Sir Julius Jeppe, Mr. and Mrs. H. A. Neame, Miss Charlotte Albu (in such a lovely rose-pink gown of velvet), Mr. and Mrs. Phillips, Miss McLeod, Major Henley, Mrs. Patrick Duncan, Mr. and Mrs. Holtby and Mr. and Mrs. Simpson were their guests. At a large table sat Mrs. John French, of Pretoria, Miss Goldfinger, her sister from Zeerust, Messrs. L. and J. Marks, Miss Preece, Mr. G. Joel, and Dr. and Mrs.

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Sheridan. Mr. T. Clapham was with a party, and I also saw Mr. and Mrs. Barry, Mrs. Barry in pale blue with a tunic of georgette edged with silver-bound scallops over the tight-fitting skirt and a lovely Spanish shawl. Mr. and Mrs. Strydom were there from Nylstroom. Mr. and Mrs. Gordon Douglas and Mr. and Mrs. Hjort were among the dancers.

"Good Doin's."

It has been, as I told you before, just one dance after another this week, and my last place of call was the Inter-Collegiate Dance in the Freemasons' Hall Jeppe Street. Such a crowd, such pretty dresses! There was a cheery hail as I entered from the President of the Students' Representative Council, Mr. L. Adler, B.Sc., and one at once became one of the family and got all the attention possible from the irrepressible Laurie and his officials. Mrs. Bosman, in a *chic* black gown and carrying a red fan, acted as hostess for the evening, and the guests of honour were the T.U.C. students and the two Oxford men, Messrs. Matthews and Scaife, who have come to South Africa to debate with the various Debating Societies. Mr. Liknaitzky and Miss Esther Franks (Miss Franks wearing a pretty black and gold gown) took the tickets at the door, a task for which anyone deserves a bouquet. Dr. Hans Pirow, D.Sc., Professor Cluver, Dr. Cluver (Roberts Heights) Mr. and Miss van Wodenburg (of Middelburg), and Mr. J. W. Clucas (who is, I hear, leaving shortly for the Congo), were among the dancers. Mr. Grubb, Mr. van der Spuy (leader of the Jazz Band of the T.U.C.), Mr. N. Hudson (captain of the Tennis Club), Miss Hood (also a tennis official), Miss Webb (in white lace over satin), Miss D. Osborne (in a pretty pale blue gown), Miss Easterbrook (in white edged with fur), Miss Y. Alexander (in jade green) and Miss Dietrich, were among others I saw. Miss Jo Ross Frames, just back again, wore a green frock made with tucks. Miss Rose Kowarsky came in a *chic* gold beaded *toilette*. Miss Cluver was much admired in white, and Miss Solomon wore rose taffetas with a front-panel of silver laces and tiny puff sleeves. Mr. Pat Izod was among the dancers. Miss Liknaitzky had on a very smart green and white *matalasse* gown, and Miss Salmon looked very sweet in black taffeta made with a *bouffant* skirt. Miss Katie Hart wore oyster shade with beading in rose and oyster. CARRIE.

CAPE TOWN'S NEW WAR MEMORIAL.

The Memorial was recently unveiled by His Excellency the Governor-General, the Earl of Athlone.
"S. A. Pictorial" photo.

HAL GORDON CONFESSES.

HAL Gordon, otherwise *Sidney Potter* of "Little Nellie Kelly," had just finished "Dancing his worries away" when I buttonholed him and fired the following catechism at him, to which he gave the answers as per Schedule D (attached), or words to that effect:

Which is your favourite theatre? The one that pays me the biggest salary.

Which is your favourite play? "Nellie Kelly"—I love you!

What is your earliest recollection? Making a lot of noise.

Which is your favourite sport? Running away from interviewers.

Which is your favourite hobby? Collecting diamonds.

Which are your favourite cigarettes? Officers' Mess (U.T.C. please note).

What would you do to make South Africa brighter? Bring back "the Old days."

What is your great ambition? To bring off a Tote double.

What is your favourite motto? "Live and let live."

What would you do if you were Prime Minister for a day? Give the "Nellie Kelly" Company a trip to the Victoria Falls.

When do you feel at your worst? *Before* a good dinner.

When do you feel at your best? *After* a good dinner.

What is your opinion of Mah Jong? I don't know! I can't say!

What is your favourite pet? A tame alligator.

What is your pet aversion? Trying on clothes at "the Wardrobe."

What, if you were not connected with the stage, would you prefer to be? An agent for the African Life.

What is your favourite Christian name? Carrie, with a capital "C."

CARRIE.

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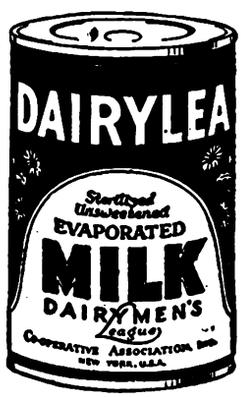

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DETECTING THE DETECTIVE.

A TALK WITH JESS SWEET, THE DANCING SLEUTH IN "LITTLE NELLIE KELLY."

THE Dancing Detective danced off as the strains of "*Nellie Kelly*, I love you" rang through the house; the Detective danced off . . .. and was immediately caught.

"Tell me, Mr. Sweet," I began, "have you detected anything?"

"No, Madam, only a flaw," was the reply.

"A floor, Mr. Sweet?" I replied. "Surely that is something to dance on?"

"Precisely, that is why I am dancing. Speaking of detectives, this is the third detective part I have been cast for in South Africa. The other two were *Slithers* in the revival of 'Our Miss Gibbs' and *Detective Sims* in 'Oh, Joy!' at His Majesty's. Other detective parts have been *Mr. Duffell* in 'Facing the Music' and *Vivian Smith* in 'He Didn't Want to Do It,' at the Prince of Wales's Theatre, London. So you see this *Sherlock Holmes* business, like Mary's lamb, seems to follow me wherever I go.

"Character acting? Characterisation is the chief thing an actor must master. My early training in various *répertoire* companies taught me characterisation, and I am proud to have earned the reputation of being very versatile, having played every conceivable type of part, ranging from the garrulous *Widow Twankey* in 'Aladdin,' to that austere personage Napoleon Bonaparte (played 'opposite' to the '*Sans Gêne*' of that wonderful actress, Miss Ada Reeve)."

A JOHANNESBURG WEDDING.

Mr. S. N. Bernstein and Miss Hannah Hyams leaving the Wolmarans Street Synagogue after their marriage.

Photo by Abe Goldstein.

"Have you travelled much, Mr. Detective?" I asked, and so elicted the fact that Mr. Sweet has been a veritable globe-trotter for a number of years.

"That's one great advantage of the theatrical profession," he said. "It enables one to see many parts of the world. Commencing in 1909, I did a very extensive tour of the Far East, playing and sight-seeing throughout Egypt, Ceylon, India, Baluchistan, Burma, Malacca, the Straits Settlements, the Philippine Islands and Japan."

In most of these countries Mr. Sweet met with many strange experiences. He relates how, sleeping one night in a bungalow in Mussoorie, on the Himalayas, he heard something rustling in the canvas ceiling above his head. But such things are not uncommon there, and he was just getting to sleep when the "something" fell on to the bed. Fortunately he awakened quickly, and "got" a four-feet cobra before it got him!

When travelling in the remote parts of the Far East, Mr. Sweet's advice is: Learn something of the weird and wonderful rites and rituals of the natives.

"It was at Benares, the holy city of India," he related, "a most interesting place, except for the indescribable 'perfume' of the burning ghats, that a party of us went to visit the Temple of the Golden Dome. Being unversed in the mystic ways of the East, I did not know that upon entering a temple it was imperative to remove one's shoes. I stalked in as I was, and was walking round the altar when a worshiper grabbed me and chucked me out into the 'hot' hard world. I just went out, and quickly at that, but being an acrobat, fortunately landed on my feet. I soon learned how I had offended, and, having removed the sacrilegious footwear, made a very graceful re-entrance (without music) and everyone was happy again."

I learned that Jess Sweet is an enthusiastic mountaineer, and this, and the hobby of photography, have made him the owner of a unique collection of snapshots, taken practically in every part of the world. Since leaving South Africa in 1922 (after the production of "Chu Chin Chow"), Mr. Sweet has "travelled some," having toured throughout Australia with Miss Ada Reeve in "Spangles," which, by the way, holds the record run of any production in Australasia.

On leaving Australia, he returned to England to play at the Shaftesbury Theatre, London, in "Katinka," playing the same character that he created in the South African production during 1920. Mr. Sweet speaks very highly of South African productions, which compare very favourably with, and sometimes eclipse, those of the West End. He also has great praise for Mr. Philip Levard, who knows his work as a producer and gets the best out of his company by pleasant methods.

"Excuse me!" exclaimed Jess, grabbing his horn-rimmed spectacles and magnifying glass; "it's nearing my cue." So, dashing on to the stage, he joins that genial comedian, Mr. Victor Crawford, and the pair enter before the footlights further to unravel the mystery of the stolen pearls in "Little Nellie Kelly."

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HERE, THERE AND EVERYWHERE.

Rafael Sabatini.

I yield to no man in my devotion to Rafael Sabatini, the modern Dumas. Give me an old pipe, a chair at the fireside and one of Sabatini's romances and I am happy. One of his finest romantic novels is "Scaramonche," and joy reigned in my heart when I heard that it was to be screened at the Bijou on September 1. Ramon Navarro, Lewis Stone and Alice Terry are featured and the production is by Rex Ingram. Johannesburg will rave about it. In New York they paid $2.20 for seats and it ran for months. London was delighted with it.

New Pattis.

The singing world is finding as many "new Adelina Pattis" as the world of the pianoforte has discovered "Liszt pupils." Galli-Curci and Tettrazini threaten to be supplanted by a whole series of wearers of the great *diva's* mantle. They are announced from Italy, England and

MISS CECILIA WESSELS AND MISS DOROTHEA VINCENT,

Who will give a vocal and pianoforte recital in the Selborne Hall, Johannesburg, on Thursday next week. Miss Wessels (left) is the daughter of the late Sir Cornelius Wessels, Administrator of the Orange Free State, and has just completed three years of vocal study in London. She is shortly to return to London to sing at the Queen's Hall.

Russia. First of all there is Toti dal Monte, who has recently been boomed in America; then Dusolina Giannini created a furore in London; and now there is Maria Kurenko, who has evoked unbridled enthusiasm by her appearances in Kharkov, Moscow, Riga, Helsingfors and Paris. Her birthplace is Tomsk, Siberia.

Publicly Humiliated.

At Manchester, Iowa, one Charles Rann, a newspaperman, stood on a street corner. Near by a water main burst, deluging Rann's trousers and driving him home in confusion. Rann has brought legal action against the Town Council and others, alleging that "he was publicly humiliated."

Film Stars' Predicament.

Whilst on their recent tour Mary Pickford and Douglas Fairbanks breakfasted with the United States Ambassador to Spain at the famous Armenonville Restaurant in the Bois de Boulogne, Paris. When they had finished, the three looked at each other aghast. None of them had any money! They explained who they were to the head waiter, but he was unimpressed, sceptical and obdurate. They needed 180 *francs* for the breakfast bill. Eventually the United States Ambassador managed to raise the money.

T.J.H.

A CAPE TOWN CHRONICLE.

(*Continued from Page 10.*)

workmen descend upon this suburban spot and transform it into the wonderful exhibition which all the world wants to see. The Duke of York turning the first sod, the Stadium having its first real test as the Cup Tie crowd surges all over it, and then the great scene where the Exhibition is opened by the King and Queen. These glimpses make the film a part of history.

On the Switchback.

But the marvellous and most interesting part of this film is where you drift with the camera-man from Newfoundland to Fiji. All the sections are shown, not forgetting South Africa with its ostrich-farm and the railway-train which has become famous as giving the best and cheapest meals at the Exhibition. Then the camera-man ventures into Wembley's wonderful Amusement Park. I have recently met Americans who will grudgingly admit that Coney Island has been outdone at Wembley. Certainly when you see these wonderful films taken while rushing up and down the scenic railway or being pitched down the helter-skelter, you begin to wonder what the genius who devises these wonderful entertainments will do next. The slow-motion pictures give you the hustle of Wembley in painfully realistic fashion. To all who cannot go to the Exhibition, and even to those lucky ones who have seen it, I would say: "Go and see this film."

Carrie Tubb's Tour.

I had a talk with Miss Carrie Tubb on her arrival in Cape Town after touring South Africa. She is loud in her praise of the country, its musical taste and, above all, its audiences. "I am coming again as soon as ever I can," she told me. "The next time I come I want to manage a big-game shoot somewhere north of Rhodesia. It would be the delight of my life, to rough it in the bush for some weeks." She has been singing in Cape Town during the past week, and her glorious voice seems to have withstood the arduous tour she has had extremely well.

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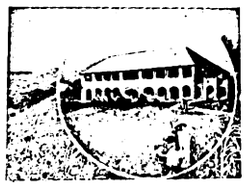

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SPRING PROGRAMME.

Why Not Move Derby and Oaks Forward?

THREE-YEAR-OLDS STINTED.

By "ONLOOKER."

A GREAT number of those who usually go a-racing on Saturdays formed a section of the record crowd assembled at the Wanderers' last week-end to witness the Rugby Test Match between "The Springboks" and "The Britons." Making allowance for this, there was quite a satisfactory attendance at the Germiston Sporting Club's meeting. And the spectators at Germiston had a most interesting afternoon's sport. The majority of those who had a fortnight previously seen

Happy Omen

unextended win his race at Benoni fully expected the old gelding to account for the opposition he had to meet in the chief race on Saturday, the course being nine furlongs. But the rise in weight Happy Omen had had found him unable at the finish to cope with another fit and improving antagonist. This was Culmstock, a winner the week before, who, under his 6st. 9lbs., scored with something in hand. The favourite indeed missed second place by a head to Edelwild, 8st. 11lb.

* * *

Happy Omen was by no means the only favourite to go under. As a matter of fact, while the best-backed winners kept knocking at the door, the single actual favourite to prevail was the three-year-old View Holloa in a second division race at a mile. View Holloa, who

Won in Ready Style,

is by Foxgrove from the Greatorex mare Vilja. He had one success to his credit last season. A bad swerve on the part of Mr. Browse's Turning Point caused that three-year-old to lose his race at five furlongs, the improved filly, Nancy Fair, being the one to out Turning Point, who has not scored since taking the first two-year-old race of last season.

* * *

The stable presided over by *ex*-jockey Beatt has a very considerable following. The stable sent out two hot-pots at Germiston. Both were beaten into second place, and the reverse must have cost the immediate connections, and backers generally, a pretty penny. In the first instance the stable representative, Milford, was clearly found

Unable to Concede

the required 11lbs. to the *ex*-galloway Epos. Epos, second in favour, won very comfortably. Beatt's other favourite, the English-bred mare Prudens, with ordinary luck would have won. After being rather badly left she just failed by a neck to reach Mifanwy, like Epos a graduate from the measured ranks. Prudens is still a maiden and is proving a very costly animal.

* * *

Surprise Sauce, starting at 8 to 1, won the principal event at Clairwood last Saturday. Mr. Rowe's five-year-old carried 9st. 5lbs., and beat Aureoline, 7st. 4lbs., at the end of the mile. King's Daisy, fourth, giving 2lbs., was

Preferred to the Winner

in the betting. In the last J.T.C. Summer Handicap Surprise Sauce was handicapped to allow King's Daisy 11lbs. In the top-class special handicap at Clairwood Mr. Rowe's Princess Alice just failed to concede 17lbs. to Fondling.

* * *

As was stated in our last issue, the racing game has for some considerable time past been in a more flourishing state in the other Provinces of the Union than in the Transvaal. It is satisfactory then to find that for the Johannesburg Turf Club's Spring Meeting, the dates for which are October 4, 6 and 11, the stakes are on the same level as for the corresponding fixture last year. The value of

The Spring Handicap,

nine furlongs, will be £1,150. At the Spring Meeting at Turffontein the first races for two-year-olds are invariably run for. This time there are two races for the youngsters, the initial event, which is for colts and geldings, being on the second day; while the race on the third day is for fillies only.

* * *

There is no event confined to three-year-olds in the Spring. In this connection it has frequently been mooted that the Derby and Oaks might with advantage be put forward from the Summer to the Spring Meeting. The chief classics are decided earlier elsewhere than in South Africa. The English flat-racing season opens in March—well on in that month—and the Derby generally comes up for decision early in June (sometimes in May), or less than three months from the opening day at Lincoln. In Australia the earliest Derby, that at Sydney, is run for in September, and the Victorian Derby in October. And

The Australian Season,

like ours, commences on August 1. Under the existing arrangement of the programme for Summer Meetings at Turffontein the chief handicap is on the first day and the Derby on the second or third. There is, of course, nothing to preclude an owner of a Derby candidate having a cut for the Handicap, but anyone with a prospect of annexing the classic will not take the risk of his three-year-old getting a trouncing in open company just prior to his race for the Derby. As matters stand we cannot therefore expect to see a good Colonial three-year-old in the field for the Christmas Handicap. It would be otherwise if the Derby were an item on the Spring programme.

* * *

Fabaris, who, since coming to the country, had been held on lease by Mr. F. W. Murray from Sir Abe Bailey, will in future race in the baronet's colours and be trained by W. L. Randall. Fabaris had always been a very much boomed horse. His public showings would imply that he has been over-rated. Success in a couple of good sprint races about sums up his achievements for all the time he has been in commission. A poor record for a crack. Perhaps we have

Not Seen the Best

of Fabaris; never will, some will say, for a five-year-old stallion is not likely to improve. There is little doubt Mr. Murray was chary (especially after the horse had been laid

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aside for some months owing to accident) of giving Fabaris as searching preparations as he would like; he couldn't well afford to risk the breakdown of the top-notcher in his limited string. This consideration will not commend itself to the horse's present trainer. Randall is pretty sure thoroughly to wind up Fabaris; if he should go wrong in the process, it will be unlucky, that's all.

* * *

Since registering his racing colours in 1908 Mr. G. D. Greenwood, the New Zealand sportsman (owner of the famous performer Gloaming), has won £121,000 in stakes. Mr. Greenwood's horses are trained by R. J. Mason.

* * *

The totalisator investments at the Auckland (N.Z.) Racing Club's meetings (11 days) last season were just on £940,000.

* * *

For the St. Leger, run for on September 10, Sansovino rules a strong favourite. The Derby-winner made a hole in his reputation by a bad display at Ascot, and some are sceptical about his Doncaster prospects should the going be on top of the ground.

* * *

Red Ronald is back at his home-quarters, Whittington Lodge, but the colt is still unable to take any exercise.

* * *

The following are my selections for the Auckland Park Meeting this Saturday:—

12.40 p.m.—Moderate Handicap, 6 furlongs.
Lady Beauty 1, Lord Nelson 2, The Woods 3.

1.20 p.m.—Brixton Handicap, "A," 7 furlongs.
Queenminster 1, Gard's selected 2, Edinburgh Rock 3.

2.0 p.m.—Brixton Handicap, "D," 5 furlongs.
Woodland 1, Queen of the Karroo 2, Wald 3.

2.40 p.m.—Auckland Park Handicap, "C," 1 mile.
Felicia 1, Dorothy II. 2, Wedding Ring 3.

3.20 p.m.—Auckland Park Handicap, "A," 1 mile.
Victorious 1, The Dalesman 2, Back Answer 3.

4.0 p.m.—Brixton Handicap, "B," 6 furlongs.
Murray's selected 1, Epos 2, Memoria 3.

4.40 p.m.—Brixton Handicap, "C," 5 furlongs.
Windy Forest 1, Jasmine 2, Brag 3.

5.20 p.m.—Auckland Park Handicap, "B," 1¼ miles.
Prudens 1, Ammon 2, Polyphonest 3.

I can see nothing subversive in the idea of Mrs. Thomas Atkins, wife of Mr. Thomas Atkins, coming to live next door to Lady Vere de Vere.—*Mr. Thurtle, M.P.*

The Scottish people have a reputation for strong temperance views and an enormous consumption of whisky.—*Mr. Snowden.*

The great desire for peace all over the world is actuated by the fact that we all want to get on with our business.—*Sir Daniel Hall.*

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JAZZING ROUND THE WORLD.

(*Continued from page 2.*)

are miles behind. If only they wouldn't give us *croquettes*, and *rissoles*, and *kromeskys*, and other similar messes at our meals! If only they would learn to cook fish properly and serve it more frequently! If only they would learn to make a decent plate of porridge or a fair meal of ham and eggs! There is scope here, my friends—any amount of it.

* * *

The before-mentioned young lady left Southampton by the Rotterdamsche-Lloyd boat s.s. *Insulinde*. She had five weeks of sheer happiness. From the moment of leaving everyone was kindness itself, but when it was discovered that she could sing she was made a popular idol. On her birthday she had a special dinner—her chair was draped with the Union Jack, the ship's band played "God Save the King,"

A Special Cake

with her name and greetings written on it in sugar-icing graced the table, and the ship's doctor made a delightful speech in her honour. How different from some British lines. I have, with colleagues, on occasions, worked my—er—inside out to amuse fellow-passengers and never received a solitary word of thanks. Isn't there a moral in all this for South Africa? Couldn't Boer and British, "South Africans" and "Nationalists," get together and settle all their differences, and live happily ever after? Think it over!

IN THE BRIGHT LIGHTS.

(*Continued from page 8.*)

His *ballet* with Miss Vivien Talleur (always fascinating and a splendid dancer) and Miss Vera van Rij is a kaleidoscope of brilliant colours and is one of the tit-bits of the play. Mr. Lawrence Halbert sings and acts well and makes a good lover, and the rest of the cast ably support the story.

Frocks, frocks everywhere, and more wonderful and more magnificent than any we have seen even in previous revues. The settings are attractive, and with song, laugh and dance, with pretty girls in fascinating creations, what more can be wanted? The music throughout is delightful and helps largely to the success of the show. Mr. Philip D. Levard has certainly produced another winner.

Elaine.

The English people are the sweetest-tempered in the world.—*Professor Caldwell* (Montreal).

Few flappers have leaky attics now, with their roofs shingled every week or so.

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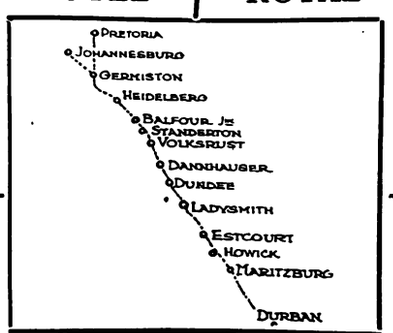

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Orpheum, Johannesburg.—Jennie Hartley, Howe and Watt.

Grand, Pretoria.—Rolls and Falls, Gregorio Halevy.

Criterion, Benoni.—Kenna Brothers, Tom E. Finglass.

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Criterion, Durban.—Hayden and Nevard, Otago Bill and Company, Syd. Burl, Rend Rudd.

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Warner Drama in 6 Acts.
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Holbrook Blinn and Enid Bennett in
"THE BAD MAN,"
First National Drama in 7 Parts.

Next Week's Calls.

WEEK COMMENCING MONDAY, SEPTEMBER 1.

Tivoli, Cape Town.—Till September 2: Rich and Galvin, Videau and Kirby, Kit and Eddie O'Shea, Fred Hutchings. Continuing: Vernon Watson, Victor King, Les Uniques. Opening September 3: Moon and Morris, Campbell and Wise, The Harris Family, Hamilton.

Empire, Johannesburg.—"Little Nellie Kelly."

His Majesty's, Johannesburg.— Maurice Moscovitch and Company in "What Money Can't Buy."

Orpheum, Johannesburg.—Jennie Hartley, Howe and Watt.

Grand, Pretoria.—Rolls and Falls, Gregorio Halevy.

Criterion, Benoni.—Kenna Brothers, Tom E. Finglass.

Rinko, Maritzburg.—Dave Lee, O'Brien and Harris.

Criterion, Durban.—Hayden and Nevard, Otago Bill and Company, Syd. Burl, Rend Rudd.

Vaudette, Krugersdorp.—September 1, 2 and 3: Reg. Wentworth, Merna Stewart.

Apollo, Germiston.—September 4, 5 and 6: Reg. Wentworth, Merna Stewart.

City Hall, East London.—September 1 and 2: George Relph and Company in "The Green Goddess."

Grand, Port Elizabeth.—September 4, 5 and 6: George Relph and Company in "The Green Goddess."

TEN YEARS AGO.

Empire.—William Burr and Daphne Hope, Tom Davies' Trio, Billie Berle, Claymore Trio, The Keppels, Arthur Leslie, Madge Clifton, Gwennie Llewellyn.

His Majesty's.—"The Girl on the Film" and "The Dancing Mistress."

Standard.—"From Monte Carlo to Japan."

Palladium.—"The Bad Man."

Orpheum.—The Takiness, Dulcie Milner and George Story, Dick Cruikshanks and Company in "Bridget's Idea."

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Date of Issue, August 30th, 1924.

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NOTE.—Artistes are advised to send particulars under headings 3, 4 and 5 as soon as they open in Africa, which will be filed for reference.

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MOTORING AND MOTOR-CYCLING.

By "WIRE WHEEL."

Competition Winners.

A photograph of the winner of Competition No. 1 (issue of August 2) is reproduced in this column.

Competition No. 2 (August 9) was won by Mrs. Wiseman, Ferreira Deep Gold Mine.

Competition No. 3 (August 16) has been won by Kate F. Stanley, Allen Street, Newcastle, Natal. The place pictured was the Incandu Falls, Newcastle.

Competition No. 4 (August 23) has been won by Mr. W. Ferguson, Rustic Tea Gardens, Rosebank, Johannesburg. The place pictured was Mulder's Drift. The prize for this competition will be exhibited in the windows of the Cut-Rate Tyre and Accessory Company, 127, Commissioner Street (near the Empire).

A Coroner's Opinion of Trams.

Dr. Waldo, the coroner for the City of London, has recently expressed the opinion that trams are unsuitable for congested central London, and that, at least, no more new tram lines should be laid down. He said that he believed the police agreed with him in that opinion. Motorists in Johannesburg will also endorse this opinion, that trams in the central area are unsuitable and the greatest source of danger. Not so very long ago I witnessed a pointsman pull up no less than three tram-car drivers for disregarding his signals. Frankly, at the time I was astonished to find one constable sufficiently courageous to pull up a tram-driver. What happened afterwards I have not heard, but I for one feel grateful to that pointsman for pulling up these Juggernauts of the road. Because the trams are owned by the Municipality and run to schedule time-tables, the drivers consider they are immune from traffic regulations and have a prior right of the road. Listening-in the other evening to Major Fulton's broadcast lecture on Traffic Regulation I was surprised that he made no mention of trams in his remarks. Their stopping-places in Commissioner Street, Eloff Street, Market Street, Plein Street and Rissik Street have been fixed with no regard for other users of the road. Often the driver of a tram overshoots the stop, with the consequence that other vehicles are seriously impeded. The stop at the corner of Commissioner and Rissik Streets is placed a few yards from the north-west corner of the intersection, and when a driver, as has often happened, overshoots the stop, traffic proceeding north up Rissik Street has an additional difficulty imposed upon it through the action of the driver of the tram-car and the Municipality's lack of consideration for other users of the road. If motorists, motor-cyclists, bicyclists, and drivers of animal-drawn vehicles are to observe the rules of the road, then it is equally incumbent upon tram-drivers to do so. Generally speaking, drivers of motor vehicles are considerate and do observe the rules of the road, and do not, as many inconsiderate pedestrians claim, rush about seeking how much damage they can do to their vehicles and users on the road. There are, of course, exceptions, as in every sphere of life; usually they get their deserts. Meanwhile the majority suffer for the misdeeds of a few.

A PRIZE-WINNER.

Mr. L. Keulemans, of 208, Tramway Street, Kenilworth, Johannesburg, with the stag's-head mascot he won in "Wire Wheel's" Pictorial Competition No. 1. His letter was the first opened containing the correct name of the locality of Picture No. 1, published on August 2. The picture was of Florida Lake.

Photo by A. Roberts.

Four-Wheel Brakes.

Driving on all four wheels had not, until the War, been called for in England, probably because its advantages had not been realised. The British War Office, however, has a call for vehicles with multiple-wheel drive, and a new production by a British maker will probably make its appearance at the Autumn manœuvres.

Pneumatic Upholstery.

The very latest idea in car upholstery is that of employing pneumatic cushions and squabs. The method of stuffing cushions with horsehair and springs, it would appear, will shortly have to give way to the pneumatic upholstery. A self-controlled air cushion called the "Scaco" has just been introduced into the market in England. This cushion consists of a rubber bag divided off and supported by a series of hollow and pliable rubber pillars and fitted with an ordinary bicycle valve. No matter what are the weights of passengers on the same cushion, the "Scaco" immediately adapts itself to the different pressure, and without any apparent increase or decrease in the depth of the seating. They are manufactured by the Self-Controlled Air Cushion Company, Limited, Clifton Street Works, Manchester, England.

Superstitious.

To those who regard the number 13 as an unlucky one, perhaps the following will be a source of consolation. In the recent Round-the-Coast ride Mr. H. Gibson completed 3,404 miles without the slightest trouble or hitch. The number of his machine added up to thirteen; he was thirteen days on the trip (not riding Sunday); sent thirteen telegrams of his movements from start to finish; and his 7 h.-p. Raleigh motor-cycle is model thirteen on the company's official list. Mr. Burt, the fortunate winner of the motor-cycle offered in the competition, considers thirteen his lucky number, so he halved the total mileage and then added thirteen miles. He added 213 yards to make another thirteen, and finally the letter advising him of his win was delivered on the 13th of the month.

New Addition to the 350 c.c. Class.

Mr. D. R. Hunt, of Messrs. Williams, Hunt & Co., has just returned after a brief visit to the Indian Motocycle factory at Springfield, Mass., U.S.A. Mr. Hunt gave Wire Wheel the information that a 2¾ h.p. (30 c.c.) side-by-side valve Indian would shortly arrive in South Africa. This will be known as the Model "L." It is a machine of particularly fine balance and capable of high speed. Details of its construction are not yet available, but I hope to give the full particulars at an early date. Meanwhile it is heartening to learn that Indian will be able to compete on level pegging in price and c.c. with the lively little busses at present showing such phenomenal efficiency. I am assured that the price will be below £70, and that this new model will be supplied either with or without electrical equipment.

"Fiat 501" Scores.

In a three-day endurance test, Danish-German, which started from Copenhagen, running through Kiel, Hamburg, Hanover to Magdeburg, thence north-east to Berlin, southwards to Liepzig, Dresden, Breslau and Frankfort and return, a "Fiat 501," driven by Hedegaard Schon, won in the 2,000 c.c. class and covered the distance in 49 hours 20 minutes at an average speed of more than 34 m.p.h. The "Fiat 501" was the only car in this class to finish the course, and ran second, irrespective of class distinction, immediately behind a 3,000 c.c. engine car.

EMPIRE: "LITTLE NELLIE KELLY."

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S.A. PICTORIAL.
STAGE & CINEMA.

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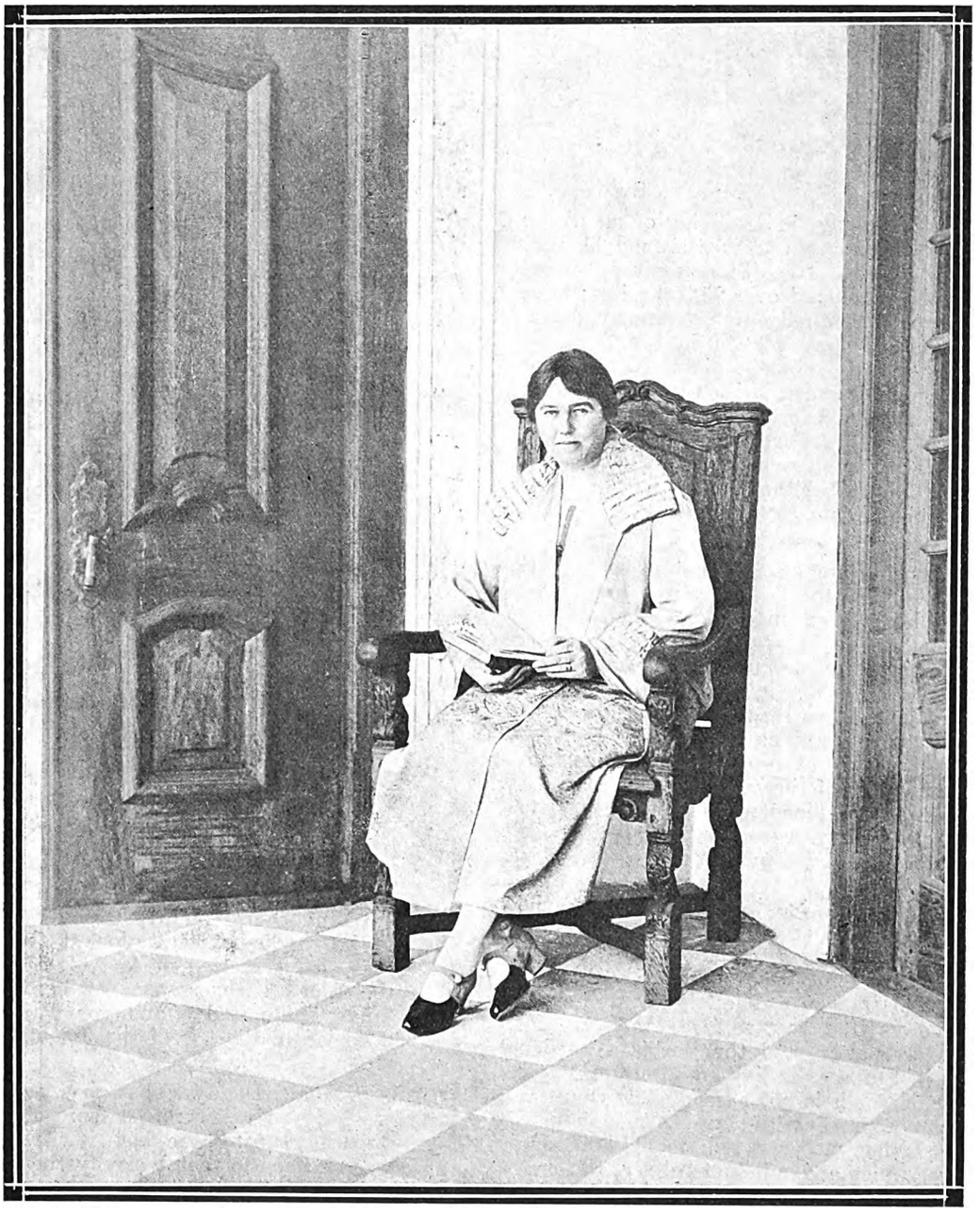

THE HOSTESS AT "GROOTE SCHUUR."

Mrs. Havenga, wife of the Hon. N. C. Havenga, Minister of Finance in General Hertzog's Cabinet. Mrs. Havenga acts as hostess at Groote Schuur, *the official residence in Cape Town of the Prime Minister of the Union, and she is seen here on the* stoep *of the historic house bequeathed to the nation by Cecil Rhodes.*

"S. A. Pictorial" photo.

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JAZZING ROUND THE WORLD.

By JENKYN.

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MEDAN, Sumatra.

TWELVE months ago to-day, in Mafeking of all places in the world, we commenced to jazz around it, and, like *Charley's Aunt*, we are still doing that same. During that period we have covered over 25,000 miles; have performed in just over one hundred cities, towns, villages, hamlets and mining-camps; have played in big theatres, bioscopes, clubs, dance-halls, hotel dining-rooms and *cabarets*. We have been in thirteen British and two Dutch colonies and dependencies, and have seen many of the world's wonders, marvelled at strange peoples, made vague and ineffectual attempts to learn many tongues. The last has been a conspicuous failure. Although I have been three months in the Dutch Indies I am

Still Under the Impression

that "*Verboden Toegang*" is some sort of patent corn-cure! From a business point of view the tour has been a success, although no fortunes have been made, and there is no reason why it should not go on for ever and a day. It has proved that, given proper organisation and low initial and current expenses, much can be done in exploiting out-of-the-way places. An artist engaged on a round-the-world circuit has no fear of the sickening vacations that are the bugbear of the actor's life, and that have been one of the factors contributing to the economic ruin of the actor's profession. Of course we make no claim to be pioneers. Others have gone over the same ground with varying success long before we did, but their adventures have been mostly unrecorded.

* * *

Sumatra, they call it, but, judging from some of the streets in Medan, the one town of importance, it might be Surbiton, for the pretty little villas, standing in their own gardens, bordered with trim-clipt hedges, have a distinctly Surbintonish flavour. Let the eye wander, however, just so little, and against the skyline you will see the graceful profile of a score of coco-palms, and the Surbiton illusion goes phut. Our stay in Sumatra is limited to eleven days, and that is quite enough, for it is not a good show country. Its population is tiny compared with Java, although it is much larger in size. It has well-watered, fertile soil, and from the train one sees miles and miles of rubber, tobacco, plantain, coco-palm, and that other palm that bears the fruit so dear to the heart of the actor—namely, dates. I hear that in some parts the natives are "up against" the Dutch, and that up to

Recently There Was Trouble,

but one sees no signs of that in the towns. There is one very big difference between the two islands. Java is infested with hawkers. You can sit on the stoep of your hotel apartment and be certain of at least a score within the hour, selling everything from needles to furniture, but usually specialising in real genuine Javanese *Batik*—"real Solo *batik, Tuan*," "made in Djokja, *Tuan*"—every yard of which comes from Manchester or Holland. I believe they are even able to imitate the slight waxiness in the texture, which is one of the tests of true *batik*. In Sumatra, *au contraire*, one never sees a hawker, and in the stores the bargaining instinct seems to be missing. It is take it or leave it, and the prices are very high. Not only in Sumatra but elsewhere in the East it is curious how difficult it is to obtain exactly what you want. I desired some very ordinary buttons, the kind that you slip through a hole in a drill coat when it comes from the wash, and fasten with a brass gadget at the back. I went into thirty stores at least, and was shown the weirdest efforts in the button line. I had no idea that there were such buttons in this world. There were comic buttons, garish buttons, knobbly buttons, iridescent buttons, but no common or garden bone buttons. I might have made a curio of myself by buying and wearing some of them, but not one of them had the little brass gadget at the back. So I still wander around and cause ribald laughter amongst my colleagues because I am tied up with string, safety-pins, and elastic.

* * *

That is another good thing about touring—you have no "position" to keep up. Certain members of this combination, when resident in Johannesburg, used to be rather dressy birds. They patronised the very best tailors and were quite restful to the eye, as they took their walks abroad. Since we have been on tour they must have saved at least a hundred pounds apiece in this and other similar ways, and yet they always seem quite presentable. Of course I am as usual a blot upon the landscape, as I always have been, but I can't help it. Some people are born like that, and several dukes and millionaires of my acquaintance are even worse dressed than I. So that's that.

* * *

Our trip from Java to Sumatra was on the *Johan de Witt*, of the Nederlandsch Stoomvaart Mattschappij—or words to that effect—and it was all too short. The sheer luxury on these Dutch liners is amazing. We came second-class, and anyone who could grumble must be either a snob or an idiot. Really

I Am All for Holland

in many ways. They are a courteous, kindly, energetic, enterprising people, and, strange as it may seem, they like the British. It is curious how entirely ignorant they are of, and indifferent to, their cousins in South Africa. I doubt if one out of ten of the Dutch of East India have ever heard of General Hertzog, and if you try to tell them about conditions in the Union they don't even feign a languid interest. Of course we are absolutely at sea as to what is going on in South Africa now that for the first time the Hertzogites are in power. What will have happened when we return to Africa later on? Will the grass be growing in Adderley Street? Will long whiskers be the prevailing mode at the Johannesburg Country Club? Will "*Hoe gaat het, Jong?*" be the usual salutation at the Carlton *Cabarets*? I suppose, as a matter of fact, it is much the same as with the Labour Government at home. Table Mountain still stands where it did, and you can still find the finest club in Africa in the bar of the Johannesburg Empire.

* * *

So dear old Daddy Fabert has passed on. I think it was H. J. Byron who wrote a farce about the search for a happy man. During the last few years of Fabert's life there was no need to search any further than Grahamstown.

PERFECTING THE FOX-TROT.

The dancing profession, in England, has decided to devote attention to the perfecting of the fox-trot, which by reason of its simplicity is still the most popular dance. In London particularly it is considered that only about one man in fifty knows how to fox-trot in the correct manner, and for this reason the teachers are going to centre their efforts on this dance. The waltz is still in fashion, but in the modern form.

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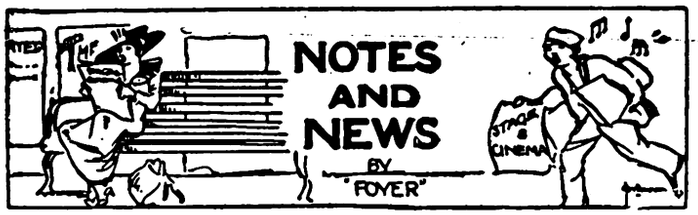


Some Funny Letters.

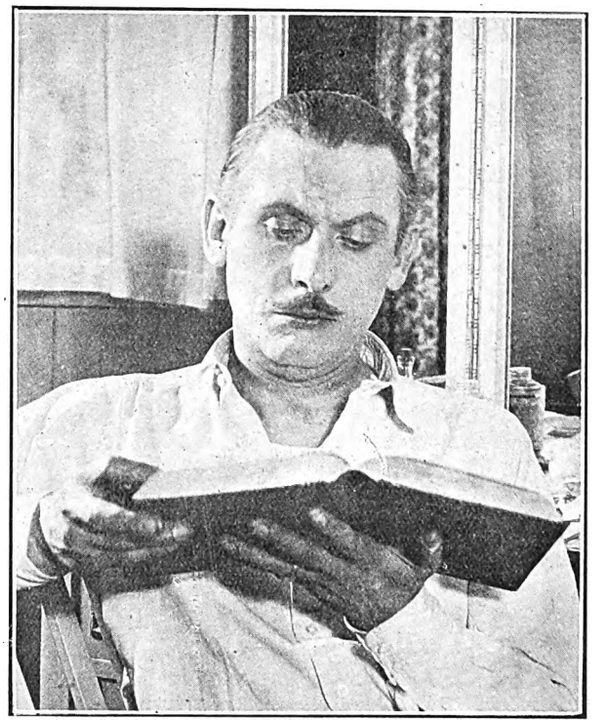
An illustrated paper is a target for letters from photographic agencies from all over the world. It is rarely that a week passes without one or two of these cajoling document reaching THE S. A. PICTORIAL. They are not all, however, as unconsciously funny as the one which arrived last week from Calcutta. This is it: "Dear Sir, All the world's a stage and all the men and women are merely players. On the broad fields of Hindusthan are staged the whole world. The Hindu monk living in a mountain cave or the Christian Missionary preaching among the naked Hill tribes, the humble fisherman singing with the winds from his canoe or the august shipwright dictating his terms from the end of his stick, the half-starved Babus come sweating to office or their masters robed in precious silk too busy with the khas-khas, the uneasy men-saheb poking her nose through the blinds to see if the cruel sun is going down when the light-boys run with the ladder to keep the glass clean, meantime the tommies leave their barracks to get some oxygen on the maidan when the footballers chat all the way criminating and recriminating to their hearts content. Nothing escapes our notice, however big or small and every interesting event wherever found within the four corners of India are photographed for the trade. Kindly remember us. when looking for any, and on the least intimation, you will find us at your door." We sincerely hope that we shall not find this particular photographer at our door.

"Along Quite Afrika."

From a Zurich photographer comes a photograph (reproduced on page 28) with the following description attached to it: "The Americain World Automobil Club had arranged 1921 an endurance concurrence bedween 8 cars through the wide world with termin of 5 years. The cars started at 3th May 1921 on different points of the U.S. It was not allowed to the partners to take money with themselves. They must exist from sales of carts and the profit of their films made on their travels. Our picture show car nr. 1 (Mr. Capt. G. Armstrong with Miss White and Miss Young) at 19th July 24 in Zurich, having travelled Alaska, Kanada with British Columbia, U.S.A., Mexiko and Cuba, and than Portugal, Spain, Italy, France and now Switzerland with to-day over 175,000 km. Captain Armstrong, whose magnificent films are very admired in Switzerland, will go now through Austria, Germany, Holland, Belgium and through the desert of Sahara along quite Afrika till Cape of Good Hope. Start: Vancouver."

Photos in German!

From Switzerland also—this one from Montreux—comes a letter offering us a photographic service "*en deux langues, français et allemand,*" whilst a gentleman at Constantinople informs us that "photographs of the greatest personages of this country as well as of the diplomatic corps can be obtained at my studio."



A FAMOUS SCREEN "VILLAIN."
Mr. Lew Cody, who shortly will be seen as *Joe Garson* in the film-version of "Within the Law," with Miss Norma Talmadge as *Mary Turner*.

Murder of May Vivian.

Vincent Sibello, the Italian who shot dead Miss Mary Frances Smith, the London dancer, professionally known as May Vivian, in her motor-car near Monte Carlo on March 11, has made a statement with regard to the crime. According to *The Evening News* (London), he says that he met the dancer quite by accident, and that the shooting was unintentional. The dead girl was the daughter of Mr. William Smith, a riding master, of Bayswater, and at the time of her death was dancing with her partner, Mr. Michael Rinder, at the Riviera Palace Hotel. In 1922 she visited South Africa with a previous partner, Mr. Henri de Bray. It was while she was motoring with her partner from the hotel that she was shot. Sirello told the examining magistrate that he was madly in love with the dead dancer and the idea of killing her never crossed his mind. The disdain with which Miss Smith had treated him caused him great mental anguish, he said. On the evening of the shooting he saw her in her motor-car. Hearing her voice he could not resist seeing her again. To frighten her, he mounted on to the footboard. Then the car moved forward and the jerk discharged the revolver. Sirello wept while telling his story and said he profoundly regretted the crime.

Another Stage Peeress.

"So This Is London!," Mr. George M. Cohan's farce-comedy recently played in South Africa by the Thurston Hall Company, has just led to the Peerage enlisting another charming recruit from the stage in the person of Miss Joyce Kerr, who is to marry Lord Talbot de Malahide. He is 50, and has a seat, Malahide Castle, in County Dublin, reputed to be the oldest castle that is still inhabited in the British Isles. It was in Dublin, too, that the happy pair met, less than three months ago—while Miss Kerr was appearing with her father, Mr. "Fred" Kerr, the well-known actor, in "So This Is London!" Miss Kerr, besides being pretty and clever, is further distinguished by her habit of wearing a monocle.

"Propaganda."

Mr. Percy Hutchison has just been presented with the Navy League's Special Service Decoration for his recent propaganda work on behalf of the Navy in Canada and South Africa.

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BAR SOAPS, Beeswax, Pale, 50lb., 32/- case. Pale Yellow, 50lbs., 23/6 case.
TABLET SOAPS, Delightful, 65/- oase.
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ORPHEUM, MONDAY: THE WEMBLEY FILM.

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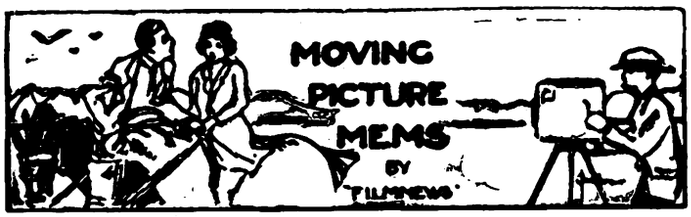

Wembley, the Eighth Wonder of the World.

The official Pathé film of the British Empire Exhibition, entitled "Wembley, the Eighth Wonder of the World," will be on view exclusively at the Johannesburg Orpheum next week. I think it is safe to say that this picture will be of equal interest to those who have seen the Exhibition and those who have not. Very few who have been to Wembley can have seen so much of the Exhibition as is shown in this picture, which has been three months in the making. Those who have not been to Wembley will get from the picture an excellent idea of the vastness, the beauty, and the interest of the Exhibition. Perhaps the most interesting feature of the picture, however, is the wonderful photography of the Queen's Dolls' House. This marvel of art and industry has caught the imagination of the people as no other exhibit has done. In the film it is beautifully photographed, and by the magic of the camera, its tiny contents are enlarged to "life size" at one moment, and the next compared with articles of common use. This section will be to film-goers a revelation of the miracle of miniature photography. "Movie fans" would almost naturally think of a film of the British Empire Exhibition as a sort of animated guide book. They will find the accomplished fact an incredible surprise; incredible for the reason that the unfolding of all that goes to make up the "eighth wonder of the world" is so devised, so carried out, that it becomes more thrilling than a drama, culminating in a series of enchanting tinted pictures. The film had an extraordinary reception at the Tivoli Theatre, London, last month, and it is confidently predicted in England that it is going to be one of the films of the year.

MISS MARY ASTOR,

Who plays "opposite" John Barrymore as *Lady Margery* in "Beau Brummell," and will shortly be seen as *Narcissa Escobar*, with Richard Barthelmess and Dorothy Gish, in Hergesheimer's "The Bright Shawl."

Griffith for Paramount.

D. W. Griffith has at last lost his "independence." He has been captured by the Famous Players-Lasky Corporation, of Hollywood and New York (producers of Paramount Pictures)—the world's biggest moving-picture concern. This is the end of a fight between three nations (Germany, Italy and America) for the services of one of the greatest minds in the film business. It is one of America's replies to the big German film push. Incidentally, it is also the Famous Players-Lasky reply to the recent amalgamation of Goldwyn and Metro. Mr. Griffith has contracted (at a salary that is said to be at the rate of £2,000 a week) to make at least three pictures for Paramount—the first of which is to be Marie Corelli's "The Sorrows of Satan." For the first time in his career Mr. Griffith will have almost unlimited financial resources behind him. But the Famous Players Corporation will dictate the sort of pictures he is to make; and, according to A. Jympson Harman, the cinema correspondent of *The Evening News* (London), the sort of pictures that are wanted in America are those adapted for the mentality of the average grown-up American film fan, "which (he was informed by a well-known American film man) is equal to that of an English schoolboy of 14." Another London writer on film topics anticipates that Mary Pickford and Douglas Fairbanks will follow Griffith to Famous Players, and that, of "The Big Four," only Charlie Chaplin will then be left.

Lawsuit Pending.

The Metro-Goldwyn merger has had a sensational effect on the Goldwyn production of "Ben Hur," which was being filmed in Italy. Charles Brabin was removed from the direction of the picture in favour of Fred Niblo. Mr. Brabin is now back in New York where he is said to be under medical care, suffering from nervous collapse. Brabin has refused to make any statement, but, meantime, has instructed solicitors to prepare suit against Metro-Goldwyn claiming, on the ground of injury to his reputation, 575,000 dollars damages. Meantime, it is understood that Ramon Novarro and May McAvoy will be included in the cast and that the picture will be completed by Christmas.

Hergesheimer to Produce.

Joseph Hergesheimer, the distinguished American novelist, is going to produce a film-version of his own novel "The Three Black Pennies." He has watched others producing four of his stories for the screen—"Tol'able David," "Wild Oranges," "Cytherea" and "The Bright Shawl," and he has thus picked up a good deal of first-hand knowledge of how it should be done. "The Bright Shawl," by the way, is to be screened at the Carlton Theatre, Johannesburg, for the complete week that commences on September 15. The cast includes Richard Barthelmess as *Charles Abbott*, Dorothy Gish as "*La Clavel*" (the Spanish dancer), Mary Astor as *Narcissa Escobar*, and Jetta Gondal as "*La Pilar*." "The Bright Shawl" is a romance of Cuba under the Spanish dominion, and should make a particularly interesting and colourful photoplay.

In Berlin.

Before returning to America Mr. Griffith is to produce in Berlin a film entitled "The Dawn," with Carol Dempster and Neil Hamilton in the leading parts. It is a film-version of the story "Isn't Life Wonderful?" in Geoffrey Moss's recent volume of short stories. "Defeat." It is a grim drama of the aftermath of the War as it affected the family of a German university professor. The action is laid entirely in Germany.

Poets' Corner: Some Day.

Some day we meant to travel far,
Before the glow of noontide failed;
But yonder shines the evening star,
And yet—we have not sailed.

We loitered idly on the quay,
Watching the tides that ebb and flow;
We saw the boats set forth to sea;
And yet—we did not go.

Magic of many tales was brought
By travellers and the travelling wind—
New worlds of deed, new worlds of thought;
And yet—we stayed behind.

And still the dream and still the call:
The boats recede with parting hail;
Shadows of coming night-time fall;
And yet—we do not sail.

By Arthur L. Salmon in "The Observer."

ORPHEUM, MONDAY: THE WEMBLEY FILM.

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Miss Margarete Schoen.

Among recent arrivals on the Rand is Miss Margarete Schoen, a young pianist who has just completed an extended course of musical training in Germany. She was a student at the Berlin *Hochschule fur Musik* and study under the personal guidance of Professor Mayer-Mahr.

A German Text-Book.

Miss Schoen is highly enthusiastic over the nature of her tuition in Germany, and holds Professor Mayer-Mahr in great regard as a pedagogue of outstanding ability. Among the services that this noted authority has rendered to his art is the compilation of a series of volumes dedicated to the selection of material for study. These volumes, which I hope to be able to examine in detail, are devoted to the technical and interpretative study of modern pianoforte playing. The interest stimulated in the volumes lies not only in the fact that the work of selection and grading has been done by a noted German master. It comes as much from the fact that similar tasks have been undertaken in successive generations by other eminent teachers, who have never failed to indicate without much room for doubt how they regarded the material available for technical study, and how they arrived at some assessment of technical and interpretative standards. The value of Professor Mayer-Mahr's work will lie largely in the opportunity afforded for comparison with other monumental achievements of the past. In each attempt there is much room for improvement, and it will be curiously interesting to to see how the German master has approached the subject of assessing standard musical literature.

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A Coming Recital.

Miss Schoen announces that she will give a pianoforte recital in the near future. Among the works that will probably appear on her programme are Beethoven's D-minor Sonata, *Op.* 31, No. 2, and Tausig's setting of Bach's great Toccata and Fugue in D minor. The indication is that Miss Schoen has been thoroughly schooled both musically and technically, for the last-named work requires executive power and keen intellectuality for its adequate presentation. The Sonata is a fine example of the composer's genius; yet it is consistently ignored by concert-players for the more popular works under *Op.* 58 and *Op.* 57.

Music of Babylon.

Dr. Kurt Sachs, of the University of Berlin, has succeeded in deciphering a tablet in the Prussian State Museum which the Prussian Academy has no hesitation in pronouncing as an epoch-making discovery in the history of music. In the Assyrian department of the University there is an inscription in cuneiform, found in the ancient capital of Assur, and dating from about B.C. 800. The inscription consists of three columns, of which the third has remained undecipherable until now. Dr. Sachs claims that the first column supplies the notes of the song written in Sumerian characters in the second column and translated into faulty Assyrian in the third. The song itself is a religious poem, describing the creation of man out of the blood of the gods. In the seventy lines of the first column sixty-two different syllables were found, reduced to eighteen by a process of instrumentation applied to the twenty-two stringed harp, known to have been used in Egypt, and apparently applicable to other musical systems of the Old World. The conclusions arrived at are that the Babylonians possessed a pentatonic music without semitones; that their melodies were not confined to the five-toned scale, but were spread over twenty tones in four groups of five tones; that the scale indicated by the tablet comprised two octaves and one fifth, and that the harp accompaniment made full use of double notes, octaves, double octaves, fifths, fourths and other tones.

Samuel and Bach.

Among prominent musicians to be attracted by the American concert-field is Mr. Harold Samuel, whose Bach playing will be well remembered by Rand audiences. He will commence a tour of the United States this month, and will give Bach recitals in New York, Boston and several other important centres. These one-composer recitals have a strange fascination for the musical student, and when they are heard at the hands of an authority like Harold Samuel their educational value is great and lasting. America will probably find that Bach can be made very eloquent, very human, and, on occasion, very modern.

Musical Romance.

Sir Walford Davies, Director of the Welsh National Council of Music, who is now fifty-four years of age, has become engaged to be married to Miss Margaret Evans, daughter of the Rector of Narberth, Pembrokeshire. Sir Walford has for some time been organising and improving Church Choirs in Wales. In the course of his duties he visited Narberth and the rector entertained him. Miss Evans is twenty-four years of age.

Felix Weingartner, who is to spend part of the autumn in the British Isles, will conduct performances of a new symphony composed by himself, which bears the inscription, "Written for the English people."

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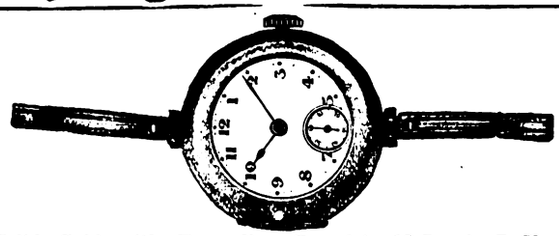

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In the Bright Lights.

HIS MAJESTY'S THEATRE.

MAURICE MOSCOVITCH AS MADISON HALE IN "WHAT MONEY CAN'T BUY."

LAST week Johannesburg was treated to the very unusual, if not, in fact, entirely unprecedented, spectacle of two plays by the same author running concurrently in local theatres. It is true that one was a play that had been made into a film-play—"Bought and Paid For," which was screened at the Orpheum, and which, I thought, was not improved by losing the spoken word. *Robert Stafford's* lapse from sobriety did not seem to be quite the beastly, and therefore, of course, not quite the important thing that it is in the stage version, and so *Virginia's* method of protesting against it looked like an ado about not very much. The parts are played by Jack Holt and Agnes Ayres, with Walter Hiers as *Jimmy Gilley*.

The other play by the same author—George H. Broadhurst—is "What Money Can't Buy," which is Mr. Maurice Moscovitch's farewell production in Johannesburg, and which was staged for the first time in this country at His Majesty's Theatre on Wednesday last week.

"What Money Can't Buy" is a powerful and well-constructed play, with a splendid part for Mr. Moscovitch—that of *Madison Hale*, a self-made American millionaire of Italian origin. It has about it a faint suggestion of musical-comedy—the inpoverished but haughty King and Queen and their pretty daughter who loves the handsome but lowly-born stranger—and there were moments when one expected to see a band of beauteous maidens, the chorus, trip on from amid the rose-bowers. But musical-comedy could never present to us the American millionaire business-man as Mr. Maurice Moscovitch played him—the man of affairs, quick to take decision. No play that he has given us has produced finer acting than that of Mr. Moscovitch in the third act of "What Money Can't Buy," when *Madison Hale* is torn between two great anxieties: the urgent necessity of business, the problem of producing eighty million dollars in hard cash within a day and a half, the necessity for never faltering while striving to get the upper hand of his rival; and gnawing anxiety for the safety of his only son, whose life is in danger—a son the apple of his father's eye, who may not live to inherit those millions. Hard, vital work on the one hand; thinking, sorrowing on the other; a ceaseless beating at the doors of his paternal heart. It was a magnificent performance, and was very ably indeed backed up by Mr. Basil Bowen as the over-worked secretary, whose nervous system, strained to the utmost, finally broke in an hysterical outburst.

Mr. Nat Madison gave one of his best performances as the son, *Richard Hale*, and was very sincere in his love-making with the beautiful *Princess*, Miss Sylvia Willoughby, who played the part very prettily. Mr. George R. Montford's *King of Marathia* (in an excellent make-up like Ferdinand of Bulgaria) was quite the best performance of the many he has given in Johannesburg, and he is also, by the way, the producer of the play. Miss Beatrice Rowe made a dignified and sympathetic *Queen*. Miss Naomi Rutherford, always in the picture, was the most life-like of chaperones and played splendidly. while Mr. Clifford Marle as *The Chancellor*, Mr. Cyril Nash as *The Prince*, Miss Wynne Brontë as the dancer, *Mlle. Valora*, and Mr. H. Mackenzie-Rogan as *Adolphe Fineberg*; with two waiters, *Jean* (Mr. C. Alexander) and *Pierre* (Mr. Harold Furness), contributed to the success of the play. The setting is excellent and the interval-music bright and gay.

This is the last play of Mr. Moscovitch's season. No-one should miss it.

FALCONER.

Miss Mary Garden was absent through indisposition from the cast of a grand opera in which she was appearing in Chicago. A Chicago newspaper explained that she had gone into retirement for a few days in order to study her part in a new opera—"Lumbago," by Backache.

EMPIRE PALACE.

"LITTLE NELLIE KELLY" A REAL, BOUNDING SUCCESS: A RUSH OF CHARM AND JOLLITY.

IF you want to see a real, bounding success, go to the Johannesburg Empire. This is the very happy truth about "Little Nellie Kelly," which has burst upon Johannesburg with a rush of charm and jollity. So far as "go" is concerned, it is the liveliest girl-and-music show that has come out of America since "The Belle of New York."

There is, too, quite a good thrill-story—the best thing of its kind one has seen on the light-musical (or possibly in this instance one should say choregraphic) stage—and a simple and tender love-interest, telling of a shop-girl who remained faithful to her lowly adorer in spite of a young millionaire's rivalry and a suspicion of theft.

The production is now in its third week, and going stronger than ever, with everybody in the cast acquitting themselves at the top of their form, and special mention for Miss Renée Sutton, Miss Jean Andrews, Miss Vivien Talleur, Miss Bertha Ricardo, Miss Vera Van Rij, and Messrs. Victor Crawford, Hal Gordon, Jess Sweet, Gordon James, Lawrence Halbert and Justus Gerrard.

PARADINE.

WEMBLEY-FILM MATINEES FOR SCHOLARS.

There will be special matinées for scholars at the Johannesburg Orpheum next week to see the film of the Wembley Exhibition. These matinées will take place on Tuesday, Thursday and Friday. The Director of Education has approved of scholars being absent from school to attend them. School-children will be admitted to any part of the house for sixpence. Teachers in charge of parties of school-children will be admitted free. These conditions do not apply to the Orpheum's ordinary matinées on Wednesday and Saturday; only to the special matinées on Tuesday, Thursday and Friday. A short description of the Wembley film is given on page 5.

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PAINTING THE LILY: A FILM-STAR'S TOILET.

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LEICESTER SQUARE, August 7.

A Fortnight at Trouville and Deauville.

After a fortnight of the balmy breezes of Trouville and Deauville it is not to be expected that one can be *au fait* with the news of London; therefore we will pass over all gossip of the trio of political Conferences so satisfactorily progressing; of the Scouts' great Jamboree; of the dearer loaf and whether we should stick to white bread or obey *The Daily Mail* and adhere to wholemeal; of the yachting at Cowes; of the cricket; of preparations for "the glorious Twelfth;" and of the unprecedented hordes of visitors the town is harbouring—and entertaining, when they can be weaned for a spell from their exploration of Wembley's wonders. The crowded boat to le Hâvre had a large admixture of Russian, Dutch, Scandinavian, American and French passengers—all manifestly having "Wembled"—as well as the inevitable complement of Britishers. It is evident that fully ninety per cent. of the tourists "doing" Europe this year are making Wembley an essential part of their round. Landing at le Hâvre after the all-night crossing is something of a nerve-wracking business, even in these days of relaxed travelling regulations. At the docks there is but one solitary official to attend to the passports of 400 passengers, no left-luggage office at all, and a very undignified helter-skelter with porters and customs clerks before one can emerge on to those charmingly old-world *quais*, with their tiny bars adorned by cages of all sorts of parrots and exotic birds, their open-air restaurants, poky little hotels, and the huge warehouses exhaling all the perfumes of Araby—to say nothing of the odours of cheese, fish and tarred rope. *Petit déjeuner* in the rue de Paris, a stroll round the shops and those beautifully-kept municipal gardens, followed by a *vermouth sec* at a dock-side *café*, fortified me sufficiently to continue the journey to Trouville—on the smallest of their small paddle-boats. That, however, had its compensations, for from a *passerelle* seat we were enabled to watch the manœuvres of a dainty little *demi-mondaine*, bravely *maquillée* in rose and white (in these days of exclusively "sunburn" or ochre complexions!), accompanied by her new *ami*, who didn't care who knew of his lately-found happiness but had a profound dislike of any masculine glances directed towards the little lady. Fortunately the green demon was kept in leash, despite the *demoiselle's* roaming eyes, and we arrived at the Port without untoward incidents. At the hotel, lunch was ready in a typical Norman room, all narrow, coloured-glass windows, heavy, much-carved dressers, tables and chairs, beamed ceiling, highly polished floors with just a rug or two scattered over the shining surface—and the tempting green, yellow and pink of a shrimp mayonnaise, the crackling brown of a yard of bread and a litre of cool cider to pull you up to the "eyes front."

The Rival Towns.

Thereafter came a couple of weeks of serious recuperation amongst the rival attractions of the friendly-enemy twin-towns of Trouville and Deauville. The aforesaid enmity is apparently the cause of the survival of a primitive little ferry across the rivulet separating the towns, where there should long ago have been a decent bridge. Deauville has completely cornered all of Trouville's *chic* visitors, the latter place being now patronised purely by the *bourgeois* and family holiday-makers, a fact unmistakably reflected in the present-day appearance of what used to be its swagger hotels, also by the total absence of shops capable of holding a candle to those in Deauville's millionaire-ish little quarter around the rue Gontaut-Biron, la Potinière, Ciro's and the Casino—where Poiret, Jeanne Lanvin and the most exclusive of the rue de la Paix's *couturiers*, *bijoutiers* and *parfumeurs* discreetly and expensively hold their summer courts. Judging from externals it seems that Trouville is quite willing to play second fiddle to its now notorious neighbour, for although the board-walk on the beach is longer than that of Deauville, the villas more picturesque, its bathing establishments, its two Casinos and other fixtures are all much behind the times. Trouville's stock opera and operetta company, their little Cinema, together with the very tame *Salle de Boule* and "Dancing" (where evening dress is the exception rather than the rule, and only the tango, fox-trot and two-step have been heard of) in the Casinos, cannot hope to compete with Deauville's magnificently luxurious establishment, where the cream of the Continent's (and America's) operatic, dramatic and *cabaret* stars appear (strict attention being paid to visitors appearing *en habit* after 8-30 p.m.—or 20-30 hours, as they have it), or its newly-opened bathing station, claimed to be the finest in the world and certainly the neatest and prettiest, with its grey cement walls, frescoed in blue, green and dull yellow tiling (a fine setting for the kaleidoscopic colourings of the bathing suits and gowns), neat peristyled gateways, a bright green patch of turf surrounding a babbling fountain in the tiled courtyards of each group of cabins—the hire of which costs from 2½ *francs* for an *ordinaire* to 30 *francs* for the *de luxe* with hot and cold showers, manicurist, *masseur*, *etc.*

At the Casino.

One evening I spent at the Casino they were playing "*Bohème*" with Mary Lewis as *Mimi* (I had heard her a few days previously in the same *rôle* with our B.N.O.C. at Convent Garden); and either dancing, dining or gambling in other rooms were to be seen Mrs. Mallory, Lord Cholmondeley (the Tennis champions), Irene Castle (who, somewhat late in the day, has been telling Englishwomen what is amiss with their shoes and hair-dressing), one of the King of Egypt's nephews, the Aga Khan, and some of the Hindu tennis-players who had come on from the Olympic Games. Every class of sport and game is catered for at Deauville, but I saw a bunch of Americans "catch out" an attendant they asked to bring them a set of Mah-Jong!

Of Shoes and Ships—and Shingling.

Although the papers are insisting on the demise of the shingle I saw no sign whatever of its passing; yet, from the way it has been overdone, it is not difficult to guess it to be a mode without lasting qualities. It suits but few women and they must be well under 30 to stand it. Glass bangles are still much worn there, also their celluloid counterparts which are so much safer as well as lighter. Those "nude effect" stockings are worn, but discarded as soon as the limbs get a touch of colour; Mme. la Mode decrees this season, in the name of hygiene, that as large an area of epidermis as is *convenable* shall be aired! One beauteous damsel appeared before lunch in a deeply *décolleté*, sleeveless, white linen slip, heavily embroidered with Bulgarian silks, reaching barely below the knee, stockingless legs, shoes apparently cut from strips of crimson vermicelli, blonde hair dressed like a choirboy's, topped by a tiny

(Continued on page 21.)

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JOHANNESBURG, Tuesday afternoon.

THE stagnant condition of the market continues, but with very little in the nature of liquidation, of which, however, there were some signs on Saturday. It is noticeable on looking at the official list that many of the sales recorded—there were transactions in the shares of only 11 companies on High 'Change yesterday and but few more this morning—are either " after the fall of the hammer," or in odd lots. Both Modders and Government Areas are nominally lower at 72s. (as against 73s. 9d. a week ago) and 131s. 132s. (compared with previous sales at 134s.). Not only are these charges microscopic in relation to price, but it would be difficult to deal in more than a hundred or two of the shares without putting up the quotation.

Dealt in in large quantities last week. East Rands have been much quieter and are quoted at 12s. 9d. this morning. I read an opinion recently that the shares were attractive in view of improving developments and the prospect of re-entry into the list of dividend-payers. But is not this somewhat optimistic? The net profit for the past three months, after allowing for debenture redemption and interest but for nothing further, is only £24,000, representing only about 4 per cent. *per annum* on the capital. The profit in June and July was only 2s. 6d. per ton, of which the premium represented 1s. 9d. As you can get 16 per cent. on established mines like City Deep the dividend *rate* should be at least 10 per cent. on a share standing at 13s. But to make them really " attractive " in view of the risk, the notification would have to be nearer 12½ per cent. If the mine were making £35,000 a month profit there might be something in it, but it is a long way off that. A five-dwt. mine and a sovereign a ton working costs do not leave much scope for dividend. The Shareholders' Protection Committee announces that it will challenge the " Corner House " control, promises to issue a memorandum which will " dissipate finally the old closing-down bogey," while the final objective will be " to pave the way to the regular dividend stage." Things may get lively later on!

Randfonteins were heavily sold, but the price only came back to 18s. 9d. Surely it is much better to pay half as much again for these shares than for East Rands, as they are definitely established on a dividend basis. But this company also is greatly dependent on the premium. Nourses are back to 8s. 9d., but they say the turn may come in the mine's fortunes any time. Durbans are again exactly par after some liquidation, while Modder Easts (new) are easier at 21s. 6d. The last quotation I heard for debentures was £117.

The shares of the two Lydenburg Companies present an anomaly. Glynns are 1s. 6d. higher than " T.G.M.E.'s," although they have been making progressively increasing losses, as much as £1,500 in July. The big company at Pilgrim's is, however, making £5,000 a month, resumed payment of dividends in March, and is earning practically ten per cent.

Some lines are a " tickey " firmer at lunch-time.

HUSTLING.

Lee Schubert, who controls about 150 theatres in America, arrived in London on Thursday afternoon in mail-week. He went the same evening to the Lyric to see " The Street Singer," and next morning made an offer to take the whole production lock, stock, and barrel to America.

Out-of-work British film actresses are serving behind stalls in the Amusement section at Wembley Exhibition.

CHARLIE'S BROTHER IN "CHARLEY'S AUNT."

The famous English stage farce, " Charley's Aunt," is to be filmed in America. The leading part is to be played by Sidney Chaplin, the brother of Charlie.

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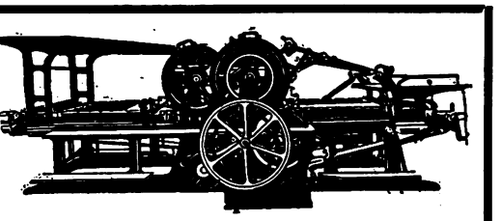

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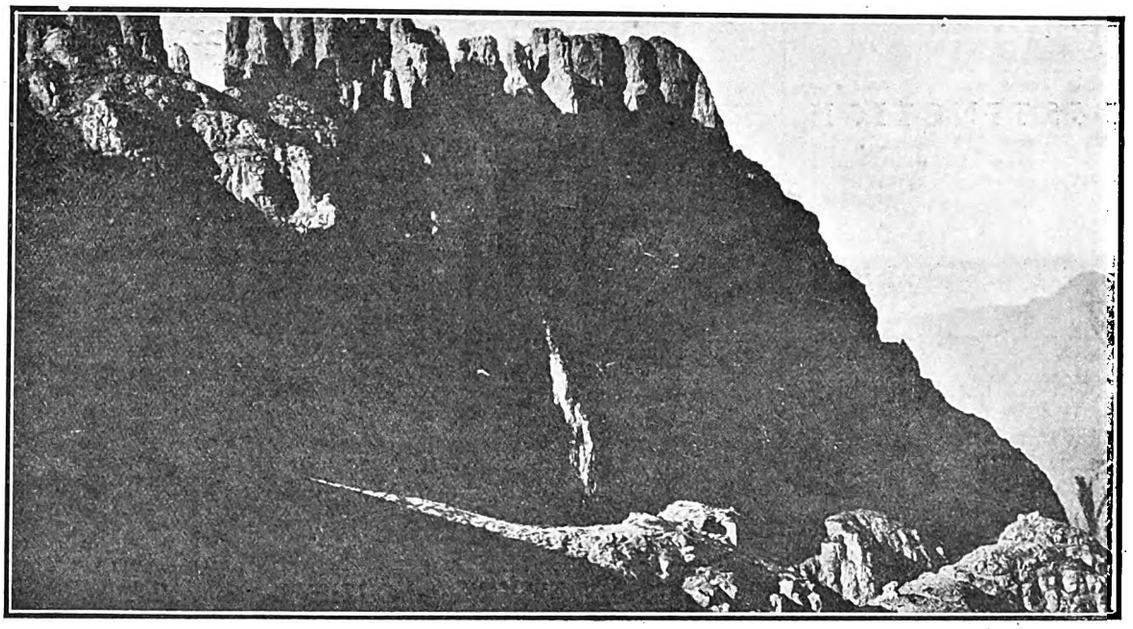
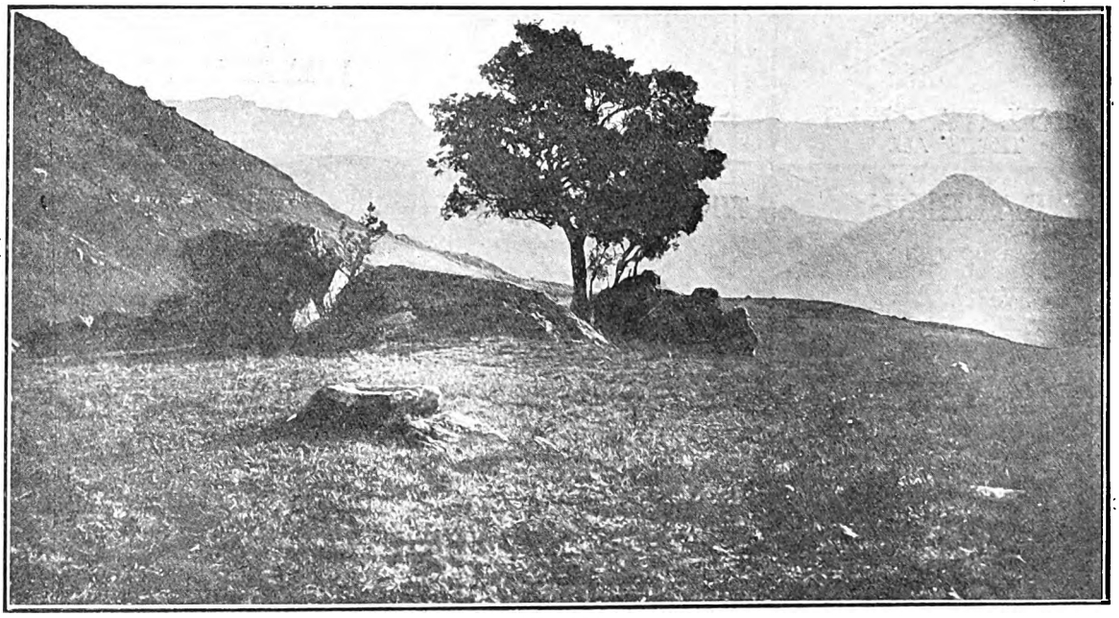


SUNSHINE AND SHADOW IN THE GORGE.



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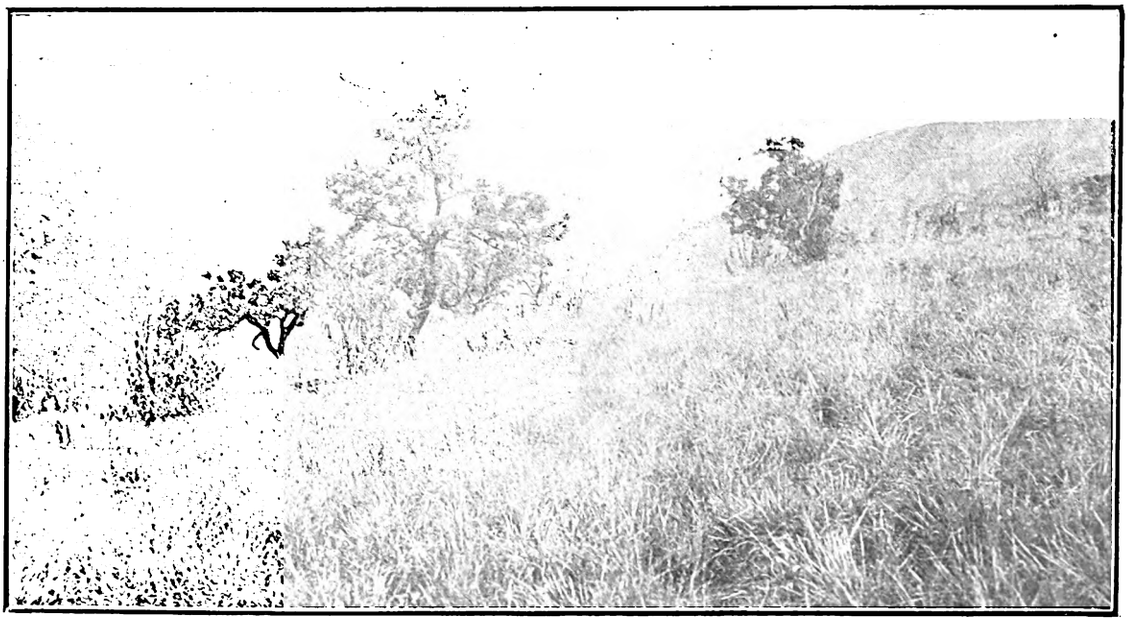

EVENING MISTS.

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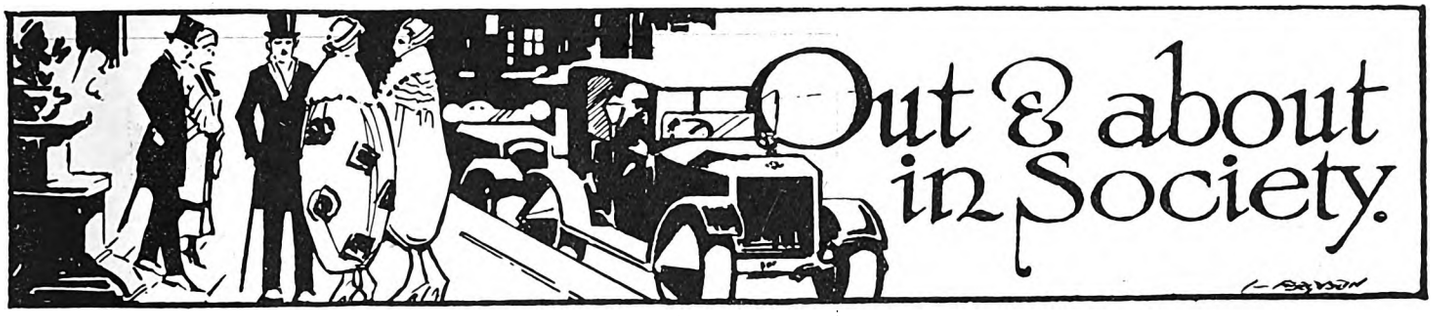

[*All invitations for dances, weddings, and other social functions, and all communications intended for these pages, should be addressed to The Lady Correspondent,* THE SOUTH AFRICAN PICTORIAL, *P.O. Box 1574, Johannesburg.*]

"The Battle of the Bobs."

A somewhat quieter week, for which the gods be praised! Last week it was impossible for me to tell you of anything except dancing, for they just came one after the other, and all such delightful ones that I felt sorry space did not permit of my telling you more about them. From Paris comes news that the bob *might* go out of fashion—you notice they only say *might*. And the reason? Poke-bonnets are coming in again. I wonder if that is a trick originating with some husband who is desirous of seeing his shingle-haired wife once more with flowing tresses, and, being a dress-designer, has the power to "come back" on her. Roy K. Moulton has a lot to say about "The Battle of the Bobs": "About a year ago, when this bob-hair craze was about quelled and had practically gone out of style, and a lot of flappers were staying at home to let their hair grow again, some writer philosopher, statesman or some hair-brained galoot, got up in meeting and said that bobbed-hair was a thing of the past and that the women had abandoned it and he was glad of it because it was unwomanly, *etc.* Well, probably you remember what happened. The girls really were abandoning bobbed-hair very nicely on their own accord when this bird thought it necessary to get up in public and spill the beans. What happens as soon as this squawk is made is that every woman who has started to let her hair grow has it cut off again, and most all those who had never bobbed it had it bobbed immediately. In addition to that, they also started getting it shingled.

"Straight Dope."

"The upshot of the whole matter is that it is very unwise to tell any number of women that they cannot do such-and-such a thing. If a few fool men had not declared against the bob, just when women were abandoning it, there would be no bobs now. What the men should have done was to get up and tell the women to keep on bobbing and then they would all have stopped. The way to make a balky flivver or a woman do what you want it or her to do is to try to make it or her do something you do not want done. I know one man in my neighbourhood whose wife had her hair bobbed and when she asked him how he liked it, he said it looked wonderful, and just for that she went and got a $40 hat that came away down over her shoulders and covered up the bob, which was what he wanted, although he had to pay for the hat. If he had told her the bobbed hair looked like the Old Scratch she would have gone and had it shingled, or even clipped, and would have gone out without a hat. This is straight dope I got from a guy who understands women. Maybe you've heard of those boys. They have never been married. They understand them but they don't know what to do about it.

How to Stop It.

"The great bobbed-hair war is on right now. It is being bitterly fought. I move a suspension of the rules for the purpose of making a motion to the effect that we allow the women to bob their hair. If you can't get a laugh out of that notion, you have never been a married man. Anyhow, it is the only way. Let us praise this custom and urge it and it will go out of style within a year, to be seen no more. But don't tip our plan off to your wife."

A Tea-Party.

There was a very nice tea-party at the Lounge on Thursday last week. It was given by kind permission of Mr. Sheffield in aid of the Hope Home for Children. Mrs. Burt Andrews was the convenor and was assisted by Mesdames Fleming and Carruthers, and they certainly got a splendid result for the hard work they put in. Among those present I noticed Mrs. Frank Raleigh, Mrs. Ashburnham, Mrs. Holtby, Mrs. Walter Webber, Mrs. H. A. Neame, Miss Alexander, R.R.C., Miss Cecilia Wessels, Mrs. Kanthack, Mrs. Thurlow, Mrs. Cooper Key and Mrs. D. W. Sims. A delightful programme of music was given during the afternoon, among the artists being Mr. Gordon Kinghorn, Miss Peggy Cook, Miss Ivy Lewis, Mr. Paul Brereton, and Mr. J. W. H. Wilson, and, of course, the Lounge Orchestra. Prize competitions added to the attractiveness of the function, prizes being presented by Miss Menlove, Mrs.

THE COLONIAL SECRETARY AT CAPE TOWN.

The Rt. Hon. J. H. Thomas, first Labour Secretary of State for the British Dominions oversea, photographed on the mail-boat on his arrival at Cape Town. With him are Mrs. Thomas and their two daughters, Miss Peggy Thomas (left) and Miss Doris Thomas.

"S. A. Pictorial" photo.

FOR A PORTRAIT OF YOURSELF OR YOUR BABY—JANE PLOTZ, ART STUDIOS, THRUPP'S BUILDINGS.

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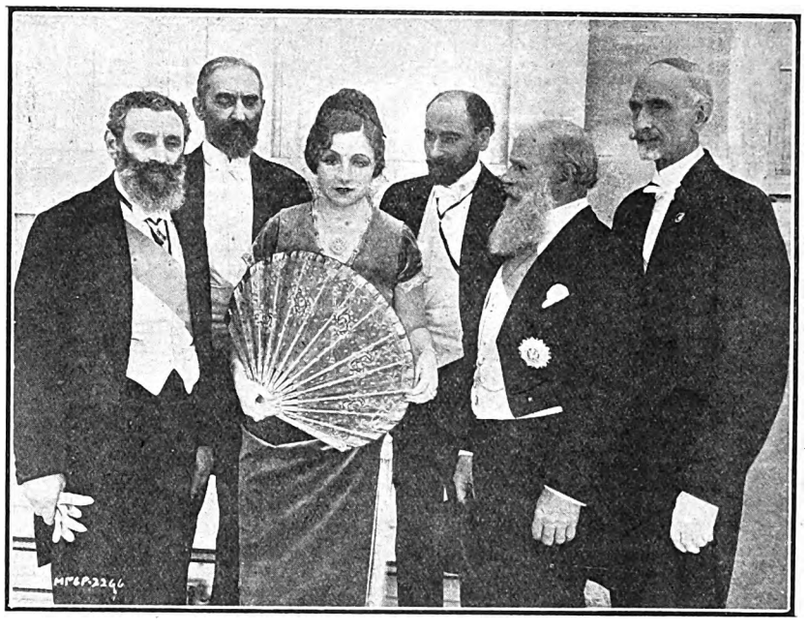
Thurlow and the management of the Lounge. It was a very enjoyable afternoon, and Mr. James Davidson at the close warmly thanked the ladies who had got it up and the management of the *café* for their generosity.

A Prize from the Pope.

I see the Pope has offered a prize for the most attractive modest fashion in women's clothing. The contest is divided into two sections, a theoretical section, devoted to the best demonstration that immodest dress is really silly, barbaric and uncultivated, and a practical section, devoted to the actual designing of attractive fashions designed to appeal to good taste. The idea of this competition originated in the campaign inaugurated by the Catholic Women's Diocesan Clubs against immodest dress for women.

"A Pageant of Fashion."

Talking of dresses, there will be a wonderful display in the Town Hall on September 10, when the National Council of Women Workers will hold a "Women's Day." Society women acting as *mannequins* will show the very latest and most wonderful of *toilettes*, such as a Ladye of Fashion would desire from the moment she rises from her couch to the last thing at night. A glance at the advertisement on page 20 will show you where to book, and in the evening there will be dancing for one and all, which will add to the enjoyment. So I hope you will all be there. Tables will be booked and the whole show will be run on *cabaret* lines.



NOTHING TO DO WITH "BLUEBEARD'S EIGHTH WIFE."

These five men are motion-picture "extras" in America. Their beards are their own, and during ten years have earned them a total of approximately $112,500 as "types." (Please notice our commendable restraint in the matter of "Beaver"). The lady with them is world-famous as "Peg o' my Heart"—otherwise Miss Laurette Taylor—whom they are supporting in her new Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer picture, "One Night in Rome."

Coming Dances.

There are so many big dances and functions to be held in the near future. On this Friday, September 5, the University will hold their Annual Ball in the Wanderers' Hall. The Governor-General and Princess Alice have given their patronage, as well as the Prime Minister and Mrs. Hertzog, His Honour the Administrator and Mrs. Hofmeyr, Professor J. G. Lawn and Mrs. Lawn, Professor L. F. Maingard and the Mayor and Mayoress. It is sure to be a very fine function; the University people have the knack of making everyone feel at home. Then comes the Third Annual Police Ball on September 12, in the Town and Selborne Halls.

Gold-Leaf Bathing-Suit.

So many girls back from the sea have been telling me of their new bathing-dresses, and now with the swimming season opened there will be plenty of opportunity to wear them. Of course your swimmer proper refuses to adopt anything but a one-piece or two-piece suit; and very rightly, for she goes in for sport, not appearance. I read about Jean Danjoun, the famous French actress, appearing at Deauville in what looked like a golden one-piece suit until, at close quarters, it was discovered to be merely gold-leaf fastened to the skin. What do you think of that?

Do Englishwomen Dress Well?

Irene Castle is called "the world's best-dressed woman," and, having crossed over to London, has told *The Evening News* what she thinks the faults of the London women are in dress: "I think they look perfectly wonderful in tweeds and macintoshes and hunting clothes," she said, with her frank smile. "But, as a rule, they are not fastidious enough about their feet. Their feet don't look right somehow. They are not well-shod—heels too high or too low. Your women cannot all have larger feet than American women, but they look larger because they do not wear the right shoes." Mrs. Castle wears the highest of French heels, and had on a fine gold chain anklet beneath her "sunburn" stockings.

Their Hair, Too.

"English women don't dress their hair well, either," Mrs. Castle added. "They so often wear headdresses with evening dress—something very few women dare do. It is most difficult to fix them properly or wear them gracefully. I think American women dress better than the women of Paris or London. French women used to be the smartest, but those women who are really *chic* and 'snappy' in Paris now are Americans. I do not say that because I am American myself, but after carefully and dispassionately reviewing the fashionable women of the three capitals."

Why She Went to London.

Mrs. Castle wore a very short *beige* georgette gown buttoned from neck to hem on the left side, and a *cloche* hat. Her short black and gold *lamé* coat embroidered in chalk beads was a gem of originality. Do you think any of what she said applies to us here? Irene Castle is one of the

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most graceful dancers in America and a very much paragraphed woman. Now she says she is giving up her career and is going to keep house for her husband, Mr. Frederick McLaughlin. When asked if she had any " plans " during her visit to London, she said, " Oh, I ' wanetr' get a few golf sweaters, that's all."

CARRIE.

RENEE SUTTON CONFESSES.

IT was only natural that I should come into the dressing-room humming " *Nellie Kelly*, I love you." Everyone is doing it nowadays. Certainly the fair-haired winsome little lady (who has also fallen a victim to the bob) is one whom the fairies decreed at birth should be loved, for she has all the attributes that make for it. So I put on my best " reporter " manner and asked magisterially: " Miss Sutton, please." And the following conversation took place:

Which is your favourite theatre? Always the one I am playing in at the moment.

Which is your favourite play? May I be conceited and say " Nellie Kelly "?

What is your earliest recollection? My mother.

Which is your favourite sport? Tennis.

Which is your favourite hobby? Shop-gazing.

Which are your favourite cigarettes? I don't smoke very often.

What would you do to make South Africa brighter? Have a Carlton Hotel *souper dansant* every night.

What is your ideal holiday? Camping out.

MRS. G. B. MOFFATT,
Wife of Dr. G. B. Moffatt, of Boksburg, and their two charming children.
Photo by Charlotte.

What is your lucky day? February 17th, my birthday.

Which is your favourite dish? Oysters.

What is your favourite motto? " Never trouble Trouble till Trouble troubles you."

When do you feel at your worst? First nights.

When do you feel at your best? When I find *the* hat.

What is your opinion of Mah-Jong? I don't know the gentleman.

What is your favourite pet? An Airedale puppy.

What is your pet aversion? Locusts.

What, if you were not connected with the stage, would you prefer to be? Dead.

What is your favourite Christian name? Nellie, at the moment.

This looks as if Miss Sutton were fickle. Is she, I wonder? Anyway, it is the prerogative of a woman.

CARRIE.

TWELVE YEARS AGO—

W. S. Hart was acting Shakespeare on the stage.
Charlie Chaplin was on the London music halls.
Richard Barthelmess was still at school.
Jack Holt was driving a dog team in Alaska.
Monte Blue was cow-punching in Texas.
Gloria Swanson was studying art in Chicago and Jackie Coogan wasn't born!

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MAURICE Moscovitch has placed it on record that " money cannot buy love; " but it certainly can buy beautiful gowns. This is not intended to be cynical, but is an observation arising from the production at His Majesty's Theatre of " What Money Can't Buy." There were some beautiful *toilettes*.

First to appear was Miss Naomi Rutherford as *The Countess of Strelitz* in an elegant white *lingerie* frock embroidered in brilliant hues with the whole of the willow-pattern plate story. Even the 'cute little figures with their Japanese sunshades were there. The gown itself was made on straight lines and was sleeveless, and a hat of wine colour with drooping cavalier plume of the same shade, and a parasol of white with wine-coloured ostrich-feathers, com-

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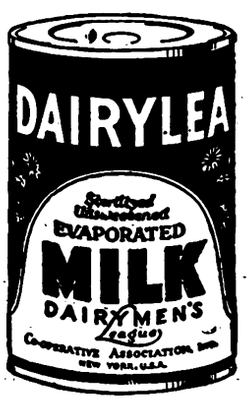

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pleted a charming outfit. Later Miss Rutherford wore a very elegant gold-tissue gown veiled in fine black laces. The corsage was banded over the shoulders with narrow straps and had at the back a cape-panel caught in round the waist with a chain-belt at the front of which was a waist-wreath of peacock and orange roses. On her hair she wore a wide turban band of colours with diamonds in the front.

Then there was Miss Wynne Brontë as *Mlle. Valora*, the dancer. Her mauve gown was swathed to one side, where tiny ruchings gave a bow-effect. An ostrich-feather boa of mauve was tied with pale blue and mauve ribbons and hung in soft fronds, and her black hat had a narrow lace brim falling over, and blue ribbons.

Miss Sylvia Willoughby as *Princess Irenia* was very charming in an orange-coloured tunic-frock with tucks from neck to hem of the tunic, and a wide band of white with tiny pockets edged with flame. The skirt had two pleats piped with white, and the short cuffs and collar were white. Her white hat was turned up in front with a big rosette at one side. Later she wore mauve georgette made in points over pink, and a waist-wreath of blue and mauve and pink. Then she wore a gown that I thought rather too "eveningified" (if I may coin the word) for the morning, even for a King's daughter—white silk with a skirt of radium laces in white, and three narrow pipings of pale pink at the waist. It was sleeveless, as all our gowns will be this year.

Miss Beatrice Rowe as *The Queen* wore a magnificent jade-green and gold brocade on dignified lines, and a gold band in her hair with white ospreys.

CARRIE.

BACK FROM WEMBLEY.

South African Girl Guides on the *Saxon* at Cape Town on their return from England.

"S. A. Pictorial" photo.

ROYALTY AT THE THEATRE

PLAYS THAT HAVE ENTERTAINED THE KING AND QUEEN THIS SEASON.

UNLIKE the Queen, the King is not an enthusiastic theatre-goer. He would rather be on the deck of a yacht or the back of a horse than in a box at the playhouse.

When he does go to the theatre he prefers a play of plot and action such as "Diplomacy," with which he was very pleased, or "The Ware Case," which was revived for a special matinée a few weeks ago. He can, however, laugh with the greatest enjoyment at a favourite comedian of the variety theatres.

Queen Mary is fond of play-going, and has, moreover, a cultivated taste in the drama. She discusses the plays she has seen with notably acute judgment, and for this reason she is known in the family circle as "The Critic."

Curiously enough, the Queen combines this faculty with the heartiest enjoyment of "knockabout" comedy.

A familiar friend once ventured to ask King Edward why he always preferred the style of play which the sagacious Kai Lung would refer to as "gravity-removing." King Edward frankly replied that he was a very busy man and worked exceedingly hard from morning till night. Consequently, when he went to the theatre he wanted to be amused more than to think.

The Prince of Wales would probably repeat the "tired-business-man" argument of his illustrious grandfather, for there is not a harder-worked young man in the British Isles than the Prince. And he too is very fond of the lighter form of comedy. He goes to the theatre for recreation.

Queen Alexandra used to be exceedingly fond of the theatre; but of late years has preferred "the pictures." When she was at Marlborough House she would visit one of the West-end cinema-houses once a week or so.

Most of the other members of the Royal Family are keen theatregoers of the kind which likes any form of entertainment so long as it is good.

The King's theatre-going is arranged through a Bond-street agency. The Princes take their chance, like any ordinary member of the public, and one of them recently went away disappointed from a theatre at which the "House Full" boards were displayed!

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MAIL-WEEK IN LONDON.

(*Continued from page 10.*)

cloche hat to shade her heavily kohl-ed eyes and a complexion necessitating repairs every three minutes. *Batik* scarves, hankies and dresses in the brightest of contrasting colours, are seen everywhere despite their high price. *Batik* materials always look well and suit everybody; men's neckties and handkerchiefs are now being made with it in France, but so far I have not seen them worn in London. It is remarkable to note how Frenchmen are copying our fashions nowadays, down to the merest detail; our boots, overcoats, plus-fours, hats and gloves all have their compeers there—and they say that Paris has this summer been faced with a partial water-famine owing to the ever-growing habit of the morning bath!

The French Stage.

At the Trouville Casino I saw quite acceptable performances of "Phi-Phi" (phew! what a sultry plot in the original), "*Ta Bouche*," "Waltz Dream," Offenbach's rather neglected "*la Périchole*," Massenet's "Werther" and "Manon" (with principals from the Opera Comique, Paris) and "The Merry Widow" (with the part of *Danilo* sung by a light tenor, a thing never done in English versions). For the two operas and the "Widow" they had a very delightful soprano, Mme. Mathon-Balazy; a sort of French version of our own Marie Tempest. It is strange, however, that French musical-comedy artists are hardly ever capable of dancing; our lighter stage has nothing to fear from over the Channel. One evening was given over to a new comedy, "Charly," by M. and Mme. Jaeger-Schmidt, one of Paris's recent successes. It was, of course, merely a slightly different version of the everlasting French plot involving husband, wife and mistress: very cynical, rather witty, and giving a few good chances to the star, Jeanne Provost, who used to be a member of the Comédie Française Company.

The Decay of Manners Amongst Servants.

A fact brought more and more prominently to one's notice in France of recent years is the decay of manners amongst servants, employees and officials; rarely do they treat you to any but abrupt, curt, snapped phrases. Gone are those days when everybody was smooth-tongued and eager to be of service. Fortunately this sort of thing has not yet reached our shores, and you can still be reasonably certain in London of a polite answer, even from a harassed constable on point-duty or a bus-conductor struggling with a score or so of acidulated ladies at bargain-sales time. The French also seem to have lost their wonted respect for the clergy; you no longer see men raise their hats to "the cloth," nor do the girls and women curtsey at the passing of the priest. A habit still very much in evidence, though, is that of the purchase of food-stuffs in (to us) minutely small quantities, and the excessive amount of care devoted to the wrapping up of each little parcel—especially if it be a few sweets or pastries. By the way, the latest fashionable sweetmeat there is a sort of gargantuan acid-drop perched at the end of a giant match-stalk; you see everybody—children as well as grown-ups—sucking away at them after the morning bathe and after the afternoon *goûter*.

William the Conqueror's Castle.

Trouville is a great centre for autocar excursions; for 14 *francs* return I had a most enjoyable trip out to Honfleur, a place full of memories for Britons. There were goodly numbers of English people there in readiness for the Society of Friends' Conference now on. Another afternoon we went to Pont l'Evêque, a "truly rural" Norman townlet "where the cheese comes from," calling *en route* at William the Conqueror's Castle. If you now want to know more of what goes on at Deauville, then get Michel Georges-Michel's book "*la vie à Deauville*," a sort of Father Bernard Vaughan-ish exposition of the idiosyncrasies and sins of the idle rich who crowd there in July and August. He also wrote a companion volume entitled "*les journées de Biarritz*," which is of a simliar trend, with variations, but also retells the story of the retirement into a convent of Eve Lavallière, the very famous Parisian star: his version of the reasons for it being, however, far milder than others one hears.

Strange!

Another remarkable thing to be noted in France now is that the Continental edition of *The Daily Mail* appears to have been eclipsed by *The Chicago Tribune*. None of the raucous-voiced boys on the beach at Trouville or Deauville were selling *The Mail*, but all offered instead *The Chicago Tribune* or *The New York Herald*—which, of course, do not make much appeal to those wanting news of England.

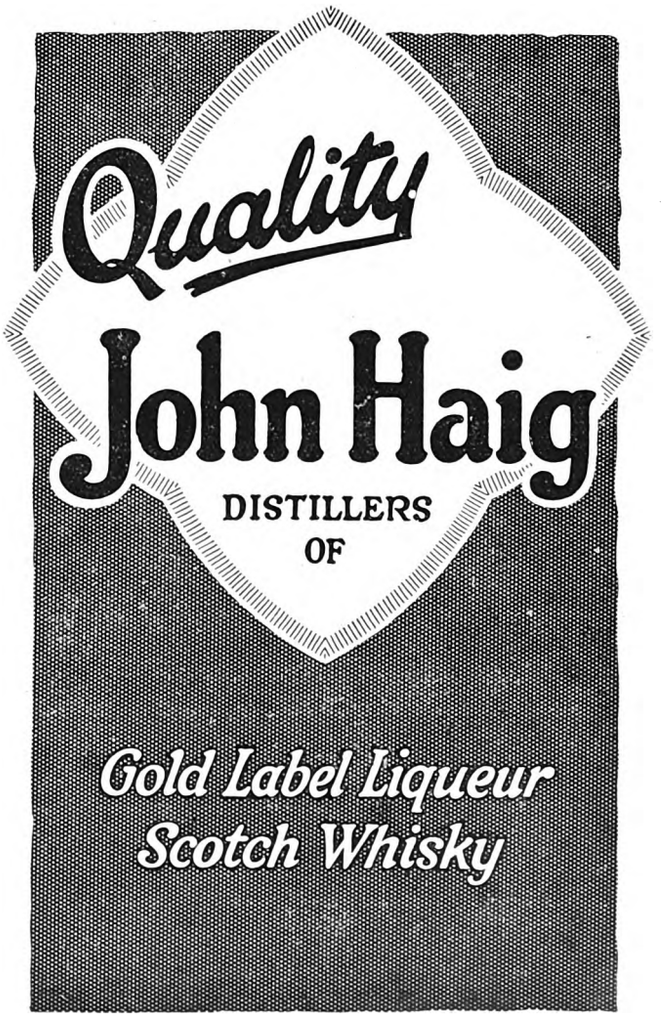
England, Home—and Work.

On my way home I found Hâvre very much *en fête;* streets garlanded with lamps, flags and bunting, buildings illuminated and large stands being erected. The reason was the visit of the Belgian Crown Prince for the unveiling of a monument of Victory in the War and another to commemorate the town's hospitality to the Belgian Government, troops and civilians during the War. It all made for a gay and exhilarating evening before leaving for London, home and—work!

PAUL PRY.

NO MORE "BROADCASTING."

The public has been wrong. It thought it had been "broadcasting" all these years. But it was not the case. It was "radiocasting." At least that's what the Radio Section of the Associated Manufacturers says. They decided that the term "broadcasting" should be officially abandoned in favour of "roadiocasting," to signify the spreading of sound through air. Their committee reported that "broadcasting" had to do with the "sowing of seed of material substances."



ORPHEUM, MONDAY: THE WEMBLEY FILM.

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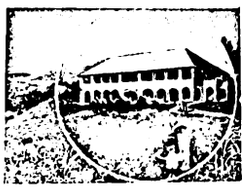

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OWNERS WRONG.

Why Mr. Forbes is Retiring from Racing.

ST. LEGER NEXT WEDNESDAY.

By "ONLOOKER."

THE meeting at Auckland Park last Saturday proceeded in such an orderly manner with half-a-dozen events concluded that the management might well have been counting on a successful gathering without untoward incident. Such hopes were doomed to disappointment. There was a deplorable happening in the seventh race, a five-furlong dash, for which Jasmine, in Mr. F. W. Murray's stable, started a hot favourite. Over the last furlong Jasmine and another three-year-old, Mr. R. C. Hamilton's Cardinal's Guard, were running locked together. It looked as if the rider of the latter, Buckham, had he devoted his attention to

Getting the Best Out of His Mount

instead of to using his whip to punish Simpson, the jockey on the favourite, would have finished in front, and not second to, Jasmine. There was a regular hubbub at the conclusion of the race. As an excuse for using his whip on Simpson, Buckham laid a complaint, alleging that Simpson, on Jasmine, had deliberately stopped his mount. After an exhaustive enquiry the stewards held that there had been foul riding on the part of both jockeys, and awarded the race to Windy Forest, who had finished third. Against this decision appeal was made to the Jockey Club, which has awarded the race to Cardinal's Guard and placed Jasmine last. Both jockeys have been warned off.

* * *

The Transvaal Owners and Trainers' Association is again on the war-path. The Association has signified withdrawal from the agreement entered into with the Clubs regulating the minimum amount to be given in stakes, which agreement was endorsed by the Jockey Club, on the ground that some clubs have not kept to the agreement; and that the head body has not enforced compliance. It would appear that the gravamen of the complaint was that the Johannesburg Pony and Galloway Club on a recent occasion

Eliminated from its Published Programme

a race that failed to fill, and in consequence the total stakes fell below the minimum stipulated in the agreement. The programme as passed by the Jockey Club, however, complied with the agreement, and it was solely on account of owners not giving their support that the race was cancelled. The Association is making a mistake in opening a quarrel with the clubs when its own members are to blame.

* * *

The owner of Red Ronald has announced that he is giving up active participation in racing. This, he explains, is in consequence of a censure passed on him by the Jockey Club in connection with his filly Brown Bess being presented for measurement at Durban. There was a contravention of the measuring rules in seeking a height certificate for the filly at Durban instead of at Turffontein. Mr. Forbes was in Johannesburg when Brown Bess went up for measurement at the coast. He

Made it Quite Clear

that he was no party to seeking a Durban certificate for the filly (it was a blunder on the part of the trainer), and he feels very aggrieved that he should be held in any way blameworthy. The racing public will keenly regret the determination of Mr. Forbes to stow away his racing colours, for the horses from Whittington Lodge were always out to win. It is understood that C. Brigden will continue to train the Whittington Lodge team, taking most of them over on lease.

* * *

The last classic race of the season in England will be run for next Wednesday, September 10. During the War-period, when the substitute St. Leger was decided at Newmarket, the event fell on each occasion to the favourite. But the real Leger, that at Doncaster, has not been won by a favourite for many years. The Leger has, indeed, come to be regarded as a race in which upsets are to be looked for. The short-priced Papyrus was readily beaten last year by Tranquil, with another filly, Teresina, in third place. Fillies often do well at Doncaster (September is the mares' month), and the one prior to Tranquil to

Gain the Classic Distinction

was Keysoe, in 1919. This time Sir E. Hulton's filly, Straitlace, would appear to be hard to beat. After his runaway victory in the Derby, Sansovino was set down as the good thing for the Doncaster classic. All, however, cannot be well with Lord Derby's colt, seeing that he has lost his place in the market. Both Mr. Solly Joel's recent winner, Polyphontes, and Straitlace are now at shorter odds than Sansovino. Straitlace is probably a more genuine stayer than Polyphontes, and it takes a good-bottomed one to prevail in the Leger. It may be noted that for the Free Handicap issued at the end of last season Straitlace was assessed 4 lbs. ahead of Sansovino and Polyphontes.

* * *

Anent what was said last week as to a readjustment of the dates for the decision of leading events at Turffontein, a correspondent writes that it would never do to have the Derby and Oaks races earlier in the season than at present, inasmuch as the tracks at headquarters, except in very exceptional seasons, are so hard in the Spring that young horses, and old ones too for that matter, cannot be given the necessary preparation to do themselves justice. A Derby run for in the Spring at Turffontein would, my correspondent adds, be an unsatisfactory affair. There is much force in this argument. It would probably be

Unwise to Disturb the Dates

for the running of the classics. The point, however, sought to be made was that the best of our three-year-olds should be given the earliest opportunity of having a cut-in for the best handicaps. Much the richest of the Johannesburg Turf Club's quarterly Handicaps is that at the Christmas meeting. This is always run for on the first day of the meeting, and although there is nothing to preclude the running of a three-year-old therein, an owner having one with a good prospect of capturing the Derby

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refrains from running his classic candidate in a gruelling race in open company only a few days before the Derby. On occasions promising Colonial-bred three-year-olds have been engaged in the Christmas Handicap; such engagements, however, were not fulfilled.

* * *

But, allowing that the Summer Meeting is the most suitable period of the season for the classics at Turffontein, no good ground can be advanced for the big-stake two-year-old race being run for at the same meeting. The present tendency is to hurry the preparation of immature youngsters to fit them to take part in the Nursery Plate. This is obviously detrimental to their future usefulness. The back-end is surely

The Seasonable Time

to put up the high prizes for two-year-olds. It can be taken for granted that the majority of breeders, and racing men generally, would welcome the Nursery Plate being transferred from the Summer to the Autumn fixture at Turffontein. One could go further and contend that the balance of opinion would favour the Johannesburg Turf Club constituting the Autumn Meeting—at the time of the yearling sales, and when Johannesburg is thronged with visitors for the Show—the most important of its gatherings.

* * *

The Cape folk aspire to having a race meeting somewhat on the lines of the Durban July gathering. Under the existing order of things the aspiration cannot well come to fruition. If, however, the Summer Meeting at Turffontein were made of secondary importance to the one at Easter, a stumbling-block to the South African Turf Club having a big-stake meeting would, to some extent, be removed.

* * *

The racing on the Rand this Saturday is at Germiston Selections:—

12.30 p.m.—Pony and Galloway Handicap, "B," 5 furlongs.
Rosario 1, Lettie 2, Garboard 3.

1.5 p.m.—Simmer Handicap, "B," 9 furlongs.
Prudens 1, Fisher's selected 2, Bow Car 3.

1.45 p.m.—Rose Deep Handicap, "A," 5 furlongs.
Duchess Trenton 1, Moonrise 2, View Holloa 3.

2.25 p.m.—Rose Deep Handicap, "D," 7 furlongs.
Eager Love 1, Favourite Rose 2, Fettle 3.

3.5 p.m.—Simmer Handicap, "A," 1 mile.
Edelwild 1, Princess Alice 2, Precept 3.

3.45 p.m.—Rose Deep Handicap, "C," 5 furlongs.
Blackford 1, Windy Forest 2, Extravaganza 3.

4.25 p.m.—Rose Deep Handicap, "B," 6 furlongs.
Milford 1, Rowe's selected 2, Elmo's Fire 3.

5.5 p.m.—Pony and Galloway Handicap, "A," 7 furlongs
Mifanwy 1, Pomper 2, Corallie 3.

Leon Gordon, the author of "White Cargo," the play of the West Coast of Africa that is at present running in London, is reported to have written another play called "The Halt" that is described as "a phantasy of South African life."

GERMISTON RACES.

Saturday, September 6,

8 RACES 8

FIRST RACE AT 12.30 p.m. LAST RACE AT 5.5 p.m.

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JAS. D. DALLAS,
Secretary.

'Phone 63 Germiston.

MILLIONAIRE WHO HAD EIGHT WIVES.

He Dictated Terms to Seven of Them But Met His Match at Last.

MR. Thurston Hall and his company have returned from tour and are busy rehearsing "Bluebeard's Eighth Wife," which will be produced at His Majesty's Theatre, Johannesburg, on September 15. The play is a farce-comedy that was written in French by M. Alfred Savoir, adapted into English by Mr. Arthur Wimperis, and staged at the Queen's Theatre, London, two years ago, with Mr. Norman McKinnel and Miss Madge Titheradge in the principal parts. It ran at the Queen's from August 26, 1922, until July 28, 1923, and was then transferred to the Globe. At the Globe it ran until September 9, and was then transferred to the Comedy, where it had its last performance on October 20, having run for a year and two months.

Mr. Wimperis' adaptation is not a mere translation with a few epigrams thrown in. Its characters—and they are all important—live and are strong, beneath the light sparkle of what is outwardly a trivial, but inwardly a very grasping play.

It is, at the heart of it, just a conflict of wills—a reversal of *Katharine* and *Petruchio* on the lines of "Rule a Husband and Have a Husband." *John Brown*, the American hero of the play (the part to be played, of course, by Mr. Thurston Hall), is a strong, lovable, crotchety self-made millionaire, who had made agreements with all his previous seven wives that they should submit to divorce directly he got tired of them. This was, he contended, at once more honest, more respectable, and cheaper in the long run than the ordinary millionaire method of keeping mistresses. It was Henry VIII's method; and he, as *John Brown* observed, was "some King."

Then he meets *Monna*, daughter of the penniless *Marquis de Monferrat* (a part that was relinquished in the London production by Mr. C. M. Hallard when he came to South Africa with the Vanbrugh-Boucicault Company), and, having fixed up with her to be his eighth wife on a settlement of 400,000 *francs* a year—double the allowance of any of her predecessors—finds his match. *Monna*, who is not only extremely attractive, but is just as strongminded and has her head screwed on just as tight as *Brown* himself, stipulates for separate rooms, and arranges to be discovered with a tipsy but harmless young count in pyjamas in her bed when *Brown* comes back—as he thinks, unexpectedly—at midnight.

"Bluebeard's Eighth Wife" was produced in Australia not long since by Lady Forbes-Robertson, and the cast included Miss Anne McEwen (her daughter) and Messrs. William Mollison, T. M. Oliff, J. B. Rowe and Herbert Millard, all of whom are well known in South Africa.

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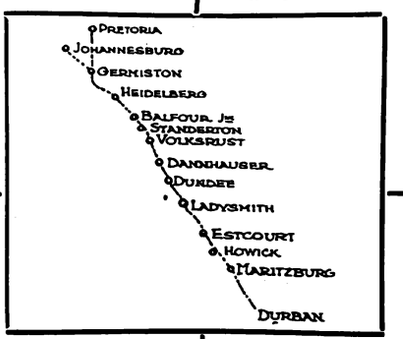

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WEEK COMMENCING MONDAY, SEPTEMBER 8.

Tivoli, Cape Town.—Till September 9: Victor King, Les Uniques, Hamilton. Continuing: Vernon Watson, Moon and Morris, Campbell and Wise, Harris Family. Opening September 10: Jennie Hartley, The Original Dewars, Hayden and Nevard.
Opera House, Cape Town.—Opening September 9: George Relph and Company in "The Green Goddess."
Empire, Johannesburg.—"Little Nellie Kelly."
His Majesty's, Johannesburg.—Maurice Moscovitch and Company in "What Money Can't Buy."
Orpheum, Johannesburg.—Rupert Ingalese and Company, Rolls and Falls.
Grand, Pretoria.—Tom E. Finglass.
Criterion, Benoni.—Dave Lee, Barbara Munro.
Apollo, Germiston.—September 8, 9 and 10: Otago Bill and Company, O'Brien and Harris.
Vaudette, Krugersdorp.—September 8, 9 and 10: Renda Rudd, Fred Hutchings.
Lyric, Potchefstroom.—September 11, 12 and 13: Otago Bill and Company, O'Brien and Harris, Fred Hutchings, Reg. Wentworth, Renda Rudd.
Rinko, Maritzburg.—Ginnet Trio.
Criterion, Durban.—Moss and Maachah, Gregorio Halevy, Welby Cooke, Professor Field.
Grand, Port Elizabeth.—Jack Edge, Jean Alexander, Merna Stewart, Videau and Kirby, Kit and Eddie O'Shea, Howe and Watt, Rich and Galvin, Kenna Brothers.

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5.30.—Dawn. Rise from a sleepless night.

6.—Lave himself in a running brook, or, if this not possible, put his head under a tap.

6.30-7.30.—Crag work on the hills.

8.—Push aside his untasted breakfast.

8.30-12.—Lie on stomach in long grass in meadow, poring on a brook.

12 Noon.—Returning for a moment to busy haunt of man . . . catch sight, on the street for a moment of adored object, and at once—

12.30.—Beat it for the woods.

12.30 till dark.—In the woods; alone with nature; penetrate to the heart of the woods, go and sit in frog pond, making a sound like a frog.

8.30-9.30.—For one brief hour be with adored object . . . .

10 p.m.—A dash for the open. Get out under the stars. Count them . . .

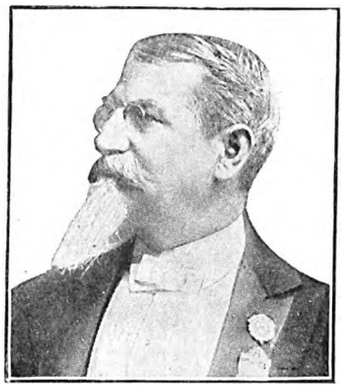
12 Midnight.—Retire to sleepless night, but before starting it throw the casement wide and let the cool night wind slap the face.—*From Professor Stephen Leacock's new book, "The Garden of Folly."*

EXIT "THE BLUES."

According to a London authority on all dancing matters, this year will see the end of "the blues." It has not proved popular with the best dancers, or dancing masters and mistresses. It is also stated that, as far as London is concerned there is very little likelihood of the five-step being taken up, and there are no signs of a new dance.

British films are rapidly gaining in popularity on the Continent. Betty Balfour is immensely popular in France and Germany.

HE WAS BALD



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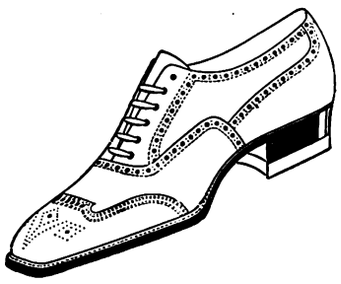

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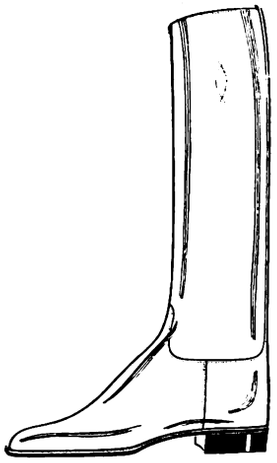

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MOTORING AND MOTOR-CYCLING.

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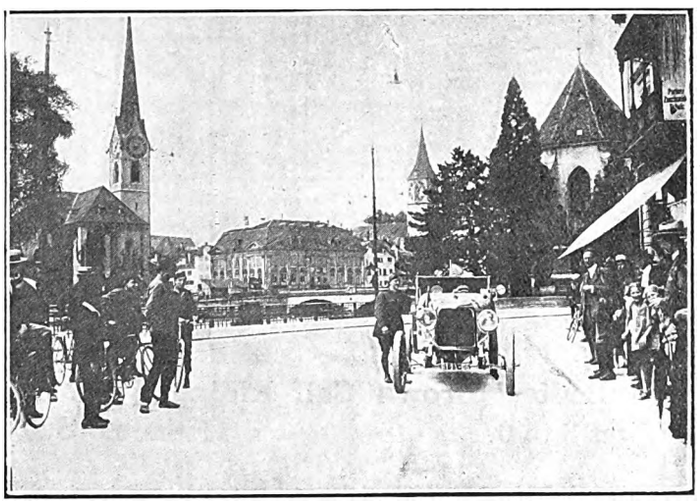
Trapping at Pretoria.

Mr. Schmidt, hon. secretary of the Pretoria Motor and Sports Club, says that in consequence of the continued trapping at present in operation in Pretoria, his club called a meeting of motorists to go into the question. Trapping is becoming a regular persecution, and fines are inflicted out of all proportion to the offence. The "site" of the trap is on the Roberts Heights hill some 2½ miles out of Pretoria, where there are no cross-roads to interfere with the up and down traffic. Fines have been inflicted of £5 for exceeding a speed limit of 20 m.p.h., and most of the victims have been Johannesburg motorists. This was fully discussed at the meeting on Friday evening last week, when a fully representative gathering met in the Imperial Hotel. Mr. A. Cramer, president of the T.A.C., and Mr. A. J. Miller, assistant secretary of the T.A.C., attended specially from Johannesburg. Although 20 m.p.h. is set for Roberts Heights there are many places in Pretoria where the speed



MOTORING ROUND THE WORLD.

This photograph was taken at Zurich, in Switzerland, on July 19. The (very) original caption supplied with it by the Zurich photographer is published on page 4 in the paragraph headed "Along Quite Afrika." The picture is of Captain G. Armstrong, of Vancouver, who is motoring round the world. He hopes to drive his car from Cairo to Cape Town.

is less than 20 miles. Particularly on Church Square, near the tram-stop and inter section of Church Street. It behoves motorists to drive carefully when in the capital, as the authorities are out to net all they possibly can, and any car bearing a T.J. number appears to be "fair game."

A Prize-Winner's Appreciation.

Mrs. Wiseman, Ferreira Deep Gold Mine, winner of Competition No. 2, was duly presented with her prize last week, a traffic mirror, just the very thing wanting in her car. In conversation Mrs. Wiseman stated that only the week previous she had visited the Falls at Warmbaths. The spot was a little difficult to find, but the trouble was amply repaid by the beautiful sight. As the trees were still carrying their autumn leaves the tints and colouring, said Mrs. Wiseman, were delightful.

Motor-Cycle Speed Races.

A new club has just been formed at Springs, the prime mover in the venture being Mr. J. W. Morgan, well-known as the East Rand exponent of the A.J.S. The name of the club is the Springs Motor-Cycle and Sports Club. On Saturday, September 20, commencing at 2 p.m., the new club will run off a series of motor-cycle speed races, permission having been obtained from the Springs Municipality for the use of the Springs racecourse.

HERE, THERE AND EVERYWHERE.

How it is Done in France.

Recently one Adolphe Tholome was tried for bigamy in a Paris court. Both his wives were present; both pleaded for leniency, urging that Tholome was a good husband and father. His attorney urged that the bigamist was helping France when she needed babies. The jury recommended his release.

And Now She'll Know!

Dr. Lutembacher, a distinguished French scientist, claims that he has invented a cardometer capable of distinguishing between true and false love by measuring heart-beats. The invention has aroused the intense curiosity of the feminine sex.

Her Third Marriage.

Elsie Ferguson, the fascinating screen star, was recently married for the third time. Her latest husband is Frederick Worlock, who will be remembered as a member of the Oscar Asche Company in South Africa. He played *The Caliph* in "Kismet."

Galli-Curci's First Husband.

Luigi Curci, aged 39 a painter and one time husband of Amelita Galli-Curci, the world's most wonderful soprano, died recently at Rome. Friends say that his grief at being divorced was a great shock to Signor Curci; he could not seem to forget his great love for the woman who had been his wife. It is only fair to Madame Galli-Curci to add that she divorced her husband for cruelty and infidelity. In 1921 Madame Galli-Curci married Homer Samuels, her one-time accompanist.

A Memorial to Eleanora Duse.

The Marquis Bottini, a staunch friend of the Prince of Monte Nevoso (better known as Gabriele D'Annunzio), recently visited London for the purpose of selling D'Annunzio's manuscripts. It is asserted that with the proceeds D'Annunzio intends building a great memorial to the late Signora Eleanora Duse. An American once offered £40,000 for the manuscripts, but D'Annunzio did not then need the money.

The Two Andres.

This is how they manage political meetings in France. At the recent general elections André Tardieu arose to address a meeting near Paris. When he was well under way, one André Marty interrupted and said he wanted to address the meeting. André T. refused to permit this and continued to speak, whereupon André M. sprang upon the platform and laid heavy hands upon André T., who was kicked, scratched and bitten. The meeting broke up in confusion, André T. retiring with hardly any clothes left.

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STAGE & CINEMA.

VOL. XIX. No. 476.] SATURDAY, SEPTEMBER 13TH, 1924. (Registered at G.P.O. as a Newspaper.) PRICE 6D.

"S H - H! H E ' S C O M I N G!"

A scene from "Bluebeard's Eighth Wife," the French-American farce-comedy which the Thurston Hall Company will stage for the first time in South Africa at His Majesty's Theatre, Johannesburg, on Monday evening. The person so eagerly expected by the lady and with so much apprehension by the gentleman is "Bluebeard" himself, otherwise John Brown, *American multi-married millionaire—the part that will be played by Mr. Thurston Hall.*

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JAZZING ROUND THE WORLD.

By JENKYN.

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CALCUTTA.

ONE often feels envious of the Chinese husband. I saw a Chinese wife walking along the street the other day. She was neatly clad in a black twill tunic, and a black pair of twill trousers, cut saucy round the hips. No hat, no shoes, no stockings, no undies. Nothing more. I imagine the young husband who has just opened (by mistake) an envelope containing a bill with a staggering total from Quelqu'un et Cie, sitting with his head in his hands and bitterly wishing that he was Ah Hung, or Chop Ching, or

Hang Wun Lung,

or someone else of that ilk. And yet—as Ernest Hastings says—and yet I don't know. For I have seen some of these Chinese wives, dressed exactly as I have described, with a dollop of precious stones stuck in their shell-like ears worth much more than the ransom of one of the Balkan kings. Lovely woman—whatever her nationality—manages to get it somehow. If the swings don't materialise, the roundabouts are all right, all right. The Chinawoman is short on the chiffons, but begad she gets right there on the diamonds, rubies and pearls.

* * *

What curious things dreams are! A week or two ago I had one that was so vivid, so clearly cut, that every detail remains in my memory. I dreamt that I was standing on the Cheshire shore of the Mersey, close to New Brighton Pier. There was a huge, smooth-faced rock sticking out of the water a few hundred feet from the Pier. A ferry boat crammed with excursionists had just left for Liverpool and the tide was running high. Of a sudden the boat swerved, and dashed—thud!—into the face of the rock and sank in a few minutes. People scrambled off the sinking boat in hundreds on to a submerged causeway, and about a dozen managed to get ashore; but in a few moments the water seemed to be full of

The White Faces of the Drowned

staring with sightless eyes into nothingness and bobbing and swaying in the water in the most eerie fashion. Suddenly I saw a man in flannels sinking in deep water at my feet, and another, also in flannels of most immaculate cut, dived to his rescue. They faded out of sight and never came to shore. Not a sound was heard during the whole affair—there were no screams and very little struggling, and I and the few survivors stood there horror-struck and immobile—not attempting to do any heroic deeds of rescue work. It was a horrible dream and I don't want another like it. As we had two sea-trips to follow immediately I didn't mention my dream to my *confrères*. The journeys turned out quite uneventful, but I'll bet if anything had happened some superstitious silly ass would have claimed that my nightmare—probably born of too much dinner—was premonitory.

Last night I had another dream, of a farcical nature, with a painful ending. I dreamt I was in a big building in Johannesburg, and it was rumoured that a gang of toughs were in the neighbourhood, on burglary intent. I went out on to the landing and saw a man well-known in the town, and immediately suspected him of being one of the gang. In real life he is one of the most harmless men I know. He, on his side, felt pretty sure that I was there for evil reasons, but while we were glaring at one another two of the foulest-looking specimens of mankind came rushing upstairs. Obviously

These Were the Real Burglars.

I had in my hand a five-shilling bag of coppers—for what reason I know not—and I slung them well and truly into the face of Assassin No. 1 and "outed" him. Nothing daunted, the other, who sported the most lurid set of whiskers I have ever seen, came rushing on, but I lifted up my number-nine foot and kicked him in the face—and awoke with a howl, having delivered a fearful kick at the bed-rail, to my own extreme physical detriment. That was a rude awakening, if you like. I think if someone were to compile an anthology of dreamland, quite an interesting book could be made out of these queer phantasms of sleep.

* * *

Well! Well! Well! Our touring days have ended for a space of twelve weeks, the Grand Hotel, Calcutta, having engaged us for all the vacant time we had left under our contract with the Warwick management. For many reasons it is preferable to rushing about the country in the hot weather. But what a lot of things I haven't seen in my travels! F'rinstance

". . . . . the elephant
Who wears a tail behind and another one in the front."

I was looking forward to a week in Ceylon, and there I hoped to see the big *'uttees* at work; but it is not to be.

* * *

There were all sorts of things I haven't seen that you read about in the books. Take the beachcomber as example. According to all the novels I have read you will find him everywhere—drinking, cursing, swearing, going native, dashing into the sea between two goes of gin to collar a big lump of fat that turns out to be ambergris, and all that sort of thing. Then the beautiful native women, with white teeth and smiling lips and hibiscus a-twine in their hair, wearing costumes that would be banned at Durban and

Inviting You With Giggles to Flirt With Them

'neath the mango trees. Do mangoes grow on trees, by the way? I certainly did see, on one of our recent sea-trips, two Englishmen who were married to *pukka* Hindu girls—both very ugly, noisy and masterful. It wasn't a pleasant sight, though it was none of our business. They had to sit at a table by themselves, they were boycotted by all the other passengers, and one felt most horribly awkward. But they were certainly not beachcombers.

* * *

Also, I have never seen an atoll, nor a coral island, nor a lagoon, though we have passed scores of islands of all sizes. The coralline deposits are a bit further east than our itinerary has led us. I have seen plenty of motor-cars, and trams, and motor charabancs, and milliners' shops, and macadamised roads, and railway stations, and trains, and bicycles, and clubs and hotels, and Town Halls, and post-offices, and wharves, and ships, and *table d'hôte*, and all the concomitants of modern civilisation. In fact, I have never got away from life as it is lived in any country that professes to be up-to-date.

* * *

And now for three months I am living at the excellent Grand Hotel in Calcutta. One thing about it, I shall get plenty of exercise, although I am on the first floor, for it is exactly two hundred yards from my room to the dining-*salon*. The Grand, Calcutta, is without exception the wanderingest place I have ever been in. There is no need to join a golf-club. You can do your eighteen holes daily along the unending corridors with consummate ease.

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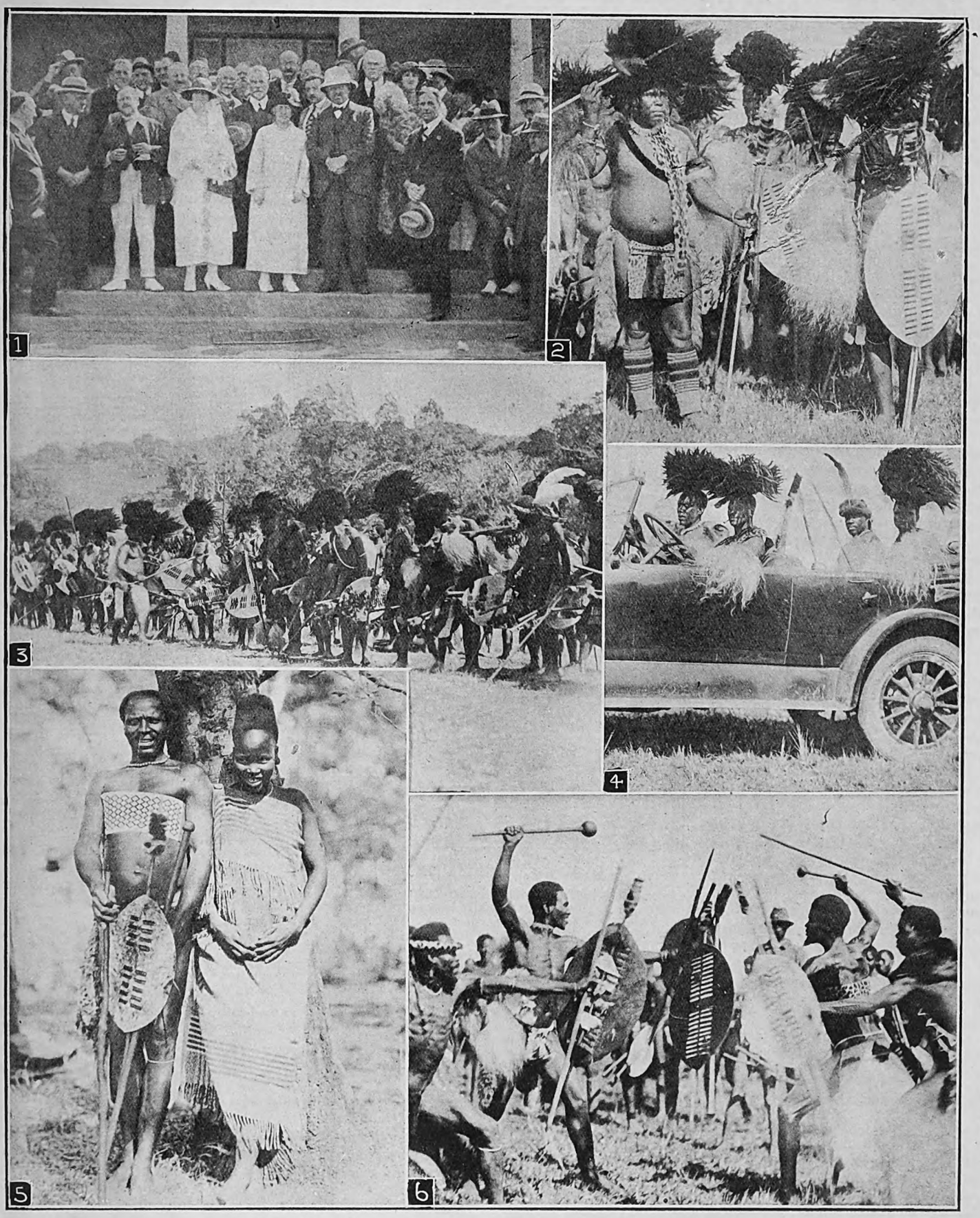
MR. J. H. THOMAS SEES A WAR DANCE IN ZULULAND.



DELEGATES OF THE EMPIRE PARLIAMENTARY ASSOCIATION PAY A VISIT TO ESHOWE.

1. Members of the British and Canadian Parliaments on the steps of the Royal Hotel at Eshowe, Zululand. The Colonial Secretary, Mr. J. H. Thomas, is in the centre, wearing a white sun-helmet, and next to him is Mrs Thomas. **2.** On the left the Zulu Chief Silimane, grandson of King M'paude. **3** The War Dance about to begin. **4.** The all-conquering automobile: Four chieftains arrive by motor-car. In the back of the car, wearing a feather head-dress, is Chief Mehlwane, chief of the once-powerful and warlike Kaza tribe. **5.** A typical Zulu warrior and his bashful bride. **6.** A friendly "set-to" with shields and kerries

Photos for "S.A. Pictorial" by "Happy Snaps."

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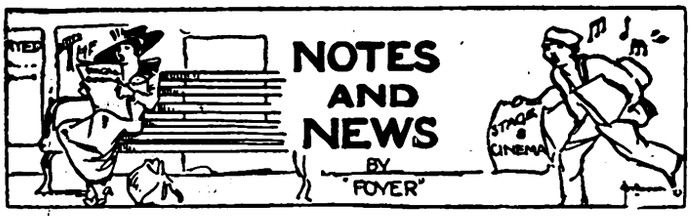

"The Veterans of Variety."

"The Veterans of Variety" will be here soon—Leo Dryden, Charles Lee, Jake Friedman, Lily Burnand, Frank Leo, Arthur Slater and Sable Fern. They sailed from Southampton by the *Briton* on Friday, September 5, and will arrive at Cape Town on Monday, September 22. This is the beginning of a world-tour which will keep them away from England for at least a year, and possibly for two years. In South Africa they will be "featured" at the principal music-halls, including the Tivoli Theatre, Cape Town, the Empire, Johannesburg, and the Criterion, Theatre, Durban.

"Thus to Revisit."

Mr. James Agate, the well-known London critic, went to see the Veterans when they first appeared together at the Palladium Theatre, London, last year, and wrote a charming article about them in his "Fantasies and Impromptus." "It was with a certain tremor," he says, "that I took my seat—a shade of anxiousness, not as to how these old favourites would acquit themselves, but as to how we should receive them. Youth—and the audience at the Palladium is a young one—is a trifle impatient, and apt not to realise that an artist who has once been great retains that greatness for those who have the eyes to behold." Mr. Agate thinks, however, that the English are more generous than the French, "whose appreciation of an artist, more ecstatic than ours, remains taut until it snaps, but lacks the quality of elasticity." One of the best traits of the Englishman, he considers, is his loyalty to old favourites, but he hastens to point out that loyalty does not require any straining where the Veterans are concerned. "These old artists," he writes, "were quickly seen to be no *vieux rates*, as our cruel neighbours put it; no 'back numbers,' in our kinder phrase. Before I saw them again, I had been, I repeat, just a little afraid that the triumph might be on this side of the curtain, in our memories only." But these fears were quite unfounded. The Veterans proved to be as good as ever they were.

"DISA": WHO IS SHE?

According to *Nash's Magazine*, "Disa" (the only name given) is "the South African film actress who will shortly be seen in a new Stoll picture entitled 'Pools of the Past.'"

The Performance.

Mr. Agate has something to say about the performance itself: "The artists sat in a semi-circle, with Leo Dryden as their chairman. Each performer wore a domino which, when Leo gave the signal, he or she discarded to step forth in the garb of thirty or forty years ago. Charles Lee gave some patter set to music, and the dance which followed was very much a dance, an affair of splits and the high kick, at which we were as greatly amazed as *Shallow* would have been if his brother *Silence* had doffed bonnet with a cavalier motion of the toe. Let me recall Sable Fern, of the pea-jacket, trousers of white flannel, and 'boater' low in the crown; Jake Friedman, with his English patter, Swiss yodelling, and Dutch smiles; lovely, lively Lily Burnand; Arthur Slater, the Whistling Man in White; Frank Leo, the renowned song-writer. The first note of sadness was struck by Leo Dryden's 'The Miner's Dream of Home.' Leo looked as young, and, given that little forelock, as Napoleonic as ever, with a little dash maybe of Mr. Farquharson's *Count Cenci* in a cheerful moment. The singer was in full and resonant voice. Two lines of his chorus:

'I listened with joy, as I did when a boy,
To the sound of the old village bells,'

went home to every heart. The phrase is out of fashion, but I can find nothing better."

The Eye of Memory.

"It shall not be pretended," concludes Mr. Agate, "that the eye of these old artists is as bright, the cheek as round, the step as firm, as once we knew them; nor shall it be said that these things do not matter. They do matter, but least to those who see with the eye of memory; who, ageing in their turn, realise that it is the spirit and not the body which is the man. When Charles Lee, doffing his wig, reveals the meek cranium of old, even we who are wise in these matters must refuse to believe that which our eyes have just seen. Glad must these artists be that they are enjoying that fulfilment of living and deep joy of work which exceeds all retirements, idleness and petering out soever."

Reviving "The Bells."

"The Bells" was revived at the Savoy Theatre, London, on September 1. Irving's part is played by Mr. Henry Baynton, the young Shakespearean actor who played "juvenile leads" with the Henry Herbert Company in South Africa in 1913-14.

On Being Word-Perfect.

The actor's first duty is to be audible; his second, to memorise his lines. They may be bad lines, but he's paid to say them, and, anyhow, the heavy chances are that they are better lines than he will be able to improvise on the spur of the moment. The public are largely to blame for this optimistic assumption among stage folk "that it'll be all right on the night," and anyhow, if it isn't it doesn't matter. For some incomprehensible reason, whenever an artist breaks down, particularly in a song, he gets a round of applause, as if he had done something meritorious. This is all wrong. The actor who hasn't memorised his lines is guilty, first of obtaining money under false pretences from his manager—for he is being paid for something he hasn't done; and second, of treating the public with contempt.

'First-Night" Atmosphere.

"Artistic temperament," "First-night nerves," and a dozen other excuses will no doubt be put forward, but the cold fact is this, that—barring circumstances so unusual as not to be worth considering—when an actor "fluffs" on a first night it is because he has never been word-perfect at rehearsal. First-night audiences are particularly sensitive to "atmosphere," and the mere suggestion of a "dry up" on the part of one of the actors makes them acutely miserable; so much so, that the efforts of the other actors go for nothing. An incompetent actor (and an actor who does not know his lines is, *ipso facto*, incompetent) will ruin the finest scene that has ever been written, destroy a play on which the author has probably lavished months of work, and, incidentally, be the means of throwing himself and the other members of the company out of a job.

HIS MAJESTY'S, MONDAY: THURSTON HALL COMPANY IN "BLUEBEARD'S EIGHTH WIFE."

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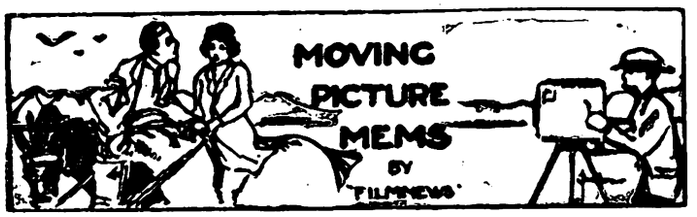

Film-Star "Ruined" by Scandal.

"Scandal has ruined my life!" This statement is made by Mary Miles Minter, the film star, in announcing her retirement from the screen. Miss Minter, according to a message from New York to Paris, is surrendering a contract with a film corporation calling for twenty pictures on a sliding-scale salary starting at £10,000 and ascending at the rate of £2,000 for every succeeding film. It is said that the scandal connected with the murder of William Desmond Taylor, the Los Angeles film director; was the chief cause of Miss Minter's retirement. The unsolved mystery of the murder was a tragedy which drew Miss Minter unwillingly into a prominent *rôle* in real life. During the investigation into the murder letters were alleged to have been found addressed to Mr. Taylor, and bearing these words, "I love you, I love you.—M.M.M." Other features of her real-life drama were her disappearance last year and subsequent suit against her mother to recover vast amounts of film earnings said to have been stored away while she was a minor. Miss Minter, in discussing her plans for the future, states that she will shun publicity by seeking a position as an architect's assistant.

"RUINED BY SCANDAL."

Mary Miles Minter, who has announced her retirement from the screen with the statement that scandal and gossip have ruined her career.

"Babbitt" on the Screen.

Sinclair Lewis's novel "Babbitt" has been screened. But of course the film "Babbitt" is not the book "Babbitt." It couldn't be. How could the American Babbitts be asked to go and see a visualisation of the original, contemptuous, unsparing satire of themselves! The film, in fact, is named "Three Women." But the part of *Babbitt*, I should imagine, is beautifully realised. When I tell you who plays it you will agree with me. Willard Louis. What, that conveys nothing to you? Well, did you see John Barrymore in "Beau Brummell"? Then you remember the cherubic actor who gives such a splendid performance as the Prince Regent (afterwards George IV.)? Very well, then—that's the screen *Babbitt*. The cast also includes Pauline Frederick, Marie Prevost, May McAvoy and Lew Cody.

Mae Murray, Abstainer.

Calculations made by an inquisitive American scribe, who has examined the records of Miss Mae Murray's various marriages (she has been wedded three times), show that her age is either thirty-five or thirty-eight, a fact which will surprise her innumerable admirers. Her real name is Marie Adrienne Koenig. She was born in Virginia, and is the daughter of an Austrian father and a Belgian mother. She borrowed the name Murray from the *cabaret* proprietor on whose all-are-welcome floor she made her first public appearance. Ziegfeld noticed her, and in 1915 she was the brightest star in the constellation of the Follies. She is by far the best dancer in the movies, a dramatic actress of ingenious resource, and a *poseuse*—using that word in its best sense—of supreme ability. She is also a teetotaler, which means something in Hollywood, where her nickname is "T.T.M."

Kid McCoy Accused.

As briefly reported by cable last month, Kid McCoy, the famous prize-fighter, whose real name is Norman Selby, was arrested at Los Angeles on August 13, charged on suspicion with the murder of Mrs. Theresa Mors. Mrs. Mors was a wealthy woman who owned an art dealer's shop in Los Angeles. Chief Detective Cline stated that Kid McCoy went to Mrs. Mors' flat, above the shop, and that there was a quarrel which ended in the shooting of the woman. After leaving the flat McCoy passed through the shop to the street, firing wildly with a revolver. Three customers, a woman and two men, were hit by his bullets.

In a Motor-Car.

McCoy rushed from the building holding his revolver, and leaped into a motor-car which sped towards the business section of the town. A policeman jumped on the running board of a passing motor-car and gave chase. After a short pursuit McCoy shouted, "Don't shoot! I'll surrender!" and was placed under arrest. One account states that when the police entered the flat they found Mr. Mors there with a cut lip and bruises on his face. Other messages suggest that McCoy ran from the flat in an apparent effort to find the husband. An examination of Mrs. Mors' body showed that she had been terribly beaten. Both eyes were black and blue, and her lips were discoloured by blows. She had apparently been shot while lying on a sofa, her body being afterwards thrown on the floor. A portrait of McCoy was in her hands, which were clasped on her breast. McCoy, who has lately been acting for the films, has been married nine times, and it is reported that he intended to marry Mrs. Mors, whose husband secured an interlocutory divorce decree a week before. Mrs. Mors also began divorce proceedings recently. After recent quarrels between Mr. and Mrs. Mors, the woman employed McCoy to protect her from her husband, fearing his violence.

His Visit Here.

In 1896 Kid McCoy, then middle-weight champion of America, visited Johannesburg and knocked out Billy Doherty (Australia).

In Germany, Now.

Lionel Barrymore, John's brother, has been film-acting in Germany. He discovered that a bottle of whisky costs £3, and that the charge for washing a pair of pyjamas was 6s.

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BIJOU, MONDAY: NORMA TALMADGE IN "WITHIN THE LAW."

Miss Cecilia Wessels.

Despite a conventional programme, which, by the way, indicates some necessity for research in the wide field of vocal literature, Miss Cecilia Wessels succeeded last week in impressing her considerable attainments upon a good audience in the Selborne Hall. She displayed a voice of fine quality, range and power, and used it with considerable effect in the various programme numbers, which appealed, often irresistibly even to those who regretted her somewhat narrow interpretative range. The first group of songs—by Handel, Gretchaninov and Rachmaninoff—served to reveal Miss Wessels' particular vocal gifts. Evenness and resonant purity were the outstanding features of her singing, and she sang later songs by Landon Ronald and Coleridge-Taylor with a good deal of ingratiating charm. In the final groups also there was ever present a characteristic vocal opulence and an approach to an authoritative mode of delivery, but the urgent emotion that quickens song presentation and that forms the entrenchment of a finely-tempered mind, was seldom in evidence. Miss Wessels had the advantage of instrumental accompaniments played by Miss Phyllis Wall, who must be welcomed in a capacity for which on previous occasions she has shown a marked aptitude.

Miss Dorothea Vincent.

The strongest attraction in the piano-playing of Miss Dorothea Vincent is its marked individuality. Her technical capacity is of the kind that seems to make light of the major problems of modern pianism. Hence there is never any suggestion of muddy playing, and her passage-playing is both strong and of notable clarity. These advantages she utilises in the exploitation of the big things in the literature of her instrument, and her view-point of most of the music she undertakes has the insight and distinctive qualities to which I have already referred. Miss Vincent is artist enough to know exactly how much of her enthusiasm and how much of her feeling for the delicacies of *tempo* and nuance she can legitimately and effectively employ in, for instance, a work like Beethoven's "*Appassionata.*" Seemingly not a single opportunity for emphasising an effect, either of tone or *tempo*, escaped her notice, and she succeeded in deepening some that are known, and making at times others that probably have hitherto been unsuspected. While she does not read the opening movement with the overwhelming dramatic and emotional qualities that are naturally associated with the Sonata, she gives a version that is altogether admirable and generally flawless in its clarity and melodic beauty. Personal taste must find its own level in the *tempo* of the variations, but in the *finale* Miss Vincent was ever the finished pianist, concerned not with the executive requirements but intensely alert to the slightest possibility for fine phrasing and for subtle variation in rhythm. Her reading of the work impressed me greatly, for it indicated a player with ideas, and one who can point her argument with a forceful and, at times, a wonderfully persuasive eloquence. A similar fleetness and exactness of finger characterised her presentation of the Chopin B flat minor *Scherzo*. While she gave the music its conventional rendering, it held interest by the rhythmical strength and clean execution which were notable features throughout. Miss Vincent utilises a very superior pianistic equipment for the exercise of a subtle and highly sensitive musical mind. Nowhere was this more clearly shown than in her treatment of the Ravel "*Jeux d'Eau.*" Its programmatic intention was fully reflected by the pianist, who is, without question, worthy of better things than the two pieces of John Ireland which were included on the programme. These pieces, "Amberley Wild Brooks" and "Rhapsody," are among the most disappointing examples of English music that I have heard. The output of modern composers for the instrument seems to be getting more and more aimless, empty and superficial, and for these distinctions the Ireland pieces seem to have several very distinct claims. And for once, even Debussy seemed like a crank, who could not in this instance—"*La Puerta Del Vino*"—even make capital out of the mannerisms which he himself invented. He was totally overshadowed by the brilliant-thinking Ravel, who painted with unerring effect in "*Jeux d'Eau.*" Despite this, I must admit that Miss Vincent's artistry appealed to me with much force, and I have come to regard her work as something approaching the hall-mark of pianistic distinction.

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A Coming Concert.

A concert will be held at the Central Hall, Von Brandis Square, on Wednesday, September 17, at 8.15 p.m. The programme is a very attractive one. The Central Hall Choir, assisted by the Johannesburg Scottish Choir, together numbering some eighty voices, will be heard in several part-songs, including Cowen's Bridal Chorus, and the following artists will perform: Misses Janie Daniel, Irene Powell, Marjorie Silva, Messrs. Reg. Smith, Ben. Barnett, Wm. Lowe and Geo. Absalom. The accompanist and conductor of the combined choirs will be Mr. Rupert B. Stoutt.

Piano Fund.

A concert has been arranged in aid of the Johannesburg Musical Society's Piano Fund, to take place on Friday, October 3. The programme will be undertaken by Mrs. S. H. Pearce, Mrs. G. H. Beatty and Mr. Burns-Walker, and Mrs. Beatty has kindly lent her music-room at 57, St. Patrick's Road, Houghton Estate, for the purpose. It is intended to offer for sale one hundred tickets at five shillings each, and it is hoped that the effort will result in the final liquidation of the Society's debt. The next monthly concert of the Society will be given in the Selborne Hall on Tuesday evening, September 16, when the artists will be Miss Dorothea Vincent and Mrs. L. Japhet. Miss Vincent will play piano solos by Mozart, Debussy, Scott, Ireland, Grieg and Chopin, and Mrs. Japhet will sing songs by Strauss, Wolff, Moret and Chausson. Mr. Robert A. Pritchard will act as accompanist.

There is a great deal to be said for young people lecturing old people, and old people lecturing young, provided that in every case the lecturer has insight and sympathy, just a touch of humour, and something vital to say.—*Sir Michael Sadler.*

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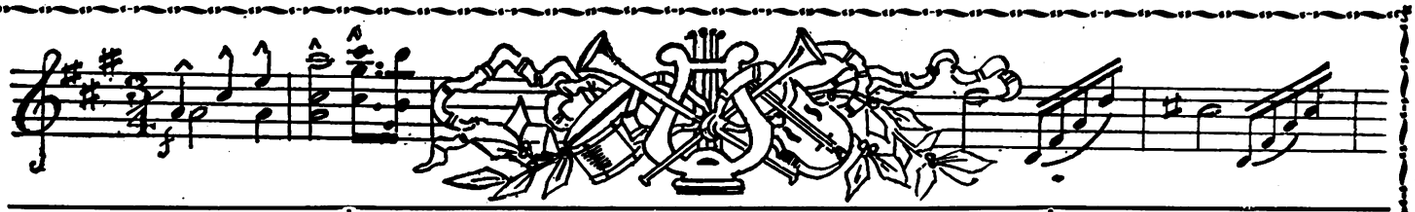

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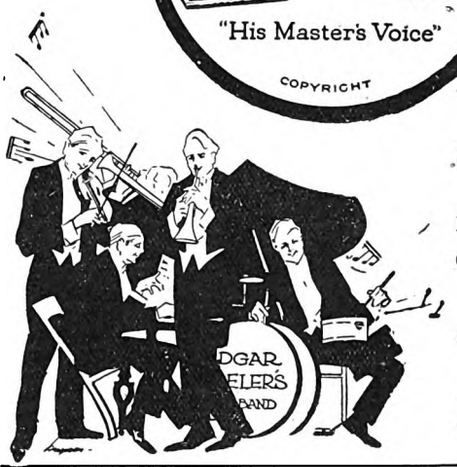

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In the Bright Lights.

HIS MAJESTY'S THEATRE.

FAREWELL TO MAURICE MOSCOVITCH: RE-ENTER THE THURSTON HALL COMPANY.

MR. Maurice Moscovitch is concluding his third and farewell visit to Johannesburg this week-end. His *Madison Hale* in "What Money Can't Buy" is quite one of the best of the five parts he has, up to the present, played in South Africa. Mr. Moscovitch's last appearance at His Majesty's will be made this Saturday evening.

On Monday evening the Thurston Hall Company will begin their second and farewell season at His Majesty's with the first performance in South Africa of "Bluebeard's Eighth Wife," an English adaptation by Arthur Wimperis of a French play by Alfred Savoir. It ran for fourteen consecutive months at the Queen's, Globe and Comedy Theatres, London.

John Brown, a fabulously wealthy American, made a hobby of marriage. Of his seven wives, one had died and the rest he had divorced when he ceased to love them. He was now engaged to *Miss George*, a professional singer, who followed him over to Ostend, where he threatened to buy up the town unless they let him attend the Casino in tweeds. At the hotel, however, he met his equal in determination, wit, and effrontery. For *Monna*, the elder daughter of an impecunious marquis, was discriminating between the men on whom she allowed the crumbs of her favour to fall, but patronised for fun and convenience *Count Hubert*, who was equipped with neither brains nor purse.

She was quite unmoved by the recital of *Mr. Brown's* past history, and consented to marry him in return for a settlement of 400,000 *francs* a year, merely double what her predecessors had obtained. Then she proceeded to subdue her redoubtable husband, her method being to compel him to divorce her against his will. This she accomplished by arranging to be discovered in a highly compromising situation with *Count Hubert*. He was, in fact found in her bedroom; not only in her bedroom, but in her bed. And he was wearing a pair of her pyjamas. She herself was wearing another pair, and was also in (or on) the bed.

Six months later, when the decree was made absolute, she returned, explained, and offered herself to her husband wholly and completely, and in a delightfully written scene they plighted their troth afresh.

The following is the full cast: *Lucienne*, Miss Gwynedd Vernon; *The Marquis de Monferrat*, Mr. Arthur Bawtree; *Waiter*, Mr. J. Henry Ashford; *Matard*, manager of an Hotel at Ostend, Mr. Joseph R. Cunningham; *John Brown*, Mr. Thurston Hall; *Monna*, Miss Zillah Bateman; *Count Hubert de Linancourt*, Mr. Patrick Ludlow; *Miss George*, Miss Gladys Webster; *Detective Dupré*, Mr. Ward McAllister; *The Secretary*, Mr. H. B. Clappé. Act I. takes place in the Lounge of a fashionable Hotel at Ostend; Act II. in the *Browns'* drawing-room in Paris six months later; and Act III. in *Monna's* bedroom the same night (Scene 1) and six months later (Scene 2). Mr. Joseph R. Cunningham is the producer.

EMPIRE PALACE.

"Little Nellie Kelly," more enchanting than ever, is still "playing to capacity" at the Johannesburg Empire, with the whole company dancing like leaves in the wind, as if some magic piper had bewitched them. The production is a picture of twinkling feet and radiant, pretty faces. The songs are irresistible in their lilt and to be picked up in a moment. The colour schemes are as daring as they are in perfect taste. There is, moreoever, a plot, coherent, sound, mysterious, gripping. The man (or woman) who cannot enjoy "Little Nellie Kelly" is to be pitied. It makes one young to watch the show.

The legend of Whittington's cat was one of the finest pieces of publicity ever invented.—*Sir Louis A. Newton.*

"THE BRIGHT SHAWL."

Joy is in store for picturegoers next week at the Carlton Theatre, Johannesburg. They will see Joseph Hergesheimer's famous story, "The Bright Shawl," adapted to the screen so well that the result is in many ways even better than the original.

In "The Bright Shawl" we follow the adventures of a young American in Cuba during the Spanish dominion. With him we make the acquaintance of *La Clavel*, a kind of *Carmen* of the southern seas. But it is not all roses in the mouth and supple limbs and bright eyes glancing beneath the slanted hat; for *Charles Abbott* was one of those quiet Americans. He had gone to Cuba in the vague hope that he could help the Cubans to shake off the Spanish yoke.

He finds himself in the midst of a desperate conspiracy. *La Clavel* is no callous enchantress, but gives her life for a people not her own. Nor does *Abbott* himself succeed. He is bested in a duel with the superb Spanish captain, *Casper De Vaca*. After falling to the ground unconscious, *Abbott* wakes up to find himself on shipboard bound for America. A letter is handed him revealing that the Spanish captain, with all his faults, "admired courage." With the note is a parcel containing the blood-stained "bright shawl" in which *La Clavel* had danced and died.

Through it all the grace of Richard Barthelmess idealises *Charles Abbott's* character. You cannot believe that any young man could be so beautiful, but there he is, in the stocks and tight trousers of about 1850, and there is no affectation of foppishness about it. Dorothy Gish makes a lovely Spaniardess, and Mary Astor a wistful Cuban girl.

ANSWER TO CORRESPONDENT.

A.G.D. (Johannesburg).—Dustin Farnum played the title-*rôle* in the film-version of "The Scarlet Pimpernel," and William Farnum "doubled" the two leading parts in "A Tale of Two Cities."

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A CAPE TOWN CHRONICLE

BY 'BEACHCOMBER'

CAPE TOWN, Monday.

Excitement About Frocks.

There has been a good deal of talk about frocks in Cape Town this week. Men have discussed it seriously, and even a Professor from the University was prevailed upon to give a public lecture on the subject. The occasion which has given rise to this discussion was the *mannequin* parade at the City Hall, wherein several of Cape Town's Society girls paraded in wonderful frocks provided by the leading stores in the town for the benefit of the Cape hospitals. One naturally expected to see a great number of women present on this occasion. Women love even to gaze at frocks. In fact, it might be said that women find greater delight and excitement in loking at frocks than in buying them. Once the frock is bought there is no covetous commandment to break, and there really *is* a joy in breaking *some* of the commandments. So in the City Hall this week the women of Cape Town have sat, ignoring their cups of tea and dainty cakes in order to admire—and criticise—the frocks worn by these Society *mannequins*. It was all very exciting—and rather deadly.

The Men Who Were There.

But the surprising feature of this fashion parade was the number of men present. They certainly equalled the women. And although the hour was about four o'clock—when one would imagine all good business men struggling desperately with their evening letters—there they were, sitting in admiring fashion with the air of unlimited leisure. Nor were these men the married ones accompanying their wives. The exquisite ties and silk socks proclaimed the bachelor. It merely proved the dictum that men are as interested in frocks as most women, but they rarely disclose the fact. Arnold Bennett, who has edited a woman's magazine and so has some authority for writing on this matter, says that advertisements for frocks are read as eagerly by men as by the women, and advertisers recognise that fact and see that they display their wares in the men's journals and magazines. Certainly the men seemed to enjoy the fashion parade and eyed the frocks as critically as the women. Many a man knows instinctively by the hang of a girl's frock whether she ought to be asked to go to the theatre with him or not.

Some of the Girls.

It would, of course, be absurd not to say that the men were interested in the girls displaying the frocks. To announce the fact that some of the leading beauties of the Peninsula were to display the best frocks would attract any man who was not a misogynist. Miss Chloë van der Byl opened the parade, and there followed Miss Joan Gwelo Goodman, Miss Clarice Muller, Miss Stella Chiappini, Miss Christine Pargiter, Miss May Verster, Miss Joy Petersen, Miss Eileen Briggs, Miss Brenda Rathfelder, Miss Cecil Barry, Miss Molly van der Byl, Miss Joan Whapham, Miss Lategan, Miss Leonie van Noorden and Miss Phyllis Schenkman. To describe the frocks is really impossible without unlimited space, and it would be merely a tempting recital which would make many a woman's heart ache. Music, tea, cakes, singing and a lecture were included in this fashion parade, which proved such a success that it is likely to be held annually and become a social function.

Orchestra Ball Critics.

The Cape Town Orchestra Ball has come and gone, but criticism of it is still whispered among people. It so happened that a special dance was arranged for this occasion, a Cave Dance, in which several of the prettiest girls in the town and their partners were to give, *ensemble*, a representation of the wild antics of palæolithic man and woman. The girls entered, screaming, their hair flowing wildly. They were pursued by fierce-looking cave-men. The men, with skins across their shoulders and ugly clubs in their hands, seized the girls by their hair and began to dance. It was all rather absurd, but presented an enjoyable interlude in the Ball. However, some critics thought the dance decidedly immoral, and said so in print. The bare arms and distinct *déshabillé* of the cave-women outraged their moral sense and they left the scene of wild gaiety to indite furiously that the youth of Cape Town was rushing to perdition. Naturally, it is now the dancers who feel that their moral sense has been outraged, and they are muttering fiercely for justice.

Holiday Season Coming.

After a few furious days of storm and wind, during which even the mail-boat limped into Cape Town five hours late and with a decided list to starboard, the balmy, sunny days of summer seem to have come to the Cape. Although we hear that most of the holiday-makers are still at Durban, there are strenuous preparations going on here in anticipation of the arrival of visitors from up-country. Owners of boarding-houses have suddenly become conscious of a certain dinginess in the appearance of the house, and builders and decorators have been called in to smarten things up a little. A hitch in these preparations has occurred owing to the building strike in Cape Town, but other preparations continue. The Pier, which is one of the loneliest parts of Cape Town during the winter months, has been cleaned and flaunts itself in new paint, while the Adderley-street shops are busily taking stock of their summer frocks and bathing costumes.

The Cape in Flower.

But the best feature of the Cape at this time of the year is its flowers. The glory of them may be seen flaming the slopes of Table Mountain, and particularly at Kirstenbosch, which is one glory of colour at the moment. One can just go there and feast upon beauty such as even an artist would despair of capturing on canvas. Even if an artist were successful, and painted this scene as it really exists, there is not an art critic in Europe who would not ridicule the canvas and say that the artist, rioting in his imagination, had painted something unreal, something erotically artificial. Yet the wonders of these colours spread themselves before the visitor to Kirstenbosch. Blues, yellows, reds, greens, purples—they wave in the sunshine with an air of gay indifference to the sombre background of Table Mountain with its clumps of silver-trees hiding the ravines.

Parliament Packs Up.

Parliament has packed up and left the city. Important-looking civil servants who condescend to nod occasionally when they see a friend walking humbly past the House of Parliament, have now gone away with their despatch boxes and those interminable files. The Ministers and members whom one saw "tearing a steak" in the

(Continued on page 24.)

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JOHANNESBURG, Tuesday afternoon.

THE stagnant condition of the market continues, with about a "baker's dozen" of transactions on High 'Change every morning. The "tally" yesterday and to-day was actually 15—shares in which transactions took place. Holders of good shares have not the slightest inclination to sell, and there is little or no financial pressure obliging them to do so whether they want to or not. One hears that there is a good deal of money available for investment in the market, but investors are looking for lower quotations should the present labour uncertainty develop into a strike, which surely cannot be desired by anybody. In these circumstances, it is not surprising to see good shares like Government Areas 134s., Modders 73s., Brakpans 65s.-65s. 6d., and Modder Deeps 41s. 6d.-41s. 9d., as firm as the rock which constitutes the basis of their existence! Even in East Rands the buying has dried up, the High 'Change quotation being 13s.-13s. 3d., with subsequent business at 13s., a rise of a few odd pence on the week.

Modder Easts are quoted 20s. 7½d. to 21s., and are apparently justifying my view of some months ago that there was no need to buy the old shares on such a basis as would make the new issue a good deal over par. Main Reefs are a trifle better at 11s. 6d., though the profit of £10,000 a month is about 40 per cent. less than that which the mine was earning three months ago, grade having fallen somewhat faster than the costs. The steadying in the price of gold to 93s. an ounce has so far had but little effect on prices.

Leeuwpoorts are in somewhat less request at 6s. 7d., and Silvers are quoted a few pence either side of 5s. But there is very little doing in base-metal descriptions.

The group profits for August reveal a decline of about £71,000. The decrease of 2s. 3d. per ounce in the currency price of gold represents about £90,000, so the mines have been able to neutralise a substantial portion of the drop in revenue by economies in costs. Two dozen mines out of the three dozen producers have been able to bring the rate below a sovereign—some of the big mines, particularly on the Far East Rand, considerably below. For example, Modder Deep 16s., Government Areas 16s. 8d., New Modder 17s. 4d. and Geduld 18s. 6d., in each case the same rate as in July. West Springs keep well below the sovereign, but Brakpan and Springs average the more professional guinea. At the "other end of the stick," both as regards geography and grade, Randfontein has reduced its rate to 18s. 1d.

In the Central Section, Robinson Deep is conspicuous at 17s. 4d., and Crown Mines satisfactory at 18s. 7d., but Village Deep at 23s. 7d. and City at 22s. are the most expensively worked among the large mines. Is great depth altogether a sufficient excuse? As to profits, Government Areas fell but a few thousands below the standard two hundred thousand, or fifty thousand ahead of Modder, whose profit was identical with that of July, which also applies to the £90,000 of Crown Mines and the £15,400 of the E.R.P.M. Simmer and Jack actually increased its profit to £14,150, its costs falling ninepence to 15s. 8d.—easily the lowest figure on the whole Rand. Durban Deep narrowly escaped a loss. West Springs made £26,000, or two-thirds the profit of New States.

National Banks are being picked up at about £6 5s. for the £7 share, but almost invariably in odd lots.

When the call for charity goes forth some men put their hands in their pockets at once . . . and keep them there until the danger is over.

OUT—LEG BEHIND!

"How's that?" came the triumphant query from the bowler. It was a clear case of l.b.w., but the umpire hesitated for a fraction of a second. The batsman was his prospective father-in-law. But virtue triumphed. "Out," said the umpire at length. The batsman on his way toward the pavilion paused for a moment to talk to the unfortunate young man. "Jack," he hissed, "when you play a love-match with my daughter to-night, I'll jolly well give you out; but it will be leg behind, not 'leg before.'"

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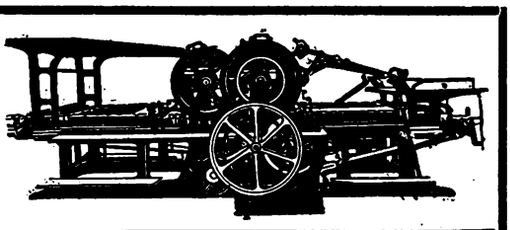

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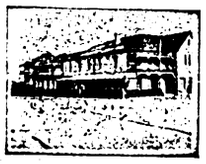
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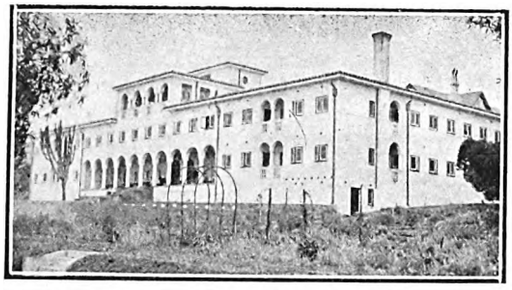

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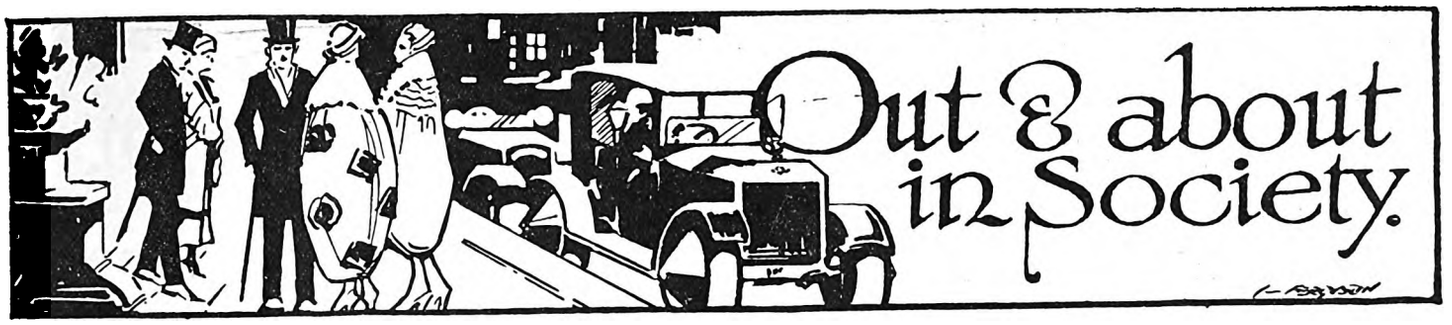


[*All invitations for dances, weddings, and other social functions, and all communications intended for these pages, should be addressed to The Lady Correspondent,* THE SOUTH AFRICAN PICTORIAL, *P.O. Box 1574, Johannesburg.*]

"Toppers" for Women.

I expect that you will have seen that the latest fashion from Paris is the top hat for women; a tall, black, shiny "topper," worn pressed well down over the ears, and trimmed with a band of black or white and perhaps the wings of a dove at the side. You will at once conclude that (as the Americans say) "Paris has got nothing on the African Theatres," for they brought out this fashion months ago in "Brighter London," when, in "Modern Days," Miss Jean Andrews wore a black and white costume and just such a top hat! Very well indeed it looked on the stage, but what would it be like on a dusty day in Johannesburg?

Capes and Aprons.

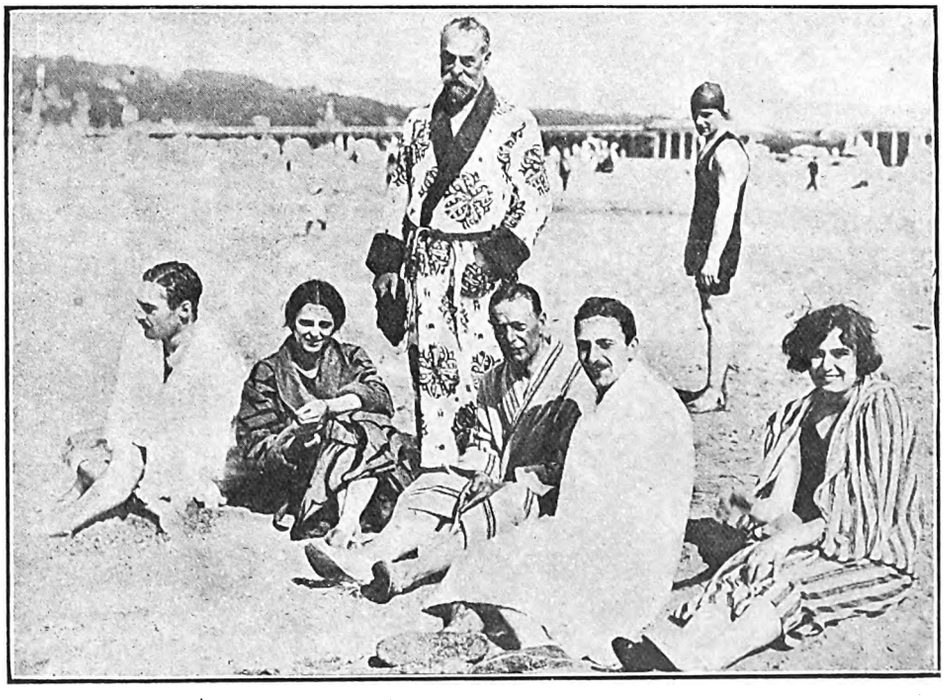
Speaking of fashions, Miss Gladys Webster, who is back again in Johannesburg after what she tells me was a delightful trip to the Victoria Falls, had a black *charmeuse* gown on the other day which was very charming. It had the new apron effect and a full pointed cape, and I was immensely interested when she showed me that both cape and apron could be taken off and were, in fact, just tied on loosely. The cape had a band-collar of bronze and brown design, and so had the apron, which was tied with narrow black strings at the back. An idea like this can be carried out in so many different ways, and as foundation all that is needed is a straight gown.

The University Ball.

Talking of gowns again, I saw so many pretty ones at the University Ball in the Wanderers' Hall last Friday. It was a very gay scene indeed. Nearly every girl had a coloured balloon, and with the many-hued frocks all reflected in the polished dance-floor it looked like a huge mirror of dainty women and their partners. Mr. E. L. Damant, whose wife has just come from England and wore a very smart gown of blue mirror-velvet with gold laces to the corsage, was the D.C., with Messrs. L. D. Adler, W. D. Galpin, H. Pirow and W. H. Visser as M.C's. Messrs. O. G. Backenberg and I. Liknaitzky were the joint hon. secretaries and had a strenuous time at the doors. Miss Swansborne, the Lady Warden, came in a lovely black velvet gown inset with oriental tissue on the corsage and made on clinging sleeveless lines. Miss Helen Kirsten had on blue, and Miss Y. Alexander came in a sleeveless gown of flame georgette edged with swansdown of the same shade round the hem. Miss Chambers had on a pretty jade-green flowered silk gown, the full skirt being edged with dark fur. Miss S. Rawstone came in a *chic* gown of blue silk *moire* with a silver lace apron effect and at the back a large bustle-bow. Miss Flossie Michels' gown was made of strands of silver banded in pearls and had at one side an accordion-pleated fall of green, bronze and rose with a cluster of berries—a very smart *toilette*. Professor Maingard, acting Principal of the University, was present during the evening; also Dr. Lee McGregor, Dr. Edelstein, and Professor Cluver. Miss Brodie wore a sage-green silk gown beaded, and Miss Durno wore rose-pink taffetas. Miss Lauchlin came in a *chic* black jetted gown, and Miss Townsend wore royal-blue with a tunic-skirt in points of laces. Miss Vermey wore a pretty gown of pink made with a square-cut corsage and full skirt of frills edged with black velvet. The supper-room was very nicely decorated in blue and gold, and had coloured balloons to every table, and at the platform was an illuminated badge of the University. It was a most enjoyable evening.

Mary Pickford as Peter Pan?

Have you heard that the greatest motion-picture merger ever consummated will soon be formally announced? It will bring under the main tent of Famous Players-Lasky the three most famous stars of America, Douglas Fairbanks, Mary Pickford and Charlie Chaplin. When this deal is completed, Adolph Zuker will be the outstanding figure in motion-pictures. Already he has caused to be affixed on various dotted lines the names of D. W. Griffith, Cecil B. De Mille, James Cruze, William De Mille, Herbert Brenon and Joseph Henaberry, all of whom are directorial aces. Under the proposed new order of things, Mary Pickford and Douglas Fairbanks will head a dazzling list of stars, including



MR. SOLLY JOEL AT DEAUVILLE.

This photograph, taken in mail-week at the fashionable French watering-place Deauville, shows: Mr. Dudley, Miss McFadden, Mr. Solly Joel (standing), Sir Walter de Frece, Mr. Stanhope Joel and Miss Aileen Joel.

Topical Press Agency.

JANE PLOTZ, ART STUDIOS, THRUPP'S BUILDINGS.FOR A PORTRAIT OF YOURSELF OR YOUR BABY—

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Gloria Swanson, Thomas Meighan, Betty Compson, Pola Negri, Richard Dix, Bebe Daniels and Rod La Rocque. Screen fans may contemplate in this latest Famous Players' move the possibility of seeing Mary Pickford in the title-*rôle* of "Peter Pan." The rumour that this would come about has been persistent for some time, although, until now, there has been no apparent explanation, as Famous controls the motion-picture doings of all works by Sir James Barrie. Jesse Lasky, vice-president of Famous Players, has been in London, where he conferred with Barrie about possible "Peter Pan" leads, but no announcement of a decision has been made.

At the Carlton.

Among new arrivals at the Carlton Hotel are: Mr. M. S. Tongue (Bulawayo); Mr. Alexander Sussman and Mr. H. Y. Abbott (London); Professor Reimers (Stellenbosch); Mr. E. G. Grinter (Bloemfontein); Dr. and Mrs. Archer Silva and Mrs. Gillam (Lourenço Marques); Mr. G. Garside (Messina); Brigadier-General Arnott (Natal); Mr. L. Saunders Sloman (Cape Town); Mr. and Mrs. C. K. James (Durban).

A CAPE TOWN AMATEUR.

Mr. Luigi Nava, of the Cape Town Repertory Theatre Society, who made a big hit as *Ferdinand de Levis* in the recent production at the Cape of Mr. John Galsworthy's play "Loyalties."

The Albu Wedding.

On Thursday afternoon last week the wedding took place at St. George's Church, Parktown, of Miss Alice Albu, daughter of Sir George and Lady Albu, to Captain Nigel Bengough, of Addo, Cape Province, son of Mrs. Bengough, Tocknells House, Gloucestershire, England. The Right Rev. Dr. Karney, Bishop of Johannesburg, performed the ceremony, assisted by the Rev. Canon Harrison Thompson. Mr. George Albu, brother of the bride, was the best-man. Mr. L. R. Glenton officiated at the organ and the choir boys of St. Augustine's Church joined in the service. The bride made a lovely picture as she passed up the church to where an arch of pink carnations and sweet peas was placed at the chancel steps. She wore an elegant gown of ivory *charmeuse* made on soft clinging lines. The corsage was cross-over and had long tight-fitting sleeves, and the skirt was beautifully draped, being caught in at the waist with a girdle of Rhine-stones. She wore a handsome diamond-brooch, the gift of the bridegroom. Her court-train fell from the shoulders and was of silver tissue lined with blush-rose ninon. Exquisite Brussels lace formed a collar effect to it and fringed the edges. Her veil was caught round the head with a circlet of orange-blossom, and she carried a shower bouquet. She was attended by a bevy of dainty bridesmaids: Miss Kathleen Hay (her niece), Miss Sylvia and Miss Antonia Izod and Miss Elizabeth and Miss Pamela Phillips. They wore picturesque frocks of almond-green velvet with tiny capes, and carried little muffs of green trimmed with marabout and *écru* laces to match the laces on the ruched sleeves and neck of their frocks. On their hair were wreaths of green leaves. After the ceremony a few intimate friends were entertained to luncheon at "Northward," the beautiful home of Sir George and Lady Albu. Lady Albu had on an elegant gown of blue georgette embossed in grey and edged with grey fox-fur. Over it she wore a handsome black satin cape edged with fur and had on a black tulle hat trimmed with leaves and paradise plumes. Mrs. Errol Hay came in sunburnt *charmeuse* swathed at the waist with a deep sash finished off with tassels of the same shade, made of wooden beads. The corsage was covered in tiny tucks and her hat of black was lined with sunburn to match the gown. Miss Charlotte Albu was much admired in a gown of black accordion-pleated georgette made with long fine tucks. A flounce of fine cream lace edged the skirt and the short sleeves, and she wore a black wide-brimmed hat, and, as contrasting note, a scarf of cyclamen-pink, hand-painted with flowers. Mrs. Harold Phillips came in a charming maize *crêpe-de-chine*

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frock with tangerine cuffs and collar and hat of the same shade. Mrs. E. G. Izod was very *chic* in pale green *marocain* with chemisette and cuffs of georgette edged with laces. Her hat was black and *cloche*-shape.

Mr. J. H. Thomas's Visit.

Last week-end we had with us very distinguished visitors in the person of Mr. J. H. Thomas, Secretary of State for the Colonies, and his wife and daughters. It was late on Saturday afternoon when they arrived at Park Station, where they were met and welcomed by the Mayor on behalf of the city and by many of the leading citizens. Mrs. Thomas wore a black gown with a silver-grey *charmeuse* panel at one side, and a black hat with a cockade of silver ribbon at the side. Her furs were also grey. Miss Thomas arrived in a smart green costume embroidered in grey and a gold hat trimmed with quills, and her sister had on a gold-coloured coat and skirt and felt hat with a partridge feather at the side. The Mayoress, Mrs. M. J. Harris, came in an elegant black *marocain* coat over her gown, and a black velvet hat with ospreys. Among those present on the platform were Sir Julius Jeppe, Sir Harry Graumann, Sir Wm. St. John Carr, Sir George and Lady Albu, Lady Albu in a pretty black and white *toilette* with a Coster scarf and a black hat trimmed with ospreys. Mr. and Mrs. Thomas stayed with Sir George and Lady Albu during their visit to Johannesburg. I saw many Town Councillors, and Mr. Geo. Hills welcomed Mr. Thomas on behalf of the Labour Party. Consuls of the various nations were there, headed by His Excellency Lui Ngai, *doyen* of the Consular Service. The Cambrian Society, through Mr. J. J. Williams, their President, also extended a hearty welcome to the distinguished guest and presented him with a solid silver inkstand having a Springbok's head for cover. Mrs. Thomas and her two daughters received silver dressing-table trinkets. From the Cambrian Society came Mr. A. T. Davies (vice-president), the Rev. Owen Owens, the Rev. Mr. Davies (Boksburg) and the Rev. Gwyndr Davies, Mr. Dan Jones (treasurer), Mr. D. Griffiths, Mr. Pounds (secretary), Mr. Stanley Evans, Mr. E. S. C. Rees, Mr. D. M. Evans, and most of their wives. Then I saw Mr. and Mrs. Seals Wood Mr. and Mrs. Wolstenholme, Mr. J. S. Hancock, Mr. Lewis Rose McLeod, Major and Mrs. Langton, Mr. Robert Niven, and many others. On Sunday there was a Kaffir dance at the City Deep, and later the guests left for Pretoria, where they were entertained to luncheon at the Country Club and met the Administrator at tea. They left on Monday evening again after a very strenuous time, a visit to the Crown Mines in the morning, many presentations and a Municipal luncheon to which the ladies were not invited. I understand that all the arrangements had to be made at short notice, but it did seem a pity that Mrs. Thomas and her daughters could not have been included.

A Hint on Shingling.

No competent writer ever closes her article (or even his) without a hint on shingling, so let me tell you that the shingle-bob is going because the average man wants his women to look like women and not like boys. Yet the time will never come again when women will wear their hair below the shoulders, according to a consensus of beauty culturists. "Sports demand short hair, and modern woman goes in extensively for sports," said Eugene, from Paris. "Time will come when papa will buy daughter her first permanent wave just as he used to buy her her first corset—as a sign that she has reached womanhood. For evening wear, of course, short hair is no longer in good taste, but that is easily overcome by transformers and swirls, so that

THE MURDER SCENE IN "WITHIN THE LAW."

The central figures are Lew Cody as *Joe Garson* (with pistol), Warde Crane as *"English" Eddie Griggs* (the murdered man), Norma Talmadge as *Mary Turner*, and Jack Mulhall as *Dick Gilder*. The film will be shown at the Johannesburg Bijou next week.

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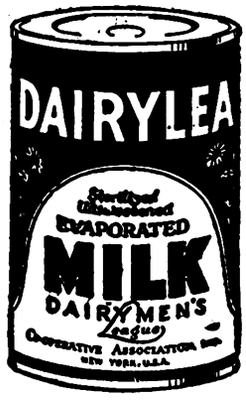

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the comfort of the outdoor day is not lost by the wonder of a full head of hair at night." Lipsticks, according to the beauty experts, are not barred, but the tendency must be to blend complexion tints rather than make feminine faces "look like Benda masks." So now we all know!

CARRIE.

A CHAT WITH BLUEBEARD.

WHAT HE THOUGHT OF THE VICTORIA FALLS: AND THE WALKING-STICK HE GOT THERE.

MR. Thurston Hall was busy when I came in—so busy that he did not hear my footsteps, and I crept nearer to see what affairs of state were engrossing his attention. He held in his hand a stick, a stick of ebony and ivory that he had had presented to him at the Victoria Falls. Certainly a nice-looking stick, and a curiosity for the stranger to South Africa.

"How did you enjoy your tour of South Africa?" I asked, "and what do you think of the Victoria Falls?"

"Of course I have seen Niagara," answered "Bluebeard," "but it is set in the midst of civilisation—of power-stations and homes. It was the silence and the tremendous vastness of the country surrounding the Victoria Falls that made such an impression on me. All over South Africa it is the wide open spaces that are so impressing, and the sunsets, the colours of the *veld* as darkness falls or the sunlight slants across in wide bars. The Matopos is a grand spot—grand, and again I must use the word impressive. Everywhere it was winter, of course, and when we make our next tour we hope to see your land in full blossom, in summer. And your towns have given us wonderful hospitality. The Kimberley Club, the Civil Service Club at Cape Town (to which, by the way, Mr. J. S. Dunn, C.M.G., introduced me), and the Bloemfontein Club took me in as a stranger and made me welcome. I could not tell you which place we liked best; it is impossible to say. But we are glad to be back; somehow Johannesburg is like home, and even as a much-married man with six wives who divorced me and a seventh who died a natural death, and with an eighth to marry at His Majesty's on the fifteenth of this month, I am sure Johannesburg will welcome me back.

"And, say," as I got up to go, "tell the world about my stick!"

CARRIE.

SHOCKING!

Talking of Hollywood and its alleged depravity, I have just found a verselet which I feel sure will appeal to you:

I saw a sight in Hollywood
That almost made me flop—
A coupla moving-picture stars
A-guzzling soda pop!

CARRIE.

"Cook tells me," said the mistress to the housemaid, "that you wish to have this evening off. Is it urgent?" "No, mum," replied the housemaid indignantly, "it's my gent."

MEMBERS OF THE EMPIRE PARLIAMENTARY ASSOCIATION WHO VISITED JOHANNESBURG THIS WEEK.
1. Mr. J. H. Thomas, the Colonial Secretary. **2.** Viscount Burnham. **3.** Sir Douglas Hogg, K.C. (Conservative member for Marylebone). **4.** Sir Robert Hamilton (Liberal member for Orkney and Shetland). **5.** Sir George Foster, of Ottawa, who has acted as Prime Minister of Canada, and was a member of the Paris Peace Conference in 1918.
"S.A. Pictorial" photos.

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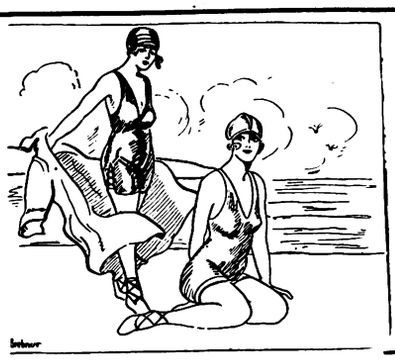

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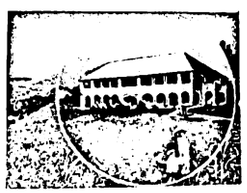

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THE PARK RACE JUDGMENT.

By "ONLOOKER."

FOR the most part the horses that are winning races these days on the Rand are those that have been made fit by gallops in prior races. The majority of trainers' charges, on account of the hard state of the exercise tracks, have for months past been given very little or no strong work. The merit of

Some Recent Successes

may have been over-estimated. The victors are apt to be set down as better than they really are. In taking the chief event at Germiston last Saturday, the distance being a mile, Culmstock registered his third successive triumph. There is little doubt Ubsdell's four-year-old is an improved and improving one; his rating can be left at that.

* * *

Another winner at Germiston that had benefited by immediate previous racing is Mr. Booysen's imported mare Polyfloret. In the nine-furlongs event taken by Polyfloret, Prudens was favourite. Prudens has been an unlucky performer; her solitary success would not go far in squaring the loss account she shows on Beatt's books. Tarpia as well as Polyfloret finished in front of Prudens on Saturday.

* * *

There was one winner at Germiston not in the category of those worked into fitness by racing. This was Thankful, a Catrail three-year-old (not seen out since May, when a two-year-old, at Benoni), turned out

In Excellent Trim

by Sproule for the five-furlongs Rose Deep Handicap. A mild *coup* was brought off over Thankful. A long price was obtained as regards her chance at the opening of the market. The colt, who scored very easily, eventually started at 6 to 4.

* * *

Clare Clan is evidently much more at home on the course where he first made his mark than elsewhere. During the long period he was away from Cape Town the horse did not win a race, but at Kenilworth last Saturday he re-entered the winning list. Clare Clan's last previous success was

On the Same Course

in November, 1922, when he won the Metropolitan Handicap. The mile race at Kenilworth went to Narrow Gauge, the colt by Brown Ronald from Railette, who, receiving 7 lbs., beat Arrowsmith five lengths. Narrow Gauge holds the Derby engagement, and may be the best of the Cape Town lot in the classic.

* * *

At the Germiston meeting Mr. Tom Fisher withheld the scratching of a horse of his that had been engaged in the race for the second leg of the double until after the time set down for withdrawals. When brought before the Stewards Mr. Fisher stated that the reason for his action was

To Test the Validity

of a condition in the Germiston programme making it compulsory for owners to scratch their horses at an earlier hour than was set down before the double tote was instituted. For his "contrariness" Mr. Fisher was fined £25 on Saturday.

* * *

As was to be expected, the race at Auckland Park which was finally awarded to Cardinal's Guard has been a fruitful source of discussion in racing circles. While many authorities consider the Park Stewards were justified in ruling out Jasmine and Cardinal's Guard and placing the horses that finished immediately behind that pair, viz., Windy Forest and Extravaganza, first and second, no one can well cavil at the finding of the head body. The Stewards of the Jockey Club

Came Down With a Heavy Hand

on the riders of both Jasmine and Cardinal's Guard, but took the view, and a just view, that owners should not to the fullest extent be punished for the sins of the jockeys they employ. Cardinal's Guard and Jasmine were manifestly the two best on the day in the race; though they interfered one with the other it was not deemed that either interfered with any one of the rest of the field. The two named had the finish to themselves. It seems then equitable that the owner of one or the other should be given the prize.

* * *

There is this to be said. Those who maintain that the decision arrived at on the course should have been upheld point out that had Cardinal's Guard (with the happenings the same as occurred) finished first, the Stewards could hardly have done otherwise than disqualify that horse, seeing that the jockey had infringed the rules of fair riding. The Jockey Club has affirmed that the riding was unfair by withdrawing the jockey's licence. It was an exceedingly difficult case to adjudicate upon.

* * *

The custom has become general in this country for racing judges to assign a fourth place in every race. The reason for this is that should one of the three "within the money" be for some reason disqualified the fourth can be moved up and become entitled to a prize and totalisator backers to a place-dividend. In the race the other day at the Park, when the first and second were ruled out, enquiry was made as to the horse that had finished fifth, so that it (the fourth horse automatically being placed second) should be awarded third place. It was a futile proceeding. No jockeys but those on the four horses whose

Numbers Appeared in the Frame

weighed in—that was an end to the matter. The incident, however, brings up the question as to whether the horse finishing fourth has a right to be regarded as a place-getter in even a formal sense. In England and most other countries (including those countries in which the totalisator is in use) only the horses finishing first, second and third are held to be "in the race." No cognisance is taken of other runners. Should one of the three placed by the judge be disqualified the third stake is divided between the other two. A race would be declared void if all three

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placed were disqualified. Under the last-mentioned circumstances here, would it not be absurd to award the race to the horse that finished fourth!

* * *

We have at the moment very few good horses "in sight"; and one can make sure that those in charge of the more valued nags hereabouts are not disposed to give them much galloping on the present hard state of the going.

Unless Rain Comes

ere long the outlook for seeing a good or fit lot contesting for the J.T.C. Spring Handicap next month is not very promising. The Turffontein trainers, with two-year-olds wanted for the early races, are in sore difficulty in getting their young charges ready.

* * *

So Epinard was beaten in his first match in America. The race was at Belmont Park, and the French horse was very narrowly defeated at the end of six furlongs by Wise Counsellor, a colt with a brilliant record as a speed merchant. Epinard had

An Easy Time

of it after landing in the States, and was probably not quite wound up for the opening match. Still, there is no doubt they have "some" horses in America. Wise Counsellor will not probably be an antagonist in the next match. Others are after Epinard's scalp.

* * *

Racing on the Rand this Saturday is at Auckland Park. Selections:

12.40 p.m.—Maiden Handicap, 5 furlongs.
Romp 1, Diplomacy 2, Peter Simple 3.
1.20 p.m.—Auckland Park Handicap, "C," 7 furlongs.
Lord Nelson 1, Fiction 2, Dark Ruby 3.
2.0 p.m.—Brixton Handicap, "D," 5 furlongs.
Lady Beauty 1, Woodland 2, Eager Cove 3.
2.40 p.m.—Brixton Handicap, "C," 6 furlongs.
Co-respondent 1, Kei Croft 2, Foolscap 3.
3.20 p.m.—Auckland Park Handicap, "A," 1¼ miles.
Back Answer 1, Polyfloret 2, The Dalesman 3.
4.0 p.m.—Brixton Handicap, "B," 5 furlongs.
Turning Point 1, Elmo's Fire 2, Downcast 3.
4.40 p.m.—Auckland Park Handicap, "B," 1 mile.
Brown Sugar 1, Bowler 2, Fisher's selected 3.
5.20 p.m.—Brixton Handicap, "A," 6 furlongs.
Browse's selected 1, Princess Alice 2, Triple Crown 3

FILMS FOR TENNIS-PLAYERS.

Three films of great interest and value to tennis-players are about to be screened at the Bijou Theatre, Johannesburg. They will be shown during three successive weeks. Their main title is "Tennis and How to Play It." The first section—"The Service, Forehand and Backhand Drive"—will be screened on Monday, September 15. The second section—"Volleying, Lobbing, Smashing, Spinning, Chopping and Cutting"—will commence on Monday, September 22. The final section—"Mixed Doubles and Hints on Practice"—will commence on Monday, September 29. The films "feature" the well-known English players, J. B. Gilbert, J. D. P. Wheatley, Miss Joan Austin and Miss E. Colyer.

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A CAPE TOWN CHRONICLE.

(*Continued from page 10.*)

dining-room of the House in between the divisions, have departed also with their families, and a gap is left in our social life. Most of the members had their wives and families staying in town. One saw them occupying a bay in the House when it was expected that the member would make a speech on some trivial subject. How anxiously the family watched as the member tried desperately to catch the Speaker's eye, standing up, his notes clutched in his hand. Alas! the uncertainty of parliamentary debates these days often left the important speech unspoken, and the family filed away despondently to tea and glum explanations.

A South African Actress.

I hear that one of the Cape girls is making a success as an actress in London. She is Miss Freda Viljoen, daughter of Dr. Viljoen, Superintendent-General of Education for the Union. Miss Viljoen appears under the stage name of Sylva Dartoir, and was recently occupied with the South African section of the Pageant of Empire at Wembley, where she was scene-chairman for the episode of the 1820 Settlers. Working with her were Miss Kathleen O'Connor, the well-known South African film artist, and Mr. Fred Eugene, with whom theatregoers in the Union are also well acquainted. Miss Dartoir and Miss O'Connor acted as natives in the Pageant, parts which they preferred to leading ones in other scenes. "We wanted, being South Africans ourselves," remarked Miss Dartoir, "to do something typical of the Union, so I said I'd rather be a Hottentot than the wife of George III., for instance." Miss Dartoir was due to go to Manchester to take the part of *Mrs. Marwood* in Mr. Nigel Playfair's version of Congreve's "The Way of the World" which has just had a very successful season at the Lyric Theatre, Hammersmith. Also she is considering an offer to go out to Bombay in October with Mr. Eugene and "The Twilight Follies."

BEACHCOMBER.

NORMA TALMADGE IN "WITHIN THE LAW."

The following is the full cast of the First National screen-version of "Within the Law" which is to be shown at the Johannesburg Bijou next week: *Mary Turner*, Norma Talmadge; *Joe Garson*, Lew Cody; *Dick Gilder*, Jack Mulhall; *Aggie Lynch*, Eileen Percy; *Edward Gilder*, Joseph Kiljour; *Demarest*, Arthur S. Hull; *Helen Morris*, Helen Ferguson; *Cassidy*, Lincoln Plummer; *General Hastings*, Thomas Ricketts; *Irwin*, Lionel Belmore; "*English*" *Eddie Griggs*, Warde Crane; *Darcy*, Eddie Boland; *Gilder's* Secretary, Catherine Murphy; *Inspector Burke*, De Witt Jennings. The picture was produced by Frank Lloyd.

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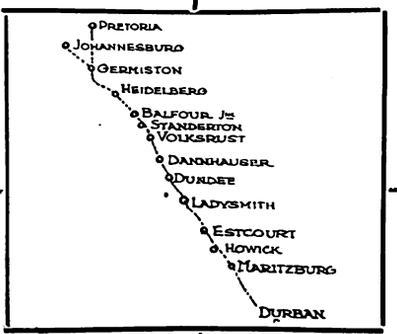

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Opera House, Cape Town.—George Relph and Company in "The Green Goddess."

Empire, Johannesburg.—"Little Nellie Kelly."

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Orpheum, Johannesburg.—Tom E. Finglass, Renda Rudd.

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Criterion, Benoni.—Otago Bill and Company, Dave Lee.

Rinko, Maritzburg.—Gregorio Halevy, Rolls and Falls.

Criterion, Durban. — Henry and Edgar Martell, Les Uniques, Jen Latona.

Vaudette, Bloemfontein.—September 16 and 17: Rich and Galvin, Merna Stewart, Videau and Kirby.

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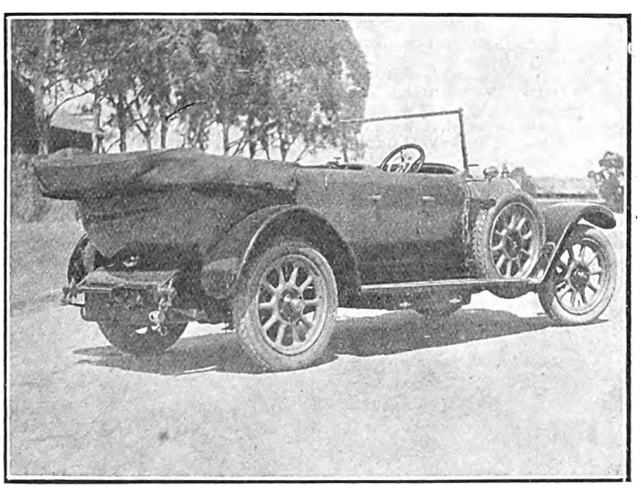
By "WIRE WHEEL."

Competitions to be Continued Next Week.

Owing to many requests it has been decided to continue next week our Locality Competitions, which have aroused tremendous interest among motorists throughout the country.

"Proved Itself Throughout the World."

No doubt the Town Councillor who quoted the words in the headline when the Johannesburg Town Council were deciding the make of car which the town should provide for the Mayor, had in mind the wonderful performance of the Crossley (the car ultimately chosen, a photo of which appears in this column). The test constituted a distance of 25,000 miles, equal to the distance round the world, and was made under the official observation of the Royal Automobile Club's officials. In this drive the Crossley car's total cost of oil, fuel, and tyres was approximately 1¼d. per mile. For 20,000 miles a speed of 60 m.p.h. was attained, whilst for the next 5,000 miles the m.p.h. did not fall below 58. Throughout the trial only 3½ minutes were spent on the road for adjustments, and the engine-head was never lifted over the 25,000-miles run. In every respect the Crossley car employed was an ordinary standard model. The model



THE PRIDE OF JOHANNESBURG.

The 19.6 h.p. Crossley 7-passenger touring car which has been purchased by the Johannesburg Municipality, from Consolidated Motors, Ltd., Simmonds Street, for the use of the Mayor of Johannesburg.

selected for the use of the Mayor of Johannesburg is a 19.6 h.p. Crossley, 7-passenger touring car, fitted with Sankey steel wheels and with 880 x 120 Dunlop cord tyres. The rear *tonneau* is fitted with a folding glass windscreen. It is capable of attaining a speed of 60 m.p.h.

Benoni Novice Trial.

Competitors who intend entering for the Benoni and District M.C.C. 2-Lap (approx. 88 miles) Novice Handicap Trial on Sunday, September 21, are reminded that entries close with the Hon. Secretary, Mr. J. H. Downs, P.O. Box 369, Benoni, on Monday, September 15. The event is open to all fully-paid-up members of affiliated clubs. Entry fee, 5s. First prize, gold medal; second prize, silver medal; third prize, bronze medal. The trial will be held over the Alberton course, commencing at 10 a.m. prompt. Competitors must supply their own crash helmets; it is compulsory that they should be worn.

Holiday Competitions.

Quite a number of motor-cycling competitions are down for decision over the holiday week-end, October 4 to 6. At the Cape, the Cape Peninsula M.C.C. will hold their Saldanha Bay Trials, solo and sidecar. This is the biggest event of the season at the Cape. The course is nearly 200 miles. The[illegible] ll be two classes, for solo and sidecar machines. Cr[illegible]ary entries close on September 1[illegible] and late entries [illegible] be accepted with an additional fe[illegible] up to September 25. On Sunday, October 5, the Rand Motor-cycling Club will hold a Flexibility Competition for the Diamond Cup. On Sunday and Monday, October 5 and 6, the Maritzburg [illegible].C.C. will hold their inter-club Reliability Trial for the Natal Vacuum Vase, and way down at Bloemfontein the local club will hold a two-day event, the Harley Shield, on Sunday, October 5, and the inter-town, Kimberley-Bloemfontein, 100-miles race. These competitions are open to all motor-cyclists throughout South Africa who are members of clubs affiliated to the Motor-cycle Union of South Africa.

Treasure Hunt.

Taking a lead from the Rand Motor-cycling Club, the Pretoria Motor Club last Sunday held a very successful "Treasure Hunt." Twenty "Treasures" were hidden over a circuitious 27-miles course, starting from the Market Square at 9 a.m., leading on through Fountains Valley, Irene Golf Club, and Six Mile Spruit. About 40 motorists attended the event, and expressed their appreciation of the committee's endeavours to supply a novel and profitable entertainment.

Motor Trip to Defence Camp.

Relatives and friends of members of the Active Citizen Force (who are undergoing their annual training in camp at Potchefstroom) will be able to visit the Camp this Sunday in the "Kenilworth Castle" charabanc which leaves the C.N.A. corner at 9 a.m., returning about 7.30 p.m. The fare is £1 5s. for adults, including lunch in Potchefstroom: children half-price. The "K.C." is one of the most comfortable and luxurious buses on the road, and the trip to Potchefstroom is accomplished without any discomfort whatever.

No man can tell the truth in prose; no man can tell a lie in verse.—*Mr. James Stephens.*

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BIJOU, MONDAY: NORMA TALMADGE IN "WITHIN THE LAW."

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S.A. PICTORIAL.
STAGE & CINEMA.

VOL. XIX. No. 477.] SATURDAY, SEPTEMBER 20TH, 1924. (Registered at G.P.O. as a Newspaper.) PRICE 6D.

BECKY SHARP IN "VANITY FAIR."

Miss Mabel Ballin as Becky Sharp *in the Goldwyn film-version of Thackeray's "Vanity Fair" which will be shown at the Johannesburg Bijou next week.*

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AT THE MURDER TRIAL.

By WILLIAM J. MAKIN.

"IT'S a queer crowd that comes to a murder trial." Jefferson, in his usual cynical manner, threw out this remark while busily sharpening his pencil in the press-box.

I looked round the little court in Cape Town, at the crowded gallery and the thronged floor, and for once had to agree with Jefferson. It was a queer crowd, a mixture of black, white and chocolate faces—the brutal black of the native, the thin white of the morbid European lounger, and the depraved chocolate mixture of the coloured man. Occasionally a red splash revealed the fez of some bearded Malay. Remarkable how the Malays will flock to any spectacle, be it a cricket match or a murder trial.

"Plenty of crime in a crowd of that character to keep this court busy for some time," remarked Jefferson, nodding genially to one of the begowned counsel taking his seat.

"I doubt whether any of them have the spirit to commit murder," I ventured.

Jefferson laughed.

"You think so! Just look at the prisoner when he comes in . . . Ah, here he is."

There was a stir in the court, and in the huge dock three figures rose into view. They might have been puppets suddenly pulled up by some wires above. The whole crowd leaned forward instinctively.

Two of the figures that appeared in the dock were policemen, burly and giant-like. They hopelessly dwarfed the prisoner, a coloured youth ill clad in a dirty grey suit. There was something miserably pathetic about him, as his chocolate face with its bulging Bantu lips stared in frightened fashion at the scene before him.

"It seems incredible . . . " I began, but at that moment the Judge entered the court and the ceremonial of the trial began.

The crime was revolting in its savagery. It was like some mad page torn from a Dostoievsky novel. The coloured youth, a woodcutter, had gone into a lonely part of the bush with two white men to cut wood. A tree or two had been felled, and then the two white men made a fire, rolled themselves in their blankets and went to sleep. During the night the coloured youth had gone towards the sleeping men with a huge axe in his hand. With a few swift blows with the back of the axe he had killed both men as they lay asleep in their blankets.

Then he had made his way out of the bush, leaving the bodies in that lonely spot, where they were not discovered for several days. It was one of those sudden savage acts which reveal that the coloured man, with his conflicting mixture of European and African blood, may often be swamped by a wave of atavism.

The huge, gleaming woodcutter's-axe lay on the table in the court, a sinister object but absurdly unwieldy when one looked at the little coloured youth in the dirty grey suit.

"Of course he's bound to hang," commented Jefferson briefly, looking up from his notes. "The evidence is dead against him, and he's made some sort of a confession."

I found my gaze wavering from the miserable youth in the dock to the spectators of this drama. There were the jury, nine solemn faces concentrated upon the words of the counsel. Somehow they reminded me irresistibly of the faces of good little boys listening to the weekly lesson being read in the Bible-class. There were the court officials, obviously bored and surreptitiously yawning. How like a Brahms concert, with fat ladies holding their programmes in front of their faces.

But the crowd. There was keen, morbid interest there. Faces craned forward, the plebs gazing into the arena prepared to acclaim the sickening sentence of downed thumbs. Was it the smell of blood that had lured them forth? That crowd of faces, those eyes showing their whites against a dark background. They made me shudder. I half rose to go away . . .

What was she doing there? I had suddenly caught a glimpse of a golden-haired girl, frank blue eyes and a healthy look of the open air in her face. Decidedly pretty, too, with a provocative manner of displaying just a little of that golden hair beneath a black velvet toque.

She smiled, showing a row of pretty white teeth; smiled from out of this sea of faces waiting eagerly to see how a miserable coloured youth would take the sentence of death.

I followed the smile, and saw a fair-haired youth at the opposite side of the court gazing ardently at her. There was a shyness in their smiles, in their exchanged looks, which revealed the fact that they were strangers to each other. Yet across this arena with its bored court officials, with its deliberating counsel and its miserably doomed murderer, youth was calling to youth. Captivating, those blue eyes and golden hair. The youth smiled back with flushed, eager face.

Throughout the afternoon, while the tragedy of the coloured youth dragged to its predestined end, the little love-making of boy and girl continued. Occasionally there were little pretences. The girl would fix her eyes on the Judge, pretending to be intensely interested in his summing-up of the evidence. But she knew that the fair-haired youth was gazing ardently at her, and she could not keep up the pretence for long. There would be a wavering glance, and then the blue eyes would be smiling across the court again.

"The jury are retiring to consider their verdict," murmured Jefferson in my ear. "It will only be a matter of a few minutes, so you may as well wait."

I watched the two opposing counsel loaf into the passage of the court. They lighted cigarettes and talked affably with each other. They looked languid after their strenuous battling in words.

In the court eyes were still speaking to eyes. Smiles were now frankly exchanged. The fair-haired girl looked adorable.

"Here they come again," said Jefferson, as the nine men re-entered the court. "I was sure they wouldn't miss their tea."

One of the officials of the court was addressing the jury.

"Gentlemen of the Jury, are you agreed upon your verdict?"

The foreman answered.

"We are."

"Do you find the prisoner guilty or not guilty of the crime of murder?"

"Guilty!"

Then the usher's voice rang out loud.

"Silence in court while sentence of death is passed."

Black, white and chocolate faces stared at the miserable coloured youth in the dock. He seemed merely dazed. But the golden-haired girl was still looking into the eyes of the fair-haired boy. Her red lips were parted in an entrancing manner.

(*Continued on page 27.*)

A NOVEL COMPETITION FOR MOTORISTS—SEE PAGE 28.

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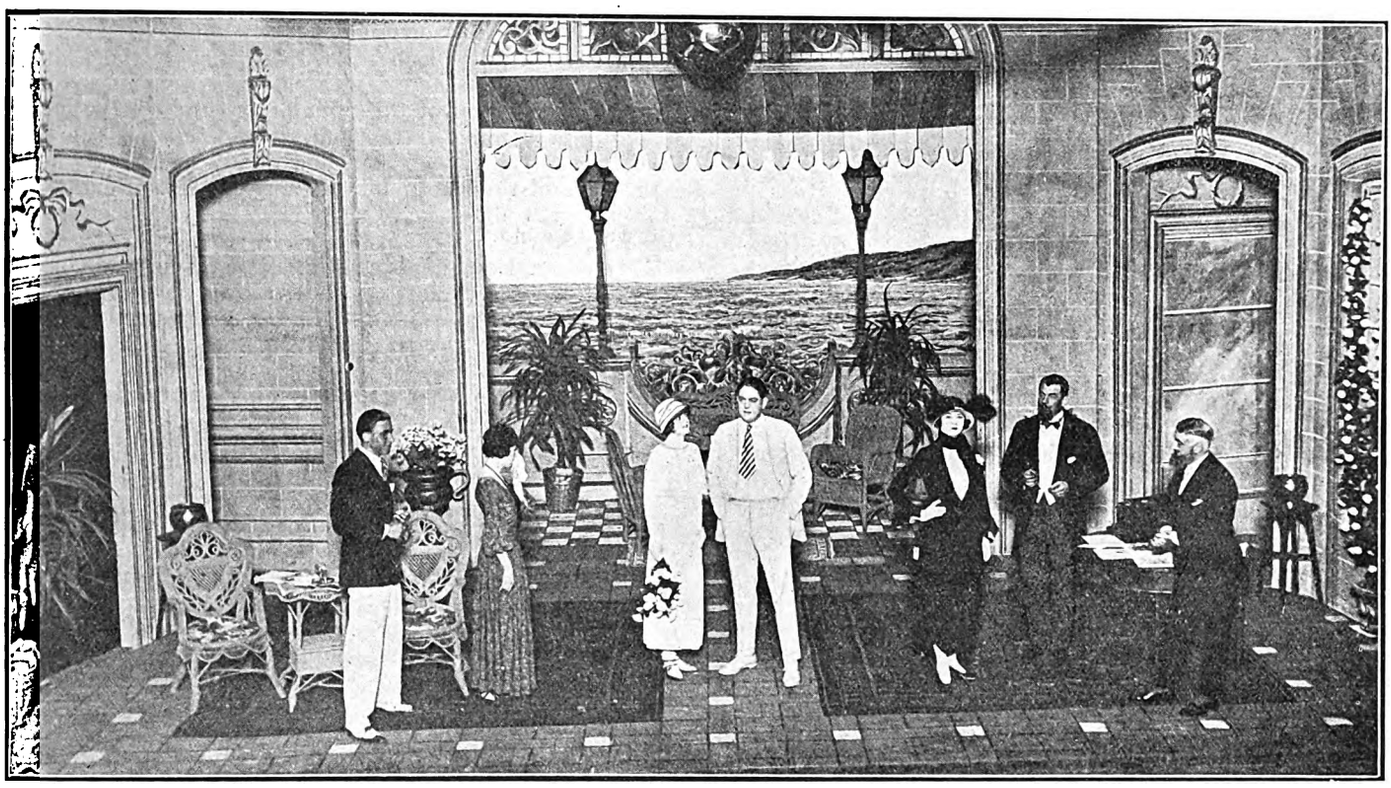
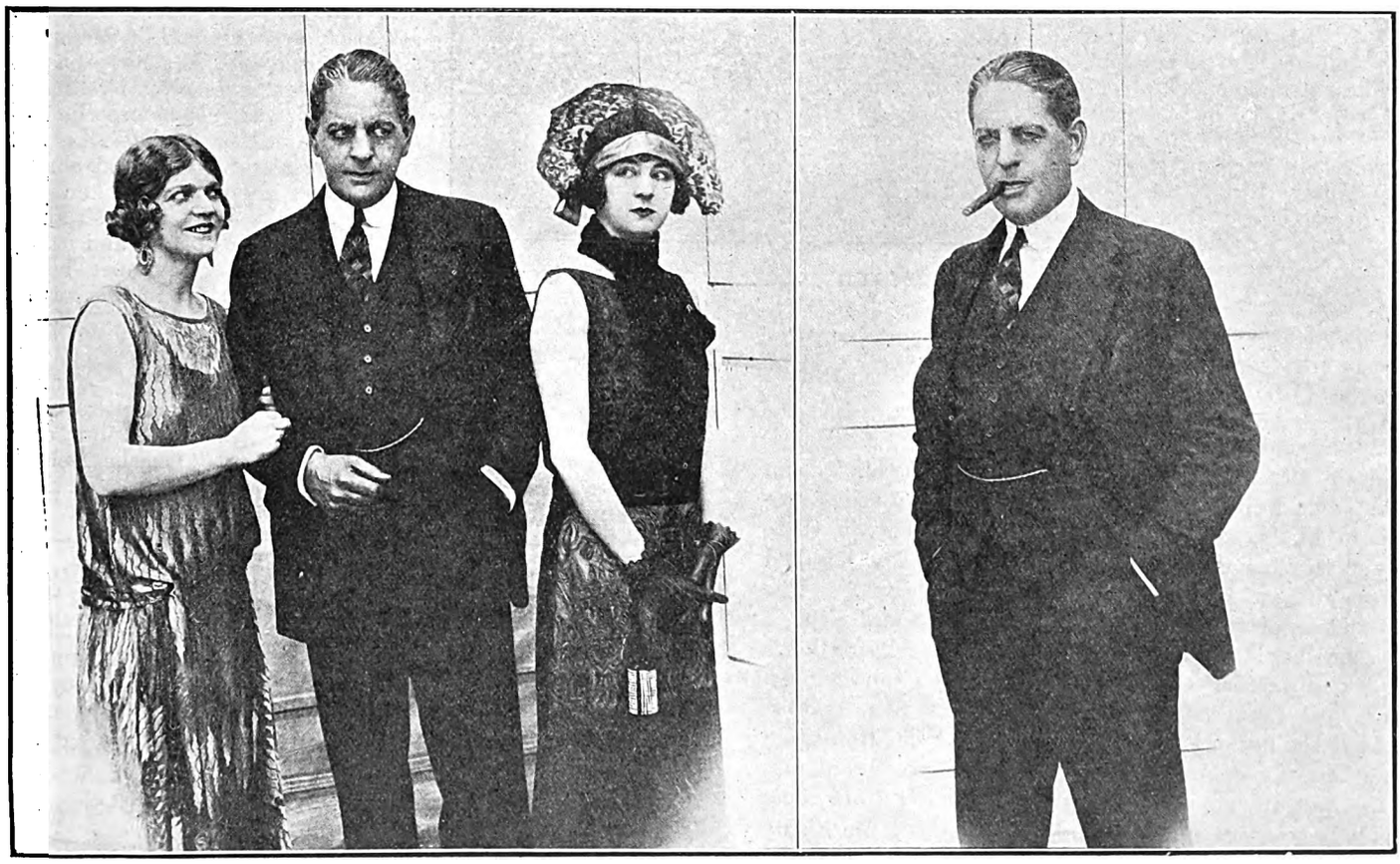
HE HAD MILLIONS OF DOLLARS—AND EIGHT WIVES.



THE FIRST SCENE IN "BLUEBEARD'S EIGHTH WIFE" AT HIS MAJESTY'S THEATRE, JOHANNESBURG.

Left to right: Mr. Patrick Ludlow as *Count Hubert de Linancourt;* Miss Gwynedd Vernon as *Lucienne;* Miss Zillah Bateman as *Monna* (the Eighth Wife); Mr. Thurston Hall as *John Brown*, of U.S.A. (a specialist in dollars—and wives; who had "so much money that he didn't have to spend any"); Miss Gladys Webster as *Miss George*, an actress (who nearly became the eighth *Mrs. Brown*—but not quite); Mr. Joseph R. Cunningham (the producer) as *Matard*, manager of the Hotel (which is at Ostend); and Mr. Arthur Bawtree as the penniless *Marquis de Monferrat*, father of *Monna*.



BLUEBEARD, HIS EIGHTH—AND FATAL—WIFE, AND THE RIVAL SHE SUPPLANTED.

Mr. Thurston Hall as *John Brown*, "the richest man in the world," a modern Bluebeard who does not slay his wives, but merely divorces them; with (Left) Miss Zillah Bateman as *Monna*, daughter of the *Marquis de Monferrat*, who becomes his eighth wife and ultimately subdues him; and Miss Gladys Webster (Centre) as *Miss George*, an actress, with whom Bluebeard was dallying when *Monna* first appeared on the scene.

Photos for "S.A. Pictorial" by African Film Productions, Ltd.

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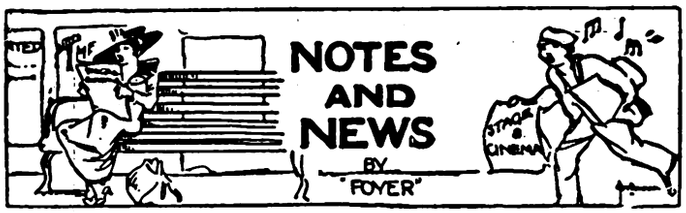

Coming Events.

Johannesburg's theatrical programme for the last three and a half months of the year has been outlined. The present production at His Majesty's Theatre by the Thurston Hall Company of the Anglo-Franco-American farce-comedy "Bluebeard's Eighth Wife" will be followed in October by "The Rising Generation," for which, as the principal characters are flappers and schoolboys, a special company has been engaged. Then will come the first visit to South Africa of the London actor-manager-playwright, Mr. Leon M. Lion, who will open at His Majesty's early in November in his own play "The Chinese Puzzle," which will be followed by "Outward Bound" and one other play which has not yet been selected. Finally, at His Majesty's, will come the pantomime; and the pantomime this year will be "Cinderella," which has not been done in South Africa since 1915; which means that there must be many present-day playgoers who never have seen on the stage the charming story of the Glass Slipper, since it is said that a new generation of playgoers grows up every five years.

Vaudeville Attractions.

At the Empire the extraordinarily successful girl-and-music production, "Little Nellie Kelly," will be followed by several special vaudeville attractions, chief among which will be: "The Veterans of Variety" (who have been introduced on this page in a previous issue); Hetty King, the famous male impersonator; Bransby Williams, the great exponent of Dickens characters; and Rosie Lloyd, sister of the late Marie Lloyd.

"The Rising Generation."

"The Rising Generation" will be produced by Mr. Philip D. Levard, the producer of "The Peep-Show," "Spangles," "Round in 50," "Brighter London," "Robinson Crusoe," "Jack and the Beanstalk" and "Little Nellie Kelly." It will be his first non-musical production in this country. The play is a comedy in three acts by Wyn Weaver and Laura Leycester, and it has had a successful London run at the Garrick Theatre. The central theme of the play is that *Warwick Entwhistle*, a public schoolboy, has invited a few chums to his father's house. The father, *Geoffrey Entwhistle*, is an African explorer, just home from one of his expeditions, and so pleased are the father and mother to see their children again after an absence of three years that they are practically ready to grant any concessions. So *Mr. Explorer Entwhistle* and his lady go away on a week-end visit, leaving the Rising Generation to run the house with the aid of the butler and the cook. And a frightful mess they make of the job!

"The Chinese Puzzle."

"The Chinese Puzzle," in which Mr. Leon M. Lion will make his first appearance in South Africa (with Miss Renée Kelly, of "Daddy Long-Legs" fame, as his leading lady), is a play in four acts by Mr. Lion himself and Miss Marian Bower. Not only is Mr. Lion the part-author of the play, but he produced it in London and himself played the principal part, that of the Chinese *Marquis Chi-Lung*. The plot is a highly complicated one, and concerns the negotiation of a naval loan from the British to the Chinese Government, the leaking out of the details of which involves the honour of several of the principal characters, including the hero and heroine. The *Marquis Chi-Lung* is the *deus ex machina* of the whole affair, and finally sacrifices himself for the sake of the son of his life-long English friend.

"Outward Bound."

"Outward Bound," by Sutton Vane, from the Garrick Theatre, London, which will be Mr. Lion's second presentation in South Africa, is one of the most discussed plays of recent years. The drama opens on board ship, where a curiously assorted company of passengers are gathered. Little by little it strikes each one that there is something strange about the ship—there is only one class on board, no one seems to have to pay for anything at the bar, no sailors are visible, and, strangest of all, there is no engine-room in the liner, and no one can state the port to which he has booked his passage. The significance of the voyage at last dawns on all the party. Each one is dead, and they have embarked on the voyage across the Styx, their destination being heaven or hell. Each character takes this astounding news in a different way, and each is brought face to face with *The Examiner* at the first port of call. He metes out each one's judgment, allowing the charwoman to go with her long-lost son, and sending the Complete Snob to a hell specially well suited to torture her. The only people to whom *The Examiner* pays no attention are the "Half-Ways"—the man and girl who have booked their passage themselves by turning on the gas; and just before the curtain falls one learns that *Ann* and *Henry* are to have a second chance—for their dog has broken the window-pane and let in fresh air to combat the fumes of gas and cancel their passages on the liner bound for the port from which there is no return.

AS PRUDENCE COLE IN "BEAUTY'S WORTH."

Miss Marion Davies, who will be "featured" at the Johannesburg Orpheum next week as *Prudence Cole*, a demure Quakeress, in a film comedy-drama entitled "Beauty's Worth."

Chaplin's Trousers.

Charlie Chaplin's famous trousers, hat and shoes were court exhibits at Los Angeles recently, when Chaplin sued Charles Amador, professionally known as "Charlie Aplin," seeking to restrain him from copying his (Chaplin's) clothing and mannerisms.

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HIS MAJESTY'S: THURSTON HALL COMPANY IN "BLUEBEARD'S EIGHTH WIFE."

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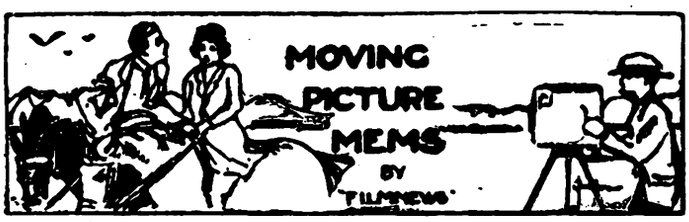


Wembley Film Creates New Record.

Last week the Wembley film was seen by more people than have ever before in Johannesburg seen one film in one week. The special matinées for scholars on Tuesday, Thursday and Friday were so eagerly patronised that the Orpheum Theatre, where the film was part of the week's programme, was much too small to hold the children who crowded to see the picture. The film was therefore shown on Tuesday and Thursday afternoons at both the Orpheum and the Bijou, and on Friday afternoon it was shown at the Orpheum, Bijou and Carlton. The seating capacity of these three theatres is: Orpheum and Bijou, 2,000 each; Carlton, 1,000. This means that 13,000 children saw the film on the three special matinée days alone. The Orpheum was also packed twice every evening and at the ordinary matinées on Wednesday and Saturday.

"Vanity Fair."

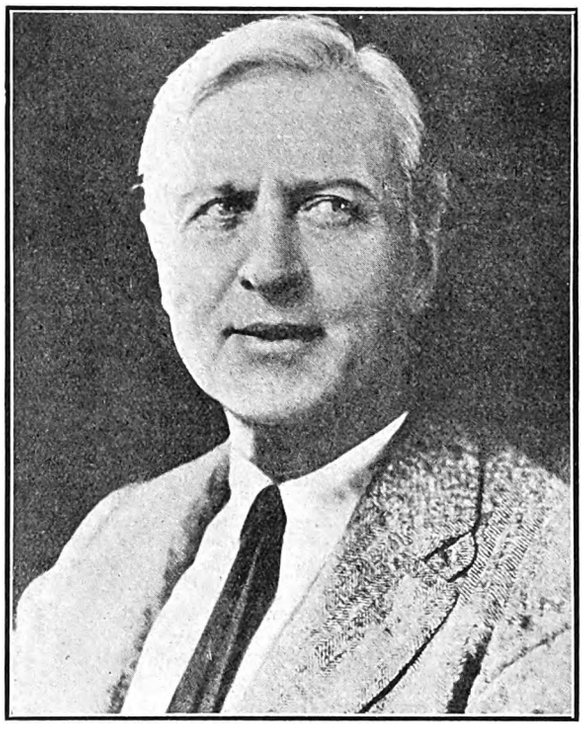
The following is a cast of the Goldwyn film-version of Thackeray's "Vanity Fair" which is to be screened at the Johannesburg Bijou next week: *Becky Sharp*, Mabel Ballin; *Lord Steyne*, Hobart Bosworth; *Rawdon Crawley*, George Walsh; *George Osborne*, Harrison Ford; *Captain Dobbin*, Earle Foze; *Amelia Sedley*, Eleanor Boardman; *Joseph Sedley*, Willard Louis (the Prince Regent of "Beau Brummell"); *Sir Pitt Crawley*, Robert Mack.

Peter Pan Chosen.

Fame has suddenly come to a 17-year-old American actress. From amongst a host of aspirants she has been chosen to play the part of *Peter Pan* in the screen version of Sir James Barrie's famous play. The young lady in question is Betty Bronson, the daughter of working-class people, who has been working for two years in the studios of Los Angeles. No fewer than 17 actresses, known and unknown, from Mary Pickford downward, were chosen from amongst thousands of aspirants, and films were taken of them in "Peter Pan" scenery. The final choice was left to Sir James Barrie, who had himself sponsored four famous English stars. "That girl will be *Peter Pan*," he remarked, on seeing Miss Bronson, and the choice was made.

Lew Cody to Marry.

Mr. Lew Cody, the American film "villain," is engaged to be married to Miss Norah Bayes, the American music-hall star who has been appearing at the Empire, Leicester Square, London. Lew Cody is one of the screen's best known and most loved "villains." "Rupert of Hentzau," "The Sign on the Door," "Lawful Larceny," "Within the Law," and "Souls for Sale" are some of the popular films in which he played leading parts. He has been in England during the last few weeks doing parts of a film which will be completed in America. He and Miss Bayes were recently in a motoring accident near Brighton, and both had a narrow escape. Their car was overturned. Miss Bayes was cut about the face, and Mr. Cody was cut on the head. He has the reputation in America of being one of the best-dressed film stars, and has bought dozens of suits during his visit to London. Norah Bayes, the American singer of syncopated songs, is one of the most highly-paid artists of the U.S. vaudeville stage, and—it has been stated by experts—is one of the four biggest box-office attractions in the variety theatres of the States.



LORD STEYNE IN "VANITY FAIR."

Mr. Hobart Bosworth, who is "featured" with Miss Mabel Ballin in the "Vanity Fair" film to be shown in Johannesburg next week. The cast is given on this page.

The Sad Comedian.

Buster Keaton, whose carefully-produced, well-thought-out comedy films are becoming increasingly popular in South Africa—there was an excellent one, "Day Dreams," at the Johannesburg Orpheum last week—had a hard time of it in his early days, and the details of his life then demonstrate once again that peculiar affinity between laughter and tears. What strange twist of human nature is it that makes the man whom the world hit hard turn to fun making? Charlie Chaplin is the classic example of the humourist who learnt his cynicism in a hard school. But Buster Keaton's story is even more remarkable. He was born in church, to begin with—29 years ago. That night in Picway, a little Kansas town given to cyclones, a great wind blew down the tent in which Mr. and Mrs. Keaton, senior, were living. They were music-hall artists.

Why "Buster?"

The local minister offered them refuge in his house. But in the darkness Mr. Keaton and Harry Houdini, the magician, mistook the church sacristy for the house, and there little Buster was born early on a Sunday morning. When he was six months old he had a great fall downstairs without hurting himself. "What a buster!" said Houdini, and Buster the baby became. Nothing seemed to hurt him. He grew up and went into his parents' music-hall turn. "My father used to carry me on to the stage and drop me," says Buster. "After explaining to the audience that I liked it, he would pick me up and throw me at a piece of scenery, sometimes knocking the scenery down and sometimes missing. Often he threw me 30 feet."

The Serious Face.

Kind-hearted people frequently had Keaton senior arrested for cruelty, but he was always able to prove that he was not breaking the law. Child acting, tight-rope walking, and other things were forbidden, apparently, in those days, but not throwing a child about. Buster himself says he never had any bruises or broken bones. He went into films in 1916, expecting to settle down at last. But the War called him up, and he served in the American infantry until the Armistice, when he was detailed to entertain the troops. Now he gives his father and mother jobs in his own films. They trained him early never to laugh—to leave that to the audience. How well he learnt the lesson we all know. Buster Keaton is married to Natalie Talmadge.

Poets' Corner: Night Dancers.

Their quick feet pattered on the grass
As light as dewdrops fall.
I saw their shadows on the glass,
And heard their voices call.
But when I went out hurrying
To join them, they were gone.
I only found a little ring
Of footprints on the lawn.

By Thomas Kennedy.

BIJOU, MONDAY: "VANITY FAIR."

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What Does "Professor" Mean ?

I was interested in the comments by a colleague recently on the subject of teachers' qualifications and the use of the title " Professor " by those who have no shadow of right to use it. It is noticed that in practically every case the adoption of high-sounding titles is the practice of men who are not British-Born. In all English-speaking countries it is well understood that the title " Professor " is rightly conferred only upon men who hold positions as heads of departments in a University, but unfortunately there is nothing to prevent anyone from prefixing " Professor " to his name. It is, at present, the law of the land that anyone can profess anything, and this immediately leads to the exercise of the right to use the term. As a general rule any sort of a fool can decide to turn to the arts in a professional capacity. There are no restrictions, no legislative obstacles—all that is needed is the inclination, which is also frequently dictated by the line of least resistance. In this connection the plight of the musical profession must sooner or later receive the attention of the educational authorities. I agree with " R.A.N." in the opinion that " until the musical profession, like the law, medicine and other corporations, can legally forbid those who are not the possessors of certificates to engage in the work of teaching, things must perforce continue as they are. But there is this comfort about the present situation, that the best teachers are well known to the vast majority of those who desire to become students. As a matter of fact, the art of teaching is not bestowed at the same time as the giving of a teacher's certificate, and the ability to impart is oftentimes possessed in its highest degree by those who are not certificated. At the same time the problem will have to be tackled, and the sooner the better for all concerned." The difficulty in the way of an effective remedy is obvious, but it should not prove to be insuperable. So far as the use of the title " Professor " is concerned, it is unlikely that anyone will be misled now-a-days. Outside of the Universities, the term might mean anything or nothing, and most of the time it means nothing. The great majority of those engaged or interested in the subject of music probably know this, so that the army of " Professors " can carry on to their hearts' content without doing any grievous harm.

Mr. Heward's Memory.

A London paper, commenting on the reception, accorded to Mr. Leslie Heward in Cape Town, made some reference to his phenomenal memory. The following incident occurred at Covent Garden some years ago. Albert Coates was rehearsing bits of "*Götterdämmerung*" with one or two soloists and Leslie Heward at the piano. The full score was on the piano desk in front of the player, but for over an hour the pages were never turned. Each time that Albert Coates stopped the singing and referred the soloists back to number so and so, he hummed the opening of the phrase to which he wished them to revert. From this Leslie Heward took his cue, and the whole rehearsal was accompanied from memory.

Pretoria's Vacation Course.

An interesting and comprehensive scheme has been adopted by the Transvaal University College, Pretoria, for the ensuing vacation. The subjects included are: " The Art, Science and Psychology of Music," " Practice and Teaching," " Aural Training," " Keyboard Harmony and Appreciation," and " Speech-Training and Elocution." In the course special attention will be given to the requirements for the Licentiate Examinations in Pianoforte-playing in the University of South Africa. Something like fourteen out of the thirty-two Sonatas of Beethoven will be played in their entirety, and completely analysed and explained, both from the technical and performing points of view. In addition to this the course will include a programme of pianoforte and violin sonatas and a recital of pianoforte works, including examples by Bach, Chopin, Debussy, Cyril Scott, Granados, Paderewski and Schubert-Tausig. The artists will be Madame Wedlake-Santanera, Mr. Willem Gerke and Professor John Connell.

A Pupils' Concert.

Some serious musical effort will very evidently be heard at a Pupils' Concert to be given in the Selborne Hall on Wednesday evening, October 15, when the programme will be undertaken by the pianoforte pupils of Mr. Horace Barton and the violin pupils of Mr. Max Weinbrenn, two of the leading teachers of their respective instruments on the Rand. The evening's music will include a movement from Schumann's Quintet, a Rheinberger Quartet, Beethoven's Trio in C minor, Haydn's Trio in G, Violin concertos by Mendelssohn, Spohr, and Vieuxtemps, a Brahms Piano Sonata, and piano solos by Stojowski and Balakirew.

Miss Margaret Schoen.

Among other musical events set down for October will be a piano recital by Miss Schoen, who returned to the Rand recently after a prolonged course of study in Germany. Miss Schoen will include on her programme some works by Max Reger and examples of the early Italian School.

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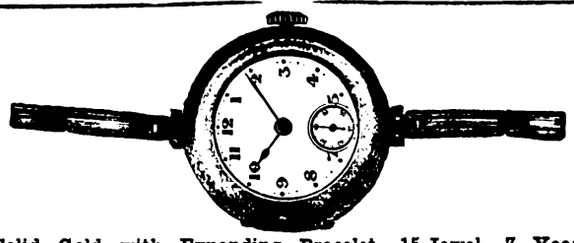

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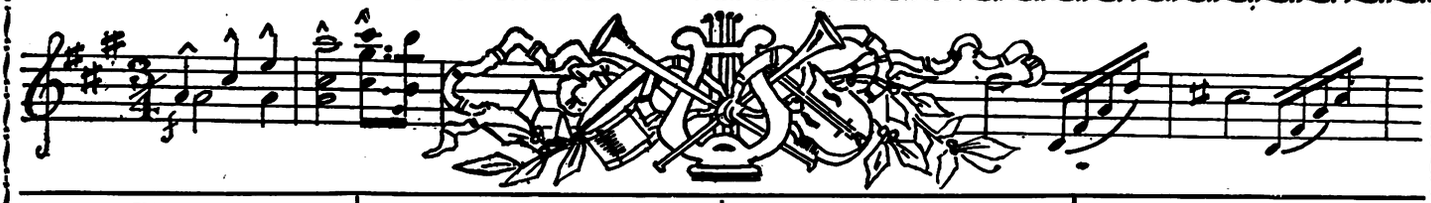

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In the Bright Lights.

HIS MAJESTY'S THEATRE.

THURSTON HALL COMPANY IN "BLUEBEARD'S EIGHTH WIFE": A DELIGHTFUL PLAY.

THE play that holds the record run in Johannesburg for a non-musical production is "Twin Beds." "Bluebeard's Eighth Wife," staged, for the first time in South Africa, by the Thurston Hall Company at His Majesty's Theatre on Monday evening, is more "twin-beddy" than "Twin Beds;" and therefore can be classified as exactly the sort of theatrical fare that is craved for and ardently desired by the Johannesburg playgoer. It is no play for the prudish, or for young children. But for people with grown-up minds it is a delightful entertainment—ingenious, merry and strong, with a fine thread of natural pathos running through it. It contains a bedroom scene which is different from, and, on the surface of it, much more startling than, any bedroom scene we have ever had before, but which, when it is examined dispassionately, turns out to be quite harmless and very funny.

A crowded first-night audience stamped the production with the hall-mark of unqualified approval. The strong characters are the *John Brown* of Mr. Thurston Hall, the *Monna* of Miss Zillah Bateman, the *Count Hubert de Linancourt* of Mr. Patrick Ludlow, and the *Miss George* of Miss Gladys Webster. The piece abounds in witticisms—excellent sarcasm between husband and wife, in which the wife invariably scores, and an easy, flowing dialogue for the other characters which never flags in interest. The "production," by Mr. Joseph R. Cunningham, is done without a blemish. The dresses worn by Miss Bateman and Miss Webster are particularly "stunning." They are by Barroque (London), Redfern (London), Henri Bendell (New York) and Madeline & Madeline (Paris), with hats by Lorbier (Paris), and are described by CARRIE on pages 19 and 20. At the end of the *première* there were many bouquets, and a speech from Mr. Thurston Hall, who was naturally very much gratified at the obvious sincerity of his welcome back to Johannesburg.

Mr. Thurston Hall himself did nothing better during his previous season here than his *John Brown*—the "*Bluebeard*" of the title—the prosperous American who has amassed a fortune by his shrewdness and has made a hobby of marrying. Seven times he has entered into an alliance with women, and, except in the case of one who died, has got rid of all by the process of divorce, after making them generous settlements for life. But in *Monna*, the eighth, he finds his match; in fact, more than his match in intellect and strategy. She openly avows her desire for a divorce after six months of colourless married life, during which her husband is often aroused to passionate outbursts, but is determined not to release her, although he has on the waiting list a singer, *Miss George*, admirably impersonated by Miss Gladys Webster. It is being bought that *Monna* resents, and although she loves him she determines to teach him a lesson. The lesson is delightful. In *John Brown's* absence she invites the *Count de Linancourt* to supper in her room, and plies him with champagne. The *Count* is not a strong-willed man when sober, and does not exactly "look down on aeroplanes when intoxicated" (as O. Henry says). Obeying her instructions, he puts on her pyjamas and climbs into her bed. Enter *John*, as she has expected. This, surely, will teach him a lesson. And it does; but he takes it so much to heart that the farce-comedy almost becomes a drama, and it takes all *Monna's* charm to win him back again before the play is done.

It says much for the excellence of Mr. Arthur Wimperis' English adaptation of the French original that all the characters "come alive" and are quite actable and believable. Nevertheless it is all very delicate, and only the finest acting, at any rate on the part of the principals, could steer it safely between alternate spasms of improbability and coarseness. Happily the required standard was easily reached. When Mr. Thurston Hall has to appear on the stage as an American gentleman—for *John Brown* was essentially that, in spite of his wives and his millions—he is able, of course, to give us the real thing in a manner that no English actor could hope with complete success to imitate. He made *John Brown* at once tremendous and lovable, and never once struck a false note in a part which in less experienced hands might easily have been spoilt. The high and exacting requirements of the part of *Monna* found Miss Zillah Bateman delightfully buoyant and rising to them lightly and easily. It was her first big chance in South Africa, and she scored all along the line. Mr. Patrick Ludlow was remarkably successful in the sort of "silly ass" part that is by no means as easy as it looks, but I do not believe that even such a fool as *Count Hubert de Linancourt* (anglicised) would turn all his "a's" into "e's" and inform people that he worked in a "benk." In spite of his A-lessness, Mr. Ludlow carried off the bedroom scene splendidly, and his performance was accompanied by almost continuous laughter.

The smaller parts were well played by Miss Gwynedd Vernon as *Lucienne* (*Monna's* sister), Mr. Arthur Bawtree as the *Marquis de Monferrat* (*Monna's* father), Mr. Joseph R. Cunningham as *Matard*, Mr. Ward McAllister as *Detective Dupré*, Mr. J. Henry Ashford as a waiter, and Mr. H. B. Clappé as a secretary.

PARADINE.

TARBEAUX "NEWS-STORIES."

Readers of this paper knew all about Frank Tarbeaux, the famous "crook," almost nine years before the Johannesburg dailies "dished up" much-abbreviated accounts of his exploits in their "news" columns last week.

The complete story of Tarbeaux's connection with Johannesburg—of the crime that led to his coming to South Africa, and of his arrest, escape, and re-arrest—was published, for the first time, in THE SOUTH AFRICAN PICTORIAL (then *Stage and Cinema*) of December 4, 1915. It occurred in the course of a series of reminiscences contributed under the title of "I Remember" by a writer who signed himself "Props"—a name that concealed the identity of a Johannesburg journalist of the early days, Mr. Alfred Lyons, the elder brother of Mr. Neil Lyons, the novelist and short-story writer.

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KNOWN AS THE CLEOPATRA OF THE SILVER SCREEN.

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LEICESTER SQUARE, August 21.

August's Treachery.

Those of us who took our vacations in June and July are having the laugh on the unfortunates who chose the crushes and crowds of the more fashionable August, for all over Europe this month has been a decided wash-out in the full meaning of the phrase. London has been through a fortnight of most erratic changes; freakish thunderstorms, drenching rain, alternating with glorious bursts of sun, just just like the smiles and tears of April—all this allied to a temperature more like early November than the expected harvest-time, ripening warmth. The wet has several times enforced the postponement of Wembley's Empire Pageant, caused the holding-up for lengthy periods of electric railway traffic and also the abandonment of the last of the Test Matches, whilst the silly-season crop of "Regular Readers" have contributed hair-raising yarns to the papers about the thunderbolts, meteoric fire-balls and giant hailstones they claim to have seen.

Strike of Covent Garden Porters.

Things have hardly been enlivened by the sudden strike of porters at Covent Garden Market. At first it looked like leading to a general shortage of fruit and vegetables, but that danger now seems definitely over, as retailers quickly made arrangements for supplies to reach them direct from the growers. Nevertheless, there are huge consignments of imported stuff held up—notably the South African fruit brought by this week's boat and an Australian supply that arrived a day later. The whole affair is not at all a pleasant one to have on hand just when our tourist season is at its height; the Labour Government is most decidedly not to be envied, having this sort of thing to contend with every few weeks, just as there are far more important matters in other spheres needing all the attention it is possible to give to them. We all hope that this strike, as well as that of the builders, will very soon be settled, so that the country can at last embark on the period of quiet hard work and the less turgid times she so badly needs.

Theatres Booming: A Healthy Sign.

The acceptance and passing of the Dawes scheme for Germany's reconstruction has been welcomed here without a dissentient note. There is quite an air of genial optimism apparent in the business world nowadays, and all sorts of amusements in town are doing tip-top business—that is invariably a sure sign of the public's feelings of security and confidence. Get the man-in-the-street's nerves on edge and he at once sulks, eschews theatres, halls and cinemas, preferring to mope at home or air his pessimism at his club.

The Revival of Vaudeville.

Music-halls in particular are prospering amain and showing a brave front after the parlous times they have recently experienced. The Empire is again attracting huge audiences with a vaudeville programme; the Oxford reverts to its "first love" on September 1, to be followed a day later by the Palace (for what are our joyous "Co-Optimists" but a bunch of highly-stylised "star-turns"?); whilst there is a strong rumour that the good old Pav. in Picc. Circ. is to "go and do likewise" as soon as its present film-season ends. As we have no less than three super-cinemas nearing completion, all within a few hundred yards of Piccadilly Circus, the movies can well afford to retire from the music-hall strongholds they so comprehensively conquered a few years back.

Princess Mary's Second Son.

Thanks to our transatlanticised press, the news of the arrival of another son in the Lascelles household comes as anything but a surprise. Feminine tongues have been busy for weeks past over the reports from Goldsborough Hall—speculating as to the names the baby shall bear, ecstasising about the *layette*, nursery arrangements and all the other points of paramount importance which never fail to excite the eternal Eve. This particular little mite has, in fact, had as much advance publicity as the most luminous screen-star could ever expect. How perturbed the Aunts Euphemia and Arabella of Victorian times would have been at all this frankness.

A Hurricane of Complaints.

London's traffic problems have been ousted (only temporarily, we hope, until a cure is on the way) as a subject for discussion by the hurricane of protests from travellers on the Southern Railway about the ridiculous delays, overcrowding and general slap-dash conditions now obtaining as a result of the re-organisation of the time-tables on those lines. At present a journey on the Southern Railway can only be compared to the purgatorial times we used to go through on the Underground and Tube trains just after the War, when rolling-stock was scarce and the number of passengers three or four hundred per cent. above normal. Law Courts Judges, M.P.'s and Conference delegates have all suffered in turn from the chaotic state of things, and that, taken in conjuction with some bitingly sarcastic cartoons in the dailies, has, I think, done more to influence a decision to remedy matters than all the thousands of complaints from mere "season" holders and the *hoi polloi* of the third-class compartment.

London's Latest "Thrill."

Crossing Waterloo Bridge the other day, my companion likened our taxi's progress over the convalescent portion (3 m.p.h. speed limit) to that of the new Hastings or Brighton services! It's quite an experience, I assure you; any amount of people get on the buses at Somerset House and cross to Waterloo Road and back, just for the thrill. Passing over the couple of arches they have enveloped in splints, the traffic seems to be longing for some "muted brass" to accompany its crawl with a few bars from the *Marche Funèbre*. We are now told that St. Paul's Cathedral will be the next on the list for props, struts and joists, if the project for building the "St. Paul's Bridge" is proceeded with.

Woolworth's in Oxford Street.

Woolworth's, the ubiquitous British affiliation of the famous American 5 and 10 cent store, has at last invaded the West End. In a surprisingly short time they have run up a huge shop on what had so long been an empty, ugly gap in Oxford Street, near Bond Street. It was opened on Monday with at least one department which is an entire novelty to London—a Quick-Lunch Counter with threepenny dishes and nothing more than sixpence. It's hardly believable that we've never had them before, but now the ice is cracked I quite expect we'll get some of those automatic restaurants here in a decade or so—especially since this crushing blow at our traditions has met with no remonstrances. London is attracting other multiple-shop firms, too. A Cardiff catering company now controlls two important West-end restaurants and one of our largest and most up-to-date hotels, whilst Scotland's best-known sweetmeat purveyors have opened half-a-dozen centrally-situated shops, where it is proved that oatmeal, haggis and whiskey are by no manner of means the only delectable exports from the land of Lauder, kilts and pawky humour.

"The Bachelor Girl's" Children.

When in France recently I got "*le Couple*," Victor Margueritte's second sequel to "*la Garçonne*." It is but a pale shadow of its notorious predecessor; the whole action takes place twenty years hence and M. Margueritte quite fails to convince us of the plausibility of his advance-history. Never for a moment does he grip as did our own Wells in the hey-day of his "scientific-sociological" romances. "*Le Couple*" are the children of *la Garçonne* and *le Compagnon*, going through diluted versions of their

(Continued on page 24.)

VISIT JANE PLOTZ PORTRAIT GALLERY, ART STUDIOS, THRUPP'S BUILDINGS.

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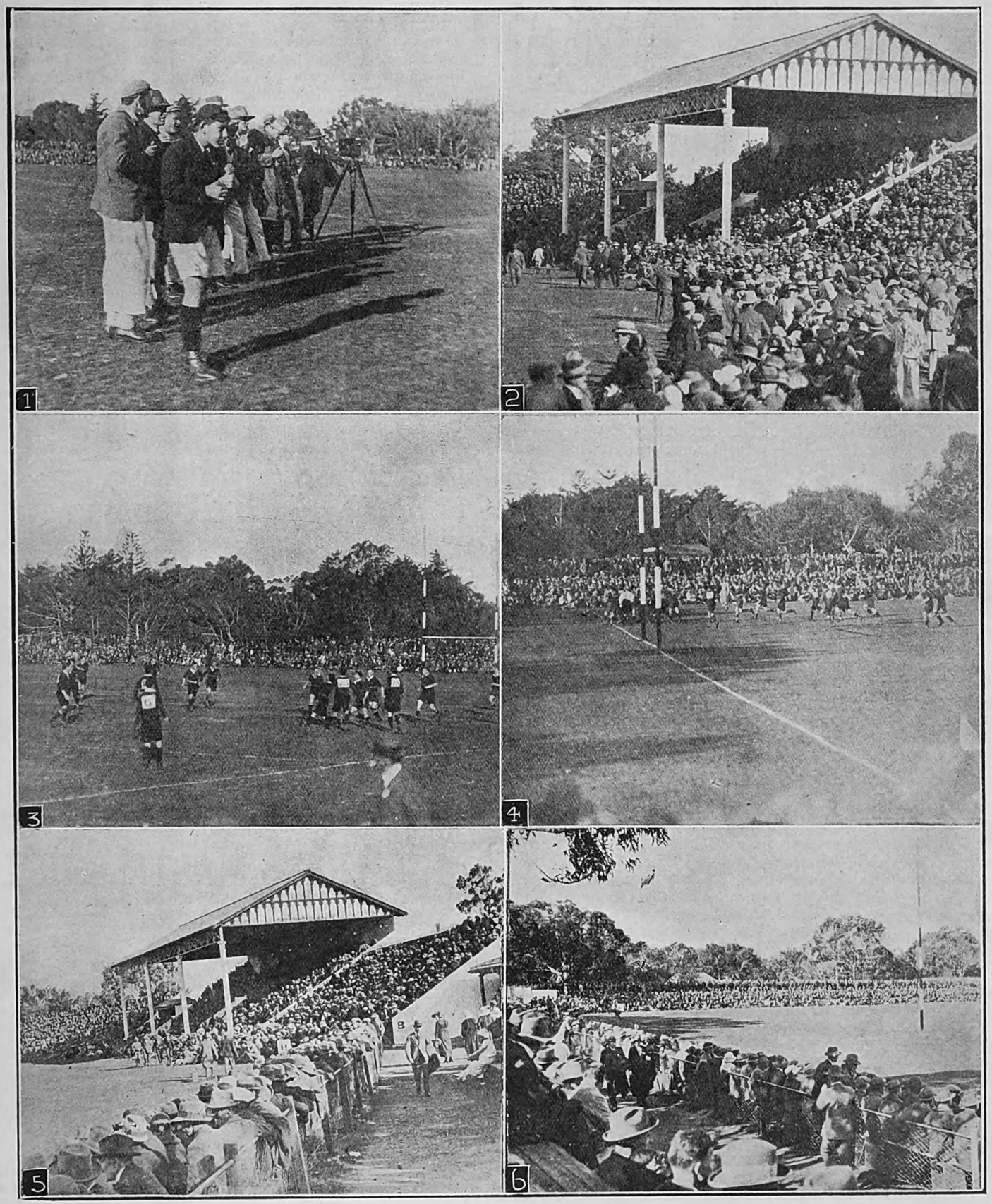
BRITONS DRAW THIRD TEST AT PORT ELIZABETH.



SOUTH AFRICA WINS THE RUGBY RUBBER AND AVERTS THE USUAL PORT ELIZABETH DEFEAT.

Last Saturday on the Crusaders' Ground, St. George's Park, Port Elizabeth, the Springboks and the Britons played a draw in the third Rugby Test Match of the British tour, each side scoring an unconverted try. This is the fourth Rugby Test Match played at Port Elizabeth since 1891—and the first that South Africa has not lost there. In 1891 (MacLagen's team) the British won, 4—0. In 1896 (Hammond's team), they won 8—0. In 1910 (Smythe's team) they won 8—3. In the present tour three of the four Test Matches have now been played, and South Africa has won two and drawn one, thus winning the rubber. Our pictures show: **1.** Waiting to snap the teams. **2.** The main stand. **3.** Midfield play. **4.** Britain scores. **5.** The west side of the ground. **6.** The north and east sides of the ground.

Photos for "S.A. Pictorial."

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JOHANNESBURG, Tuesday afternoon.

DURING the past few days there has been quiet buying of the higher class of dividend-payers, with consequent hardening of quotation. Thus, Modders have improved from 72s. 6d. to 74s., and City Deeps similarly, but on a 10s. lower level. The high price of Government Areas militates against any great volume of business, but the buyer's quotation is remarkably firm at 133s. 6d. On the other hand, Modder Deeps are at a more "popular" price, and have improved to 43s. 3d.—43s. 9d. Purchases have been induced by the report that the "life" of the mine is longer than has been generally estimated, perhaps in consequence of costs having been brought down to 16s. a ton. Van Ryn Estates have been bought for London, and are 20s. 9d. buyers this morning, a rise of a florin on the week. It looks as if the annual report (to June) was a good one.

The report of the Inspector of Mining Leases on the Modder East has raced the official document, having come out in Friday's *Gazette*, whereas the Company's "edition" is not yet to hand. When the *mynpacht* and discoverers' claims on Klipfontein are located, the total area will be between 2,550 and 2,750 claims. Thus the property is approximately the same size as Government Areas, a thousand claims bigger than Modder "B.," and nearly twice the size of "Modder" itself. With a capital of £465 "repeater" (as schoolboys would say), and a second "repeater" in the shape of debentures, namely £465,465 *plus* £465,465 (why didn't they make it 456 etc?), the capital is almost exactly a million, allowing for a premium of 15 per cent. on the debentures. Really, you can't call that dear compared with three and a half millions for Modder "B." The new plant will have a capacity of 50,000 tons a month, all-sliming, on the same principle as the installation at the New State Areas and West Springs. The original idea of re-erecting the stamp mills of the Simmer Deep—Jupiter, acquired some years ago, has been abandoned. A new feature will be the collection of the metallics on the corduroy tables; thus a considerable portion of the gold and rare metals will be mechanically recovered. The ore-reserves have increased by 42,400 tons to 1,653,100, and the value is maintained at 6.7 dwt., notwithstanding the definite policy of over-mining to pay off the debentures. This was to the extent of between half and three-quarters of a dwt. A marked feature of the year's development has been the improvement in the northern section. Considering that the southern section was always regarded as the most promising section, the results may still be considered disappointing.

Zaaiplaats have come back a shilling to 6s. 3d., owing to an official announcement of contraction in size and value of the main stope in No. 6, which may affect the present rate of output. I think I prefer Leeuwpoorts at much the same prices. In Main Reefs there has been some little business at 11s. 9d. Modder Easts have recovered to a guinea. Narrowing of the field of competition is given as the reason for the buying of Pretoria Cements up to 45s. "T.G.M's," of which I spoke hopefully a fortnight or so ago, have improved to 11s. 3d.

Technically, the market is sound, as there is little or no "open position."

"The Green Goddess" celebrated its 400th performance at the St. James's Theatre, London, in mail-week. Up to then Mr. George Arliss (*The Raja*) had not missed a single performance. The play has now been running for over a year (it was produced on September 6, 1923).

"LITTLE NELLIE KELLY'S" FIFTH WEEK.

"Little Nellie Kelly" is now in its fifth week at the Johannesburg Empire. It is as fragrant and appealing as a bunch of violets, besides being the prettiest and smartest show the Empire has had for a long time. Everything is interesting, but nothing has the opportunity of becoming tiresome. By turns it is sentimental and satirical, but always it is first-class entertainment. It is all very cleverly contrived, and beautifully acted by all concerned.

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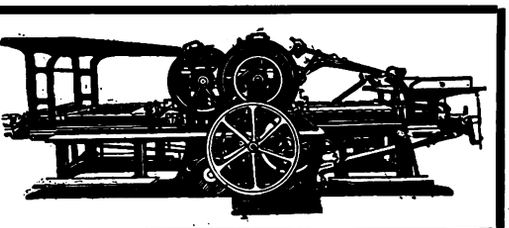

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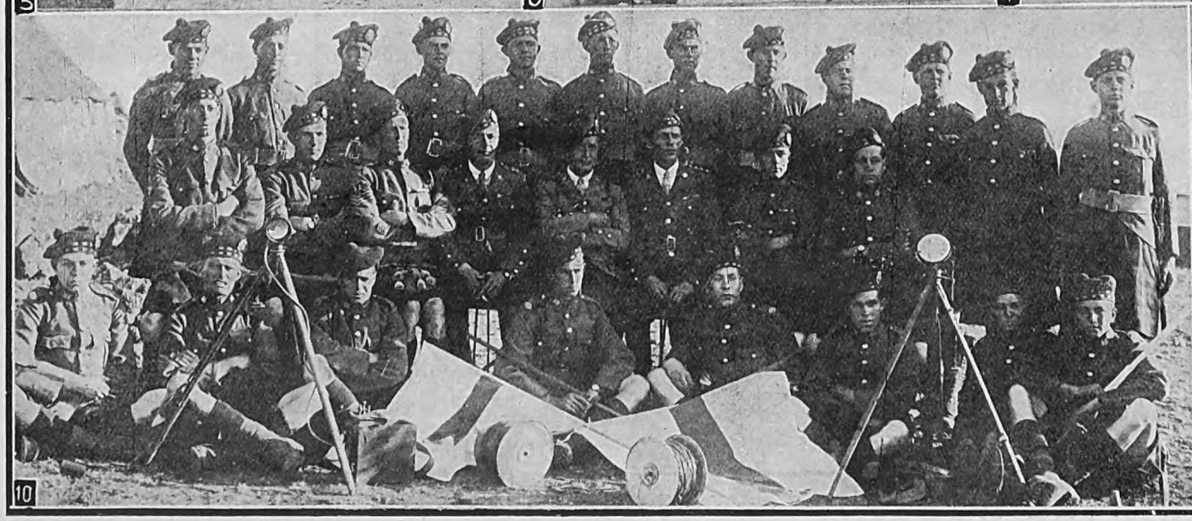

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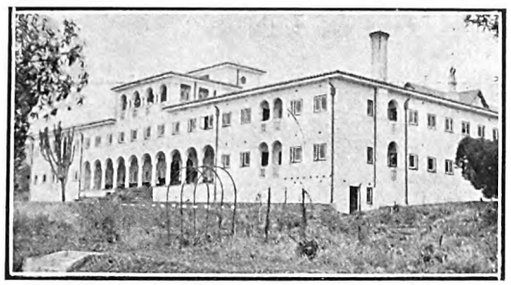

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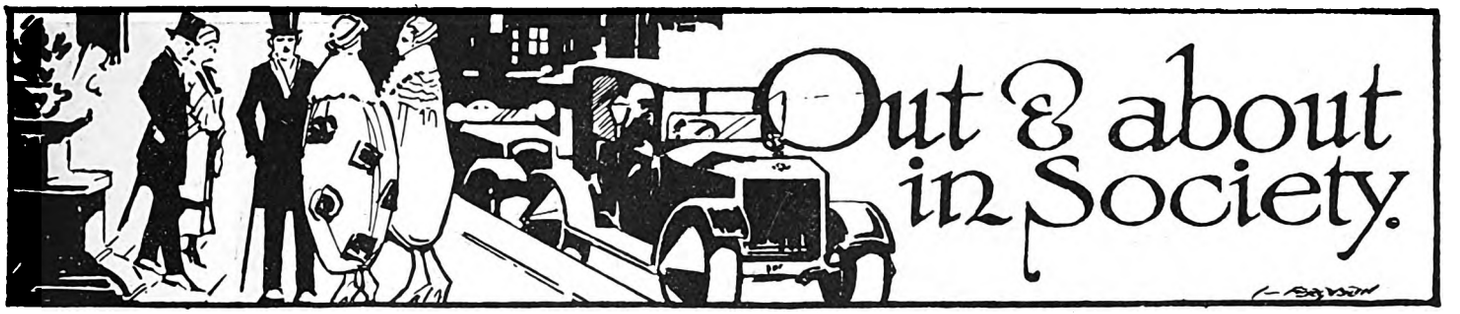
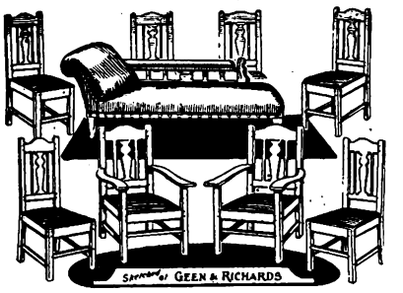


[*All invitations for dances, weddings, and other social functions, and all communications intended for these pages, should be addressed to The Lady Correspondent,* THE SOUTH AFRICAN PICTORIAL, *P.O. Box 1574, Johannesburg.*]

The Pageant of Fashion.

All roads led to the Pageant of Fashion last week in the Johannesburg Town Hall, and there were hundreds of women watching the *mannequins* as they paraded on the stage and up and down the aisles. A friend of mine, on setting out for the show, was questioned by her little girl: "Where are you going to, mother?" Mother said she was going to a Fashion Show. When she arrived back that evening, tired but presumably happy at having seen all the lovely things, her small daughter accosted her with: "Did they like your dress at the Fashion Show, and did you get first prize?" The Mayor and Mayoress came along to declare the Pageant open, and the Mayor told a very racy story. Little Denise Japhet presented Mrs. Harris with a lovely bouquet. On the platform were Mrs. Scandrett, "chair" of the Johannesburg Council of Women Workers (in aid of whose funds the function was held), Mrs. Nolan, Mrs. Joe Cohen (who is always a very keen worker), Mrs. A. M. Solomon, Mrs. Anshell and Mrs. Selina Hirsch, B.A. It was impossible to see everything there, and so I cannot tell you about everyone. Most of the leading *modistes* had sent wonderful *toilettes*. Mrs. R. F. McCall had arranged the *mannequins* and was one herself, and I also saw Mrs. Nelson Graham, Mrs. J. F. Fergusson, Mrs. Gavin, Mrs. Bain Marais, and Mrs. Llewellyn Edwards, the Misses Carlin, Bateman, R. and N. Gregory, Fifi Otto and D. Cullinan, all gowned most exquisitely. Lady Andersson had charge of a cigarette-stall, and Mrs. Nethersole sold sweets. Both had an able crowd of helpers, and they did good business during afternoon and evening.



MISS BETTY NELSON, Who was in South Africa with Mr. Percy Hutchison's Company last year, and who is now playing lead in an English provincial tour of "Her Temporary Husband."

Be Eccentric—or Perish.

What did I learn there? Why, that Dame Fashion is certainly a woman, for she contradicts herself so much. First it is a sleeveless gown. Then come, one after the other, long tight sleeves or the full baggy ones that were allied to extremely Chinese-looking clothes. Then a skirt had an even hem, while close on its feet almost trod the very much scalloped or the pointed edges, and one seemed to be able to combine any two materials one pleased and the effect would be good. I am very much afraid I cannot tell you you must wear this or that, for it seemed as if anything could be worn, with eccentricity as the keynote. Scarves were popular, and lovely shawls of gorgeous colourings, but alas! (for some of us, I mean) almost every *mannequin* had the slim boyish figure that looks so well in just half-a-yard of muslin tied round with a bow. And one was reminded again of the proverb: "It's a wise gown that knows its own waistline."

Hints to Plain and Pretty Women.

Charles Howard, in *The Evening News*, gives some very useful hints for women. He is, you know, the famous New York dress-designer, and he says: "It is a bold thing for a man to say perhaps, who derives a large part of his income from designing clothes for pretty women, but I prefer dressing the plainest of the fair sex. Just as there is more delight in buying a house with an unbecoming interior and introducing loveliness in decorations—building up effects into a harmonious whole: so is the plain woman something to build upon, to make beautiful by thoughtful adornment. The pretty woman (from my point of view) is ready made; I cannot add to Nature's loveliness— my only care must be not to mar it. I will not presume to generalise upon English women, but in my experience beautiful women in America are not often satisfied with the simple gowns they should wear. It is common, I am afraid, for an American beauty to want to emphasise her charms by elegance, and often in striving for elegance she overpowers Nature's gifts by gaudiness. I could name many actresses on the New York stage who, in my opinion, so consistently overdress that when it falls eventually to their lot to play a humble *rôle*, in which only plain clothes are possible, one is astonished to find that they have good eyes, wonderful hair, clear skins, a general shapeliness—in short, that they are beautiful. It is often very difficult to induce a beautiful woman to realise that she is best in a simple frame: maybe the reason is that richly beautiful clothes have a universal appeal and give pleasure in the wearing of them. More curious is it, perhaps, to find a plain woman cultivating severe, almost mannish lines in her clothes and hats. One encounters this extreme

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in America, and may meet with it also in England, especially in the country. Even when she wears a tailor-made costume the plain woman should add alluring touches at the neck; for instance, becomingly coloured scarves or dainty soft *lingerie* laces.

Well-bred Englishwomen.

"You may ask where one draws the line between the plain woman and the woman who is blessed with some good looks. I think every woman, in her heart of hearts, can size up her physical attractions fairly accurately. Plain women, of course, can seldom afford to go in for severity. They would be better advised to cultivate soft lines. American women as a whole are more easily dressed than are English women, because my countrywomen are so much alike in type. And not only have they no objection to wearing the same clothes, but they demand them. The English woman has more individuality of appearance. You seldom see two English women looking alike; even if each were to wear the same gown or the same hat they would bring to the wearing of them something of their own characters. You can pick the English woman out anywhere for her poise. Her neck-line, generally, is wonderful. She holds her head proudly and erect. Young English women of good birth, of course, are not to be matched in the whole world for the outward evidence they bear of their breeding. I can only compare them for grace and dignity and resiliency of movement in their walk to race horses. In England it is by their speech that the classes betray themselves far more readily than by dress or manners. The fact is a curious one for us Americans, who tend all to speak alike."

AT THE FASHION PARADE: JOHANNESBURG SOCIETY WOMEN AS MANNEQUINS.

Left to right: Back row: Miss Klugman, Mrs. Montclair, Mrs. R. F. McCall, Mrs. Llewellyn Edwards, Miss Woods. *In front:* Miss Dodo Critchley-Salmonson, Mrs. Bain-Marais, Miss Freeman, Miss Fifi Otto, Miss Tony Carlin, Mrs. Kerensky.
Photo for "S.A. Pictorial" by A. Houston Rogers.

The "New Walk."

I saw a photograph in the same paper of the "New Walk" which is taught the *mannequins* in the West End, and I fear me I should never be an advocate for it, for, with your hands behind your back stretched out in a Greek-frieze-like pose, you are at a decided angle, bending back; most uncomfortable, I should call it. I see that it strikes "mere man" in the same way, for Mr. J. D. Dowd has done a lovely cartoon of it Miss Kirby taught our own *mannequins* here how to walk, and certainly they were very graceful indeed, and little Bridget McCall was perfectly adorable, whether in a suit of pyjamas or wearing a charming gold cloak over her pretty blue dress.

The Stockingless Craze.

Another writer tells of going to the New Princes' in Piccadilly, and says that for bright little girls in *cabaret* shows to dispense with stockings when they come on and dance is nothing unusual, but this fashion is seldom followed in the ballroom by members of the public. "Yet at the New Princes' in Piccadilly the other night I noticed that the position was reversed. Archie de Bear's 'Five O'Clock Follies' were putting on their very bright and attractive midnight pierrot show—the first supper-time pierrot show that London dancers have seen, incidentally—and the girls in it *wore* stockings. But when we—the lookers-on—danced I saw three girls take the floor who were daring enough to have discarded their stockings! When the ankle is slim and shapely it is rather an attractive fashion, and, anyway, in these days of flesh-colourings it is hard to say whether girls are wearing stockings or not."

"Nude" Hosiery.

Miss Jennie Hartley, whose legs have helped to win her a great reputation, never wore stockings on the stage at the Empire when she was here recently, and Miss Ruby Miller, whom you will all remember for her wonderful clothes, also never wore them on the stage, nor even in

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the street when she had high Russian boots on. I asked her one day if it were not uncomfortable to have no stockings on, but she said her boots were of such fine leather that they were most comfortable. At the Pageant of Fashion nude stockings were worn with most of the *toilettes*, and black shoes, and it is certainly a delightful combination.

The Police Ball.

The Police Ball saw many very lovely *toilettes*, but among two thousand people how was one to see everyone? There were many distinguished patrons who all take a great interest in the work of the Police in providing for the orphans of their comrades, and the Mayor and Mayoress were present during the evening. Mrs. Harris wore an elegant black *charmeuse* gown with primrose side-panel and touches of primrose on the corsage. Lady Truter came in a handsome white brocade gown, and Mrs. Trigger wore a gold frock with gold laces forming the hem. Major F. M. Fulton, M.C., was the D.C., and brought his wife in a smart apricot georgette gown. Colonel R. S. Godley, O.B.E., was the chairman of the dance committee, and everyone of note seemed to be there.

A Colleague's Death.

I heard with deep regret of the death in the Johannesburg Hospital of Mrs. Dormer-Jordan, whose work is so well known to all the women of the town, for as representative of *The Raid Daily Mail* and *Sunday Times* she wrote week by week of all the functions that took place. The work of a Press woman is often trying, but Mrs. Dormer-Jordan was at all times bright and cheerful and a devoted mother to her two small children, for whom one feels sincere sympathy. They lost their father in the War, and so are left orphans. Mrs. Dormer-Jordan will be missed by very many of us, and by her colleagues of the newspapers most of all.

CARRIE.

BLUEBEARD'S EIGHTH WIFE'S GOWNS.

EXQUISITE FROCKS WORN BY MISS ZILLAH BATEMAN AND MISS GLADYS WEBSTER.

THE bachelor cynic says that the problems of married life are always interesting, for woman is an unexpected creature. It is seldom (if ever) that they become a real farce, as in "Bluebeard's Eighth Wife," which is being played at His Majesty's Theatre.

"*Bluebeard*," in the person of Mr. Thurston Hall, has been married before. In fact, as he relates himself, "I've got married habits, because marriage is my hobby." The lady, however, does not see eye to eye with him, and the result is a number of comical situations in a play which is really a French farce such as made the name of the Guitrys famous.

Of course we adored Mr. Hall in his white flannels, with a blue and silver tie and hair that was tinged with silver, and he looked real comfortable chewing his cigar and just sort of strolling round till . . . he met his Waterloo. As a flapper sitting behind me remarked, "He'd never need to stop, even at the ninth wife, because," sighing pathetically, "there *are* so many of us, and he *is* such a dear!"

Miss Zillah Bateman as *Monna* certainly knew her business and wore such pretty gowns. I do want to tell you of them; they were really very charming. First came a Bouclette suit of white silk woven in circular design, with *batteau*-neck, having a narrow collar and long ends of white silk, and below the narrow belt two tiny pockets, in one of which a rose-coloured handkerchief reposed. The tight sleeves had small tight cuffs, and the hem of the tunic and of the skirt was banded in silk. Her turned-up hat was white with red lining, and had three narrow strings of red tied round in front with a lovers'-knot. Parasol? Yes, certainly, of red, made with three tiers, and very *chic;* and so were the red and white sandal shoes.

Then there was a gold cobwebb- lace gown, made with a full skirt with an uneven hem, and a belt of gold round the sides and back of the long waist. The underskirt was much shorter to allow a glimpse of silken stockings. A gown of primrose velvet was embroidered in crystal beads and *diamant*, and was cut on straight graceful lines, the skirt being made in with a front and back panel that were slit slightly at the sides. The new single ear-ring was worn, of amber, with a big jet circle above, and in it was the daintiest little cigarette-holder. In the same act Miss Bateman wears black satin pyjamas—oh! very decent ones, with a tiny collar of pink georgette at the base of

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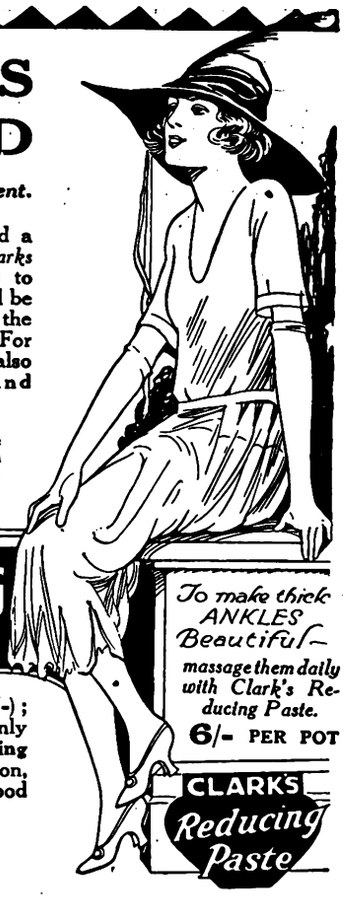

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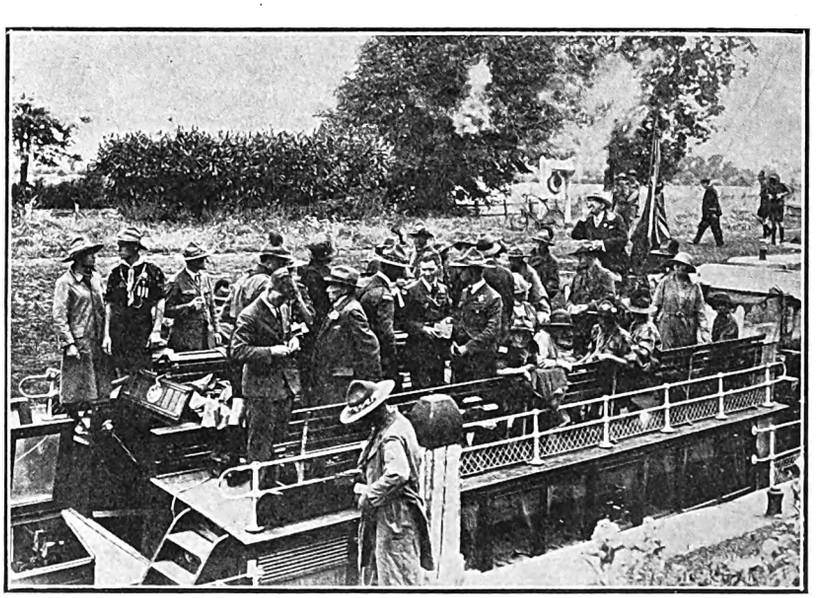

SOUTH AFRICAN SCOUTS ON THE THAMES AT CLIVEDEN,

At a River Trip given by *The African World*, London, to the South African Boy Scouts visiting the Empire Jamboree.

Photo by Leo. Weinthal.

FOR THE BEST POSTCARD PHOTOGRAPHS, NEW YORK STUDIOS, OPPOSITE G.P.O.

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which is a posy of pink flowers. They are scalloped at the edge of the coat, which is banded in satin and at the hem of the trousers.

In the last act Miss Bateman had on such a smart wine-coloured costume, a wrap-over skirt and coatee, sleeveless, if you please, made on full cape lines with a high collar. Under it she wore a very tight-fitting paler-shaded velvet corsage, with a high tight collar and no sleeves, but at the wrists gauntlet bands of the velvet. Her hat was of wine-colour and had two long scarf ends banded in silver.

Miss Gladys Webster as "the famous singer who could not sing," *Miss George*, was elegant in true Parisian style, and wore the most delightful gowns that made one very envious. First, a suit of black *marocain* with a tight-fitting coat that was flaired round the hips. The skirt was plain and tight. The collar and cuffs and edges of the coat were all scalloped, giving a very smart effect, and a black fur wrap with a white camellia was worn round the neck. She had on a black hat lined with pink and embroidered on the crown in pink and black silk tracery, and it had two big tufts of ospreys at right-angles to each other.

Then a gown of black satin, with the lotus flower embroidered in gold thread in intricate design. Below the waistline was inset a broad band of salmon-pink, also embroidered in the same design, and at the back was a wide panel of black with smaller narrow loops, one from neck to waist of black and gold, and from the waist salmon and gold. Her black tulle hat had the very latest high black frill in front of fine lace and was banded round the head in gold. She carried a lovely ebony case with a long tassel, the whole studded in brilliants, and wore black and gold shoes.

In the bedroom scene blue and white were the predominating colours, with such wonderful quaint lamp-shades of rose and blue the one over the bed being held with a golden Cupid. A blue bird—the famous "Pullet"—was hung at the end of the bell-rope that drew the velvet curtains.

And *John*—"*Bluebeard*"—a mixture of the cave-man who has had his own way all his life and is suddenly up against it and the tender lover who hardly dared to hope, and underlying it all a good deal of the suspicious Yank; a lover who sent a thrill down every woman's back when he said, "If I hold you tight like this, what can you do.?" The opinion of the audience (and my friend the Flapper) seemed to be "Nothing—we'd just love it!"

CARRIE.

Sketched at YVETTE'S, Cuthbert's Buildings, Johannesburg.

OUR PRINCE IN AMERICA.

YOU have to be born to greatness to be a Prince—there is no doubt about that, for it must be very wearing always to smile and look pleased, to be polite to everyone, and I should say it is only a good solid line of ancestors behind you who have done the same thing that could assist you. Americans are a democratic nation, but even they have a weakness for titles, and "Eddie" (as they call the Prince of Wales) is a much-paragraphed young man. A writer in *The Chicago Herald* has a column entitled "His Majesty the Tailor," from which I take these small pars:

"Man may be strong in feverish elections, but he is weak in fashions. Everybody has his Achilles tendon. But Achilles was fortunate.

His weak spot was in his shoe. Man's weak spots are his hat, his cravats and his all-collegiate clothing.

"No one has ever been educated sufficiently to analyse all-collegiate wearing apparel. It is distinctly American, with equal portions of Greek, Arabian and Prince of Wales.

"King George rules England only. Prince Eddie holds forth over both England and America. If Eddie wears double-breasted spats, our collegians sprain their ankles rushing into triple-breasted brogans.

"If Eddie wears bell-bottomed trouserettes ten million loyal sophomores march forth in Chimes of Normandy pants.

"If Eddie wears plus-fours for golfing carnivals, this is a tip-off for our seniors to wear plus-fives.

"They imitate Eddie in everything he does. Fortunately for our big knitting industries, Eddie wears socks."

I do like them, don't you? CARRIE.

DIVORCED SIX TIMES.

BUT HIS SEVENTH WIFE DIED A NATURAL DEATH.

I FOUND "Bluebeard" earnestly telling his eighth wife that she really could *not* have another gown, even if he *were* a millionaire, and although hating to butt in on family affairs I went in with my best smile. "Bluebeard" brushed away the difficulty at once, for women are his strong suit, as he has had seven wives already (six of them divorced, he carefully explained, and the seventh dying a *natural* death, with significant emphasis on the "natural"), and in answer to my questions he said:

My favourite theatre? The Comedy Theatre, London.

My favourite play? "Ben Hur."

My earliest recollections? Being very angry when the ladies all wanted to kiss me.

My favourite sports? Baseball and Rugby.

My favourite hobbies? Acting, photography and travelling.

How would I make South Africa brighter? Give me a chance of being Prime Minister and you'd see.

My ideal holiday? On a steamer.

Lucky day? February 29.

Favourite motto? "Do others before they do you!"

My great ambition? To appear in all the principal cities of the world.

Favourite cigarettes? Player's Navy Cut in tin boxes.

My favourite pet? A dog.

Pet aversion? A bad actor.

What, if I were not connected with the stage, would I prefer to be? A farmer.

My favourite Christian name? No you don't!

CARRIE.

The art of the theatre is primarily an affair of drama and secondarily an affair of acting, and all the rest is mere padding and addition.—*St. John Ervine in "The Organised Theatre."*

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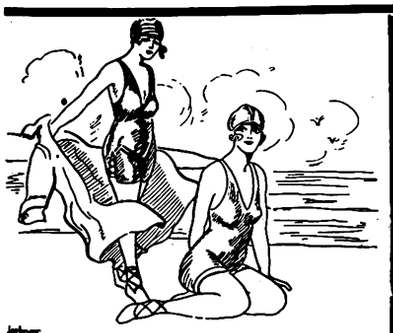

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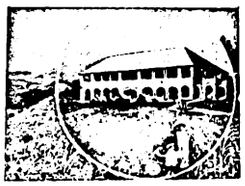

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AN "ALLURING" PROSPECTUS.

By "ONLOOKER."

MOST of the Spring days on the Rand have so far been rather disagreeable days on account of wind and dust. Last Saturday was one of the disagreeable sort; the huge wind made it what can only be described as a dirty day. There was, however, quite an average attendance at Auckland Park—racegoers, generally speaking, make light of discomforts—where, with fewer runners than usual, the racing was somewhat tame. What goes for form did not work out. For instance, Prudens at the previous meeting on the course had won, in the second division, a race over a mile and a quarter by running another imported one, Brown Sugar, out of it in the concluding half furlong. Therefore, after Beatt's mare had, over the same course, taken the top-class race—

Won in Impressive Style

—on Saturday, Brown Sugar looked good for her race, for the journey this time was a mile and the filly had a few pounds less weight to carry than on August 30. Brown Sugar, however, fared ignominiously and was nearer last than first at the finish. The race went to an outsider, Delusion, who readily accounted for two other unfancied ones, Metropolis and Playtime. Between her successes at the Park Prudens was beaten into third place by Polyfloret, conceding 7 lbs., over nine furlongs at Germiston. The pair met at evens on Saturday and Prudens very effectually turned the tables: led from end to end and was out by herself passing the winning-post. Under (at all events) a light impost, Prudens stays well. She appears to be a particularly honest mare.

* * *

For the chief sprint event on Saturday the top-weights, Leycett and Duchess Trenton, carried the bulk of the money. Neither got into the first three, Princess Alice coming out the winner from Medebooler. Properly placed, Princess Alice is

Among the Most Useful Performers

in commission. Mr. Rowe saddled up a winner prior to Princess Alice. This was Lord Brontë, who had little to do to beat the weak opposition in the third division of the Brixton Handicap. Mr. Rowe's two winners are by St. Cyr.

* * *

At Durban, last Saturday, Mr. Passmore's Sam Weller, favourite for the September Handicap, was beaten into third place.

* * *

One has to go back a long way in the records of the Doncaster classic to find a winner that started favourite for the race. This time, in the Leger run for last week, the favourite, Mr. S. B. Joel's Polyphontes, gained third place, being well beaten by the winner,

The Aga Khan's Salmon Trout.

The winner has always been regarded as a colt of high class that has at times run with ill-luck. In the field of 17 the Derby-winner got no nearer than eighth. Sansovino was under a cloud for weeks before Doncaster. The colt could not have been himself; was probably only started in a forlorn hope of his pulling through.

Salmon Trout is the third of the sons of The Tetrarch to capture the long-distance classic race, the previous winners by the famous grey being Caligula in 1920 and Polemarch in the following year. The idea at one time entertained that the stock of The Tetrarch were deficient in stamina is entirely exploded.

* * *

The big racing of the season in Australia commences this month at Sydney. Four weeks back the old New Zealand champion Gloaming was on the scene. The gelding was doing good work and Mason expected to have him in good trim for the weight-for-age events. Gloaming can hardly be

As Good as He Was

two or three years ago, but his connections are eager for him to win another race or two; sufficient for him to head Eurythmia as a stake-earner. The sport in Australia would seem to be in a very flourishing way. The entries for the Melbourne Cup were more numerous than ever, 344 horses being listed to be handicapped for the great event.

* * *

The Transvaal Owners and Trainers' Association is a very loosely-constituted organisation. There is no regular membership. Every owner who enters a horse to race, and every licensed trainer in the Province, can, *ipso facto*, claim membership. Moreover, it would seem to be recognised that a person once a member is always a member. The Association is sadly in need of putting its house in order. The Association would certainly

Command Much Greater Respect

if it confined its spokesmen to those whom the public look upon as sufficiently representative to voice its aspirations. At many of the recent meetings of the Association it has been found that some with no present concern either with ownership or the training of horses (folk no doubt living in hopes that by some magical turn of Fortune's wheel they may again have a stable to superintend) have monopolised much of the time of the meetings by airing imaginary grievances. These ceaseless carpings do no good; do much harm, indeed, for they tend to bring the Association into bad odour.

* * *

The Association is said to be anxious for the appointment of a commission to review racing as it is now carried on, with a view to some reform in methods. It might be pointed out that commissions are costly, and some one—the taxpayer, the over-burdened taxpayer, to be sure—would have to foot the bill. And what good purpose the finding of a commission is likely to achieve, is, to say the least, very obscure. We have had several Racing Commissions. The first sat to some purpose. Its recommendations were embodied in an Act of the Transvaal Parliament which curtailed racing in the Witwatersrand area and confined the holding of meetings to Saturdays and holidays. The findings of the

Other Racing Commissions

are presumably pigeon-holed in Pretoria. They did no good, and the harm was the expenditure incurred. One supposes the Owners and Trainers' Association do not desire a curtailment of racing, but reform in some other direction. The racing game in the Transvaal is in the doldrums at present, but no recommendations of a commission can be helpful in the matter. We have the same machinery here as elsewhere for the conduct of the sport, and the Jockey Club, one can make sure, will be ready to listen to any feasible suggestions that would make for the betterment of racing.

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A belief is apparently existent that there are in the little communities of the Union people with so much money that they don't know what to do with it. It can only be in the hope to attract such people that Investments, Limited, the style of a project launched in Durban, can have been conceived. The bright idea is to get hold of money for purposes set forth in a circular which is being circulated to folk of sporting proclivities. The purposes are set down as follow:

1. To establish and maintain racing stables or to finance, support, and assist existing racing stable or stables.
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5. To invest the funds of the Company in any such other lawful way or enterprise as the Directors may from time to time decide upon, and in particular in loans to the shareholders upon *reasonable* rates of *interest*.

* * *

This is delicious reading. The directors seek *carte blanche* to speculate with any money entrusted to them and dish it out in any way they think fit. They are the ones to "pick" the winners. The names of the *pro tem.* Directors are not the names of well-known people. It is correct to say that it is set out that everything in connection with the concern is labelled "*pro tem.*"—and also to offer the opinion that it seems likely to remain in that nebulous state. It does not seem probable that a sufficient number of people having "the needful" will be found to set Investments, Limited, going.

* * *

Tracery died at the Cobham Stud a few weeks back. The famous horse had but a short stud career in England. It was not long after his racing career had ended that Tracery was sold at the record price for a thoroughbred to an Argentine studmaster. It was

Only Last Year

that the horse was taken back to England, being secured by a syndicate of prominent breeders. The Tracery blood was very much sought after. Tracery was the sire of Papyrus and Teresina. He was second to Swynford in the winning sires' list last season.

* * *

The entries for this week's meeting of the Johannesburg Pony and Galloway Club were much better than they have been for several months past, and there is promise of good sport. There are 21, for the most part new-comers, in the Trial Plate, the first race, timed for 1.5, and it would be misleading to attempt to anticipate the result. Selections for other events:

1.55 p.m.—Junior Galloway Plate, 5 furlongs.
Koodoo 1, Pierette 2, Security 3.

2.35 p.m.—Pony Purse, 1 mile.
Pomper 1, Paper Fan 2, Lettie 3.

3.20 p.m.—Galloway Purse, 6 furlongs.
Duke of Theunissen 1, Clover 2, Mifanwy 3.

4.0 p.m.—Junior Pony Plate, 7 furlongs.
Gift 1, Hussy 2, Sweet Heather 3.

4.40 p.m.—Pony Plate, 6 furlongs.
Summertime 1, Repeater 2, Tamworth 3.

5. 20 p.m.—Galloway Plate, 1 mile.
Golden City 1, The Wig 2, Dunlop 3.

Last week in Johannesburg Pathé's film of the British Empire Exhibition at Wembley was seen by 35,000 people—a record for one film in one week.

MAIL-WEEK IN LONDON.

(*Continued from Page 10.*)

parents' past. There are one or two exaggeratedly daring chapters; otherwise the volume is quite innocuous—considering its origin.

A Poet's Short Stories.

Osbert Sitwell, for the story giving its title to his volume of fiction just published, also chose the 1940's ("Triple Fugue," Grant Richards). Mr. Sitwell wields a satirical quill, but does not maintain the interest in his characters or plot. Perhaps his penchant for images is responsible for that, but anyhow, I found myself "skipping" pages. The first story, "Low Tide," is the odyssey of two bedizened old maids spending their declining years at the seaside, where they are seized with gambling fever, lose practically their whole fortune in speculation, and gradually decay in a penurious boarding-house. Two other stories have a slight flavour of Katherine Mansfield about them. "Triple Fugue" itself is the longest and last, and has some quite amusing pages satirising the æsthetic, bohemian, pseudo-artistic cliques of Chelsea and Fitzroy Square. There is an antiquated patroness of Modern Art whose guests suffer from severe attacks of hand-to-mouth disease. Her hobby is sheep-rearing, but one summer her wool-bearers are seized by illness and "walk about all over the place on their knees," a complaint which caused curious complications when a Bishop arrived to hold an open-air service of such length that when it eventually came to an end the "congregation" consisted solely of some score of sheep dutifully kneeling!

Robert Hichens' New Novel.

Robert Hichens, for the first time since "The Garden of Allah," has published a novel which has every appearance of turning out to be one of the year's greatest successes—"After the Verdit." Mr. Hichens gives, at some considerable length, a most fascinating analysis of the tragedy of a man acquitted on the charge of killing a woman with whom he has shared an abnormal passion; and he has never before scaled such emotional heights as in the scenes between his hero and the beautiful, clean-living girl he marries "after the verdict." A book with murder as one of its themes could not have come at a more opportune moment (from the publishers' point of view), for everybody is discussing the *pros* and *cons* of capital punishment just now—the Vaquier and Mahon cases and the exceptional publicity accorded them being responsible in the main. I learn that Mr. Hichens wrote this novel at Montreux, where a sort of colony of English writers has recently sprung up, including "Lucas Malet," Gabrielle Vallings, "Sapper" McNeile and John Knittel (whose first effort for the stage had the honour of production by Maurice Moscovitch).

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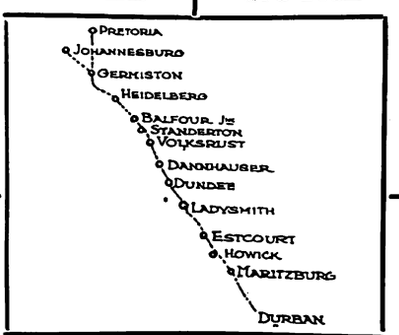

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5-Part Fox Drama, featuring
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"CLAUDE DUVAL,"
7-Part Gaumont Drama, featuring
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"THE MARRIAGE MARKET,"
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WEDNESDAY and THURSDAY, SEPT. 24 and 25:
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7-Part Paramount Comedy-Drama, featuring
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FRIDAY and SATURDAY, SEPT. 26 and 27:
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10-Part Warner Drama, featuring
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Paramount Drama in 6 Parts.
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Enid Bennett in
"HER HUSBAND'S FRIEND,"
Thomas Ince Drama in 5 Acts.
FRIDAY and SATURDAY, SEPT. 26 and 27:
Elaine Hammerstein and Conway Tearle in
"ONE WEEK OF LOVE,"
Selznick Drama in 7 Reels.

Next Week's Calls.

Les Marbas, Billie Butt, Burr and Hope, The Buster

Tivoli, Cape Town.—Till September 23: Jennie Hartley, Original Dewars, Moon and Morris, Teddy Garrett, Derek Oakden. Continuing: Moss and Maachah, Ginnett Trio. Opening September 23: The Veterans of Variety, H. and E. Martell, Jen Latona, Professor Little.

Empire, Johannesburg.—"Little Nellie Kelly."

His Majesty's Johannesburg.—Thurston Hall and Company in "Bluebeard's Eighth Wife."

Orpheum, Johannesburg.—Rich and Galvin, O'Brien and Harris.

Grand, Pretoria.—Otago Bill and Company, Videau and Kirby.

Criterion, Benoni.—Rupert Ingalese and Company, Gregorió Halevy.

Vaudette, Krugersdorp.—September 23 and 24: Howe and Watt, Rolls and Falls.

Apollo, Germiston.—September 25, 26 and 27: Howe and Watt, Rolls and Falls.

Rinko, Maritzburg.—Les Uniques.

Criterion, Durban.—Harris Family, Barbara Munro, Tom E. Finglass, Anna Ridley.

Theatre Royal, Durban.—Maurice Moscovitch and Company in "Trilby."

Vaudette, Bloemfontein.—September 22, 23 and 24: The Ernestos, Renda Rudd. September 26 and 27: Jennie Hartley.

Vaudette, Kimberley.—September 25, 26 and 27: The Ernestos, Renda Rudd.

TEN YEARS AGO.

EMPIRE.—Victoria Monks, Anna Schuberth and Emanuel Stieri, Alex. Mee, Briff, Braff and Broff, Fred Hastings, WEEK COMMENCING MONDAY, SEPTEMBER 22. Girls, Tom Davies' Trio, Arthur Leslie.

HIS MAJESTY'S.—"Bought and Paid For."

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AT THE MURDER TRIAL.

(Continued from page 2.)

"Have you anything to say, before the sentence of death is passed upon you?"

The prisoner shook his head.

Then the cold, unemotional voice of the Judge rang out clearly.

". . . I would urge you to spend the time now before you in preparing yourself for what will now await you in consequence of having committed this crime."

He fumbled among his robes and brought forth the black cap.

". . . And the sentence of the Court is that you be hanged by the neck until you are dead. And may the Lord have mercy on your soul."

A moment later and the three puppets in the dock dropped out of sight as though the strings had been suddenly released.

"Just in time for the last edition," said Jefferson, elbowing his way through the crowd.

I hesitated and shamelessly drifted into the crowd to where the golden-haired girl and the fair-haired youth would inevitably meet. Eyes still gazed into eyes, and there was a shy smile as they came together. The young man raised his hat. There was a whisper.

"Won't you let me take you to tea?" he was asking.

She hesitated, still shy, for a moment.

"I should love it," she said quietly.

I saw them pass into the afternoon sunshine of the street. I wonder what became of them?

Wallace Beery, the American cinema actor, who was formerly married to Gloria Swanson, is to be married to Mary Gillman, whom he met during the filming of "Robin Hood," in which he played King Richard.

The Standard for "Scotch" is

John Haig

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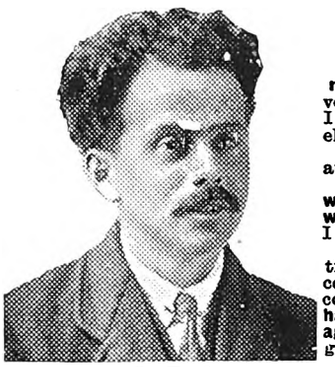
Amazing Hair Growth on Bald Heads after Using Kotalko the Genuine Hair-Grower. Not a Medicine. Rub on the Scalp where New Hair is Desired.



Mr. P. Tucker, from a photograph.

WAS QUITE BALD

Torrington, N. Devon.

After trying different Treatments without result, I was very disappointed, and thought I should be bald all my life, or else **have to wear a wig.**

Then I read about Kotalko, and decided to give it a trial. Please bear in mind that **I was quite bald** and **my head was as shiny as could be** when I started using your compound. After I had used about two tins I found I had got hair coming all over by head. I continued to use it, and **now I have got a good head of hair again,** as shown in the photograph.—Yours very truly.

(Signed) **P. Tucker.**

FULL GROWTH OF HAIR

Dublin.

When I began using Kotalko I was bald. At the sides over the ears, and at the back, there was some hair, but on the whole of the crown of my head, from the forehead backwards, **there was no hair at all.**

I used Kotalko on the scalp until I noticed signs of a slight down on parts of the head. Then **I knew the roots were not dead after all,** so I went on using Kotalko, and gradually **the down changed into real hair,** which kept on growing, until at last the whole of my head was covered with a **full growth of hair in its natural colour** just as it used to be.

Everyone who knows me has been surprised at seeing the hair growing again, and several of my friends have already ordered Kotalko, and are **highly satisfied** with it.—Yours very truly,

(Signed) **Thomas Hayes.**

Mr. Thomas Hayes, from a photograph.

A multitude of others, men and women, have used the remarkable compound—Kotalko—with astonishing and delightful benefit in removing scurf, stopping the falling out of hair, and in developing a new growth. This has been done in many cases where the baldness existed for years, and when all other hair tonics, lotions, medicinal treatments, etc., have been unsuccessfully tried.

Buy a Box of Kotalko and Test it for Yourself

Kotalko has components of **genuine bear fat** (oil), juice of the rare pilocarpus plant and other potent ingredients from the **three Kingdoms of Nature,** in accord with the receipe of the original compound, and modern improvements thereon, which the Cherokee Indians have used for centuries in ensuring for themselves the extraordinary growth of hair for which they are noted. While trading in their territory Mr. Brittain, who was bald, **got a completely new hair growth.** Later he secured the formula, and has since put Kotalko on sale.

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Kotalko, for hair growth, is on sale at busy chemists and stores everywhere, or in wholesale quantities from: C. E. Gardner & Co., Ltd., Port Elizabeth; Heynes, Mathew & Co., Cape Town; Flemings Chemists, Ltd. and The Transvaal Drug Co., Ltd., Johannesburg; Macdonald, Adams & Co., Ltd., Johannesburg; Stranach & Williams, and S.A. Drug Houses, Durban; Sive Bros. & Karnovsky, Johannesburg and Durban; Petersen & Co., Cape Town; Turner & Co., Pietermaritzburg; and Lennon's, Ltd., Cape Town, etc., etc.

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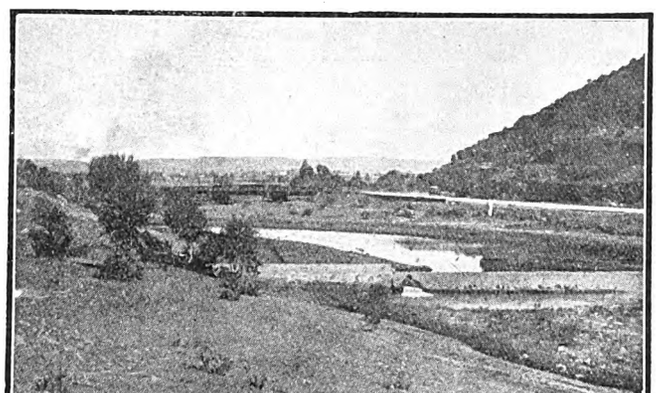
MOTORING AND MOTOR-CYCLING.

By "WIRE WHEEL."

Cape to Cairo Motor Expedition

Major Court-Treatt, who is in charge of an expedition which will endeavour to chart a road route from Cape Town to Cairo, arrived by the *Windsor Castle* on Monday, accompanied by his wife, a cinematographer and an English newspaper representative. The cars which will be used are Crossleys, and their hoods have been specially made for use as ponts when crossing the many rivers which will be encountered in the 14,000-miles journey. It will probably take the expedition, if successful, some nine months to traverse the route. The first stage will commence from Cape Town to Kimberley, *viâ* Bloemfontein to Johannesburg, and the expedition is expected to arrive on the Rand



No. 5. CAN YOU PLACE THIS PICTURE?
To the writer of the first letter opened containing the correct name of the above picturesque spot WIRE WHEEL offers a prize to the value of half-a-guinea. No letter will be opened until midday, September 22.

on Monday or Tuesday next. Major Court-Treatt is well-known in Johannesburg, and his present undertaking is sure to raise the enthusiasm of his many friends, who will be present to witness his arrival on the first portion of his task.

Gladsome News.

Since last Wednesday motorists have enjoyed a two-penny drop in the price of petrol, which is joyful news, adding a few more miles to the mileage total at less cost. Still, with all that the price is far from being near the price in England, where drivers and riders crib at paying 1s. 5½d. per gallon. One must be thankful for small mercies, and a shilling a case less is more than welcome in these days of striving to make ends meet.

Facts About Overhead Valve Motors.

One has only to turn to the most successful motor manufacturers of to-day to realise the position of the superiority of overhead valves. Rolls-Royce, Hispano-Suiza, Napier "Lion" Aero engines and the Ailsa Craig marine motors. Scientifically the o.h.v. system affords the best conditions for perfect combustion of the gasses. The combustion chamber being spherical and having no side pockets for the valves, it can be machined all over and thus offers no rough surfaces for carbon deposits which cause so much inefficiency and trouble in the side-valve type of engine. In motor-cycles the latest trend is the o.h.v. camshaft, as yet in its infancy, which has proved immensely efficient but hardly as yet a standard equipment. Shortly, however, this system will be in use on nearly all first-class makes. One has but to turn to the record performances to note how more and more efficient the o.h.v. engines are becoming, and how manufacturers are overcoming the difficulties experienced in the initial stages.

The Swing of the Pendulum.

That American manufacturers will shortly ente competition in the light-weight (car and motor-cycle) is amply borne out by the fact that an American light-w car of unique design has been entered for the Junio Club's 200-miles race which takes place this Satu September 20, at Brooklands. More important is decision of the Indianapolis officials who have decided the famous 500-miles race in 1926 shall be confin engines of the 1½-litre class, *i.e.*, 1,500 c.c. For years the Indian Motocycle held premier position i heavy-weight class of motor-cycles, many features design being incorporated in some of the present-day weights. Following the trend of public opinion, I Motocycle engineers have designed a new single cy engine of 2¾ h.p. (350 c.c.), and it is announced b Johannesburg agents for the Indian that this machine shortly be available; due, in fact, to arrive about the of October. I hear also that the Harley-Davidson market a light-weight for 1925, but what its capacity be has not yet been divulged. The new-year models t fore promise well, and no doubt the Olympia Show bring forth innovations in English models embodying experiences gained in the T.T. races.

Outings and Competitions.

This Sunday, on the Alberton course, the Benoni District M.C.C. will hold a 2-lap (88 miles) Novice Hand Trial, commencing at 10 a.m. prompt.

The newly-formed Harley-Davidson M.C. will mee Consolidated Motors' Show-rooms at 8.30 a.m. for a r Blaauwbank, returning about 5 p.m.

Balloon Tyres for Motor-cycles.

It has been stated that at the next Olympia Sho be held in England certain makes of motor-cycles wi fitted with balloon tyres. The Indian Motocycle manu turers, however, are again in the lead. Messrs. Willi Hunt and Co. advise me that the 1925 models of the H. Indian Super-chief, which are due to arrive before Olympia Show opens, will be equipped with balloon ty On test, these tyres have been proved to add enormous the power of the Indian Super-chief.

We are requested by the Editor of *The New State*, Elizabeth, to state that a short story entitled "Diam Cut Diamond" which was published in THE SOUTH AFRI PICTORIAL of August 16, 1924, was originally published *The New State* (then *The Family Magazine*) in May, 19 The story was submitted to this paper in typescript by author of it, and accepted in good faith as a hith unpublished contribution. The writer of the story given an explanation of the incident which we h accepted.

A man named Goodspeed was fined £1 at Tottenh for exceeding the speed limit with a motor-car.

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STAGE & CINEMA.

VOL. XIX. No. 478.] SATURDAY, SEPTEMBER 27TH, 1924. (Registered at G.P.O. as a Newspaper.) PRICE 6D.

"THE RISING GENERATION."

"Have a 'Gasper'?" asks Winnie Entwistle, *one of the modern-flapper heroines of "The Rising Generation," a sparkling comedy in three acts from the Garrick Theatre, London, due for production at His Majesty's Theatre, Johannesburg, on October 13.*

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ON LOCATION.

By THOMAS MEIGHAN.

The following vivid description of the trials of motion-picture companies was written by Thomas Meighan during the filming of "The Alaskan," which is taken from the novel of the same name by James Oliver Curwood. The picture was made in Alaska, British Columbia and Alberta.

I THINK patience is the best asset to carry along on a location trip for the making of a motion-picture. One needs a very large store. Otherwise it will be exhausted in the first day or two. When a company goes on location, particularly if the journey takes it far away from the studio, it is cut off from the admirable organisation which makes production work run smoothly.

We went north to make "The Alaskan." The property man, the camera-men and the staff took everything which was needed except the most important thing, the sun.

That, apparently, was left in Hollywood.

On the trip north, we intended to make certain scenes on the ship. Day followed day with grey, lowering skies and enough sea running to make many of the party unhappy.

"Never mind," said Mr. Brenon, the producer. "We'll get the scenes returning."

For ten days, following our arrival on location, we experienced every variety of weather except good weather. It rained, hailed, snowed.

The sun came out for brief intervals, and then hid behind heavy clouds. Sometimes we remained in position for two or three hours waiting for twenty or thirty seconds' clear sunshine to play a little scene. When the sun appeared to be approaching an open spot the excitement was intense. The moment it drifted clear, we swung into our scene.

Frequently we would be only half way through it when the light would fail again and the whole effort was wasted. Sometimes when it was clear where we were working, the mountains in the background would be clouded. We had gone thousands of miles to secure the artistic beauty of those backgrounds, so we had to let the local sunshine pass and wait until it spread over both set and mountains.

We made our headquarters at a point where we were about an equal distance from the various locations chosen. The most distant was forty-five miles, with a two-thousand-foot climb at the end. From the summit of the mountain was a magnificent vista of snow-capped peaks. Below us was a sheer drop of over fifteen hundred feet.

In order that we might be on location when the sun was in the right quarter to light the whole of this wonderful background of mountain ranges, we had to leave camp at two o'clock in the morning, ride the forty-five miles and then climb our mountain.

We made this journey four successive mornings without securing the shots desired. Each day the sun rose beautifully. Before it was quite high enough to give the view its full value, dark clouds would form over the peaks and obscure the sky. Each day we waited until mid-afternoon and then returned to our headquarters. On the fifth day we secured the coveted shot. When I saw the tests, and realised their beauty, I felt the effort had been worth while.

This story was repeated over and over with other locations. Morning after morning we made long journeys prepared to go through our scenes. Night after night, worn out with the disheartening task of waiting for the sun which never came, we returned.

There is one thing I must say about these northern latitudes. When the sun does shine, the country is rarely beautiful. The forests, the vari-coloured rock strata of the mountains, the far view of river and lake and plain, are fascinating. Making "The Alaskan" taught me something of the love which northerners have for their country. The lights of smoky blue, orange, rose and amber which spread over snowfields in the setting sun were worth going far to see. In James Oliver Curwood's novel, *Alan Holt*, whose *rôle* I played, loved his country. I know why, now.

Lack of sunshine was by no means our only difficulty. We had mosquitos which drove us nearly frantic. Spots which Mr. Brenon picked for certain scenes, because the snow looked very well, became dry ground as fast as the snow could melt and escape. Where we didn't want snow, it fell in tons from the cliffs. We had a flood which swept away one of our sets, a construction camp, after we had made a few scenes there and needed some more to complete.

MR. THOMAS MEIGHAN,

"The most popular man in pictures," as *Richard Chester* in "The Bachelor Daddy," which will be shown at the Johannesburg Bijou next week.

The change of climate from Hollywood to the brisker airs of the north, combined with an entirely different type of outdoor work, proved too much for many members of the company, and we had a good deal of sickness which materially hampered production. Others, who stood the change very well, were bothered by the rarity of the air when we climbed seven or eight thousand feet above sea-level. Accustomed to ride in cars in Los Angeles, the long tramps we took played havoc with feet. The expedition gathered a painful collection of blisters which sometimes completely crippled the owners.

In a lesser way, we went through many of the hardships which the pioneers suffered when first they followed their stars into that hard but stirring land. It made us realise how glorious was the heritage which they handed down to their sons. The men of the north are a stern breed and one worthy of the strenuous land they have inherited.

When, once more in Hollywood, we saw the film in the studio projection-room, we realised how well worth while had been the effort. The north is a difficult land, but, like the gold-hunters who braved it years ago, we found treasure there which made our work worth while.

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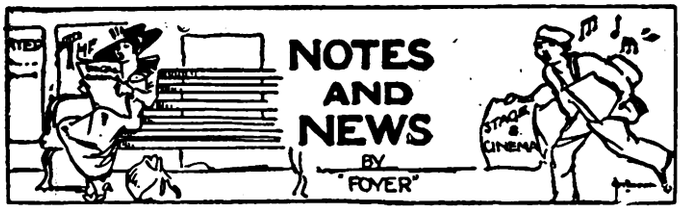

Theatre Crowd Sees Murder.

In the presence of a crowd of more than 500 home-going theatregoers, Louis Nudleman, aged 19, was shot and killed by three unidentified men in front of the Premier Theatre, New York. Intense excitement was caused by the incident, and the throng, which was just leaving the theatre, crowded back into the lobby until the three armed assailants had made good their escape. Detectives obtained descriptions of the three men who had been seen with Nudleman before the shooting. The four, the detectives learned, had left a Russian tea house near the theatre a short time before. Nudleman had been alone at the table when the three entered and called him to the street. He got out, and they started down the street together, apparently arguing heatedly. As they stepped to the sidewalk outside the theatre lobby all three drew revolvers and shot Nudleman. One bullet lodged in his stomach, one in his right arm, and one in his right leg. He dropped to the street and was dead before anyone approached him. The three, still brandishing their revolvers, ran up the street, while the crowd cowered in the lobby of the theatre. They jumped into a touring car, whose engine had apparently been left running and which started with a jolt and disappeared at high speed.

Barrie's New Play.

Sir James Barrie has written a new play—but the public will not be able to enjoy it, for it is for "home consumption" only. It is to be performed in Stanway Hall, near Evesham, which he has taken for a term from the Earl of Wemyss. The secret of the play is being well kept, but it was learned that it will be acted by the younger members of the house party he is entertaining and that it was written to relieve his young guests from the tedium caused by having to stay indoors so much in consequence of the wet weather.

ON A FLYING VISIT TO LONDON.

Mr. and Mrs. Rudolph Valentino photographed leaving the Hyde Park Hotel one morning in mail-week.

Topical Press photo.

Comedian's Attempted Suicide.

Mr. Dan Rolyat, the music-hall comedian, was found by a friend in his house in Brixton Hill, London, late on Saturday night in mail-week with a deep gash in his throat. He was removed to King's College Hospital in a serious condition. Lying on the floor of the room was a razor. For some time, it is stated, Mr. Rolyat had been worrying over matters connected with the music-hall.

"Saxophone English."

An earnest appeal to Americans, particularly New Yorkers, to cease murdering the English language was made by Professor Vancampen, a teacher of self-expression, in a lecture before the Rotary Club of New York. The professor described the language spoken in New York as "saxophone English," which was to pure English as taught at Oxford what jazz is to classical music. The hurried existence of Americans, he declared, causes them to express themselves in toots, squawks, and nasal tones, even their hands, feet, bodies, and eyes being used. "When a person remarks, 'Waja say?' 'Wacha got?' and calls a bird a 'boid,' it's about time something was done to save the language," he said, "or people living 200 years hence won't recognise words on the phonograph records of our period."

Actor as Chef.

Mr. Oscar Asche, the well-known actor, of "Chu Chin Chow" fame, is, unsuspected by the great majority of his admirers, an expert *chef*, and in the Old Cock Tavern, Fleet Street, London, one day recently, he entertained a number of business friends to lunch, cooking the meal himself. The lunch was cooked on the portable cooker which Mr. Asche has himself invented. This is an ingenious "box of tricks." Shut up, it looks like an ordinary chest such as seamen use, but is quite light and can be easily carried. Its main feature is that on one side is the cooking grid heated by methylated burners while on the other is a cold chest, the strange thing being that the ice does not melt despite the intense heat only a few inches away. "I used this cooker," said Mr. Asche, "during the whole of my tour in Australia, and found it completely successful in all conditions. Once I took it with me during a five-days' tour of the bush, and even at the end of that time the ice was quite fresh and had not melted." He explained that the cooker could be made in different sizes, and was suitable for cooking on a motor tour, in a yacht, or in a small flat where there was no kitchen. Evidently a believer in the old adage "Too many cooks spoil the broth," Mr. Asche had no assistance in preparing the meal. On two tables were spread out all the utensils and material for the different courses, and without even troubling to don an apron to protect his blue suit, Mr. Asche opened tins, chopped, mixed and whipped. Unlike many of his professional brethren, he did not wear a white cap. Mr. Asche used a glass casserole for the fish, and a stone one for the fillet of beef.

"The Green Goddess."

"The Green Goddess" finished its run at the St. James's Theatre, London, on Saturday, September 6—the anniversary of its first performance there.

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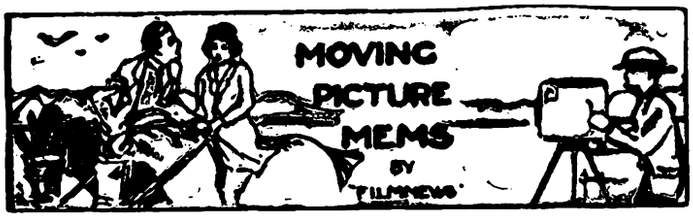

"Pyjama Parties" Divorce Case.

Leatrice Joy, the American film star, has filed a petition for divorce against her husband, John G. Gilbert. She charges him with habitual drunkenness, says the Los Angeles correspondent of *The New York Tribune* (quoted by the Central News). Nervousness caused by his conduct, and by approaching motherhood, prevented her from acting for the screen for months, she alleges. Miss Joy adds that she now has no money, while Gilbert is reported to be drawing £399 a week. A "pyjama-clad" stage party in the Gilbert home impelled the filing of the suit, Miss Joy declared. The Gilberts were married on March 3, 1922, and separated once before in June, 1923, because of similar merry-making. Miss Joy returned to her husband that time on his promise not to drink any more.

The Ideal Hero.

Miss Leatrice Joy's allegations against John Gilbert will come as a surprise to those who know him only as one of the screen's youngest and handsomest heroes. He is only 29, of Irish-Scots parentage, and was born in Utah. He had early experience of the stage, and went into films in 1915. His dark hair and strangely expressive dark-brown eyes made him an ideal hero, and his success became assured in his first big film, "Shame." He was the hero of "Monte Cristo," "While Paris Sleeps," "Cameo Kirby," and "St. Elmo." In 1918 he married a Miss Olivia Burrell. After being divorced he married Miss Joy in 1922.

Convent to Screen.

Miss Leatrice Joy is much better known in South Africa than her husband. She is a southern state beauty who was educated in a New Orleans convent. She went on the stage for eight months and became a film actress in 1917. After earning a rather precarious living in comedy films in New York, she went to California, where she played with Thomas Meighan in "The Bachelor Daddy" (to be shown at the Johannesburg Bijou next week) and in "Ladies Must Live," "Saturday Night," and "Manslaughter." One of her finest characterisations was that of the Manchu princess in "Java Head." She was the heroine of "The Ten Commandments." Recently she was seen here, with Lewis Stone and Nita Naldi, in the (apparently appropriately-named) film, "You Can't Fool Your Wife!"

The Girl on Page Nine.

Miss Renée Adorée, a cinema actress whose name is known to most picturegoers, although it is not often that she is seen in South Africa, is "featured" as *Hester Taylor* in a Universal drama entitled "The Six-Fifty," which will be shown at the Carlton Theatre, Johannesburg, during the second half of next week.

A Quick "Release."

One of the quickest "releases" of a photoplay produced overseas that South Africa has ever known was that of the British-made "Claude Duval" film, shown at the Carlton Theatre, Johannesburg, this week. The picture was only "released" in London in mail-week (when it was shown at the Marble Arch Pavilion), so that its "release" here was practically as prompt as that of one of the weekly topical news-films. Young and old should find "Claude Duval" attractive. The famous gallant of the road is played by Nigel Barrie, with Fay Compton as the heroine.

How Stars Make Fortunes.

How do film stars make their fortunes? By playing for the films, you will say. You are wrong. Much of their money comes from what they call "real estate"—buying a piece of Hollywood, putting up a cottage and then selling it at a good profit? There is plenty of room for development in Hollywood, and the value of the land goes up by leaps and bounds. Of course it is by playing for the films that they acquire sufficient capital to be able to indulge in this form of speculation.

WELCOMED HOME BY "CHARLIE."
Douglas Fairbanks and Mary Pickford arrive at their home in Beverly Hills, Hollywood, California, after travelling for six months and covering 20,000 miles across eleven different countries: Charlie Chaplin welcomes them.
Topical Press photo.

£1,000,000 Film Deal.

Another important film development in the United States is disclosed. Mr. William Fox, president of the Fox Film Corporation, has formed a new company with a capital of £1,000,000, with the object of adapting to the screen all of the plays presented by Mr. John Golden, the well-known producer, on the stage. Mr. Will Hays, the *ex*-Postmaster-General of the United States, "head" of the film industry in that country, was present at the signing of the agreement, and gave his official approval. A feature of the deal was that on completion of the arrangement a preliminary cash payment of £250,000 was made by Mr. Fox to Mr. Golden. Another interesting detail is the arrangement whereby each of the plays will be supervised throughout the whole process of their adaptation by the famous theatrical producer himself. Some of the plays will be filmed in countries other than the United States. In as many instances as possible the original stage casts will be engaged for the film versions.

New Dog Star.

There is a new dog star—Peter the Great. Like Rin-Tin-Tin and Strongheart, he is a wolfhound. He is starred in "The Silent Accuser," a new Metro-Goldwyn film.

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Municipal Music.

The latest news regarding Johannesburg's Municipal music is that there is some possibility of Mr. John Connell's period of office being extended for another six months on terms and conditions laid down. What these terms and conditions are have not yet been given to the public, but in any case the matter does not seem to be of any great consequence so far as the Town's music is concerned. It is also stated that there was a rumour of Mr. Theo. Wendt taking over the control of Municipal music, and that the office of Town Organist would be abolished, the organ recitals of the future to be allocated to the various organists of the Town by the Municipal Music Director. This suggestion is about on a par with the usual attitude of Municipal bodies towards the question of public music. One can only wonder how the suggestion appeals to Mr. Wendt, and whether he can raise any enthusiasm over the prospect of filling the position of Musical Director with no music to direct. In past years, when many members of the Johannesburg musical community were keenly anxious to see the establishment of a Johannesburg orchestra, the greatest opposition came from the Municipality, despite the fact that at that time musical conditions in South Africa were favourable to such a step. Those who were then concerned in the matter knew that sooner or later, with a local orchestra functioning on the Rand, financial considerations would arise that would have paved the way for an amalgamation of South African orchestral resources, making possible the eventual formation of a national orchestra, which, it was thought, would have solved the whole question of public music to the entire satisfaction of the various big centres of the Union. The advent, however, of the Durban Orchestra made the ultimate object rather a remote one, but it resulted in leaving the Rand area open to visits from two orchestras, the Cape Town and the Durban. Two orchestral seasons each year on the Rand are still easily possible, and for these the Municipality need only offer a comparatively small guarantee to meet the wishes of those who have a leaning towards that kind of musical performance. The conditions still prevail, so that the question of local orchestral music is one that seems to be quite easy of solution.

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The Overseas Scholarship.

The musical community of the Rand will wholeheartedly offer sincere congratulations to Miss Betsy de la Porte, who was awarded the Overseas Scholarship of the University of South Africa at the recent University examinations. That she must have worked conscientiously for such a brilliant success can be assumed, for the standard of attainment looked for in the final selection is high, and she was in competition with other candidates who could claim exceptional musical gifts reinforced by long and sound musical training. In every case where this highly-coveted scholarship is given to a vocalist there results a feeling of keen disappointment, and sometimes also of dissatisfaction, among the instrumental candidates. It is contended that the amount of preparation in the case of the instrumentalist is far greater and of much wider musical scope than the work necessary for the singer, making it difficult to grasp quite how comparative assessments are arrived at in making the final selection. This view of the University Scholarship question has been advanced for years past, and it seems that the difficulty, which never fails to create a sense of wrong in the minds of those directly concerned, might be overcome by making the scholarship available for vocalists in alternate, or perhaps, in every third year, thus ensuring that instrumentalists will compete only with instrumentalists. However, I offer heartiest congratulations to Mrs. Hodgson-Palmer, the value of whose efforts are reflected in the success that has been achieved by Miss de la Porte.

Students' Concert.

The full programme to be given by the pupils of Mr. Horace Barton and Mr. Max Weinbrenn in the Selborne Hall on Wednesday evening, October 15, is as follows: Quintette: *Op.* 44, First Movement (Schumann)—Harry Hofmeyr, George Moss, Andrew Kruger, Borman Sack and Henry Sack. Pianoforte: Sonata in F-sharp minor, First Movement (Brahms)—Gertrude Freitag. Violin: Concerto, *Op.* 64 First Movement (Mendelssohn)—George Moss. Pianoforte: (a) "*Legende*," *Op.* 8, No. 1; (b) "*Cosaque Fantastique*," *Op.* 12, No. 6. (Stojowski)—Annie Taylor. Violin: "*Ballade and Polonaise*," *Op.* 8. (Vieuxtemps)—Cecilia Schatz. Pianoforte and Violin: Sonata in C minor, First Movement (Grieg)—Bessie and Sarah Joffe. Violin: "*Danse Tzigane*" (Nachez)—David Taylor. Trio: No. 5 in G major (Hadyn)—Zena and Cecilia Schatz and Henry Sack. Trio: No. 3 in C minor, First Movement (Beethoven) — Hubert Gorvett, Borman and Henry Sack. Violin: Concerto, *Op.* 2, First Movement (Spohr)—Sarah Joffe. Pianoforte: "*Serenade Espagnole*," (Balakirew)—Bessie Clymo. Violin: Concerto in G minor (Bruch)—Borman Sack. Pianoforte: 11th. Rhapsody (Liszt)—Ida Moss. Quartette: First Movement (Rheinberger)—Bessie and Sarah Joffe, Borman and Henry Sack.

Gregorio Halevy.

On Monday a special vocal attraction will figure on the programme of the Orpheum Theatre. This is Gregorio Halevy, described as a Russian-Italian operatic singer. He is a tenor with wide operatic and concert experience, his recent recital in London calling for high praise. One critic says of him: "The voice has the right *timbre*, his intonation is above suspicion, and there is no trace of *vibrato*, the bane of so many singers. He is an operatic singer *par excellence*. He gives to his interpretation of some Italian songs just the right sort of zest, eagerness and lyrical ardour." A Cape Town writer commenting on M. Halevy's singing, says very truly: "Nowadays it seems that one has to go to the music-hall to hear good singers. The concert platform may attract the serious music student in the beginning, but the music-hall, with its better salaries and more genial atmosphere, inevitably tempts them in the end. Halevy is a typical exponent of the rich and gorgeous style of Italian singing."

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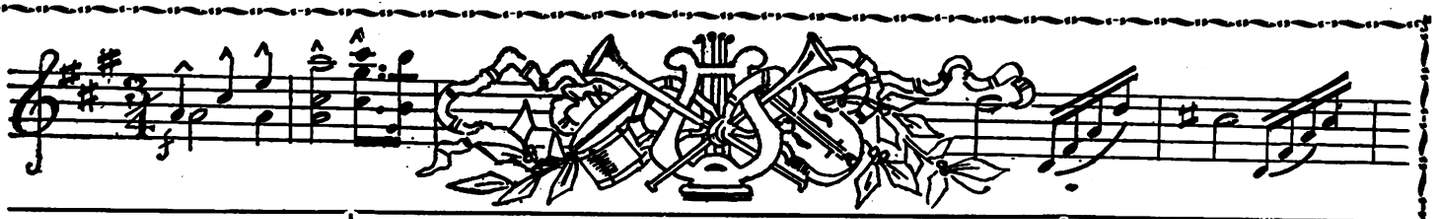

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In the Bright Lights.

EMPIRE PALACE.

"LITTLE NELLY KELLY'S" GOOD DEED: A SINGING CONTEST NEXT WEEK.

WHAT a popular young person *Little Nellie Kelly* is, to be sure! A definition of her? You want it because "the boys are all mad about Nellie"? well, a *soupçon* of dash, a mop of golden hair, a winsome smile, a——well, all that goes to make up a very attractive young lady, and perhaps you are a better judge of that than I am.

She is a sympathetic young woman, too. Let me tell you about it. Last Friday afternoon, by kind permission of the African Theatres, the Revue company went out to the Chronic Sick Home at Rietfontein and gave a concert. There was *Nellie* and her boys, Miss Jean Andrews, Mr. Victor Crawford and his *posse* of police, and Mr. Hal Gordon and Miss Bertha Ricardo, who "danced their worries away." Mr. Lawrence Halbert was there and sang delightfully, and so did Mr. Justus Gerrard. Mr. Gordon James was responsible for "You remind me of my mother," Mr. Jess Sweet, busy looking for clues, gave a song and dance, and Miss Vivien Talleur, Miss Vera van Rij and Mr. Jess Sweet danced "Pierrot's Romance" while Miss Jean Andrews sang "The Broken-hearted Melody." Mr. Jack Parry stage-managed and sang as well, and Mr. Dave Foote accompanied everyone. Mr. Philip D. Levard and Mr. John Isaacs organised the concert, and in connection with it Mrs. Rothkugel would like to thank most sincerely the Rand Mines (through Mr. E. G. Izod), the Co-Operative Exchange Yard (through Mr. H. A. Reid), the Johannesburg Consolidated Investment Co. (Mr. Crosby), the Chamber of Mines (Mr. Gemmill), the S.A. Bookmakers' Association, and Messrs. Arthur Youlden, N. Gregory and D. Lyons for so kindly lending cars to take the artists out.

So "Little Nelly Kelly" was a Girl Guide and did her good deed, and the patients just loved every minute of it. Mr. Hill (who is blind) and Mr. Freeman thanked them and wished them luck.

Crowded houses are the rule at the Empire, and it is not in the least swank on the part of the management when they advise booking ahead; it is care for their patrons, whom they hate to disappoint. From beginning to end the show is delightful, whether you are looking at the big hall in the opening scene, with its gold walls, its paintings, the suits of armour and its attractive inmates who simply dance through life; whether you are in the corridor of The Seasons, listening to Miss Jean Andrews, in such a wonderful gown, singing "Beautiful Faces;" or whether you are in the romantic atmosphere of the Rose Garden, watching the Dance of the Pierrot—such a bewildering kaleidoscope of colour. So we go again and again, and each time one visits the Empire there are familiar faces to be seen, proving that the little lady has many friends.

Monday was Victor Crawford's birthday, and when they called for three cheers for him on the stage he looked quite bashful—if a policeman, and a New York policeman at that, *can* look bashful.

A singing competition is to be held in conjunction with next week's two matinée performances. Children will compete in the singing of the many popular chorus numbers. The preliminaries will take place on Wednesday afternoon, and the finals at the Saturday matinée. Attractive prizes will be presented to the winning competitors.

All the chorus numbers of the revue will also be flashed on the screen at the evening performances next week, and the public invited to join in. There is little fear that the invitation will fall on deaf ears—the choruses of "Little Nellie Kelly" are irresistible.

ELAINE.

How little I realised when I was paying Mr. Bernard Shaw £2 10s. a week what a terrific Frankenstein I was making.—*Mr. T. P. O'Connor.*

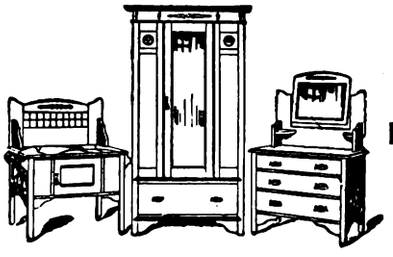
HIS MAJESTY'S THEATRE.

"BLUEBEARD'S EIGHTH WIFE": BRILLIANT, WITTY AND DARING

"HENRY VIII. of England had six wives, and he was some king," but *John Brown*, millionaire, of Boston, went two better and had eight. One wife died and six were divorced, but the eighth, the daughter of a French marquis, proved a match for him. She smiled at his tempers, provoked him by her assumed indifference, and intrigued him with all sorts of feminine guiles. She pretended to have a lover, and went so far as to persuade a very harmless young man to wear her pyjamas and occupy her bed, so as to arouse the jealousy of her "*Bluebeard*" of a husband, with the result that *John Brown*, once the most susceptible of men, becomes the devoted slave of his clever and charming wife.

Mr. Arthur Wimperis, who adapted "Bluebeard's Eighth Wife" from the French of M. Alfred Savoir, has done brilliant work. The dialogue is witty and sparkling and brimming with humour, and skates over thin ice with consummate skill. In the third act a delicate situation is handled with much art and a good deal of daring.

Mr. Thurston Hall as "*Bluebeard*" *Brown* plays with all the skill of a very fine actor, and gives cleverly contrastive pictures of the several phases of the millionaire's character that the action of the play brings to light. Miss Zillah Bateman makes a great success of the subtle part of the wife. Clever work is done by Mr. Patrick Ludlow as *Count Hubert de Linancourt* and Miss Gladys Webster as *Miss George*, and the other members of the cast also contribute to the undoubted success of the production (which is by Mr. Joseph R. Cunningham). Undoubtedly His Majesty's Theatre has found a winner in "Bluebeard's Eighth Wife."



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A CAPE TOWN CHRONICLE

BY 'BEACHCOMBER'

CAPE TOWN, Monday.

The Music-Hall Lure.

It is strange how even the most hardened threatre-goer will hark back to the music-hall for real amusement. Say what you will, pose as a superior devotee of the drama of ideas, there is nothing to equal the varied variety of a music-hall for the jaded civilised minds we possess. We of this generation can thrill to the memory of nights at the old Empire in Leicester Square, where Whit Cunliffe, Ethel Levey, Cinquevalli, George Robey and at least three other modern "stars" would all be lumped indiscriminately in the same programme and give the audience an excellent show, suiting their mood to the sober state of the loudly-applauding stalls.

A Fine Programme.

I am inclined to write in this strain because variety and the music-hall is being discussed in many circles in Cape Town this week. It was due, in the first place, to the appearance on the same bill of Vernon Watson and Jennie Hartley. Here are two music-hall performers who reveal in the subtlety of their craft that the work of the music-hall artist who wishes to achieve success calls for more sheer ability than you find in the average actor on the legitimate stage. (That word "legitimate" is always intriguing when used by theatrical folk. It seems to infer that the other drama, the other stage, is not quite all it should be). Vernon Watson I saw for the fourth—or was it the fifth?—time when he was making his farewell appearance. The audience showed that it can welcome the art, the subtle art, of the impersonator as warmly as it welcomes the usual knockabout comedians. Vernon Watson made his farewell memorable.

The Veterans of Variety.

But there is another reason why Cape Town is discussing variety and the music-hall this week. This morning there arrived by the mail-boat "The Veterans of Variety," who will make their first appearance in South Africa at the Tivoli this week. The Veterans include Leo Dryden, Charles Lee, Jake Friedman, Lily Burnand, Frank Leo, Arthur Slater and Sable Fern. This is the beginning of a world tour which will keep them away from England for at least a year and possibly for two years. I have heard it said that "Veterans of Variety" is rather a fatal title for any group of music-hall artists to tour under. "The music-hall wants jazz and the fever of syncopation," said a friend to me the other day. But he was forgetting that the music-hall has a tradition, an historic sense, which will outlive even jazz. The man who sits quietly smoking his pipe in the stalls at the music-hall is not a newcomer who has been lured away from the dance-hall or the cinema. He is the man whose memories of the music-hall probably go back to the cheery parlour of a public-house where a chairman hammered loudly on a table before introducing the next singer and calling for more drinks. He remembers the old favourites of the halls quite well. No one grows old in "the profession." Certainly the little group that arrived by mail-boat to-day were sprightly enough at the beginning of their great adventure.

Cape-to-Cairo Adventure.

Another group of adventurers are now journeying north in motor-cars. They are Major Court-Treatt, his wife, Mr. T. A. Glover, a cinematographer, and Mr. F. C. Law, a newspaper correspondent. With two Crossley cars they are making a dash to Cairo, and if they succeed it will mean that this little party has accomplished what others have tried and failed at. Mr. Errol Hinds, brother of Mrs. Court-Treatt, will join the expedition at Johannesburg. For the past six months intensive preparations have been going on in readiness for the expedition, and all along the route from one end of the African Continent to the other, dumps of food and petrol have been built. "In fact at this moment," said Major Court-Treatt to me, "a camel caravan is probably making its way over the desert in the Sudan carrying supplies which will be picked up by us."

Major Court-Treatt.

Major Court-Treatt is no stranger to Johannesburg. He was in command of one of the parties which completed the section of the Cape-to-Cairo railway which ends at Tanganyika. He is said to be "blood brother" to several of the tribes, and will have access to rites and ceremonies usually not performed in the presence of white people. These will be best observed in the great forest country populated by the old fighting race of the Aivemba, and here the expedition has been promised an elephant hunt by natives on foot with spears and axes. Mrs. Court-Treatt is to write a book of her impressions as the first white woman to venture among the lesser known African tribes, and will describe her association with the women of the interior and their reception of her.

The Last Test.

The last Rugby Test match between Britain and South Africa was a crowded, eventful affair, similar to that in Johannesburg some weeks ago. For weeks beforehand every available seat in the stands was booked up, and ten days before the match the last seat was snapped up by a buyer. Despairing advertisements appeared in the newspapers offering to buy seats for two pounds and upwards. One of the largest crowds that ever assembled in the Cape managed to squeeze itself into the confines of Newlands, and cheered itself hoarse over the fluctuating fortunes of the game, which, as everyone knows, was won by South Africa by 16 points to 9.

Professor Kent.

A little volume has appeared on the book-stalls this week in Cape Town which has a melancholy interest for many of those intellectuals and bohemians who circle together at the Owl Club. It is entitled "Essays and Improvisations" by Professor T. P. Kent, and contains little essays, some of them brilliant, most of them with a strong vein of humour. Professor T. P. Kent was one of those jolly learned men who would be found at every social gathering in Cape Town. The Owl Club, the Repertory Society and at least a dozen other little societies knew him well, knew that he could always be called upon for a speech and was ready to propose the health of anyone. His death last year was a distinct loss to Cape Town social life. But in this little volume "Essays and Improvisations," published by Hortors Ltd., the social humourist speaks again.

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JOHANNESBURG, Tuesday afternoon.

IT looks as if the public had become tired of keeping funds in the bank and waiting for a lower range of prices; at any rate, there has been considerable buying of the better-class investment shares during the past week.

Modder Deeps have put on 1s. 6d. at 44s. 3d., while "Modders" themselves have improved from 73s. 6d. to 76s. buyers last night, but are a trifle easier at 75s. 6d.-75s. 9d. on High 'Change. The annual report is due in a day or two. The aggregate ore-reserve has been maintained at over nine million tons, but there has been a drop of about a quarter of a dwt. in the value, due to the re-valuation of certain blocks. During the year a million and three-quarter tons were opened up, with a value in excess of the average of the reserves. No Government Areas are obtainable under $6\frac{3}{4}$, at which price they are being readily absorbed in view of the expected expansion of the crushing capacity next year.

Brakpans and Geduldes are also livelier at 66s. and 63s. 6d. respectively. Reports of distinctly better values in development have created a demand for Modder B. up to 27s. 6d. Van Ryn Deeps are 68s. buyers, the best quotation for some time past, and a rise of half-a-crown on the week.

Among Central Rand descriptions, City Deeps take foremost place, having been largely dealt in up to 66s. 6d., a rise of about three shillings. They thus leave Crowns, at 54s. 3d.-54s. 9d., far behind. Do you remember that for weeks both shares scarcely varied from 60s.?

Witwatersrands at 17s. 6d. and Wit. Deeps at sixpence under the sovereign, are both better, curiously enough, on a morning when attention is directed to the waning gold premium—a vital matter to the mines of the district in which these properties are situate—by the announcement that there would be no wage bonus for September. West Springs have improved to 26s. 6d. on official denial of various bearish rumours, coupled with the announcement of excellent development results. Randfonteins are in better demand at 19s. 3d.

Coronation Syndicates dropped a shilling to 2s. 9d. on the announcement that the reef was much faulted and shattered where passed through in the shaft, which has now reached 1,050 feet, at which point sinking has been stopped. The proposal now is to cross-cut and drive on the reef, so as to investigate values away from the zone of disturbance. The formation in the shaft is being closely re-examined and opened at points where pebble bands are exposed, indicating reef occurrences. It may be explained that it is most difficult at times to locate the Randfontein leader, and it is on record that it has on more than one occasion been passed through in the Randfontein mines. Sir Harry Graumann, the managing director of the syndicate, has shown his faith in the ultimate promise of the venture by undertaking to advance funds to pay next year's rent, and will subscribe at least £10,000 in the provision of further funds which would in any event have been necessary for the prosecution of further development. The shares are now no better than 2s. 3d.

A GAME OF DRAUGHTS.

There were only two occupants of the railway compartment, and one, a surly fellow, had opened the window, despite the protests of his companion. At length the aggrieved traveller, thinking of a cute idea, removed himself to the other side of the carriage and threw open the window. The surly fellow shivered in the blast. "Here," he said truculently, "What's the game?" "This is draughts," replied the other sweetly, "and it's your move!"

FELLOW FEELING (HIS WAY HOME).

The light-hearted young clubman was tacking homeward at 2 a.m. full of good spirits. Coming to a large emporium, he glanced in at one of the windows and observed a large dummy figure bearing a card, "Reduced to 21s." "Poor old scout," murmured the sympathetic spectator, "all the same, I've been reduced to less'n that myself . . . manysh the time."

I should have liked to send Calvin for a long summer holiday with Rabelais.—*Sir Michael Sadler.*

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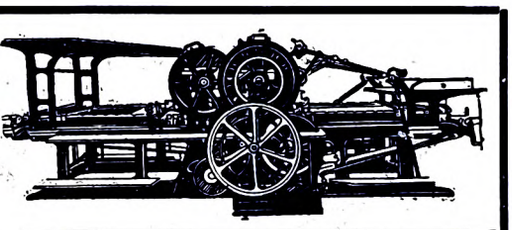

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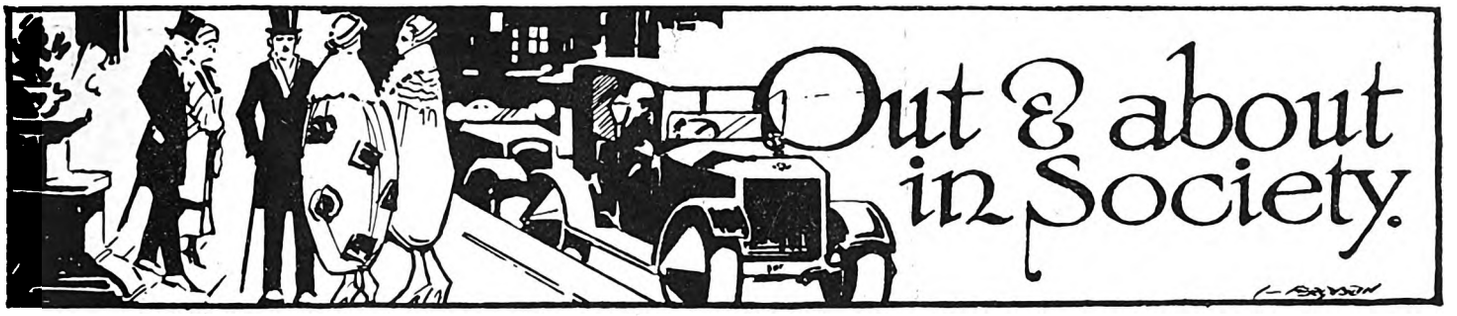

[*All invitations for dances, weddings, and other social functions, and all communications intended for these pages, should be addressed to The Lady Correspondent,* THE SOUTH AFRICAN PICTORIAL, *P.O. Box 1574, Johannesburg.*]

A Job for 600 Barbers.

What are writers going to do when bobbed hair goes out of fashion, as it gives signs of doing to-day? Will married men grow beards and "Beaver!" be the war-cry of the nations? Or will some learned medical man with letters after his name decide that the only hygienic thing is to wear no hair at all? I think the last straw is the one that breaks the camel's back; singular, but I believe some other great mind also thought of it! And from America comes news that 500 girls and 100 young women of Mooseheart have appealed to the Director-General of the Loyal Order of the Moose, Mr. James J. Davis, to allow them to have their hair bobbed or shingled. Following this tragic appeal—which, *entre nous*, shows that the Moose women are much better trained than those in our city who do not even trouble to ask their husbands, but come home shingled and blonde after leaving the same morning from their homes brunettes with long tresses—well, following on this tragic appeal, as I said, President W. S. Leidig, of the Chicago Journeymen's Barbers' Union, has offered to do it free of all charge. It will take six hundred barbers, they say, and if the usual price were charged would cost Mr. Davis £425 at to-day's rate of exchange. This gives statisticians a chance to reckon out how much per head they charge in America. The question is now: Will Mr. Davis allow his flock to be shingled?

A RAND-CAPE ENGAGEMENT.

Mr. Victor Rosenstein, of Johannesburg, and Miss Droomer, of Stellenbosch, whose engagement was recently announced.

Photo by Leon Levson.

A Tragic Story.

All this reminds me of a poem I read in *The Chicago Herald*, by George E. Phair. This is it:

The castle walls were strong and high
Beside the quiet vale.
The Princess pined with tearful eye—
She was in gaol.

A cruel Ogre kept her there,
An Ogre fierce and strong,
And so she wept in her despair
The whole day long.

There came a knight in armour bright,
A battler bold and bluff.
Alas! He could not climb the height
To do his stuff.

"Let down thy golden hair," he cried;
"Let down thy locks to me,
And I will clamber to thy side
And rescue thee."

Then did her spirit take a flop,
And hopelessly she sobbed:
"My hair is in the barber shop—
I've had it bobbed!"

Short Skirts at the Carlton.

Short skirts are coming in again—have come, in fact. At the Carlton Hotel—where by the way, among the latest arrivals are: Mr. and Mrs. Henderson (Rhodesia); Mr. W. A. Larmuth (Durban); the Hon. H. C. Hull (Cape Town); Mr. L. H. Wand (Bloemfontein); Mrs. and Miss Barnes (Kimberley); Mr. C. M. Beadon-Bayant (White River); Mr. W. H. Sharpe (Port Elizabeth); Mr. and Mrs. Barnett, and Mr. and Miss Morris (London).—As I was saying, at the Carlton Hotel on Friday evening at the *souper dansant* there were many beautiful gowns, and, worn by the women who had lately come out from England, the newest skirts. I noticed Mrs. Peter Kaplan in a wonderful blue gown which had velvet flowers in rose and yellow and deeper blue appliqued on and edged and embroidered in crystal beads. A full frill of the material was pleated on the hem of the skirt, and the corsage was high in front and cut in a much lower round at the back. The skirt was very short. Mrs. Harry Leatherman, who sat at the same table, also had the new short skirt to her smart white gown that was embroidered in lines of glistening beads. At the low waist was a straight full apron to just beyond the hips, and it was embroidered with crystals and a tracery of corals and edged with fur. A white camellia was worn on one shoulder. Mrs. Rosenthal had on a very smart black *moire* gown with a red flower on the shoulder. Miss Glenton's black gorgette skirt was cut in round petal points and was also short, and on one shoulder of the plain corsage a trail of lovely flowers hung nearly to the waist at the back. Mrs. Islip wore a *chic*, jade-green gown embossed in gold with a fall of the material at one side. Mr. Melrose was entertaining a party at which the ladies wore very pretty gowns. Mrs. Winslow had on a white frock with tiny quilting round the *batteau*-neck and laces to the skirt where a knot of blue ribbon had long ends. Mrs. Wood came in royal-blue *charmeuse*, and Mrs. Herbert Yates, of Germiston, was smart in rose and grey taffetas made with a full skirt and a rosette in the front. Miss Kitty Lee looked very charming in pale primrose edged with tiny ruchings and trimmed with rosettes of the same shade. Mrs. Bedell-Sivright had on a *chic vieux rose moire* gown with a jet *cabochon* and long ends gathering the draperies at one side. Mrs. A. W. Menkins was elegant in rose and gold brocade over rose taffetas, the skirt ruched to one side forming a *flair* of the material. Mr. Theo. Wendt was among the dancers; also Mr. and Mrs. L. Japhet, Mrs. Japhet in a rose and black

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gown beautifully embroidered. Mrs. Hickman came in slate-blue embroidered in crystals and corals, the overskirt having an edging of fur. Mrs. E. Marks was very charming in a lovely white georgette gown made with two tiers to the tight skirt and a white camellia on the shoulder of the corsage that had two wing draperies at the back. Miss Olive Jackson came in a smart black gown, and Miss Betty Preece wore blue and silver taffetas made with two full side-panels and underskirt of silver laces that showed in the front and back. Miss Tony Carlin had on a pretty white gown that was patterned in flowers. Miss Renée Sutton wore a *chic* heliotrope gown made with a petal skirt and tight-fitting corsage and a *bandeau* of flowers on her hair. Mr. Trewin, Mr. T. Cullinan, Mr. L. Marks, Mr. N. O. Currie, Mr. Geo. Mack, Mr. Peter Kaplan, Mr. H. Leatherman, Mr. E. Marks, Mr. G. Joel, Mrs. A. Youldon and Mr. and Mrs. W. J. Gau were among the dancers. I saw Mrs. Victor Crawford in a lovely black jetted gown, and Miss Atmore in rose velvet edged with fur. She had come on from the Scientific and Technical Club dance which Mrs. Thurlow had arranged in aid of the *fête* at St. George's Home.

MISS DORA NATHAN,
The well-known Jewish actress, who is to produce, for the first time in South Africa, at the Standard Theatre, Johannesburg, next Tuesday evening, the Jewish comic operetta, "Every Woman's Desire."

At the Scientific Club.

I always like the decorations at the Club. The alcoves are now hung in blue with wide edging of yellow, and the lamp-shades are of blue, the larger ones made like umbrellas with rose and white lights under, and the side ones of darker blue fashioned on a Chinese design. Mrs. Thurlow, assisted by Mesdames Wartenweiler, C. R. Thompson, Duff, Younger, Robins, Blaine, Melville and the Misses Cullen and Solomon, organised the dance, which was most enjoyable. Mrs. Thurlow wore a handsome black gown made with a square *décolleté*. Lady Lister, who came with Sir Spencer Lister, had on gold fine laces under rust-coloured georgette banded in flowers at the waist. Mrs. Wartenweiler had on a smart powder-blue gown made with tiny tucks and a *diamant* ornament at the side. Mrs. W. J. Gau wore mauve brocades with ostrich feathers at one side. Mrs. (Councillor) White, of Germiston, had on a pretty black gown, and Miss van Alphen looked charming in pale blue with a lace *berthe* and a plaited belt of the *crêpe-de-chine*. Miss Thompson had on brocade in oriental shades. Miss Ina Cullinan wore blue and silver, and Mrs. Geo. Lindsay came in jade-green georgette with a swathed belt of georgette fastened in front in Egyptian style. The gown was embroidered in silver beads. Mr. N. P. Everitt, Dr. and Mrs. Martin, Mr. Wartenweiler and Mr. Arthur Youldon were also among the dancers. The ice-block had been requisitioned again, and amid electric lights and ferns kept the room cool.

Postal Services Dance.

The same evening also the Rand Postal Services Club gave a very enjoyable dance in the Selborne Hall which was very well attended. Miss Heath, the chairlady, came in a smart primrose gown made with tiny frills edged with *picot* and at the waist a knot of pale blue ribbons. Miss Goldrich, the hony. secretary, wore a handsome black gown with oriental embroideries and a corsage posy. Mr. Ballenden, the Postmaster, brought his daughter in a charming pale frock. Mrs. Turnbull, whose husband made a very efficient D.C., was elegant in white georgette embroidered in crystal beads, and her young daughter had on a pretty pink gown with deep hem of silver laces and a Buster-bow at the back. Mrs. Edward Canale was *chic* in black with the uneven hem and at one side the draperies caught together with a large cluster of wall-flowers. Mr. Hadaway was present. Miss Godfrey wore pale heliotrope

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broche with a girdle of flowers in a deeper shade, and looked very dainty. Mrs. Gloag wore a white gown with wide georgette sleeves that merged into side-falls on the skirt. Miss O'Connor had on a handsome brown *crêpe-de-chine* frock, and Miss Milburn came in green and grey taffetas with ostrich-feather trimming in a darker shade. Miss Battye was in green. Miss McKenna had ostrich-feather trimming on her green gown, and Miss Zolster came in black and orange.

A Little Gossip About Clothes.

Just before we finish let us have a little gossip about clothes, sah, shall we? So satisfying! This will be a sad, sad season for many, for the day of the home-made dress is over. Unless you are very expert indeed you cannot follow the vagaries of Dame Fashion. For example, to be right in the running you must wear straight bodices. That is easy, *but*, your skirt must be flounced and edged with extravagant embroideries, or it must be very severe and very short and tight. The necks have, most of them, high, tight collars, and gowns will be buttoned up the back. Yellow, ivory, sulpher, fawn, old rose, and all the delicate shades are going to be the thing, and of course black and white. Beaded frocks are still in fashion, but are more wonderfully beaded than ever. Now I want to tell you all about Peter Forrest and his ideas on gowns.

A PORT ELIZABETH PIANIST.

Miss Queenie Israelstam, whose work as a pianist and accompanist is well-known on the concert platform at Port Elizabeth.

CARRIE.

JAZZING UP EVE.

MAN AND THE MANNEQUINS IN THE FASHIONABLE SALONS OF PARIS.

HAVE you ever read any of Peter Forrest's articles in *The Sunday Herald?* I have just found a beauty about "Man and the *Mannequins*" and I am sure you will appreciate it, so here you are. This is what Peter found behind the scenes in the Fashion Haunts of Paris. Of course they were getting ready for the winter, but still there is much to learn from them:

"What a darling!" breathed Beryl in my ear.

"Isn't she!" I concurred rapturously.

Beryl gave me a cold glance. "I meant the frock," she muttered frostily. Her slim shoulder switched away from close proximity. Once more she was remote, lost in contemplation of the last word in dance frocks.

We sat on small gilt chairs in the exotic *salon* with its orchid-coloured walls and soft lights attuned to flatter frocks and complexions. The place was full of delicate perfume, subdued chatter, quiet music and the indescribable electric thrill of excited expectation.

The fashion *defile* was on. In town we call them parades. But this was Paris. Period: 1924. Summertime, in short—according to the calendar. And the great *couturier* was busy showing his winter fashions.

Couturiers, you will perceive, get up very early in the morning in the jazz age. All last spring they were busy thinking out, with ice-packed brows, and pigeon-holing away the cold weather fashions which are now parading before breathless Eve; and when autumn comes along they will be getting inspirations for the hot weather. They believe in catching time by the shingled forelock, do monarchs of the mode.

Dazzling Mannequins.

Beryl had dragged me along. Glancing rapidly through a sheaf of ornate white cards, beautifully engraved, she had thrown out the casual suggestion: "Care to come along with me and see Lucien Lelong's act?"

"Love to," I had replied, sensing something new in the way of a song and dance act at the somewhat unusual hour of 3.30 p.m. Possibly a rehearsal affair behind the scenes, I thought. I like behind-the-scenes affairs.

And so I found myself in the very heart of Woman's intimate world. But I was not the only man there. Most of the Eves—looking on with all their eyes—had forced, tricked or cajoled Adams to accompany them.

It was, I discovered, the *Grande Semaine* of the displays of winter fashions. The scene in the great Lucien's *salon* had its counterpart in half-a-dozen other celebrated *salons* that very afternoon. As many as a dozen shows were being staged daily in Paris. Patou, Beshoff, Worth, Jean Magin, Rodier, Beer, Chanel, Redfern, Caret, the ineffable Poiret, have all suddenly opened up on the intriguing mysteries of the winter mode.

A beautiful brunette, whose night-black hair shone as glossy as the coat of a groomed thoroughbred at a horse show, flaunted past in an orchidaceous gown that outside

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this intimate little *salon* in the heart of the Gay City would have been considered a trifle—well, don't you know?

Personally, I thought it superb. Not even a ribbon strap to mar the dazzling shoulder; there were wide, filmy sleeves, true; but they began at the elbow, were transparent, and had no connection whatever with the gown.

"H'm, passable," murmured Beryl, who does not move in theatrical, *cabaret* or *demi-monde* circles, where a frock like that would have knocked 'em all sideways. Probably it would be snapped up by a movie star, or the young wife of a U.S.A. millionaire.

Princesses to Stage Stars.

A slim blonde in a shimmering sheath stepped out, and came lounging down the priceless Aubusson carpet. It was Y, the famous *mannequin*, whose hair style, walk and make-up are anxiously discussed and copied by princesses, duchesses, stars of the theatre and the film, and other

SOUTH AFRICANS IN THE WEMBLEY PAGEANT.

The Misses Vivienne and Marjorie Royston, of Natal, and Mr. Kim Milward Oliver, who took part in the Empire Pageant at Wembley Exhibition in the incident depicting the landing of the 1820 Settlers at Algoa Bay.

Topical Press photo.

women moving in the highest and haughtiest circles, who otherwise have no use for Y, born in an attic in the Latin Quarter, and from the birth point of view of no account.

All the women, thin, fat, young, old, plebeian and patrician, clumsy new-rich from U.S.A. cities and graceful aristocrats from stately English ancestral homes, stared at Y, and probably wished they could wear clothes like that.

Then Beryl took another sip of the fragrant China tea which the generous *couturier*, hopeful of selling her a few models at anything from 3,000 to 10,000 *francs* apiece, had provided *ad lib.*, with little nibble biscuits to match the pink of the cups, and carried me off to dance at the Pre Catalan.

From her abstracted look I fancy she will be doing her bit to keep one *couturier*, at any rate, off the Paris rates.

I had a talk later on with one bearded fashion creator in his bizarre little den, decorated with jazz drawings and fuzzy-haired dolls with long, attenuated limbs, and queer mascots.

Skirts are Short.

He spoke of the "aerial grace" of chiffon, of skirts which "flared," of "floating wings" of tulle. He spoke of the "circular *motif*." And presently he spoke with sly shrewdness of the psychology of Woman. "All my skirts are short." he enthused.

He had a beautiful car, with an English *chauffeur;* a lovely apartment in the most exclusive and expensive quarter, and one of those great country *chateaux* with spacious romantic parks, about a thousand rooms, and only one bathroom, that French nobles and magnates delight in.

The establishments of most of them are by no means magnificent. Take Beer, most unromantically named of the fashion masters. A dull, unimpressive building in the far corner of the Place Vendome. It might be a tax collector's office. But inside! Dreams of Sardanapalus, Cleopatra, Babylon, and Versailles under the "Grand Monarque!"

Or take that old house, built three centuries ago, and looking it, in the Rue d'Agnesseau. It might be anything but a temple devoted to the most cultivated worship of femininity, yet inside lurks Jean Magin, one of the greatest wizards of them all.

Up his grey-carpeted stairs some of the most elegant women in the world trip in an ecstasy of anticipation quite incomprehensible to Man. They slip from looking at frocks in the Chinese room with the lacquered lights to gaze at more frocks in the Japanese room, continue the passionate pleasure in a Directoire *salon* where the lights glow enticingly against gold walls, and maybe finish up choosing sports suits in the Scotch room against a background of green and gold plaid *écossais*.

Eve's Costly Craze.

In such interiors the most expensive tastes are stimulated and gratified. Lure piles upon lure, and my lady's bank balance dwindles as the bill grows longer.

This winter you must be sombre or peacocky to be *chic*. There is no medium. Lacquer red has gone out. It isn't bright enough. Crimson is the new colour note for really fashionable frocks. Research chemists are now working overtime in the great dye concerns trying to discover something to make a more daring colour splash still.

I asked one great *modiste* what is the general trend to be? He wrote down: "I am glad to be able to say that the beltless sac frock hanging straight from the shoulder and the long tunic are the outstanding features, with the skirt maintaining its present shortness."

So now you know. What would happen if by some amazing freak someone broke away, and had the sac frock hanging crooked from the shoulder, and lengthened up on the skirt, one dares not think. Probably Paris would have a fatal convulsion, and all the *couturiers* would simultaneously fall down dead.

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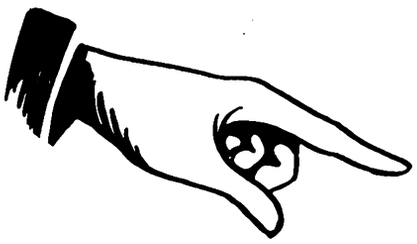

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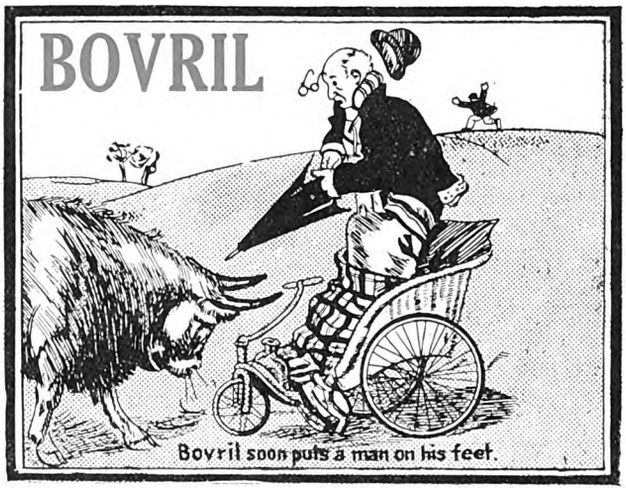

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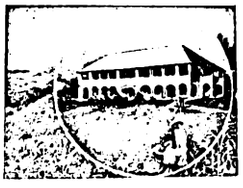

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THE SPRING HANDICAP.

Why Coast-Raced Horses Are in Better Form.

ANOTHER RACECOURSE LICENCE?

By "ONLOOKER."

THE long spell of dry weather has deprived the head-quarters course for the nonce of much of its attractiveness. The running-track has been top-dressed; likewise the enclosures, so that for last Saturday's meeting of the Pony and Galloway Club those assembled at Turffontein had wastes of sand confronting them, this being

In Marked Contrast

to the velvety-grassed open spaces *habitués* have been accustomed to. It will all come right again ere long. The rains have started at last, and many who have been sighing for wet weather overlooked the fact that the Transvaal rainy season seldom sets in before late September or the beginning of October.

* * *

The feature of the racing at Turffontein last Saturday was the success of runners just recently returned from Durban. One has repeatedly heard it advanced that horses coming from the coast do not produce true form until quartered a considerable time on the high *veld*. This notion was rudely dispelled. Happy Venture, only landed back from Durban on the Wednesday, won the Galloway and Pony Purse, and in this, the chief event of the day, Mr. Myers' filly was followed home by two others, Crafty Maid and Cherry Stick, very recently back from Natal. The star performer of the gathering, Mr. F. A. Langerman's Koodoo, was another that had been racing at Durban just the other day. Koodoo,

Backed Down to a Short Price,

very readily accounted for a big field in the Junior Galloway and Pony Plate over five furlongs. Later on the Paper Collar filly was saddled up for the Pony Plate, six furlongs, and, making light of a 14 lbs. penalty, bringing her weight to 8 st. 12 lbs., ran right away from the opposition. Koodoo had perhaps nothing much to beat, but the style in which she scored stamps her as a filly a cut above the ordinary. It can be allowed that seasoned condition had something to do with the successes of those from the coast. This was brought home to one when yet another with Durban racing to stand to it, Summertime, going out a hot favourite, led all the way over the mile in the last race.

* * *

It will be seen there was little left for the "stay-at-homes" to annex. Pomper, at odds on for the Pony Purse, one mile, failed badly. Three outsiders had the finish all to themselves, Mr. Passmore's Infanta scrambling home a head in advance of Coal Strike and Last Top, who equalised for second place. Sea Moment

Went Well for Six Furlongs,

but the big weight, 9 st. 5 lbs., anchored her towards the finish. Quite a number of those that took part in the Trial Plate were under silk for the first time. Of these, Hood, a neat three-year-old filly by Polystome, carrying Mr. M. Browse's colours, won easily from Rob Roy. First and second disputed favouritism.

* * *

The entries for the Johannesburg Spring Handicap, or, rather, the weight adjustments for the race, expose the poverty of the land as regards good-class horses available for racing. The country has probably never been worse off in this respect. What do we find? Of the 31 engaged in the forthcoming big race, 15 were assessed with under 7 st. And the best in the race have seen their best days. Fabaris, the top weight, 9 st., has only scored once in the last couple of years: he won a sprint event at Durban last July. This, the

Most Highly-estimated Horse

in the race, has, as a matter of fact, never been first in a race beyond six furlongs. No one of the three others handicaped with over 8 st., Fordwych, Collet and Flush of Dawn, have won a race since the season before last. A very long time has elapsed since either of the two last-named, now old mares, has annexed a stake. Others in the top half of the handicap that quite failed last season are Eunomea and Surprise Sauce. It appears fairly obvious that the supposed best of the horses in commission have become profitless; and their places have not been filled.

* * *

The chances are all against any one of the more heavily burdened candidates re-opening a winning account on October 4, the day for the decision of the Spring Handicap. We have not had rains (except in the last few days) on the high *veld* for months past, and

The Hard Ground,

it is safe to say, will have kept at all events the highly-thought-of horses idle. They cannot well be in condition to do themselves justice in the early days of October. The horses engaged lately back from the coast and those of them still in Durban should be in better trim than those wholly trained on the Rand; with the exception of the few that have raced themselves to be fit at recent Saturday meetings.

* * *

In the category last indicated are Happy Omen and Culmstock. The first-named has 6 st. 12 lbs. in the Spring Handicap, and the other 6 st. 8 lbs. From the facile manner in which they won their races the abilities of both these performers may have been over-rated, for the reason that those they beat were, generally speaking, backward in condition. At the same time, fitness is likely to be the main factor towards winning the Spring Handicap. On this account Happy Omen and Culmstock are to be held in respect for the race.

* * *

Appetiser, a very lucky winner in capturing the Winter Handicap (it were well to draw a veil over the happenings in that race), has 7 st. 11 lbs. to put up on October 4. Culmstock, on the last running at Germiston, seems to hold Temby's horse safe; and, on the cut Appetiser had at Happy Omen at Benoni, the latter is again pretty sure to account for the Winter Handicap winner. Caronroe has

Not Been Seen Out

since taking part in the Winter Handicap, in which race the mare was not given the opportunity to show what she could do. There was some justification for the support accorded Caronroe on that last time out, so now, with the minimum weight, she, if it has been possible to get her fit, should take a lot of beating. Caronroe, Culmstock and Happy Omen should prove the best of the light-weights for the race.

* * *

Quite a number of those engaged in the Spring Handicap have credentials only as sprinters. Until such as Noble Polly, Golden Tip, Valmar, Kedgeree, Duchess Trenton and the three-year-old Plenty give some indication as to the possession of stamina it would be well to leave them alone

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for a race over nine furlongs. Buddles, until recently regarded as a mere sprinter, on her last outing won over nine furlongs, and has twice won at the distance, so is at no disability in

Seeing Out the Journey

at Turffontein. Desert Gold apparently went off after the Durban July Handicap—his subsequent running went to show this—but if Major Cooper presents him to run for the Spring Handicap in recovered form he, with 8 st., should have a great chance. It is, however, quite on the cards that Major Cooper may keep his four-year-old in Durban for some time yet. Further reference to the race can be held over until next week.

* * *

Last week a deputation from the Owners and Trainers' Association waited on the Provincial Executive to urge again that a racecourse licence be granted to the Association. It is quite a short time since the last application from the Association was turned down. The change of personnel of those that sat in the seats of power at Pretoria has doubtless influenced the fresh application. We are told that the deputation was most courteously received and that the arguments advanced to support the request were attentively listened to. Nothing less could be expected from

The Administrator

and his advisers. All the same the petitioners cannot surely look for the granting of the request made. The Transvaal Provincial Council ever since it has been a Council has protested that there is too much racing in the Province. Steps have at various times been taken with a view to the curtailment of the sport. It has been proclaimed from Pretoria time and again that no more racing licences will be issued. Few will disagree with the contention that there are already more than enough licences in existence. The indignation that was aroused over the granting of the last racecourse licence cannot have been forgotten. The Executive would stultify itself and the Council by giving heed to the application that has been made.

* * *

Racing on the Rand this week-end is at Benoni. Selections:—

12.30 p.m.—Pony and Galloway Handicap. "A," 7 furlongs.
Koodoo 1, Happy Venture 2, Crafty Maid 3.

1.5 p.m.—Maiden Handicap, 5 furlongs.
Diplomacy 1, Romp 2, Gladiator 3.

1.45 p.m.—Boksburg Handicap, "C," 6 furlongs.
Outpace 1, Noble Image 2, Boxer 3.

2.20 p.m.—Pony and Galloway Handicap, "B," 6 furlongs.
Pomper 1, Summertime 2, Desmonia 3.

3.0 p.m.—Boksburg Handicap, "A," 1¼ miles.
Polyfloret 1, The Dalesman 2, Prudens 3.

3.40 p.m.—Boksburg Handicap, "B," 7 furlongs.
Memoria 1, Antique 2, Blue Dye 3.

4.20 p.m.—Boxburg Handicap, "D," 1 mile.
Fiction 1, Dark Ruby 2, Some More 3.

5.0 p.m.—Pony and Galloway Handicap, "C," 5 furlongs.
Hood 1, Royal Dawn 2, Sybil M. 3.

A NEW TENOR AT THE ORPHEUM.

M. Gregorio Halevy, who will make his first appearance in Johannesburg at the Orpheum Theatre next week, is a Russo-Italian operatic singer who not long since gave a recital at the Æolian Hall, London, when *The Daily Telegraph* said of him that "his voice has the right tenor *timbre*, his intonation is above suspicion, and there is no trace of *vibrato*, the bane of so many modern singers. . . He finds most congenial music of a buoyant, passionate character, and his singing of the Donizetti and Gretchaninoff *arias* has just the right sort of zest, eagerness and lyrical ardour."

M. Halevy had a dramatic experience in the Russian Revolution. He was to sing the principal tenor part in the Opera House, Tiflis, in the Caucasus, in the patriotic opera "Life for the Czar," by Glinka, but the Bolshevists threatened to burn down the theatre and incinerate the artists if they dared to sing in an opera expressing the sentiments conveyed by the title.

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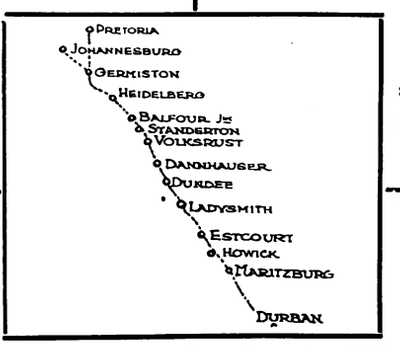

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Empire, Johannesburg.—"Little Nellie Kelly."
His Majesty's, Johannesburg.—Thurston Hall and Company in "Bluebeard's Eighth Wife."
Orpheum, Johannesburg.—Gregorio Halevy, Otago Bill and Company.
Jeppes, Johannesburg.—September 29 and 30, October 1: Renda Rudd.
Grand, Pretoria.—Jennie Hartley, Howe and Watt.
Criterion, Benoni.—Moon and Morris, Videau and Kirby.
Apollo, Germiston.—September 29 and 30, October 1: Rupert Ingalese and Co., Les Uniques.
Vaudette, Krugersdorp.—October 2, 3 and 4: Rupert Ingalese and Co., Les Uniques.
Vaudette, Bloemfontein.—October 3 and 4: Moss and Maachah.
Criterion, Durban.—The Original Dewars, The Birchalls.
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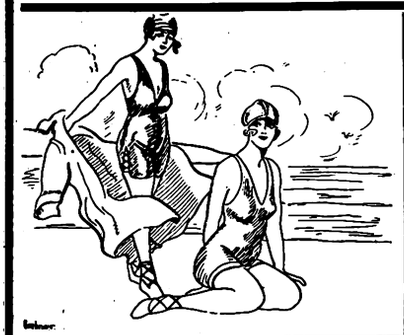

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MOTORING AND MOTOR-CYCLING.

By "WIRE WHEEL."

Result of Competition No. 5.

The first letter opened containing the correct description of the locality illustrated in Competition No. 5 (issue of September 20) came from **J. A. Miller, 114, Jooste Street, Pretoria West.** The picture was of Wonderboom Poort, Pretoria. The prize will be exhibited in the window of Messrs. Alderson and Flitton, Church Square, Pretoria.

Competition No. 6.

The picture for Competition No. 6 will be published next week. Order your copy of THE S.A. PICTORIAL now.

A New Spirit.

A motor-spirit that has a perfect balance of distillation points, which gives that quick kick-off that motorists enjoy, will be available towards the end of the month. The some company will also put their motor-oil on the market at the same time. Both are spoken of in the highest terms.

Caught With His Own Bait!

It is poetic justice that one of the many who fell into the net of the Police traps in Pretoria should have been a member of the Town Council which, for some weeks past, has been netting a handsome revenue from motorists upon

THE MINISTER OF RAILWAYS AT NABOOMSPRUIT.

The official opening of the Dutton Roadrail Tractor railway between Naboomspruit and Ceres, a distance of 20 miles, on the Springbok Flats in the Northern Transvaal. On arriving at Ceres the tractor is able to take to the roads and haul in the produce from the outlying farms. Those in the photograph are (left to right): Messrs. Hoffe (Secretary to the Minister of Railways), Frank Dutton (the inventor of the tractor), C. W. Malan (Minister of Railways), Wilcox (of the Railway Board) and Duff (the Construction Engineer).

Photo for "S.A. Pictorial" by A. Roberts.

a stretch of road where no cross-traffic exists. The Town Councillor in question was on his way to Johannesburg to witness a Rugby match. He was caught in the trap on Roberts Heights, and a subsequent visit to the Magistrate's Court relieved him of a £5-note. Needless to say he had to taste the gruel the Pretoria Town Council has made for motorists. Last week-end two East Rand motor-cyclists were caught in the net. They were fined £5 apiece and their licences were withdrawn. At present the atmosphere around Pretoria is decidedly sulphuric, and it is as well to give the capital a wide berth.

The "Wedd" Memorial.

This Sunday, the Rand Motor-cycling Club will hold a Reliability Trial for the "Wedd" Memorial Trophy. Provided the rain holds off the course should provide excellent going. It lies from Johannesburg, to Krugersdorp, 28 miles (*viâ* Mulder's Drift); Blaauwbank, 18 miles; Rustenburg, 38 miles; Hartebeestpoort, 46 miles; Pretoria, 24 miles; and return to Johannesburg, 36 miles; a total distance of 189 miles. The speed limits are: Solo, up to 200 c.c., 20 m.p.h.; 201 to 350 c.c., 25 m.p.h.; 351 to 600 c.c., 27 m.p.h.; over 600 c.c. 28 m.p.h.. Sidecars, up to 350 c.c., 19 m.p.h.; 351 to 600 c.c., 22 m.p.h.; over 600 c.c. 25 m.p.h. There are four prizes (the winner holding the "Wedd" trophy for 12 months), a novice prize, and an added inducement for ladies to enter, for a gold medal will be presented to the best lady rider. Competitors will be allotted 1,000 marks. One mark will be deducted for each half-minute ahead or behind time at checks or controls. A stop of a quarter of an hour will be made at Rustenburg, and half-an-hour at the Farm Tea Rooms at the junction of the roads to Silakat's Nek and the Hartebeestpoort Dam.

Motor-cycling at Springs.

Last Saturday, at Springs, Mr. Ian Scott signalised his re-entry into competition since his return from his victorious T.T. race in the Isle of Man, by winning the 7-lap Unlimited handicap and the 15-lap Springs Blue Riband, on his 350 c.c. o.h.v. A.J.S. motor-cycle. In the 7-lap event Scott lay second to G. Rennie, of Springs, on a Chater-Lea, to within a quarter of a mile of the winning-post, when he came with a wet sail and won comfortably. In the 15-lap he just succeeded in stalling off a stout challenge from E. G. Murray on the Harley-Davidson, after a rare battle. Murray rode a magnificient race on the heavy machine and gained the prize for the fastest lap, approximately 1¼ miles in 1 minute, 20 3/5ths seconds.

Cape to Cairo.

Some delay was caused at the commencement of the motor expedition from Cape Town to Pretoria. Major Court-Treatt, who will make the journey, has to wait for the arrival of certain spares he intends to carry for use on the Crossley cars, if occasion requires. The Crossleys are R.A.C. models, the same as were used during the War, the body-work being specially constructed and the springing specially strengthened. The expedition will therefore not arrive until about Monday next, and at the time of writing, it looks as though they will experience some hefty going in the Cape, where rain fell last Saturday. Wakefields Castrol Oil and Shell Motor Spirit will be used on the Crossley cars.

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£1,000 to the holder should such accident as above defined not prove fatal, but cause the loss of two limbs by actual separation above the wrist or ankle, or the total and irrecoverable loss of all sight in both eyes; or

£500 to the holder should such non-fatal accident cause the loss as aforesaid of the sight of one eye or the loss as aforesaid of one limb only.

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Date of Issue, September 27th, 1924.

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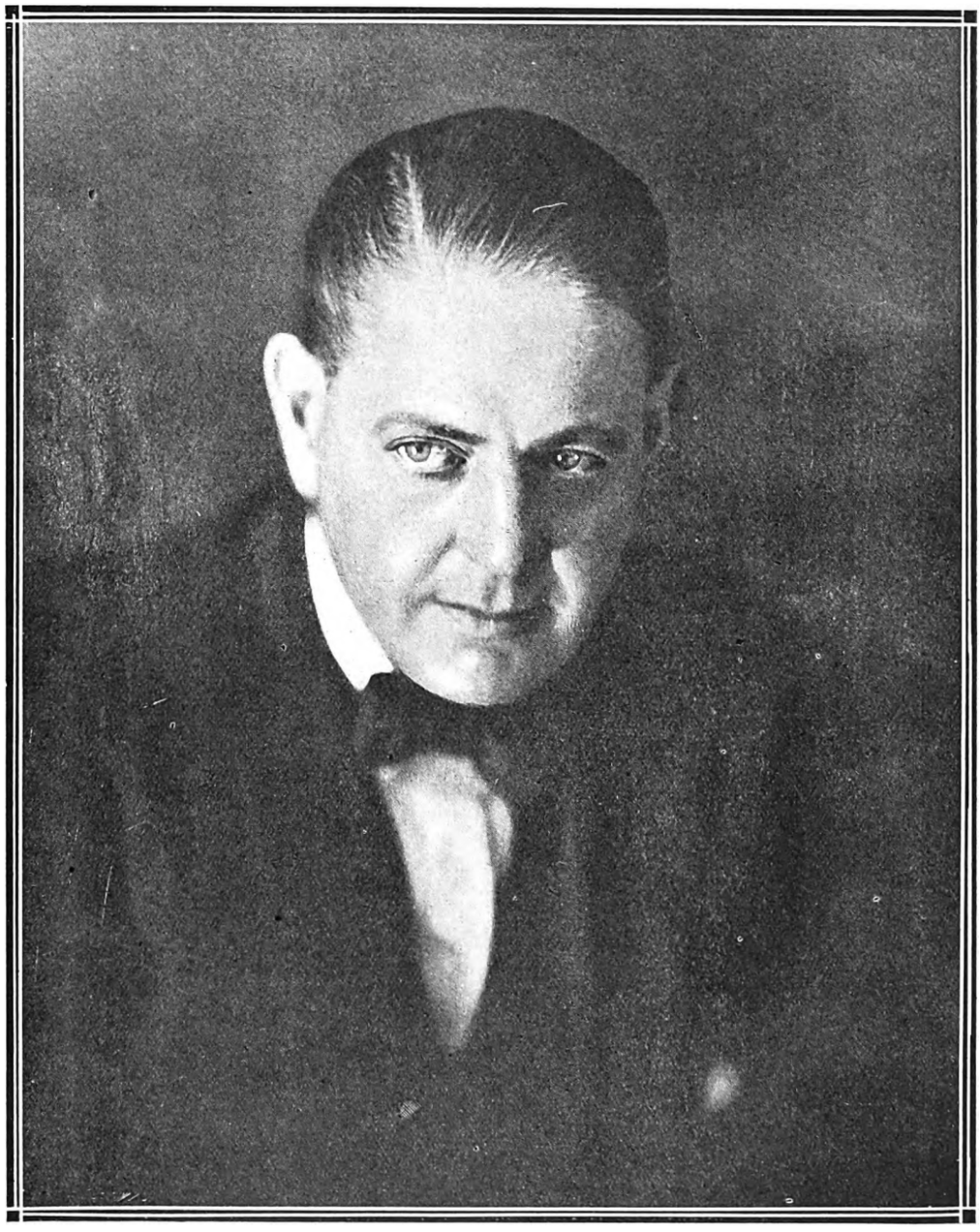
S.A. PICTORIAL.

STAGE & CINEMA.

VOL. XIX. No. 479.] SATURDAY, OCTOBER 4TH, 1924. (Registered at G.P.O. as a Newspaper.) PRICE 6D.



MR. THURSTON HALL.

A new portrait of the distinguished American actor who is now playing the secand and farewell season of his South African tour at His Majesty's Theatre, Johannesburg. It would be difficult to overpraise his masterly and effective performance as **John Brown**, *millionaire and specialist in marriage, in "Blue-beard's Eighth Wife," a light-hearted comedy of sentimentolity and wit.*

Photo for "S.A. Pictorial" by Leon Levson.

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LEICESTER SQUARE, September 4.

"'Twas the Voice of the Oyster."

An "R" in the month again! Gourmets and gourmands of every station of life are very active, and the cry for oysters, pork-pies, partridges and the like is loud in the land. Football, too, has made its *début*, though for a few weeks yet will have to bear with strong competition from cricket and tennis, whose devotees are still hopeful of getting something for their club fees—our soaking summers often give way to calm, sunny autumns. This year's Channel swimmers have all drawn blanks so far; only one got anywhere near the French coast. The bitter cold and adverse tides defeated them easily. It may be plucky to attempt the feat, but the doing of it in the teeth of our arctic August smacked more of foolhardiness. It would be so much more comfortable to join one of the parties who so sanguinely set out to "tune-in" with Mars on their super-strength valve sets. Though the result in both cases is, of course, equally negative, the wireless enthusiasts at least don't have to lay up afterwards with 'flu, gout or shingles!

Police Down on Prams, Coal and Beer.

There is every likelihood of new developments in our traffic problem. The Police in several provincial towns have declared war on the pram.! Trembling nursemaids and indignant mammas have been hailed up protesting before a frowning, ponderous Bench, fined a few shillings and warned of the unutterable punishments for any repetition of the offence (taking H.M. the Baby for an airing and gossiping with other ladies similarly equipped, thus incommoding tetchy old military gents. on retired pay or haughty dowagers whose pompous progress with their Pekinese it is sacrilege to deflect). It appears that prams., bassinettes, baby-carts, *et al.*, have no legal right at all on our pavements. But what the alarmed guardians of budding Britons want to know is, what will happen if they take their vehicles to the gutter? Only Heath Robinson would be capable of depicting the bottle-neck portion of Kensington High Street at about 10 o'clock on a fine morning when the infantile thousands are *en route* Round Pond-wards. Anyhow, we have high hopes that this new enforcement of archaic by-laws will not be attempted in London; our Police force has so unrivalled a reputation for chivalry and kindly tolerance to sustain. Similar enactments that have been winked at for years are those prohibiting the delivery of coal through man-holes in the pavement or of barrels through those musty cellar-flaps which usually lead to that maw from whose depths the publican distils a quick fortune ere retiring to some quiet village to grow sweet-williams and breed buff-orpingtons for the local Show.

Sweet, Sweet, Sweet, Cheap, Cheap, Cheap!

At Holland Park Rink is now being held the third London Fashion Fair. This exhibition is entirely composed of London-made goods and only open to the "trade," but diligent scribes have "covered" it pretty comprehensively in their glowing reports, so that no smart *mondaine* can have the least excuse for a swoon of surprise when confronted with *la Mode's* autumn and winter decrees in her milliner's or dressmaker's *salon*. I understand that materials are to be more riotously coloured and trimmed than ever—slabs of crude colour being painted on to the fabrics when dyes are not sufficiently adaptable for the effects aimed at; even luminous paint is to be employed on some of the evening gowns. Coats and wraps resembling slices from Persian praying-rugs have been shown. Fur, brilliantly dyed in many new and quaint patterns, is used for the trimming of all sorts of garments. Civet-cat is highly popular, and it is remarkable that almost all the furs now fashionable are those costing but a tithe of the prices demanded for chinchilla, sable or lamb; rather fortunate for the feminine world at this juncture, when a deep cuddly collar to withstand winter's attack on the bobbed and shingled neck is so very necessary. Combed wool, manipulated to resemble fur fringe, is also widely employed; fringes of all descriptions and materials are much "featured." It all sounds rather theatrical, but a friend connected with the business gives me all the foregoing as absolutely authentic. The vogue of what is known as "dressmaker's jewellery" has by no means ended with the decline of the glass bangle. "Choker" and dog-collar necklaces of inexpensive glass and wooden beads, and even of ribbon, are already being sold. Every frock can be set up with a complete set of "jewellery" made to match at quite a moderate charge. Those whose ancestors put by their little trinkets are busily looking up the Georgian and Victorian bead ornaments and having them re-modelled and re-strung. Burglars are in for a rotten season, it seems, but, on the other hand the sterner sex must surely feel relieved at the prospect of being able to pay additional visits to their tobacconist's, or of secretly replacing those rotten, battered old golf-clubs they had fancied would have to do yet another winter.

Gramophone Orgies.

Symphonies by Brahms (No. 2, conducted by Sir Landon Ronald for the H.M.V. Company) and Mozart (No. 39, conducted by Weingartner for Columbia) make delightful offerings for the opening of the winter gramophone season, but I think the gem of the September lists is the issue (on three 12-inch H.M.V. discs) of Cortot's records of Schumann's "Carnaval"—surely the most fascinating sequence of haunting tunes in the whole of the pianoforte *répertoire*, and redolent of those unforgettable nights at the Russian *Ballet*, when Nijinsky, Karsavina and the rest danced in Fokine's marvellous choreographic arrangement of Schumann's melodies. Cortot is the ideal interpreter of the (original) pianoforte version; he retains all the delicacy of phrasing and the sentimental nuances. The records are perfectly defined and the tone is amazingly truthful—equalling the recent Bach discs of Harold Samuel's. There are new H.M.V. issues of Caruso and Chaliapin *morceaux*, but the best vocal record I have heard so far is that of the Countess's *aria*, "*Porgi amor*," from "Figaro," sung by Emmy Heckmann-Bettendorf for the Parlophone Company. This company is also doing some fine ochestral records of Wagner's music; also a series of well-played waltzes by the immortal Johann Strauss (crammed with lilting melody which certainly does show up some of the present-day dance music). Cliftophone-Brunswick have given us the first record heard here of Maria Ivoguen (who made a sensational success at Covent Garden in June). She sings two Schubert *lieder*, "Hark, Hark, the Lark" and "*Die Post*," acquitting herself brilliantly from a vocal standpoint, though we must hear her *coloratura* records before passing any definite judgment on her gramophonic capabilities. At present she reminds one of a sort of *mélange* of Galli-Curci and Frieda Hempel—if you can imagine such a combination. Columbia publish two little discs of duets from Boito's posthumous

(*Continued on page 10.*)

A NOVEL COMPETITION FOR MOTORISTS—SEE PAGE 28.

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THE VETERANS OF VARIETY IN SOUTH AFRICA.

FAMOUS MUSIC-HALL STARS WHO HAVE TAKEN CAPE TOWN BY STORM.

The Veterans of Variety are packing the Tivoli Theatre, Cape Town. They will open at the Johannesburg Empire on October 13. 1. Leo Dryden. 2. Sable Fern. 3. Frank Leo. 4. Arthur Slater. 5. Jake Friedman. 6. Lily Burnand. 7. Charles Lee.

Photos for "S.A. Pictorial" by Akkersdyk.

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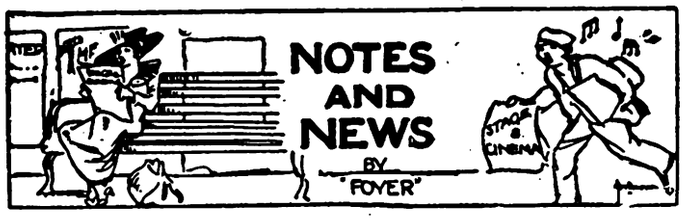

Mr. Leon M. Lion's Company.

Members of Mr. Leon M. Lion's Company who are coming to South Africa next month to produce "The Chinese Puzzle" and "Outward Bound" will be: Mr. Leon M. Lion, Miss Renée Kelly, Mr. Frank Freeman, Mr. Hylton Allen, Mr. Ambrose Flower, Mr. Jackson Wilcox and Miss Margaret Damer. Mr. Jackson Wilcox and Miss Margaret Damer were in South Africa with Mr. Horace Hodges in 1921.

Miss Renee Kelly.

Miss Renée Kelly will be the third famous actress to play the part of *Naomi* in "The Chinese Puzzle," which will open at His Majesty's Theatre, Johannesburg, on November 3. The part was created by Miss Ethel Irving and, after she had played it several hundred times, Miss Sybil Thorndyke followed her. (Miss Thorndyke is at present playing the part of *St. Joan* in the marvellous Bernard Shaw play now running in London). Miss Renée Kelly, who will play the part in Africa, has been a star in the West-end ever since she arrived from America in her teens to create the part of *Judy* in "Daddy Long-Legs." Miss Kelly has recently been starring in "The Snare" at the Savoy Theatre, London.

A Marvellous Play.

"The Chinese Puzzle" is a marvellous play in which a Chinese Marquis is a dramatic and strange figure among a number of Western people. The part of the *Marquis* is played by Mr. Leon M. Lion, who wrote the play, and he is one of the best-known of the West-end producers and actors. He is bringing an all-West-end company to South Africa, and the smaller parts in the play are to be played by well-known London actors and actresses, and not by "provincials." South Africa can expect a faultless production, for the qualities of "The Chinese Puzzle" are not confined to the play and the players. The scenery is said to be marvellous, and the china and ivories which are used in one scene form such a valuable collection that Mr. Lion has had them specially insured for the South African tour.

"THE IMPOSSIBLE MRS. BELLEW."

Miss Gloria Swanson (left) and Mlle. Liane Salvor (of the Paris stage) in Miss Swanson's new Paramount picture which will be shown at the Carlton Theatre, Johannesburg, next week.

"Hungry For Africa."

The leading "juvenile" part in "The Chinese Puzzle" will be taken by Mr. Frank Freeman, who has been playing with Miss Isobel Elsom in a clever little one-act play in the West-end of London. Like so many of the sound and satisfying actors of England, he started his career with Sir Frank Benson's Shakespearean Company, and the qualities of that training are still apparent in his work—even if it is in some modern comedy which is the antithesis of the plays Sir Frank Benson produced. Mr. Freeman played the part of *Tom Armstrong* in "Romance" for 800 performances, but his greatest success was during a recent tour of Australia, when he became the idol of the Antipodean Theatre. He played the part of *Baldasarre* in "The Maid of the Mountains," as well as other parts, and Australia soon took Mr. Freeman to its heart, but he was bound to return to England by contract. "I feel I cannot close myself up in the darkness and dullness of the English air after once having tasted the Southern hemisphere," said Mr. Freeman. "I am as hungry for Africa as I have been for anything, because I feel that after England it will be one glorious bath of sunshine."

The Veterans of Variety.

The Veterans of Variety commenced their South African tour at the Tivoli Theatre, Cape Town, last week, and were an immense success from the minute the curtain went up on them.

Variety Acts Coming.

In addition to the Veterans of Variety, the following vaudeville "turns" will shortly visit South Africa: Les Trombetta, comic duettists (Enrico Trombetta is a cousin of the late Enrico Caruso); Mewse and Singer, whirlwind dancers; Les Roger, musical gymnasts; Chris. Charlton, "Europe's Illusionist"; Addison and Mitrenga, classical dancers; The Birchalls, another dancing couple; and Henri de Bray, the well-known Anglo-French dancer who was here in 1920 with the late May Vivian as his partner. He is bringing a new partner with him. Mr. de Bray, by the way, played the part of *François de Vere*, proprietor of the shop, in the London production of "Little Nellie Kelly."

A Magic Kettle.

The fashions of the music-hall change, just as fashions change in every other sphere of life. But the Illusionist, if he is good, goes on for ever. Mr. Chris. Charlton, who is known throughout the United Kingdom as "The Royal Illusionist," because of the fact that the King is among those who have laughed at him, will, when he reaches South Africa, remind us that the well-tried art of the magician is still among the most popular on the Halls. Mr. Charlton has remained at the top of the tree in England because his tricks are always new and there is not a moment when his act flags or becomes dull. It is a bombardment of wonders from beginning to end. Disappearing ladies, ladies who grow thinner or fatter to the will of his wand, and a kettle out of which he can draw any drink from beer to milk to the order of the audience, are among the features of his act.

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HYPATHIA BATH TABLETS 11/6 dozen. Creamy Shaving Sticks, 1/- each, 11/- dozen. Morning Glory Shampoo Powders, 5/- dozen.
HOTEL TABLETS, 1 oz., 20/- gross; 1¾ oz., 32/- gross.
BAR SOAPS, Beeswax, Pale, 50lb., 32/- case. Pale Yellow, 50lbs., 23/6 case.
TABLET SOAPS, Delightful, 65/- oase.
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EMPIRE, OCTOBER 13: THE VETERANS OF VARIETY.

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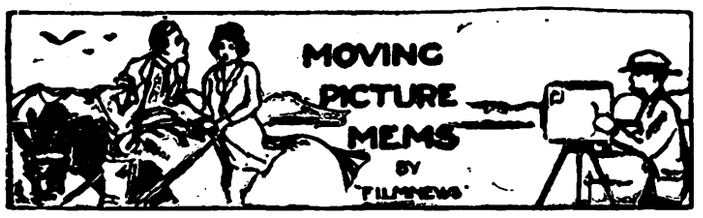

Jackie Coogan's Trip to Europe.

Jackie Coogan, America's nine-year-old film star, intended to have the time of his life when he reached Paris on his way to the Near East with a million-dollar cargo of foodstuffs and clothing for Orphans who are being cared for by the American Near East Relief Organisation. He is to be permitted (says *The New York Herald*) to climb to the very top of the Eiffel Tower, which is forbidden to all youngsters. He is going to have a real night at Montmartre, with an iced bottle of Butte's best bubbling beverage, if the attention of his nurse and valet can be distracted long enough from their charge, and he is going to have an opportunity of shaking hands with two of France's greatest citizens, President Doumergue and M. Clemenceau. The latter has been one of the American boy's idols since he was old enough to understand "The Tiger's" claims to glory.

The Height of Fame.

A luxurious suite of rooms was engaged at the Hotel Ritz for the party, and arrangements were completed to make Jackie's arrival at Gare du Nord something long to be remembered. Sailing in the *Leviathan* on September 6, Jackie reached London on September 11, and was the chief attraction in the drive for relief funds conducted there. It was even whispered that Jackie was to have a private audience with King George and Queen Mary if the American Ambassador in London could make the necessary arrangements. Jackie is accompanied by his parents, a secretary, a nurse and a valet, and, of course, a movie operator. The Modern Children's Crusade, which Jackie Coogan has made throughout the United States, is an appeal to the children of America on behalf of the less fortunate children of the Near-Eastern countries. Little Jackie is defraying all his own expenses to the Near-East relief.

"GEORGE WASHINGTON, JUNIOR."

The popular Wesley ("Freckles") Barry, who will be seen at the Johannesburg Bijou next week in his latest picture, the story of a youth who broadcasts the truth about people.

Dempsey to Marry.

Jack Dempsey, the world's champion heavyweight, announces, according to a message from Philadelphia, that he is to marry Miss Estelle Taylor, an actress, and that, after a few more contests, he will retire from the ring altogether. Dempsey divorced his first wife some years ago. Dempsey, a few months ago, was reported to be engaged to Miss May Devereux, a well-known New York horsewoman, but this was denied.

Shopping for the Films.

"You might think that a film 'property' man's chief difficulty is discovering oddities," a First National man said the other day. "As a matter of fact, it's usually the more obvious things that worry him. Not long ago a 'property' man was asked to provide seventy-five pairs of skates. As skating on ice is not a pastime in sunny California his quest seemed hopeless. He was about to give up the hunt when it occurred to him to visit all people who had lived in New York. He did so and was soon gloating over a pile of battered and rusty ice skates. One of the most unusual orders I have heard of was in a picture in which Jackie Coogan was supposed to put ants in his father's body-belt. As it was winter-time there were no ants. But just when the quest seemed hopeless the 'property' man found a school teacher, who burrowed in the earth and turned out more ants than they wanted.

Found at Home!

"In making the screen version of Conan Doyle's 'Lost World' it was necessary to have a close-up of a wood insect. A specimen was not obtainable at a local shop, time was precious, and a party was sent out to the suburbs to find one. After three days they returned to find that they had been forestalled by the property man, who had discovered a substitute close to the studios! Here is a shopping list which a property man not long ago received for one film: Two lions, one alligator, 10 yards of *crêpe-de-chine*, one locomotive with tender, complete drawing-room furnishings (early Italian period), fifty flint-locks, one bale of hay, fifty horses, lunches for fifty supers."

"Going to the Dogs!"

If we accept the views of George Fawcett, one of the most finished portrayers of character on the American screen, our friend, the dog, who has so largely entered into our pursuits and proved so useful in various ways, especially of late, bids fair to become instructor in film acting. Mr. Fawcett, who for many years was on the legitimate stage before taking up film work, says that the best possible models for novices who wish to excel are children and puppies. Their spontaneity and natural movements are precisely what the performer before the camera should strive to achieve. It is fatal for a newcomer to attempt to act, declares this authority. The ironist who once said that the wise director included a baby in every film he made, and a dog as well, if he had the chance, was unconsciously paying a tribute to the histrionic capacities of both baby and dog.

Paying by Picture.

To pay the expenses of a world tour by compiling a cinema diary and exhibiting it *en route* is the novel project of an enterprising young woman now in London. Having started from Loch Lomond on January 1, this "Mystery Film Girl," as she calls herself, has already taken 4,000 feet of quite excellent pictures throughout Scotland and Ireland. With money earned by appearing at cinemas on her way, she plans shortly to continue her travels in America.

Poets' Corner: Empedocles.

I heard a thrush sing in the flowering May,
All in the morning cool,
Whilst Joan and Jack ran to the river to play,
And found a silvery salmon in a pool.

Now all these five fair things, I wished them joy—
Kindred and close to me:
"For I have been ere now, a girl and a boy,
A bush, a bird, and a dumb fish in the sea."

By Frances Cornford.

"Isn't this floor wonderful?" enthused the dancer, who was more vigorous than graceful. "How do I know!" snapped his breathless partner.

HIS MAJESTY'S, OCTOBER 13: "THE RISING GENERATION."

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Gregorio Halevy.

One of the major musical attractions of the week is to be found at the Orpheum Theatre, where Gregorio Halevy, described as a Russo-Italian operatic singer, made his first appearance in Johannesburg last Monday evening. He made a good impression by a voice of excellent quality and much power, and sang with a notable sense of the dramatic. He took no more than the usual liberties in giving point to his interpretative ideas, but in doing so he relied with complete justification on the cleverness and alertness of the Orpheum orchestra. The astonishing manner in which these instrumentalists can forego decimal points of a beat appealed to me as marking a high standard of musical efficiency. Evidently they got very much what they expected—and as a result everything so far as the singing was concerned went off in fine style.

Afrikaanse Kunswedstrijd.

There is no accounting for the fascination exercised by the competitive musical festival. In recent years a new organisation has been developed on the Rand — the *Afrikaanse Kunswedstrijd*, and judging by the quality of many of the preliminary tests held last week, a steady improvement in the standard of performance can be recorded. Competitors are drawn, I believe solely, from Dutch-speaking schools and institutions, and one effect of thus narrowing the scope of the festival is to give a sure indication of the musical outlook among those directly concerned. One conclusion arrived at is that the study and practice of music is widely cultivated among the Dutch-speaking section of the community, and the nature of this attainment generally displayed shows that the fullest advantage is being taken of the complete opportunities afforded on the Rand. It is questionable whether the policy of confining the competitions to one section of the public is really in the best interests of the competitors themselves, or whether it will result in any great expansion of the scope of this festival; but last week's indications are certainly of a kind to justify a healthy optimism. As yet the number of entrants is not large, and as a consequence the competitions lack that degree of keenness which is the big attraction of competitive meetings. But in comparison with what was heard last year, there is a marked upward tendency in the standard of achievement this year—at any rate in the instrumental sections.

In the Hands of Money-Lenders.

Debts to money-lenders were referred to at the public examination in London of Eugene Goossens, the well-known conductor and composer. His liabilities were returned at £5,606, against assets of £110. He started composing in 1911 and secured his first appointment as a conductor in 1915. At the date of the receiving order he was rehearsing for the British National Opera Company, and from June 5 to July this year he was engaged as conductor at a salary of £25 per week. He explained that as he became more popular his expenses increased, because he had to live up to his position. Owing to this increase he resorted to money-lenders, and the interest charges accentuated his difficulties, with the result that upon being threatened with an execution he filed his petition. The liabilities included £2,900 due to money-lenders, about £1,400 being in respect of cash advances and £1,500 for interest.

Musical Society.

The musical director of the Johannesburg Musical Society writes: "Owing to the Society's desire not to clash with other musical events—particularly with the concert organised for Mr. Alfred Bertwistle—the next concert of the Society will be given on Monday evening, October 13, instead of on Tuesday. The concert will take the form of a Piano and Violin Recital by Madame Wedlake-Santanera and Mr. Willem Gerke, and the programme will include sonatas by Bach, Rontgen and Beethoven."

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Dangers of Popularity.

It is interesting to note the effect of too great popularity of a piece of music. There are scores of popular pieces that through their fascinating melody and rhythm have gained enormous popularity, but this popularity has been the direct means of killing them. Among the bigger things we have "Peer Gynt." Grieg's fascinating suite has been played by every orchestra in the world till it has lost all that haunting charm which gripped the listener on a first hearing. The suite is gradually dying. Tchaikovsky's pompous "1812" Overture no longer stirs the imagination as it used to do. The Rachmaninoff Prelude is still alive, but its popularity has done the piece a grave injustice. It is fine music, and of unapproachable value in piano technique. The fact that it is rarely well played does not affect the argument. Its appeal to musicians has gone, mainly through the bungling attempts of half-baked pianists. It is a pity. The same type of bungling has done no good to the classic reputation of the "*Pathétique*" Sonata. How often does this work figure on modern concert programmes? How long will the "Unfinished" Symphony and the "Nut-Cracker" Suite hold their places in orchestral programmes of the future?

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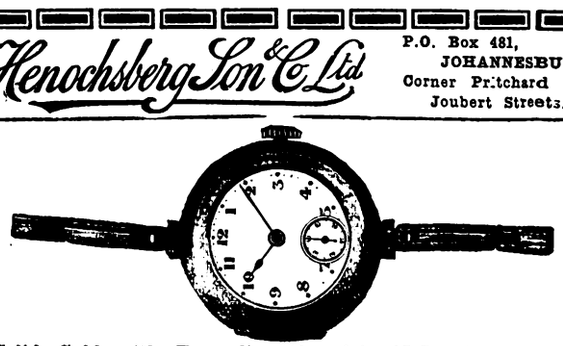

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In the Bright Lights.

THE VETERANS OF VARIETY.

Cape Town Welcomes Old-Time Stars With Open Arms: Tivoli's Majority.

THE Veterans of Variety opened their world-tour at the Tivoli Theatre, Cape Town, on Wednesday. September 24, after three days of entertaining and sight-seeing in the Peninsula. By a coincidence the Tivoli was celebrating its coming-of-age on the evening the Veterans opened. A Cape Town newspaper says: "The Tivoli was crowded until there was not standing room. The Veterans received a magnificent welcome, and never has such an enthusiastic crowd thronged the theatre as on its 21st anniversary. They sang, and really sang, every one of the old choruses several times over, and demanded more. They cheered every artist, and rose *en masse* with 'Auld Lang Syne,' which terminated a performance which will live long in the memories of those who were present, and who will, judging from the indications, come again and again."

The Veterans of Variety are: Leo Dryden, Jake Friedman, Sable Fern, Frank Leo, Charles Lee, Lily Burnand and Arthur Slater—all of whom are front-rank music-hall stars of twenty or thirty years ago. They will begin their Johannesburg season at the Empire Palace of Varieties on Monday, October 13.

Among the many entertainments arranged for the Veterans at Cape Town between their arrival by the mail-boat on Monday morning last week and their first performance on Wednesday evening, was a luncheon at the Opera House Restaurant, given by Mr. H. Stodel. Twenty-eight guests were present, and Mr. W. F. Fish, the Deputy Mayor of Cape Town presided. "The Deputy Mayor," says *The Cape Argus*, "made one of the most entertaining speeches of his life, and showed a surprising and delightful knowledge of old songs and old singers."

"THE RISING GENERATION."

A Merry Comedy With an Appeal to Boys and Girls of all Ages.

ON their opening night in Johannesburg the Veterans of Variety will have to compete with a new production at His Majesty's—"The Rising Generation," for which rehearsals are now proceeding under the direction of Mr. Philip D. Levard, the producer of "Little Nellie Kelly."

"The Rising Generation" is a farcical comedy by Wyn Weaver and Laura Leycester, from the Shaftesbury Theatre, London, and will make a very welcome addition to the entertainments of the town. It breathes the air of merry irresponsibility and will make an immense appeal to boys and girls of all ages.

The story deals in a pleasant vein with the escapades of a couple of modern children who chafe against the yoke of parental control. They are, at the same time, far from being undutiful or revolutionary, but they consider that they are entitled to rather more consideration at the hands of their parents.

The youngsters, when they come home for the holidays, bring with them some of their schoolmates as guests. In the old days the consent of the parents would have been necessary, but modern youth considers this superfluous. Their cup of joy is filled to the brim when the father and mother go to visit a kinswoman, and leave the house in charge of the children and their guests. Need it be added that many surprising things happen during this brief period of glorious liberty!

The gay irresponsibility of the young hosts and their guests will appeal to the younger element in the audience. The older element will be entertained by the consternation of the staid and conventional servants of the house. These include a butler of wide experience and tactful ways, and a cook of an outspoken turn of mind.

HIS MAJESTY'S THEATRE.

"Bluebeard's Eighth Wife" at His Majesty's Theatre is a very entertaining affair. It tells how the elder daughter of a French marquis consented to be the eighth wife of an American millionaire who had divorced six of her predecessors and buried the seventh, and sets forth the means she adopted for ensuring a happier fate both for herself and her husband, and includes a bedroom scene, with a supposed lover in the lady's pyjamas and the lady's bed.

Mr. Thurston Hall, as the millionaire, a part that suits him admirably, gives a splendid performance. Miss Zillah Bateman is the Eighth Wife, and an uncommonly good one. The rest of the company acquit themselves with credit and the play is attracting large audiences.

EMPIRE PALACE.

"Singing week" at the Empire—which is also "Little Nellie Kelly's" seventh week—is a great success. Audiences are singing the choruses lustily at every performance, and at the matinées the children are singing more lustily than anyone. "Little Nellie Kelly" is a real novelty show, full of swift surprises, haunting melodies, charming dancing and playful burlesque, and should have no difficulty in filling the Empire until the end of its eighth and farewell week on October 11.

WEMBLEY FILM FOR ONE NIGHT ONLY.

Pathé's official film of the Wembley Exhibition, which broke all records when it was shown in Johannesburg recently, being seen by 35,000 people in one week, will be re-screened, for one night only, at the Johannesburg Town Hall, on Monday next week, October 6. Johannesburgers who missed seeing this remarkable five-reel picture of the greatest Exhibition the world has ever known should not neglect to avail themselves of this final opportunity of watching it.

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"OUR CONNIE" IN A CAVALIER RIDING-HABIT.

Miss Constance Talmadge.

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MAIL-WEEK IN LONDON.

(*Continued from page 2.*)

opera "Nero" (which was the musical sensation of Italy last Spring), but they are insufficient to permit an appreciation of the work as a whole, of course. Gilbert and Sullivan enthusiasts have had their hearts gladdened by the H.M.V. "complete version" of the long-neglected but now successfully-revived "Ruddigore." 1924 is going to be a memorable year for the gramophone; never since its invention has there been anything approaching so amazing an output of first-class music by leading artists, and certainly the most carping critic could not have anticipated half so copious an output of classics recorded in complete form. A mere glance at the leading companies' lists will show you to what a marvellous extent recorded music catalogues have been enriched—and I think our thanks are to a very large extent due to Mr. Compton Mackenzie for this most welcome consummation; he and his "helots" of *The Gramophone* have consistently asked for these improvements, and "lo, their voice was hearkened unto." The advent of the Parlophone and Brunswick records, with their new singers and instrumentalists, has been all to the good and has made the healthy competition all the keener. The educational side of the gramophone is likewise being given far more attention than heretofore. Just lately a well-known M.P. has written to the Press suggesting that all our public libraries should instal "audition rooms" where regular gramophone recitals should be given—with the object of weaning away as many as possible of the worshippers of the tenth-rate volume of fiction or the highly-seasoned police-court news. Sounds a tall order, but it is backed by much common-sense.

Herschel Henlere's "Hit" in London.

Since my recent comments on the revival of the music-hall's old popularity here, the famous "Oxford" has returned to the fold and opened on Monday with a twice-nightly programme headed by Nora Bayes (the immensely popular American comedienne), Chas. Austin—and Herschel Henlere. Without any disparagement of the other excellent acts it must be said that Mr. Henlere was *the* success of the evening; in fact he admitted himself to me afterwards that his reception could only be compared with that extended to him in South Africa a few months ago. The old "Oxford" atmosphere was for a few fleeting moments recaptured by Mr. Henlere's playing of songs famous in the days when you could drop in there and see a score or so "top-liners" on one "bill." Otherwise things were necessarily of the new order; the happy-go-lucky air of the place evaporated for ever when Mr. Cochran installed velvet *fauteuils*, carpets and pink-shaded lamps where linoleumed seating, bare planks and flaring gas-jets had so long reigned supreme. ("*Eheu fugaces!*" "*Hic jacet*" and "*Memento mori*," said he, in a brave endeavour to display a non-existent classical education!). It is now definitely announced that the London Pavilion is to revert to Variety early next year, after a decade of musical plays and film seasons.

Wonderful Marie Tempest.

Went out to Hammersmith last week to see that dainty but over-lengthy trifle "Midsummer Madness." Clifford Bax's prose and verse dialogue and Armstrong Gibbs's rippling music would be far more appreciated if they were pruned and trimmed. Geo. Sheringham's beautiful Dutch-garden setting, with its clipped box-hedging, burning blue delphiniums and glowing hollyhocks standing out from the emerald grass and the flagged paths, shows off his superb costumes to perfection; but the magnet attracting such comfortable audiences is undoubtedly our wonderful little Marie Tempest. Surely no other actress could hold together such slender, tenuous scenes as does Miss Tempest—and there is the "added attraction" of her singing. The night I went she had an attack of hoarseness which affected her middle register, but her high notes were almost as ringingly clear and just as true as in the "San Toy" days. Truly a great artist. Frederick Ranalow is his usual jovial, full-voiced satisfying self; Hubert Eisdell is surprisingly good when you know that he has not before attempted anything beyond concert singing; and Marjorie Dixon, in the soubrette *rôle*, ought very shortly to take her place with our far-too-thin ranks of leading light musical actresses, for she has a beautiful voice, a charming appearance and only needs technique in her acting to soar off to stellar heights.

Paul Pry.

MARRIED IN LONDON.

A special cable to South Africa announces the marriage in London last week of Miss Adrienne Brune to Mr. Arthur Pusey. The bride had been playing the leading part of *June* in the revival of "To-night's the Night" which had just finished its run at the Winter Garden Theatre, London. She was leading lady in pantomime, musical-comedy and revue in South Africa in 1919 and 1920, and was known in this country as Billie Browne. The bridegroom was out here for six months in 1922, playing the leading "juvenile" part in the film-version of "The Blue Lagoon," but he never appeared on the stage in South Africa. He is at present appearing in "Storm" at the Ambassadors Theatre, London.

THE "LITTLE NELLIE KELLY" TOUR.

"Little Nellie Kelly" will complete a run of eight weeks at the Johannesburg Empire on Saturday, October 11. The production will then go for two weeks to the Criterion Theatre, Durban. After that the tour will be as follows: Scott's Theatre, Maritzburg, October 27, 28 and 29. Theatre Royal, Kimberley, October 31 and November 1. Grand Theatre, Bloemfontein, November 3, 4 and 5. City Hall, East London, November 7 and 8. Grand Theatre, Port Elizabeth, November 11 to November 15. Opera House, Cape Town, November 18 to December 6. Opera House, Pretoria, December 9 to December 13. The tour thus begins on October 13 and ends on December 13.

THE THURSTON HALL COMPANY'S TOUR.

The Thurston Hall Company will finish their farewell visit to Johannesburg at His Majesty's Theatre on Saturday, October 11. They will then tour as follows with "Bluebeard's Eighth Wife": Opera House, Pretoria, October 13, 14 and 15. Theatre Royal, Kimberley, October 17 and 18. Grand Theatre, Bloemfontein, October 20, 21 and 22. Scott's Theatre, Maritzburg, October 24 and 25. Theatre Royal, Durban, October 27, 28 29 and 30. Opera House, Cape Town, November 4 to November 14.

MAURICE MOSCOVITCH'S TOUR.

The Maurice Moscovitch Company, who have already played "Trilby" and "What Money Can't Buy" at Pretoria and Durban, will complete their tour as follows: Scott's Theatre, Maritzburg, October 2, 3 and 4. Grand Theatre, Bloemfontein, October 8, 9, 10 and 11. Opera House, Cape Town, October 14 to October 29.

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JOHANNESBURG, Tuesday afternoon.

CABLES reporting London's closing yesterday were somewhat late in arrival this morning, and a considerable section of the members had not returned to business after yesterday's Jewish holiday. Numerous sales took place on the basis of Saturday's buyers' prices. Thus, City Deeps were obtained at 65s. 3d., Main Reefs at 12s. 9d., East Rands at 12s. 5d., Modder Deeps at 43s. 3d., and "Bees" at 26s. 9d. Just before lunch prices became slightly easier, with "Modders" at 74s. 6d. and "Deeps" at 43s.

The depressing character of the Nourse report, alluded to below, led to sales at 8s. 9d., which was the buyers' price on the Call, and Randfonteins wilted to 18s. 10½d.

At the quarterly meeting of the Chamber of Mines, Sir Evelyn Wallers announced that it had been decided to give mechanics an additional three-half-pence an hour, bringing them in line with the engine-drivers. This is interpreted as showing a disposition to give better pay where a sound case can be made out for it. The proposed new Mining Commission to enquire into regulations and ratios is regarded as a sop to labour, and is not taken too seriously.

The annual reports of three gold-mining companies were issued on Monday. The slight drop (of about a third of a dwt.) in the value of the ore-reserve at the New Modderfontein, which I forecasted, is confirmed. At this great mine over a million and three quarter tons were actually developed, a total which many mines would be quite satisfied with as an accumulated ore-reserve. Four records were established, in tonnage, output, profit, and development footage. Costs rose about sixpence owing to the augmented development. The equipment of the mine with jackhammers, now proceeding rapidly, is expected to reduce the cost of stoping. "Modder" has made altogether a profit of fifteen millions, and paid over eleven in dividends to its fortunate shareholders.

Nourse Mines makes a dismal showing. Though a thousand feet more development was accomplished, only half the quantity of ore was developed, and by no less than 650,000 tons have the reserves diminished. The million tons left go barely six dwt. As it is proposed to increase the present rate of development, it rather looks as if there may be nothing in the shape of a Christmas dividend, or that, at best, it will be reduced.

Consolidated Main Reef, the last of the trio, was only able to maintain its bulk tonnage reserve by lowering the pay-limit in accord with a drop of 2s. per ton in working costs, which incidentally had the effect of diminishing the value by a tenth of a dwt. Little more than half the tonnage is now coming from the ore-reserves, a policy of conservation necessitated by the indifferent pay-ratio for some years. Last year only 40 per cent. was payable, and the tonnage developed was only half that milled. The Kimberley Reef, which it was hoped would show as favourable development as at Randfontein, has proved disappointing. One stretch had, however, given encouraging values. "C.M.R." has had a chequered career, as only about 15 per cent. of its revenue of eleven and a half millions has reached the pockets of shareholders in the shape of dividends.

"Hello, Sir Harry," said the club bore to the highly inoffensive old member, "I've just taken a new house up at Maidenhead. As a matter of fact I live exactly opposite your place . . . on the other side of the river. "Indeed," said Sir Harry courteously, "in that case, my dear fellow, I hope you'll drop in, one day."

A TIN-TACKKER?

Two racecourse crooks were standing chatting during a lull in business. "Say, Bill," whispered one, "do you see that long bloke with the grey 'at and the telescopes slung rahn his waist?" "Yus," said Bill. "Well," continued the narrator of the story, "'e must be clean, fair potty!" "How's that?" asked Bill. "W'y 'is left-'and pocket is full o' tin-tacks."

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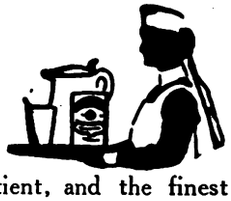

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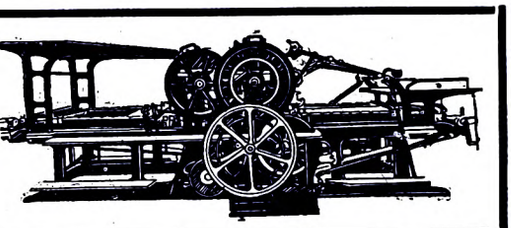

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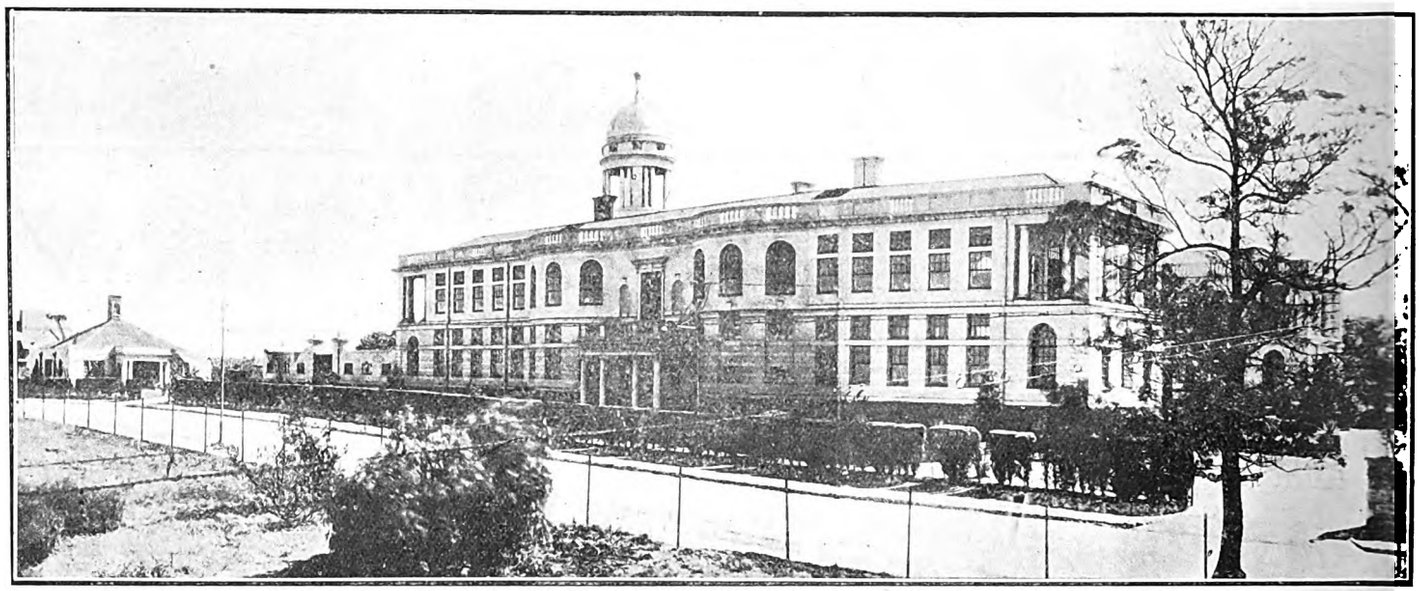

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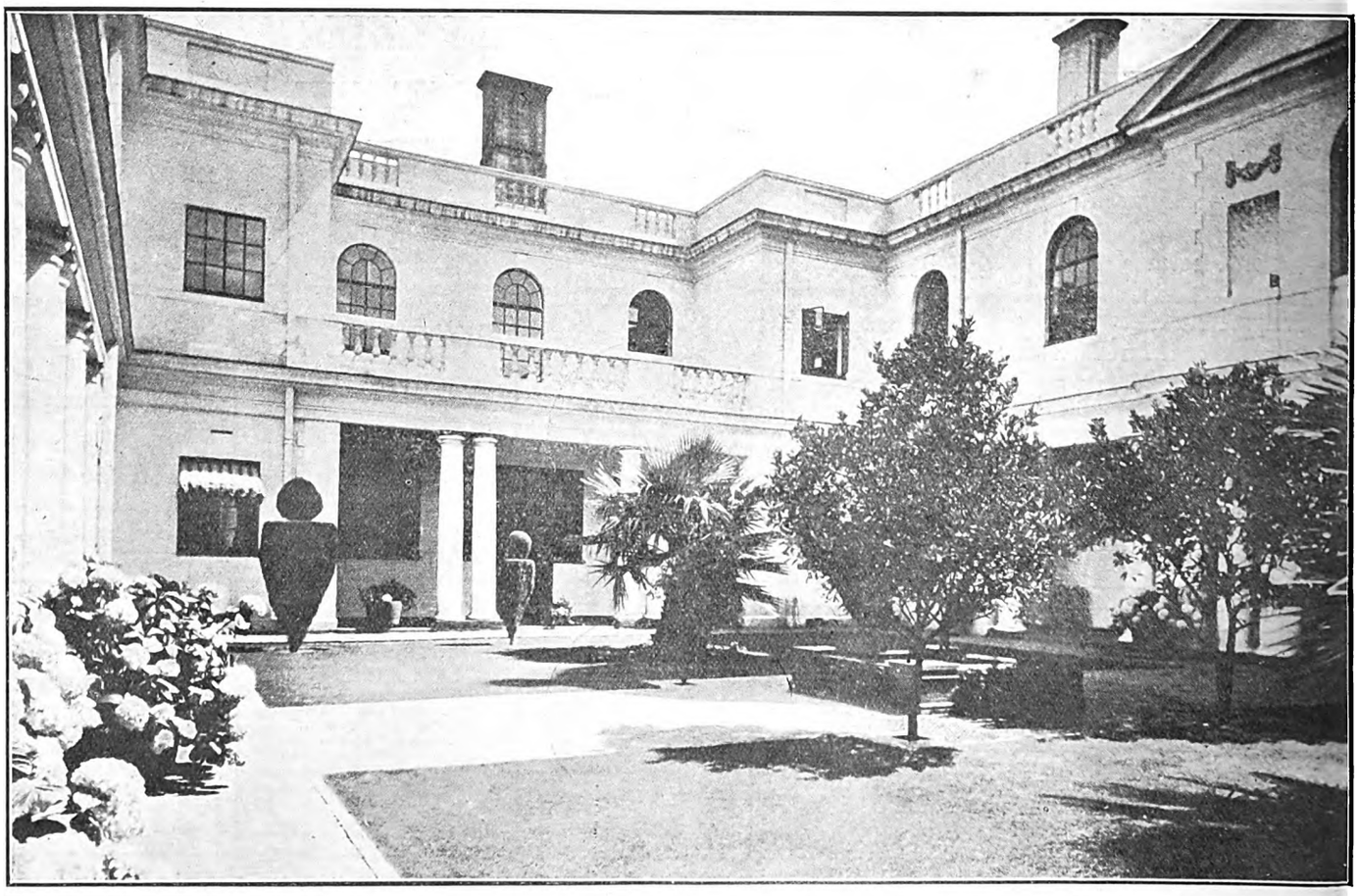

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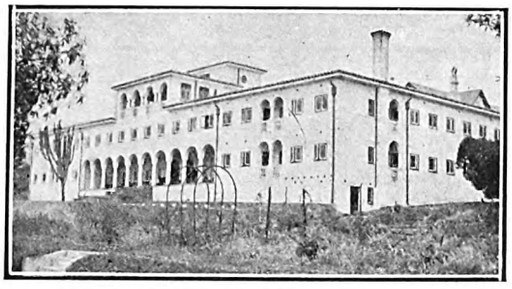

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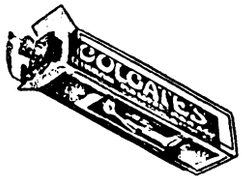

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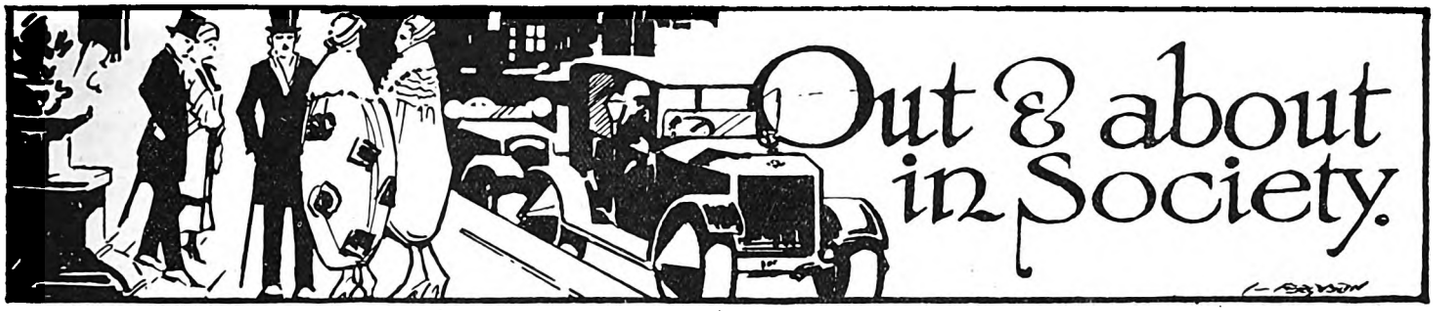

[*All invitations for dances, weddings, and other social functions, and all communications intended for these pages, should be addressed to The Lady Correspondent,* THE SOUTH AFRICAN PICTORIAL, *P.O. Box 1574, Johannesburg.*]

The Dancing Doctors.

There have been some very enjoyable dances lately. The British Medical Association—that is to say, the Council of the Witwatersrand Branch—gave a dance to their members at the Scientific and Technical Club, which was very well attended. Dr. A. J. Orenstein, C.M.G., is the President, and received the guests with Mrs. Orenstein, who wore a lovely white georgette gown with diagonal embroideries of onyx and *diamant*, and Sir Spencer Lister, the Vice-president, and Lady Lister. Lady Lister had on a charming black gown with one wing drapery to the corsage and a *diamant* clasp holding the folds of the material in place at the side. Mrs. Pocock also wore black, beautifully draped. It was sleeveless and had a *diamant* star at one side. Mrs. Weinbrenn came in an oriental tissue gown trimmed with a deep hem and bands of pink *charmeuse*. Mrs. Gluckman wore flame-coloured georgette, with silver beads embroidered round the scalloped waist-band, and forming long fringes. Mrs. Levin had on cerise georgette. Dr. Te Water, Mr. James Erlank, Dr. B. Weinbrenn, Dr. L. G. Irvine, Dr. C. F. Beyers and Dr. D. J. Dauth were the other members of the Council present, with Dr. Max Greenberg, the hon. secretary. Mrs. Erlank came in a smart apricot gown, and Mrs. Te Water wore gold tissue with an Egyptian scarf swathed round the hips and fastened in front. Mrs. Meyer wore gold tissue and a green belt, and Mrs. Verwey came in white and gold. Mrs. Lund wore a handsome black gown and brought her two daughters, one in blue georgette embroidered in crystal beads and the other in white embroidered in opals. Dr. Jane Henderson Ruthven came in black and Dr. Alice Goldman wore black chiffon velvet.

MISS PEARL ADLER,
Who is teaching all the dances to the children of the South African Jewish Orphanage for their concert to take place on November 12 and 15 at the Standard Theatre, Johannesburg.

"Young America."

We all of us love little Jackie Coogan, such a responsible wee mite of nine. *The Chicago Herald* interviewed him the other day and Jackie said: "You see it's different now that I'm not a little boy any longer," keeping a determined finger at the place where he had left off reading the Indian story. When I used to come on trips like this, I had nothing to do but have fun. My mother used to let me have two desserts. But that was because I was just a little boy. Now I'm older and I realise that if I allow myself to get out of form, it will take just so much valuable time to get back before I can start to work again. So I told my mother dear that I would rather stick. I mean abide by the regular rules all the time we are away because that is the only way to be efficient. I owe it to my work." Jackie's mother was watching him from the doorway with a twinkle in her eye. It fussed her son. "Shall I recite for the lady, mother dear?" And then, as a great concession to the juvenile taste of his visitor he recited. But he had to draw a line somewhere, so he obliged with "The Shooting of Dan McGrew," which he spat out through clenched teeth with only mediocre success due to several of them being out; and Shylock's revenge speech from "The Merchant of Venice." "However," he said with dignity again, "I prefer 'Julius Caesar' to any of Shakespeare's plays. I enjoy reading very much. I think it improves the mind." Jackie is now playing what is perhaps his biggest part up to date. He is the leader of the Children's Crusade of Mercy which sells Mercy Bonds to buy food for the starving children of the East. When the first ship-load was despatched, Jackie sailed on her as the representative of "Young America."

At the Carlton.

Among the latest arrivals at the Carlton are: Mr. H. T. Parr (Serowe), Mr. R. R. Brydon, Mr. Knox Baxter, Mr. T. Andrews, Mr. D. Lazar, Mr. N. H. Beensby, Mr. and Mrs. Machhanich, Miss A. Stewart Neave, Mrs. B. L. Hughes and Mr. L. Cohen (Cape Town), Mr. W. A. Webster and Major G. H. Edmunds (White River), Mr. W. Hoskin (Groot Marico), Mr. L. A. Oates (Bloemfontein), Mr. E. E. Morris (Kingwilliamstown), Mr. G. Morris (Queenstown), Mr. G. McNicol, Mr. M. V. Hennessey, Mr. J. T. Wallace, Mr. S. Brady, Mr. A. S. Williams, Mr. E. L. Strickland, Mr. W. H. Thomas (Durban), Mr. J. H. Johnston and Mr.

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O. J. Oosthuizen (Port Elizabeth), Mr. G. Thornton (Salisbury), Mr. T. Kershaw (Lourenço Marques), Mr. Max Larsson (Stockholm), Mr. H. Caldecott and Sir H. and Lady Meyrick Hollins (England).

The "Supper Dancing."

The *souper dansant* last Friday evening was as full as ever, and the Palm Court was again crowded. Mr. Seals Wood had a party which included Mr. Thurston Hall and Miss Gladys Webster, Mr. Tom Cullinan and Mr. Denoon Duncan. By the way, on my way to the Carlton I thought I had never seen so many motor-cars as stood outside His Majesty's, and it was very exciting to meet "*Bluebeard*" —Mr. Thurston Hall—looking none the worse for his adventures in matrimony and very energetic as a fox-trotter (is that the right expression?) Speaking as a woman, the only mistake he made in the play was that he did not at once take his eighth wife in his arms. Instead, he argued, and that is a sure sign of weakness! One missed Miss Zillah Bateman this Friday, for one looks forward to her gowns. The previous week she wore a very delightful gold georgette frock embroidered in a wonderful design in tiny gold beads. It was made on straight sleeveless lines, and she carried a large ostrich-feather fan of gold. Mr. Joseph Cunningham was with her; he is a keen dancer. But to return to last Friday's "Dancing." Mrs. Seals Wood wore an elegant gown of black, the corsage being sleeveless and having a back panel of fine laces that merged into the tunic skirt. The swathed belt was of rose, blue and gold. Miss Seals Wood came in a smart pale pink sleeveless gown with white fur at the hem of the skirt, which was ruched at the hips. Her sister looked very *chic* in pale green embroidered in crystal beads and made slightly full at the hips. Miss Gladys Webster wore a very handsome gown of rust-coloured *marocain*, beautifully embroidered in gold and black in Egyptian design. At the low waist-line was a deep band of black embroidered in gold, and the back of the gown had a long panel from neck to below the hem caught in at the waist-line. Her shoes were of rust and gold brocade. Mrs. Percy Sherwell was very much admired in a pale pink georgette gown embroidered in silver beads, over which she wore a white silk Spanish shawl embroidered in black. Mrs. A. J. Orenstein came in a picturesque frock of black taffetas made with a tight corsage and full skirt; having a panel of silver laces in front on which were placed bands of black diagonally. Mrs. Sheridan came in a gown of a beautiful rose shade with ostrich-feather trimming at the back in apron shape, the feathers being of cream shading to rose. A girdle of rubies and *diamant* outlined the waist. Miss Fifi Otto wore a black *charmeuse* gown with a large gold tissue rose at one side. Miss Elsie Reed came in pink with radium laces and at the side a rose ostrich-feather posy. Mrs. Bedell-Sivright had on a black gown embroidered in crystal beads, and Mrs. A. W. Menkins came in an elegant rose and gold brocade. Miss Renée Sutton wore a very charming white gown embroidered in lines of silver beads, at the hem being a design of water-lilies in bright shades of beads. A white camellia was placed on one shoulder. Mrs. Kark wore a primrose gown beaded and made with three scalloped tiers to the skirt. Miss Tony Carlin came in an apple-green gown of *chic* design. Mr. Arthur Youldon, Mr. W. Matthews, Mr. C. Whitehead, Mr. Theo. Wendt, Mr. Oates, Dr. Sheridan, Mr. Ben Kark, Mr. Landau, Captain Bedell-Sivright, Mr. A. W. Menkins, Mr. L. Lavenstein, and Mr. and Mrs. Japhet were also among those present, Mrs. Japhet wearing a *chic* black gown.

Tight Shoes Advocated.

From Germany comes a quaint idea. "Wear your shoes so that they pinch a little," says Fraulein Puttkamer,

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Dear Sir,—When my daughter began to use Kotalko she was nearly bald. Although she tried many things, her hair would not grow. We thought the roots were dead. However, as one more trial, we sent for a tin of Kotalko, though thinking it would prove to be just like the other preparations used; but we are glad to state that after one year's use she now has a thick mop of wavy hair. Unless I had seen it for myself, I would not have thought it possible. In my opinion, Kotalko is the best preparation for making hair grow.

Yours sincerely,
(Signed) **F. Lonsdale.**

HEAD WAS QUITE BARE.

MARY LITTLE.
Gorton.

Dear Sir,—What Kotalko has done for me is nothing short of wonderful. Four years ago I lost all my hair. My head was bare and shiny just like the back of my hand. I had been under a hair specialist and a doctor, but all in vain.

One day, on seeing your advertisement, I decided to try Kotalko, and I am simply delighted that I did so, for I now have a head of beautiful, curly, silk-like hair, which is admired by everyone. Kotalko has certainly proved itself a true hair grower.

Yours gratefully,
(Signed) **Mary Little.**

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Thanks to Kotalko, these two young ladies are now happy in the possession of fine heads of hair, although not so long since both of them were nearly bald.

A multitude of others, men and women, have used the remarkable compound—Kotalko—with astonishing and delightful benefit in removing scurf, stopping the falling out of hair, and developing a new growth. This has been done in many cases where the baldness existed for years and when all other hair tonics, lotions, pomades, etc., had been unsuccessfully tried.

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who is somewhat of an authority we are told on footwear and its relation to health. She contends that too large shoes tend to slovenliness in walk and make women slouch along. A rather tight-fitting shoe for walking gives one a sprightly appearance and does not give corns as loose shoes do. All my admiration, Fraulein von Puttkamer, but I prefer to be comfortable. A sprightly walk may give an appearance of youth, but the cost is too great.

Marist Brothers' Old Boys.

There were certainly no tight shoes at the Marist Brothers' Old Boys' Dance, held in the Wanderers' Hall, for everyone danced and danced and had such a good time, and it was really a very enjoyable affairs—one of the nicest I have been to. Messrs. H. Eckstein and O. Ziegler were the hon. secretaries, and they were assisted by Messrs. S. J. Pitts, L. Japhet, J. S. Lowe, H. O. Basson, W. van Gorkham, M. Rothkugel, V. B. Pickett, A. Lawson, A. Surtees, R. Effren, B. Wilson, J. Murry, G. Plaskett, G. Yirrell, C. Nathan and R. D. Meintjes. as D.C.'s, who all did their work so well that there was not a wall-flower. In fact, it was one of the few dances I have been to lately where there were more men than women. The Football Club of the Marist Brothers had joined with the Old Boys' Association, and the result, as I said, was a very happy evening. Mr. A. E. Lowe is the chairman and was present, as well as Mr. Kilfoil and all the best-known figures in the football world. Mrs. Eckstein came in a *chic* black gown with a silver-lined panel at the side. Mrs. Ziegler was smart in cream *charmeuse* veiled in laces. Mrs. Basson had on a black and white frock with net sleeves. Brother Jerome and Brother Gerald represented the School, Mr. and Mrs. Winslow represented the Wanderers' Club, the Old Edwardians sent Messrs. Lewis and Duff, the Old Johannians Messrs. Wilkinson and Thompson, and the Jeppe High Messrs. Stevens and Vincent. Mrs. A. E. Lowe wore a handsome apricot-coloured gown. Miss Susskind came in black *charmeuse* with a deep frill to the skirt on which were placed roses of brown and rose at the low waist-line. Mrs. L. J. McDonnell was smart in grass-green brocade patterned in rose and black and edged with fur, and Miss Atmore wore a handsome black draped frock. Mrs. Israel was smart in a beautifully draped georgette gown of black with a wing sleeve. Miss Buckridge wore a black gown with turquoise-blue, and Miss Peggy Gibbon came in black net which was banded in green laid on in flat folds, and she wore a lovely Spanish shawl. Miss Ogilvie came in pink taffetas with a tight corsage and full skirt, and Miss Gaydon wore a pretty black frock. I would love to tell you of many more gowns but space forbids; we all have something sent to try us, don't we? Blue and gold were, of course, the colours of the evening, and most of the dancers carried balloons and wore paper caps. And there were over 300 people dancing, so you can imagine it was a pretty sight. CARRIE.

CONFESSIONS OF A MUSICAL DIRECTOR.

IT was in the Music Room at the Empire that I met him. There is not really any Music Room, but it does not matter—it sounds well. "Dave" is a man of few words, so without giving him time to think I fired the following questions at him and he fired the attached answers back at me, and here they are:

What is your favourite theatre? An operating theatre.

Which is your favourite play? All those I have never seen.

What is your earliest recollection? Obliterated by later ones.

What is your favourite sport? Watching the different expressions on the faces of the audience.

What is your favourite hobby? Finding answers for the numberless questions I am asked.

Which are your favourite cigarettes? For smoking or looking at?

What would you do to make South Africa brighter? Give it a sense of humour.

What is your ideal holiday? Never had one, excepting 15 minutes per night.

What is your lucky day? Sunday.

A JOHANNESBURG WEDDING.

A group at the wedding in Johannesburg last week of Mr. Alan Fitzpatrick, son of Sir Percy Fitzpatrick, to Miss Rhona Gregory. *Left to right:* Mr. Jack Mackie Niven (the best-man), Mrs. W. E. Gregory, the bridegroom, the bride, Sir Percy Fitzpatrick, Miss Madeleine Gregory (bridesmaid), Mr. W. E. Gregory, and Shirley Bain-Marais and Patsy Holliday (flower-girls).

Photo by A. Houston Rogers.

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Which is your favourite dish? All look alike to me. Am to busy to make a pet of a dish.

What is your favourite motto? *Furor iraque qui mal y pense.*

When do you feel at your worst? Never.

When do you feel at your best? Never.

What is your opinion of Mah-Jong? If this is Dutch I prefer "*mij meisje.*"

What is your favourite pet? The bookworm.

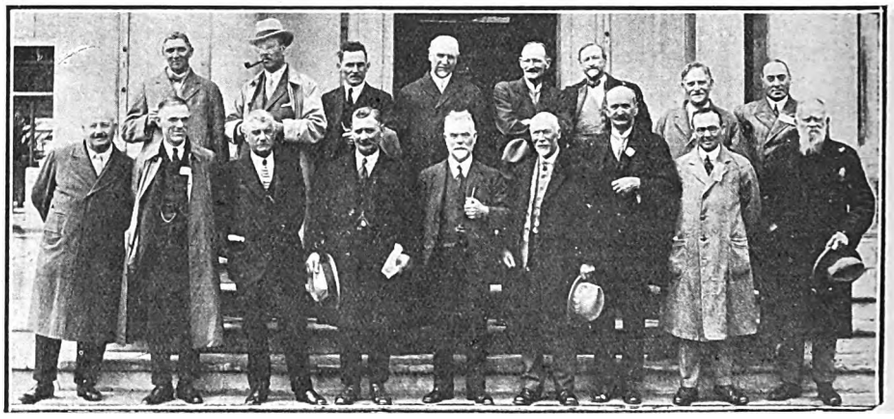
What is your pet aversion? The ordinary one.

What, if you were not connected with the stage, would you prefer to be? An Editor. A blue pencil is *so* useful, and is never, or seldom, used in our profession.

What is your favourite Christian name? It means "Beloved," but I'm too modest to tell you what it is.

And he signed himself: Yours "gingerly," D. FOOTE.

CARRIE.



THE EMPIRE PARLIAMENTARY DELEGATION AT PORT ELIZABETH.
Left to right: Front row: Viscount Burnham, Mr. H. Snell (United Kingdom), Hon. A. F. Hawke (New Zealand), Mr. E. J. Howard (New Zealand), Sir John Luke (New Zealand), Sir John Foster (Canada), Senator T. Givens, Mr. W. G. McQuarrie, K.C. (Canada), Senator F. W. Reitz (South Africa). *Back row:* ————, Mr. W. J. Baker (United Kingdom), Mr. J. C. Welsh (United Kingdom), Dr. W. A. Chapple (United Kingdom), Hon. J. G. Ogden (Australia), Dr. W. R. N. Maloney (Australia), Senator Willoughby, K.C. (Canada), Senator J. F. Guthrie (Australia) (who has only one leg and is an authority on sheep and cattle farming).
"S.A. Pictorial" photo.

A PARKTOWN WEDDING.

THERE was a very pretty wedding at St. Augustine's Church, Doornfontein, Johannesburg, last week, when Miss Rhona Lange Gregory, daughter of Mr. and Mrs. W. E. Gregory, of Parktown, was married to Mr. Alan Cubbitt Fitzpatrick, elder son of Sir Percy and the late Lady Fitzpatrick. Both young people are extremely popular, and there was a very large assembly of friends in the church when the Rev. Canon Harrison Thompson performed the ceremony. Mr. Jack Mackie Niven was the best-man.

The bride, who is a very pretty girl, wore a very charming gown of white georgette embroidered in crystal and china beads in a design of roses and edged with marabout fur. The corsage was rounded and the bead design was also carried down to the front in a narrow panel, the sleeves being of wing shape edged with beads. Her train of silver was caught from the right shoulder with a magnificent buckle and was lined with georgette. The veil was made of tulle and worn under a high coronet of silver laces with discs of pearls and crystal at the ears. She carried a lovely shower bouquet.

Miss Madeleine Gregory made a very attractive bridesmaid in a gown of orchid mauve organdis and a poke-bonnet with clusters of flowers having long ribbon streamers. The gown was trimmed with tiny frills edged with laces and was banded at the waist with pink and mauve ribbon, and it had a design in tiny flowers on it of the same shade.

Little Shirley Bain-Marais and Patsy Holliday acted as train-bearers and looked very sweet in ivory georgette trimmed with tiny lace frills and shoulder-knots of silver.

A reception was held at "Wynnstay," Queen's Road, Parktown, the residence of the bride's parents, where Mrs. Gregory received her guests wearing an elegant cream gown of georgette embossed in royal-blue and black. Her black lace hat was trimmed with paradise plumes and she wore one of the new scarves of black edged with royal-blue. Mrs. F. H. Lange, grandmother of the bride, came in pearl-grey and a black hat.

The honeymoon is being spent on a trip through Natal, Mrs. Fitzpatrick travelling in a gown of Chinese-red *marocain* made with tiny buttons down the front and having a narrow girdle above the kilted flounce. With it she wore a white hat.

Among those present were Sir Percy Fitzpatrick, father of the bridegroom, Dr. J. van Niekerk, Mr. S. S. Taylor, K.C., Mrs. C. Bain-Marais, Mr. and Mrs. W. Grimmer, Mrs. P. Holliday, Mrs. E. L. Bateman, Miss M. Bateman, Mr. T. Clapham, Mrs. E. Charles, Miss Charles, Mrs. T. Simpson, Mrs. Guy Chalkley, Mrs. Paul Selby, Mr. T. Cullinan, Mrs. Glenton, the Misses Glenton, Miss I. Cullinan, Mr. F. Glenton, Mr. Bailey Southwell, Mr. R. Stratford, Mrs. and Miss Juta and Mr. H. Juta.

CARRIE.

OF RACES.

On Saturday we shall have the Handicap and I do hope you will make lots of money. I always think if the horses stuck to more of a plan we'd all get on better. Like George E. Phair's steed:

A handsome steed of noble breed
Stood at the post one day.
He scorned the steeds of other breeds
For they were common clay.
He seemed to think it was absurd
To mingle with the lowly herd,
And turned his back without a word
And ran the other way.

A race, to him, was dull and gray
A wearisome formality,
And so he ran the other way
To show his personality;
Before ten thousand puzzled eyes,
That gazed on him in wild surprise,
He chose a way to advertise
His individuality.

Of course this is not a hint to any horse running on Saturday—you will quite understand that. Cheerio! See you at the races.

CARRIE.

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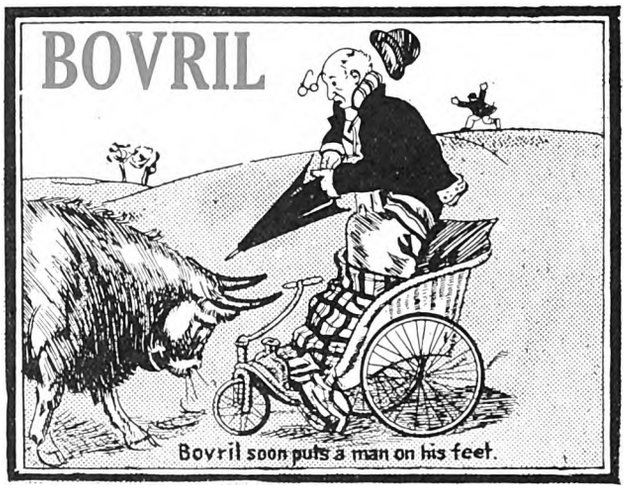

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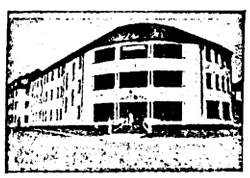

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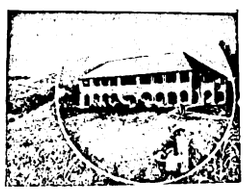

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THE SPRING MEETING.

Selections for the First Day's Racing.

CHANCES IN THE HANDICAP.

By "ONLOOKER."

THE shortage of money for racing in the Transvaal is every day becoming more apparent. A few years ago, with an attendance such as there was at the Benoni meeting last Saturday, half as much again as the between eight and nine thousand pounds

Handled at the Totalisator

could have been counted upon. Racegoers who formerly were wont to set aside a fiver or a tenner for week-end speculation have now to be content with risking half, or less than half, of the amount. It is a sign of the times; and there seems to be no immediate prospect of a turn in the tide.

* * *

No doubt the altered condition brought about by the rains—the easy going—was responsible for the form at Benoni being somewhat at variance with recent running. This was to be looked for. Two of the winners, however—two of

The Twin Favourites

that prevailed—had won the previous time out. These were Thankful and Happy Venture. The former had not much to spare from Outpace at the end of six furlongs, so the degree of the Durban-owned colt's merit has been about properly gauged.

* * *

Happy Venture missed the opposition of Koodoo in the seven-furlongs Galloway Handicap, and this probably made the task for Mr. Myers' filly the easier. As a three-year-old Happy Venture only scored once in seventeen outings. The filly's success at Benoni marked her fourth victory this season, and the season is not yet far advanced, so the sister to Happy Days is now doing well.

* * *

Hurra, starting at an outside price, captured the chief event at Benoni, Polyfloret, receiving 22lbs., being second, and Back Answer, to whom the winner was conceding 7lbs., third. Hurra and Back Answer hold

The Spring Handicap

engagement, both having the minimum weight. Saturday's showing makes the chance of Back Answer in the big race a very forlorn one, and though Hurra is a lucky horse, he will require some such luck as when he last gained honours at Turffontein to succeed this week-end.

* * *

The Show prize-colt, Gladiator, was seen in fighting trim at Benoni, carrying, it is understood, Mr. Gard's colours for the last time. Gladiator was sent out in big demand for the Maiden Handicap over five furlongs, to be beaten into third place, the spoils going to Wald, a five-year-old gelding that has been well spoken of for some time past. Saddled up for the race immediately following, the race won by Thankful,

Gladiator Was Again Third.

He has proved a very expensive inmate for the White Lodge stable. A third reverse to that stable came in the penultimate event, the English-bred Dorothy II., entrusted with confidence, failing to gain a place behind Blondel at a mile. Blondel is an aged son of Millie Symons that had not previously won since September, 1921, when he beat Monocle and others in a galloway race at Benoni.

* * *

In his second contest in America Epinard was again beaten—was short-headed over a mile by a three-year-old named Ladkin, with Wise Counsellor, who had beaten the French colt over six furlongs, third. Most people were under the impression that Epinard was to take part in matches in the States. It appears, however, he has to take on more than a single opponent.

* * *

The Thoroughbred Breeders' Association recently circularised racing clubs urging the better endowment of stakes for two-year-olds. For the most part the two-year-old races in recent seasons have not been of any great value. Yet in comparison with other races the events for the youngest runners have been endowed to quite as liberal an extent as was warranted. It can be allowed that, apart from three or four good stakes, there is not very much for a two-year-old to win in prize money. But is not this as it should be? This paper is in agreement with those who hold that the racing of two-year-olds is overdone; that there are too many races each season confined to youngsters. The Rules of Racing lay it down that clubs shall include a two-year-old race on every programme from and after December 1; and some clubs, as is known, have two-year-old events in the earlier months of the season, prior to the specified date. Is not

The Rule a Mistaken One

that requires amendment? Anyway, the effect of the racing of youngsters week in and week out has been most detrimental to the rising stock. It is short-sighted policy of the breeders, in order, one presumes, to create a surer market for their yearlings, to advocate the extension of two-year-old racing; for to increase the value of the prizes would mean that the young horses would be even more done to death than they are at present. It is painful to see, as is not infrequently seen, in the middle of a season a field of two-year-olds going out for a race, every one of which is to some extent infirm. The Breeders' Association should be the first to recognise that the encouragement now held out for the forcing of immature stock is against the best interests of the horse-breeding industry. In the long run the breeders would benefit were there fewer two-year-old races; and, on the other hand, more races confined to South African-bred horses when they had reached maturity. Well-endowed races for three- and four-year-old horses raised in the country are what is wanted.

THE LATE GENERAL BEVES.

The late Brigadier-General P. S. Beves, C.B., C.M.G., who died in Johannesburg last Friday evening.

Photo by Brittain.

* * *

The Johanneseburg Spring Handicap will be run for this Saturday. The recent abundant rains we have had

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on the Rand came perhaps a little too late for trainers to get their charges quite, as the saying goes, top-hole, but the assured good going will make for

A Big Field

of contestants. At the time of writing (Monday evening) the race looks to be very open; especially from the fact that some horses do well on a light preparation, while others must have plenty of strong work, which they hardly can have had, to do themselves justice.

* * *

One supposes Randall would not require Fabaris, a gross customer, to do much fast exercise when the ground was hard. I would take it, then, that the top-weight is unlikely to be forward enough to be seen at his best this week. Flush of Dawn is more or less always fit,

Comes to Hand Quickly,

and of Mr. De Meillon's little lot is pretty sure to be the owner's selected. A victory for Flush of Dawn would be very popular; an equally popular success would be that of the other old mare, Collet. Each has a like weight to put up. On these terms Collet may now be the better of the two.

* * *

Desert Gold has done virtually nothing since winning the Autumn Handicap. It should be said that Desert Gold had a very bad run in the Durban July. His chance of winning that race was gone before the journey was half covered, and he did well to run up fourth. If Major Cooper gets Desert Gold to the post to his liking on Saturday I have a strong predilection that there will be nothing to beat him. Of the other likely runners lately up from the coast, Buddles may be the best, and on his latest form must be given a fighting chance. As I remarked last week, such horses as Noble Polly cannot well be considered in a Handicap connection until some proof is given of their staying ability. Golden Tip has won over seven furlongs and may be found equal to "getting" nine; yet her running would suggest that her best course is short of a mile. Of those engaged that made history when the courses were hard, Culmstock with his

Solid Condition

is worthy of respect. Happy Omen has been under a cloud for some time past and may not be a runner. Then there is Princess Alice, who, if better at the weights than her stable companion, Surprise Sauce, is not to be despised; but I would take the latter to be the better of Mr. Rowe's pair. Caronroe, if as well as when found in Appetiser's race, can be regarded as one of the hardest to beat. Elegant is spoken of in some quarters as having a good chance. Elegant is not a boy's horse, and the very fact that his impost, 6st. 7lbs., precludes his having the services of a strong jockey seems to me to put him out of court. There has been next to no betting on the race, so there is no market guide as to owners' intentions. I anticipate that the result will be somewhat as follows:

Desert Gold	1
Culmstock	2
Collet	3

* * *

There will be seven events on the card at Turffontein on the first day. The big race is timed for 3.15. Selections for minor races:

1.0 p.m.—Parktown Handicap, 6 furlongs, Randall's selected 1, Marten 2, Thankful 3.

1.55 p.m.—Flying Handicap (Bottoms), 5 furlongs. Smithy 1, Wald 2, Turret 3.

2.35 p.m.—Yeoville Handicap (Bottoms), 1¼ miles. Tarpia 1, Boxer 2, Metropolis 3.

4.0 p.m.—Yeoville Handicap (Tops), 1¼ miles, Benedictine 1, Battle Cry 2, View Halloa 3.

4.40 p.m.—Flying Handicap (Middles), 5 furlongs, Turning Point 1, Brag 2, Murray's selected 3.

5.20 p.m.—Flying Handicap (Tops), 5 furlongs, Plenty 1, Randall's selected 2, Essay 3.

"HELLO! HORSEY SPEAKING!"

"You were very restless last night, John," accused John's wife over the breakfast table, "and what's more, you kept mentioning a woman's name in your sleep . . . 'Dorothy.' Now, who is Dorothy?" "Oh . . . er . . ," mumbled John, "the fact is, my dear, Dorothy is the name of a filly I backed yesterday. She won at ten to one, and here's your share of the swag." He handed his wife a fiver and secreted himself behind his paper. In the evening, when John had returned to dinner, his wife returned to the attack. "John! You know that horse you backed yesterday . . . ?" "Yes, my dear!" "Well, she rang you up on the 'phone this afternoon!"

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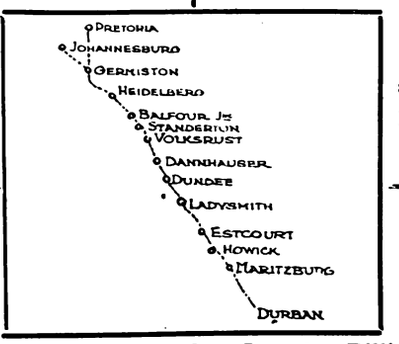

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WEEK COMMENCING MONDAY, OCTOBER 6.

Tivoli, Cape Town.—Till October 7: The Veterans of Variety, Jen Latona, H. and E. Martell, Rolls and Falls, Professor Little. Continuing: Barbara Munro. Opening October 8: The Birchalls, The Queries, Les Trombetta, Moore and Stewart, Turpin.

Empire, Johannesburg.—"Little Nellie Kelly."

His Majesty's, Johannesburg.—Thurston Hall and Company in "Bluebeard's Eighth Wife."

Orpheum, Johannesburg.—Moon and Morris, Harris Family.

Grand, Pretoria.—Rich and Galvin, Moss and Maachah.

Criterion, Benoni.—Jennie Hartley, Les Uniques.

Rinko, Maritzburg.—The Original Dewars, Videau and Kirby.

Criterion, Durban.—Mello and Nello, J. H. Scotland, Theda Sisters.

Grand, Bloemfontein.—Maurice Moscovitch and Company in "Trilby" (October 8, 9 and 10) and "What Money Can't Buy" (October 11).

Grand, Port Elizabeth.—Opening October 7: O'Brien and Harris, Otago Bill and Co., Rupert Ingalese and Co.

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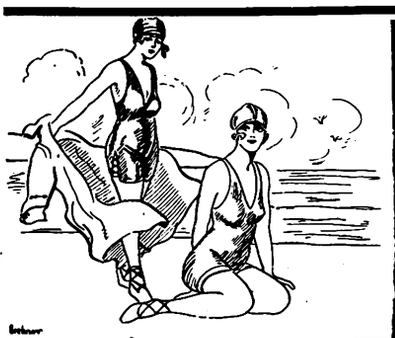

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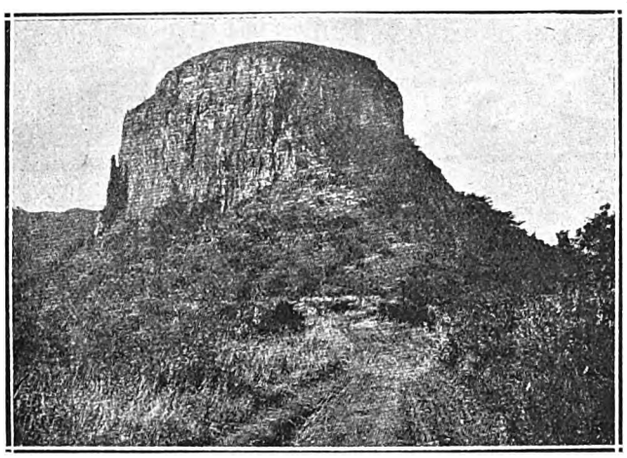
By "WIRE WHEEL."

The "Wedd" Memorial.

Last Sunday the R.M.C.C. ran off their postponed competition for the "Wedd" Memorial Reliability Trophy. For the best part of sixty miles the seventeen competitors who started had a real reliability trial, such as one is accustomed to read about in the English trials. Thunder and lightning accompanied the start, and by the time the third rider had left rain was falling in torrents. It abated just before reaching Mulder's Drift, but came on again when Krugersdorp was reached. From there to Blaauwbank competitors drove through it, and at the hotel the storm passed behind the riders, only for them to run into a hail-storm a few miles further on. Through it all the only lady, Mrs. H. C. Leon, who accompanied her husband on the A.J.S. combination, bravely continued, and finished the 190-miles triangular course feeling very fit and with little or no trace of tiredness after the strenuous ride. The riders finished the course, which was completed by the last to arrive shortly after 4 p.m. The result will not be known for some time. The secret-control times have yet to be received by the hon.



No. 6. CAN YOU PLACE THIS PICTURE?

On the road to ————, a motorist's paradise. A prize valued at half-a-guinea will be awarded to the sender of the first letter opened containing the correct name of the place. No letter will be opened until midday on Monday, October 13.

secretary, Mr. J. W. Hoffmann, and the whole of the time-sheets have to be checked. Officials who assisted were: Mr. J. Hodgson and the West Rand M.C.C., Krugersdorp; Mr. E. O. Gover, Blaauwbank Hotel; Wissekerke's Garage, Rustenburg; Messrs. J. D. Campbell and E. Rose and party, Farm Tea Rooms, Silikat's Nek; Messrs. Percy Flook, C. W. Bower and R. Sarkis, Pretoria; Messrs. W. Bain Campbell and F. G. Siddle, Pretoria Road.

The Haven of Content.

Mr. and Mrs. W. Bain Campbell returned to Johannesburg after an extended honeymoon tour in the Essex Six. The total distance covered was over 1,500 miles, and took in most of the picturesque spots on the Natal coast. Mr. Bain Campbell is enthusiastic about the merits of Port St. John's as a place well worth motoring to. The run from Port Shepstone is over an excellent road, through most gorgeous scenery, and Port St. John's is a veritable Garden of Eden. There is both sea and land scenes to charm the jaded eye, and give rest to tired mortals. The mighty "gates" of the St. John's River recall the lines of Thomas Pringle, the settler's poet:

"Like giant sentinels on either hand,
The stately portals of the river stand.
Their rugged crests and headlands bold and free,
Rising in silent grandeur o'er the sea,
Whose foaming waves engird with silvery showers
St. John's grand cliffs and castellated towers.
Low at their feet, in deep eternal shade,
The river flows past mountain, krantz and glade,
Onward and onward from its distant source
Till, midst this scene sublime, it ends its course."

The New Chevrolet.

Messrs. Williams, Hunt & Co. advise me that the Superior Chevrolet Sports Model will now be fitted with five Dunlop Cord Balloon Tyres (31 x 4.40). These tyres will now be standard equipment, which includes also parking lights, head lights, tail- and stop-light, front and rear bumpers, step-mats and kick-plates, side-wings and windscreen wiper, as well as the ordinary full electrical equipment. The price has not been altered and remains the same as before, namely, £299 10s.

To Repair Celluloid Curtain Lights.

A neat job can be made of a cracked celluloid curtain light out of a piece of cinematograph film. This should be moistened on the film side and the picture rubbed off with a wet cloth. A good cement can be made by mixing celluloid shavings in acetone, adding a little ether to make it quick-drying. Applied thus, a neat job can be made which does not look unsightly. The visibility is in no way affected, and the film is better for this purpose than ordinary sheet celluloid because it is tougher and thinner.

The S. A. Tourist Trophy.

A certain amount of discussion has arisen over the allocation of the trophies in the 1925 South African Tourist Trophy races. Mr. M. W. Curtis (hon. secretary of the Motor-cycle Union of S.A.), points out that this allocation was done at the request of the donors, namely: The "Woolavington" Cup to the 350 c.c. class, and the "Triumph" Shield to the 600 c.c. class.

Cape to Cairo.

Up to the time of writing no news has been received of Major Court-Treatt and the Crossley cars, beyond the fact that the expedition had passed through Laingsburg, Cape. The party were, however, expected to reach Kimberley on Monday. It is quite possible that the recent rains have held the expedition back down-country. The tyres which are being used on the Crossleys are 6-inch Rapson's, of war-time armoured-car type, with specially reinforced side-walls. The rear wheels are double, specially built by Messrs. Crossley's, with a tread of 13½ inches. Wakefield Castrol Oil and Shell Motor Spirit will be used throughout the journey, and supplies are now being conveyed to the dumps all along the route.

"Look here, Smith," complained the motorist, "I can't get any speed out of that car you sold me . . . and you said you'd been summoned six times while driving it." "That's right," chuckled Smith, "obstruction!"

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STAGE & CINEMA.

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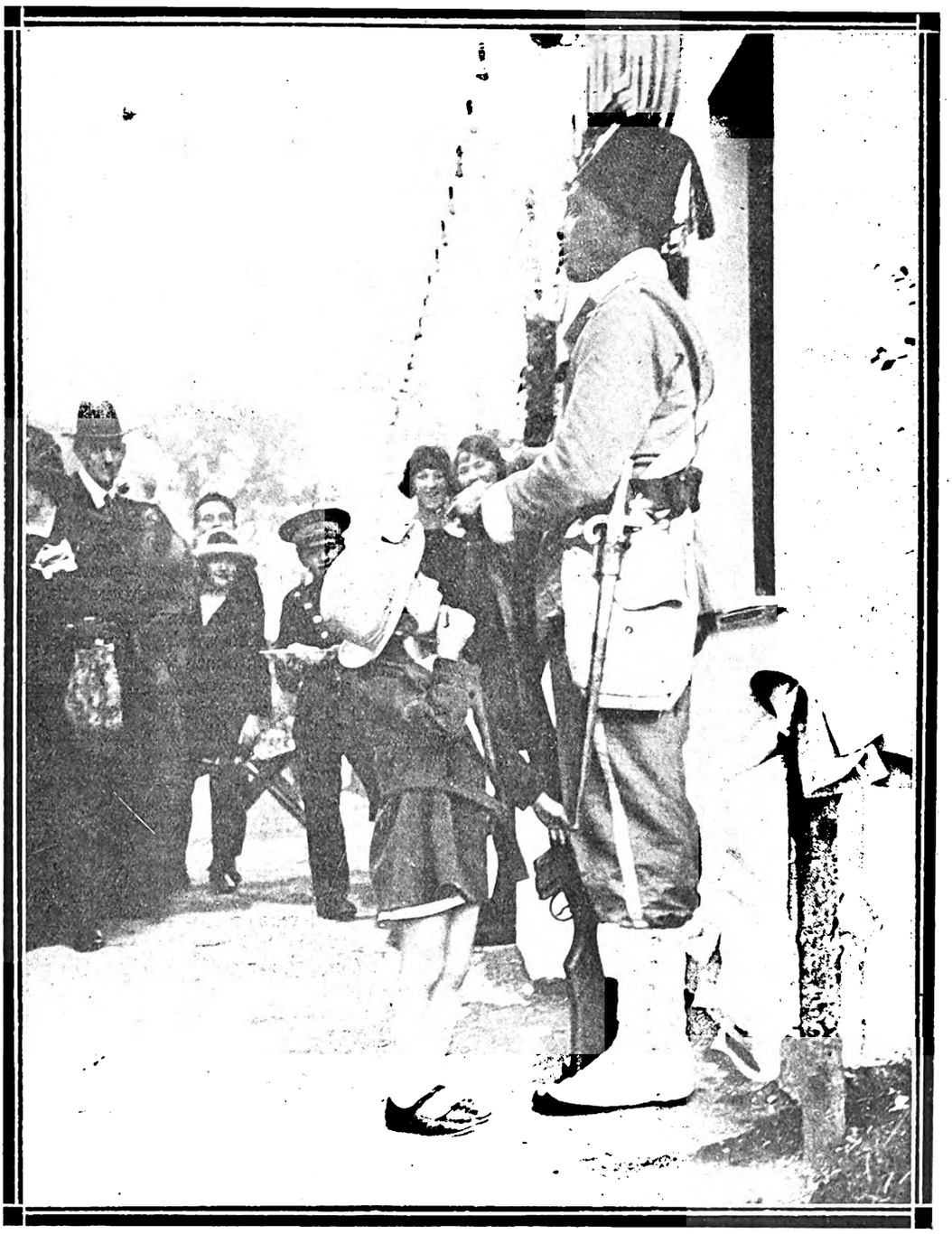

IS HE ALIVE?

A West African soldier would consider himself disgraced if he so much as flickered an eyelid while on sentry-duty. This quaint photograph was taken at Wembley Exhibition, and shows a little girl nervously pinching a native sentry to see if he is really alive.

Topical Press photo.

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TALKS OF BRAUNWASSER AND SCHWARTZBROIT.

AVROM Braunwasser and Maishe Schwartzbroit are the South African prototypes of Montagu Glass's *Abe Potash* and *Mawruss Perlmutter*. They are good fellows; both learned in the Talmud, and although they have but an imperfect knowledge of English, they possess a fund of humanity and commonsense that far outweighs their lack of either of the official languages of the Union.

Braunwasser has a little wholesale warehouse in Market Street, and Schwartzbroit, who has a concession store on the Reef, is one of his best customers. They meet twice weekly: On Wednesdays, when Schwartzbroit comes in to do his buying and words run high. On Sundays they meet on a more friendly footing in either Braunwasser's house in Yeoville or Schwartzbroit's house in Judith's Paarl.

In business they are not friends. The light of battle is in their eyes and rancour in their hearts. Braunwasser says that Schwartzbroit would be perfectly content "if I sold it him goods under cost, you understand me, and me and mine family starved in the streets of Ferreiras." Schwartzbroit, again, contends that "out of mine business he buys himself properties in Yeoville, the profiteer, and lives it in luxury."

But Sunday presents a different tale. Business is practically forgotten. Schwartzbroit and his wife and family (Rachel, aged 12, and Isaac, aged 9) dine with the Braunwassers, or *vice versa*, and the evening is spent in thiswise:

Mrs. Braunwasser and Mrs. Schwartzbroit play rummy, the while their respective husbands discuss topics of the day heatedly and argumentatively. Rachel and Isaac Schwartzbroit play with the Braunwassers' schildren, Abie, aged 14, and little Yitschok, aged 2 years and 10 months. In their hearts their loving mothers are already planning a *shiddach* between Abe and Rachel, who pair off and play together, while little Isaac minds baby Yitschok, who delights in nothing better than endeavouring to swallow forks and tablespoons.

As for our principals—their discussions are varied and range from boots to Bolshevism, from cotton to Creswell, and from mutton to Mussolini. On this particular evening their conversation is on "Scaramouche."

S.: Say, Braunwasser, did you seen that picture at the Bijou, "Scarmuts"?

B.: Whadye mean, "Scarmuts"? You mean, don't you, "Scaramushy"? It's French.

S.: *Meine deiges!* how you pronounce it. Dat picture was a real treat, no?

B.: It was a fine picture, one of the best I seen, only I don't like the actors.

S.: Why not? I thought they were very good. It was . . .

B. (*impatiently*): I know, I know. As actors they were first-rate, but they cause a lot of trouble in private life, between husband and wife, you understand me.

S.: What! you too?

B.: What d'ye mean, you too?

S. (*glancing round cautiously to make sure that the wives are out of earshot*): About Lewis Stone, that loafer?

B.: Aha, another *meshugauer*! What did your wife say?

S.: What did yours?

B.: Never mind, tell me first what yours said.

S.: Well, you know what women are. That Lewis Stone she has already seen in every picture. A fine face he got, she says, and a noble character. Believe me, never has Rifka behaved like this before.

B.: And mine too. Everything is Lewis Stone—the way he looks, the way he walks and talks. An ideal man, she says, until I'm sick and tired of hearing about him.

S.: What are you going to do?

B.: Same as you—nothing.

S.: What can we do?

B.: What we're doing now—nothing.

S.: Is it perhaps serious, you think?

B.: No, no! When a woman is married to a man that has to work for a living, like us two, you understand me, and take care of the house and mind the babies, she wants what they call romance. She wants something different sometimes. She gets tired of seeing the same face and having the same *kopvaituk* and hearing the same *tzorros*—she wants a thrill. But our wives, you understand me, are sensible level-headed women, and if they must have a love affair, they have it with a figure on the film. There's no harm, and no divorces. By-and-by they'll get tired of this Stone and fall in love with another. And so on, all the time.

S.: But what are we going to do about it?

B.: Take no notice. Ain't we sensible enough to understand? How many times have you fallen in love—only we don't talk about it?

S.: Braunwasser, talk for yourself! I don't have such ideas.

B.: No, *nebbich!* That's why when you come into my store you go straight and talk to the typist.

S.: *I* talk to the typist! I got to say "good morning."

B.: Have you got to go upstairs to the office when you can do the business on the ground floor?

S.: Don't drag in business on a Sunday. I got enough to do with it all the week. And speaking of business, how about those sports-coats you sold me, which, as you know yourself, is the wrong sizes and the prices is more as double the price I can get it from . . .

B.: *Schweig!* This isn't Market Street, and we're not talking about sports-coats. We talking about picture actors.

[*Their remarks have become somewhat heated and have attracted the attention of the ladies.*]

Mrs. S.: What are you two quarrelling about again?

Mrs. B.: What's the argument now?

B. (*with a wink to S.*): We was only saying what a fine actor Lewis Stone is.

S.: And what a fine character he got! (*Winks at B.*)

[*The ladies resume their rummy impatiently.*]

B. (*loudly*): I got it a fine pash for Alice Terry. What a fine face!

S.: And what a noble character, no?

Mrs. S.: You ought to be ashamed of yourselves! Two old men talking such nonsense!

Mrs. B.: Since you can't behave yourselves, Rifka and I are going out on the verandah.

[*They stalk out indignantly.*]

B. (*triumphantly*): That's what we'll do, Schwartzbroit! Every time they talk about Lewis Stone, we'll make a *gewald* about Alice Terry.

S.: Dat's a good idea! Now what about those sports-coats . . . ?

Curtain.

T.J.H.

When a mediæval man spoke of a mystery, he was thinking of God, but when we speak of a mystery we are thinking of the contents of *The News of the World*.—*St. John Ervine in "The Organised Theatre."*

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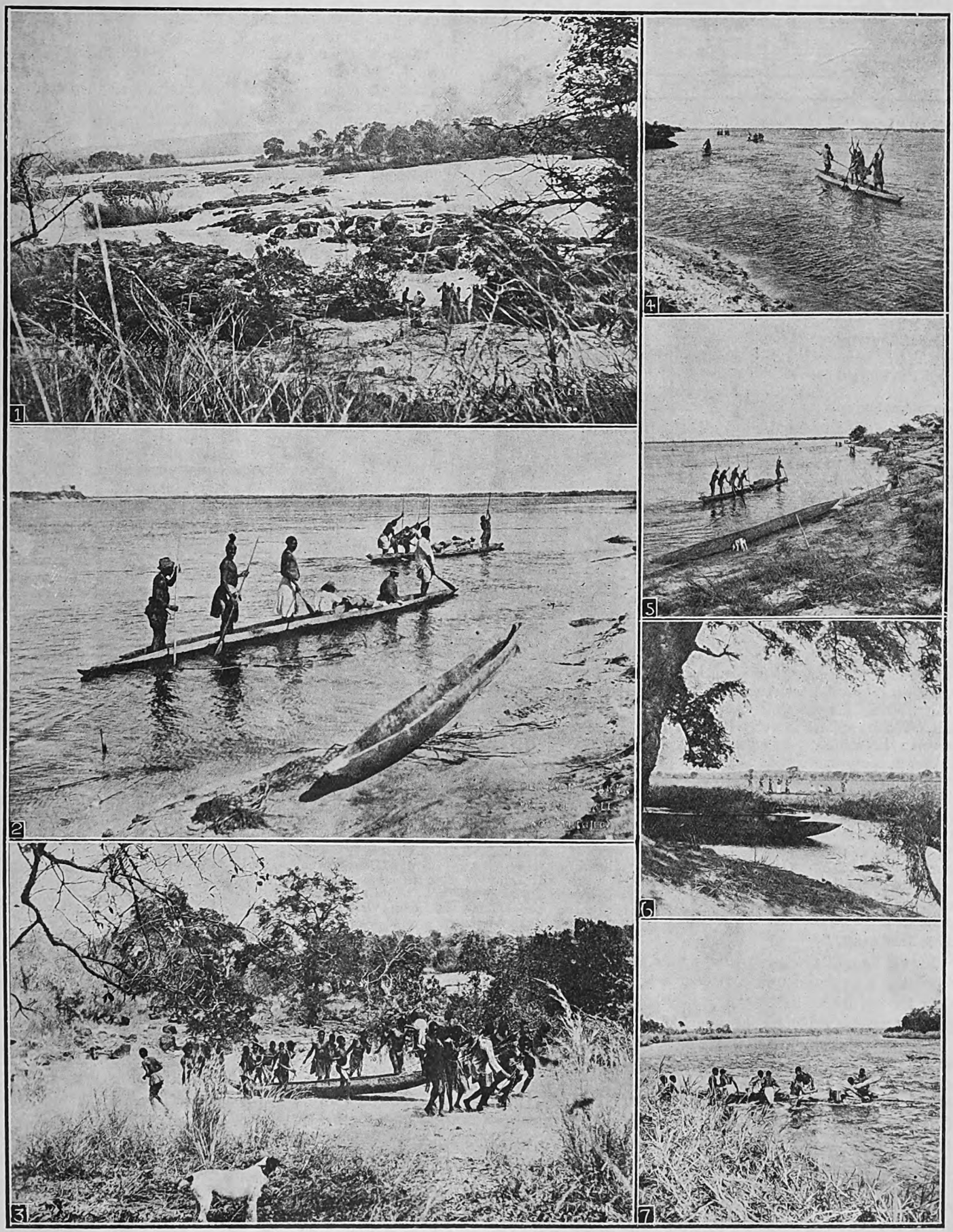
TWO HUNDRED AND FIFTY MILES ABOVE THE FALLS.



SCENES ON THE UPPER ZAMBESI FAR NORTH OF THE VICTORIA FALLS.

1. The Numbwe Cataract on the Upper Zambesi. 2. They upset if a white man looks at them too hard, but the natives are experts in managing them: Native "dug-outs" with white passengers. 3. The portage of a native "dug-out" round the N'gonye Falls, 250 miles above the Victoria Falls. 4. and 5. Native "dug-outs" on the Upper Zambesi. 6. A pretty peep. 7. A fairly rare occurrence: "Dug-out" capsized in broken water above rapids.

Photos for "S.A. Pictorial" by Percy M. Clark, F.R.G.S.

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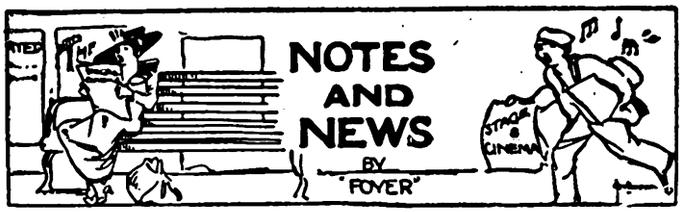

The Two "Leos."

Few variety acts of the many thousands that have visited Johannesburg since the early days of the old Empire have aroused more preliminary talk than the Veterans of Variety, who will open at the Empire on Monday evening. Prominent among the little party of seven are Leo Dryden and Frank Leo—the two "Leos." Leo Dryden is the chairman, and Frank Leo writes their special concerted numbers. The other members of the party are: Jake Friedman, Sable Fern, Lily Burnand, Charles Lee and Arthur Slater. The two "Leos" were interviewed at Cape Town by *The Cape Argus*. Leo Dryden spoke of modern audiences; Frank Leo of the old songs.

Modern Audiences.

"We find the modern audiences as keen and as enthusiastic as the old ones," said Leo Dryden. "They seem to like the old songs quite as well as they do these new-fangled jazz turns. We gave an entertainment lasting over an hour on the mail-boat during the voyage out, and it was voted by the captain the finest entertainment he had ever seen. You see, hearing an old song is like meeting an old friend. And when the old song is sung by the old singer, then you have the combination of both. My song, 'The Miner's Dream of Home,' goes down with modern audiences as well as ever it did. We all appear in our original costumes in which we made our greatest successes. You'll like the girls, too. You wouldn't think Sable there was touring South Africa thirty-one years ago, would you? But she was, and she's as sprightly as ever. When she first came up to the office to join the troupe they thought she was past her time. Not a bit of it. She's the sprightliest of the lot."

"This Jazz Stuff."

Frank Leo, the veteran song-writer and composer, has written the words and music of over a thousand songs and scenes for the music-hall. "My dear boy," he said, "it's not worth writing the good old songs now. There's no money in it. Why, even ballad singers have to be paid to sing a new number. I've written some of the most popular numbers on the halls to-day, such as 'Where do Flies go?' and 'Feeding the Ducks.' I wrote 'The Night Watchman' for Wilkie Bard. But I might tell you I've not made a fortune out of it. Don't ask me what I think of the modern song and this jazz stuff. I don't think the public really want it all the time. It's just given to them by the managers. You'll find our old songs will go down equally as well. I've written the opening number and closing chorus for our show, and I myself sing lines from about thirty of my songs. We're all real glad to be back in 'the business' again. It's like old times to be on tour. We had fine receptions all over England, and we're hoping to do as well in South Africa. We can give a show lasting as long as you like, and we can give the audience what it wants."

MISS JEN LATONA,
"Vaudeville's Happiest 'Songs-at-the-Piano' Girl," who will play her *n*th visit to the Johannesburg Empire next week, when she will be on the same programme as The Veterans of Variety.

Lauder at Balmoral.

At a command performance given in mail-week by Sir Harry Lauder at Balmoral Castle the comedian sang, at the King's special request, his song "I Love a Lassie." "When I got to the chorus," said Sir Harry, "the whole company joined in, the King and Queen singing as lustily as any and obviously enjoying every line of it." For well over an hour Sir Harry Lauder delighted their Majesties and a large company, consisting of members of the Royal Household, ghillies, and tenants, by his singing of songs old and new. He told how during his last visit to Australia he got from an old soldier the words of his latest successful number, "The End of the Road," which he set to his own music. The full programme which Sir Harry Lauder provided was: "I Love a Lassie," "When I was Twenty-one," "There's Somebody Waitin' for Me," "I'm the Saftest of the Family," "Roaming in th' Gloaming," "The Wee Hoose Amang the Heather," "Love Makes the World a Merry-Go-Round," "I Like My Home Town," and "The End of the Road." Sir Harry remained at Balmoral overnight as the guest of their Majesties.

Henlere in London.

After his initial London success at the Oxford Theatre, London, where, as recorded by our London correspondent last week, he was "the hit of the bill," Herschel Henlere went to the Alhambra and was equally successful. *The Daily Telegraph* says of him: "It was only by turning on the 'World's News in Pictures' that the audience was persuaded to let Mr. Herschel Henlere, the 'Mirthful Music Master,' leave the stage. He wins not so much by his mirth (which, to speak the truth, is rather overpitched), not so much by his mastery over the keyboard and over tunes of many kinds and times, as by his confiding personality."

The Third Henry Irving.

The birth is announced of a son to Mr. and Mrs. Laurence Irving. The baby, which will be named Henry Brodribb, after the late Mr. H. B. Irving, will be the third Henry Irving of the line of which Sir Henry Irving was the first.

New Song-Hit.

"What do you do Sunday, Mary?" sung by Miss Luella Gear in "Poppy," the new musical-comedy at the Gaiety Theatre, London, is likely to sweep through the country as no other song has for a long time past, says *The Daily Mail* (London). On the first night six encore verses had to be sung.

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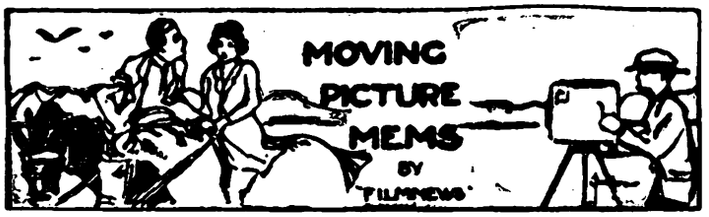

Dempsey "Knocks Out" Charlie.

If, as reported, Jack Dempsey is enagaged to Estelle Taylor, the little star who is so much like Mabel Normand, he has given a " knock-out " blow to one of Charlie Chaplin's romances. For all the Hollywood gossip lately has been about Charlie and Estelle. Charlie has the quality of all geniuses in not caring what people may say about him, and he selects his companions without regard to scandal or convention. And if he is seen half-a-dozen times or more with one woman (as he has been with Miss Taylor), Hollywood immediately " engages " them to be married. Before Miss Taylor, Miss Thelma Morgan Converse, the twin sister of Mrs. Reginald Vanderbilt, was "selected" by Hollywood to be Charlie's wife. For a long time it looked as though Chaplin and Pola Negri were going to marry, and there were rumours (quite baseless, of course) that he was to wed Mrs. Clare Sheridan, the sculptress. Three years ago he nearly married May Collins, the film star, who was 17 years old at the time. Estelle Taylor is one of Hollywood's beauties. She has a keen sense of humour and is said to dance divinely. Dempsey has been with her a lot lately.

'Plane Chases Liner.

The Prince of Wales left England for America on August 23. The film of his arrival at New York was shown in England on September 8. It reached Liverpool on that day by the White Star liner *Adriatic*. The film was sent by aeroplane after the *Adriatic* when she was two hours out at sea on her way to Europe. The pilot signalled to the officers of the vessel and arrangements were made to catch the message that he indicated he would drop. This proved to be the film, packed to resemble a cricket ball and weighing 22 ounces.

Ex-Empress a Film Actress ?

According to the Paris edition of *The New York Herald*, *ex*-Empress Zita may soon become a film actress. The last of Austria's Empresses is said to be considering an alluring offer from an American manager.

Filming the Navy.

Naval officers armed with camera and cinematograph apparatus are now part of the complement of the Atlantic and Mediterranean fleets. Since the War the Navy has realised the great instructional value of the film, and the special photographic branch, although in its infancy, is doing such good work that it is likely to be considerably augmented in the near future. At present there are two naval photographers on Whale Island, and one of them, Lieut.-Commander R. F. Knight, is being transferred to the Mediterranean Command, the sloop *Chrysanthemum* being placed at his disposal. His sloop will be equipped with a dark-room containing every modern facility for the development and printing of both the ordinary type of photograph and the cinematograph film. Boats from the sloop can distribute films to the battleships of the fleet, and this may mean that after a hard day knocking the stuffing out of a target, Jack afloat can recline at his ease in the evening, watching a film of his marksmanship. At present only the ordinary cinematograph camera is in use, but it is anticipated that soon a high-speed apparatus will be available, by means of which target practice will be analysed in slow-motion.

Few Restrictions.

The Navy has not imposed any serious restrictions on the activities of its photographers, and by obtaining the permission of the Senior Officer of the ship they can film anything which may have an historical interest. Their peace-time duties are principally concerned with gunnery practice and the effects of fire on a target. Films are also taken of new machinery and mechanism. These pictures are sent to instructional schools, where naval recruits and those undergoing specialised courses can be taught by means of screen illustrations. It is anticipated that photographs of conditions prevailing in the Mediterranean, where considerable gunnery practice is made, will be of the utmost value to instructors.

JACK DEMPSEY AND ESTELLE TAYLOR.

The world's heavyweight champion and the cinema actress to whom he is reported to be engaged to be married.

Topical Press photo.

What the Dial Was For.

Ramon Novarro, who is now in Rome playing the title-*rôle* in " Ben-Hur," the Lew Wallace classic adapted by June Mathis, which Fred Niblo is producing for Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer on a gigantic scale, took a radio set of his own making to the studio a short time ago to show it off, and proceeded to tune in. The others gathered round, and John Gilbert jovially took things in hand. " I see you don't know how to tune this set," he observed, as he began adjusting the knobs. " But don't let that worry you, Novarro, old boy; we all have to learn, you know. Did you notice the increased volume of sound as I turned the last dial? Just put the finishing touch on reception, as it were. Of course, one cannot teach you the whole game of reception at one sitting; but I will say this much—you would do well to pay particular attention to that dial if you want good quality and plenty of volume. This is one of the most sensitive controls. Condenser, I suppose?" " No, Gilbert, it isn't," replied Novarro. " You see, it's like this: I bored an extra hole in the panel by mistake and I put a knob there to hide it. It does not control anything but the imagination."

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PERSONAL SERVICE

EMPIRE, MONDAY: THE VETERANS OF VARIETY.

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Afrikaanse Kunswedstrijd.

There were several competitors at the fourth meeting of the *Afrikaanse Kunswedstrijd* last Monday whose efforts merit favourable comment. Miss Niesewand played the test piece, Lemmer's *Romance in D*, with a fine interpretative sense, and finely-graded tone values. These were the considerations that probably gained for her the favourable decision of the adjudicator. Miss Van Rooyen's performance was also of an excellent standard, but it held less of the characteristic qualities of the music than the performance of the winner. There was no competition in the Open Trio section, only one combination being heard. The players were handicapped somewhat by the nature of the test solo. This selection—a Reisiger Trio—does not hold much in the way of inspiration. It is generally commonplace, and it can be as dull as ditch-water in any but experienced hands. This quality of experience was entirely lacking in the performance, the players evidently not realising that practically every interpretative resource must be employed to give life and some semblance of meaning to music that of itself has neither. As a consequence the audience heard a rendering that presented very little to admire in either a technical or a musical sense. The playing in the Klavier Duo for competitors under 15 was of a decidedly good standard, and there was notable promise in the playing of three finalists in the piano section for players under 16.

Piano and Violin.

Efforts of a superior kind were heard in the piano and violin section. The competitors displayed a genuine understanding of the music, even though technical considerations sometimes prevented the complete presentation of their ideas. Consistency both in performance and interpretation marked the playing of Miss Gracie de Kock and Miss Natalie Wedlake, and they secured the award for a generally acceptable version of two sections of Grieg's Sonata in C minor. It was a pity that the open piano solo brought out only one performer. This was Mr. J. du P. Perold, whose handling of Rosenbloom's A-flat *Polonaise* indicated a pianist of definite attainments. As usual, the young pianists who were heard in the section under 13 showed much promise, and many gave complete evidence of careful training. Here the winner, Lettie Nel, showed marked ability, and she has been taught in a way that should constitute a firm foundation for her future progress. While in some of the other instrumental sections quite passable efforts were heard, there is room for considerable improvement generally, and if it be said that the advance in the standards attained is notable as compared with what was heard last year, it can also be remarked that a tightening up of the requirements for major honours would be in the best interest of this festival.

The Vocal Side.

In a general way my impression of the vocal competitions was that much improvement in standard is necessary. In no case that I heard was the solo singing either notable or distinctive, and consequently the awards did not always seem to indicate any real executive standard. Among the choir competitions one or two combinations were of outstanding excellence. The Asaf Choir was one of these. The party included some really excellent voices, and the strength of the combination was found in the male-voice section. The singing of this choir gained a highly encouraging percentage of points, this being one of the instances where the standard was well up to competitive requirements. The singing of the Johann Rissik School Choir was another case of superior effort, and here also the major award was well-earned. On the whole the *Afrikaanse Kunswedstrijd* seems to be gaining ground rapidly among the Dutch-speaking community, and the committee has some justification for feeling a sense of satisfaction at the progress made in the fourth year of these meetings.

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A Golf Course is in course of construction, and guests may be fully assured of every comfort, attention and amusement being provided for them.

Musical Society.

At the next concert of the Johannesburg Musical Society on Monday, October 13, the programme will be undertaken by Madame Wedlake-Santanera and Mr. Willem Gerke. The concert will take the nature of a Sonata Recital for Violin and Piano, the *ensemble* items being Bach's Sonata in F minor, Julius Rontgen's Sonata in E major, *Op.* 40, and Beethoven's Sonata in G major, No. 10. The Society announces that the concert on November 3 will be given by selected advanced students, and on Tuesday, November 18, the programme will be devoted to examples of modern English Chamber Music, including piano quartets by Herbert Howells and Frank Bridge, the artists being Miss Nancy Aitken, Mrs. J. Meiring, Mrs. H. Durell and Mr. Harold Ketelby. Miss Nancy Aitken will also play the first movement of B. J. Dale's Pianoforte Sonata in D minor.

Miss Margarete Schoen.

Another event that promises much musical interest is the Pianoforte and Vocal Recital to be given in the Selborne Hall on Thursday evening, October 30, by Miss Margarete Schoen and Mrs. Neale-Weyhausen. Much that is new will be presented by the pianist, including some pieces by Couperin, two pieces by Max Reger, and a work by Mayer-Mahr, with whom Miss Schoen studied for a time in Germany. The other instrumental items will be Beethoven's Sonata in D minor, *Op.* 31, No. 2, and Tausig's setting of Bach's Toccata and Fugue in D minor.

Students' Recital.

A varied and musically interesting programme has been arranged for the concert to be given in the Selborne Hall next Wednesday evening, October 15, by the pupils of Mr. Horace Barton and Mr. Max Weinbrenn. Among the items are quintets, quartets and trios, and solo items will be played for both violin and piano by various pupils.

A world no better educated than this will never be very much better than this; it will be a world of race mobs and lynchings, of pogroms and race brigandage, of furious struggles for disputed territories, and wars and wars and wars.—*Mr. H. G. Wells.*

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A Cape Town Chronicle

BY 'BEACHCOMBER.'

Cape Town, Monday.

The Old Songs.

This has been a fortnight of old music-hall songs sung lustily at the Tivoli Theatre. It is safe to say that the appearance of the Veterans of Variety in Cape Town has been the biggest success of the year. There were a few doubting Thomases who were not prepared to echo the slogan, "Give me the old days!" On the contrary they seemed to be saying, "Give us the modern stuff," or words to that effect. Yet they turned up at the Tivoli on the opening night—they *must* have turned up, for the theatre was packed to the doors—and waited in hyper-critical fashion for the Veterans to appear. Jazz enthusiasts as many of them were, there were many of the youthful ones who had heard their fathers humming some rather sentimental melodies at moments, and they were now prepared to hear the original singers of these old songs.

Yelling the Choruses.

They were not disappointed. Within five minutes of the Veterans opening their show the whole theatre was yelling the choruses. And this is no mean achievement for the Tivoli, which most music-hall artists will confess is the hardest audience in South Africa to rouse into a chorus. And what old familiar choruses they were, too. First we had Lily Burnand, with her dainty blue frock and golden hair, singing:

"Two little girls in blue, lad,
Two little girls in blue.
They were sisters, we were brothers,
And learned to love the two.
One little girl in blue, lad,
Won your father's heart,
Became your mother; I married the other,
And now we have drifted apart."

What enthusiasm there was from the old dogs in the Tivoli that night—and they also had turned up in full force. No mistaking them. They knew all the choruses from beginning to end. And they yelled their enthusiasm again and again, when Leo Dryden appeared in the red shirt and khaki riding-breeches to sing the famous song, "The Miner's Dream of Home." Encores were insistent, and Leo Dryden gave a familiar one of his own composing:

"I'm going back to my home again,
Far away over the sea,
Back to the scenes of my childhood,
Where there's a welcome for me.
Many years have passed away
Since I left my native shore;
May God speed the vessel that carries me back
To my dear old home once more."

These songs may seem trite and commonplace in cold print, but in the glowing, romantic atmosphere that the Veterans create they are songs with a tremendously emotional appeal.

Leo Dryden.

I have not told you of Arthur Slater, the "Whistling Man in White," or of Sable Fern, who appeared in Johannesburg twenty-five years ago and is still as pretty and vivacious as ever. They will be conquering Johannesburg soon after these words appear. But although I have enjoyed the Veterans tremendously on the stage, I think I have enjoyed them even better off the stage. They are full of so many memories, they talk such wonderful "shop," that I could go on listening to their stories all night. And many in Cape Town have found them equally attractive. Every night at the Tivoli after the show there have been waiting friends with motor-cars, and these Veterans, one at least of whom possesses a venerable bald head, have been whisked away on joy-rides round the mountain until two and three in the morning. They seem to accept this gay life of public luncheons and sprightly dinner parties with all the insouciance of youthful ambitious stars. I was sitting next to Leo Dryden at one of these popular affairs when he told me of the dark days just after the War when he was forced to go into the streets of London wearing a mask and singing to obtain a livelihood. The fact that he was able to sing in French and Italian as well as English attracted some attention. Everybody wanted to know who was the masked singer. A bright young journalist from Carmelite House sought him out, obtained an interview, and focussed public attention on the plight of some of the old stars of the music-hall. A few weeks later saw Leo Dryden and fellow veterans making their astoundingly successful *début* at the Palladium. "And how do you like being back in the business again?" I asked him. "My dear boy," said Leo Dryden, "after singing for two years in the streets of London, anything would be a godsend. This is heaven!"

Jake Friedman's Memories.

The comedian of the Veterans is Jake Friedman, the original "One-Man Opera." He has a happy manner of taking the audience into his confidence and never letting them out of it. He told me of his appearance in Johannesburg twenty-five years ago, when, on the first night, he was, in his own words, a "complete frost." Yet, before the week was out he had achieved a tremendous success, and he told me the story of his departure twelve weeks later. "It was on Sunday night," he said. "After my turn, the audience—or most of it—left the building without waiting to see the rest of the programme and gathered outside the stage-door. I was due to catch the mail-train south that night and horses and a carriage were there to take me to the station. The crowd took out the horses and harnessed themselves, and meanwhile friends of mine were filling the carriage with every kind of food, whisky and wine. When I came out the crowd was so great that I had to climb through the carriage window, and eventually we moved off in triumphal progress through the streets of Johannesburg. As we went along towards the station we sang together, for what I thought would be the last time, the songs I had sung during my twelve weeks' stay. I was able to feed the whole company during the train journey on the presents I had received."

Frank Leo and His Songs.

Another character among the veterans who interests the public tremendously is Frank Leo, the song-writer. One recognised him immediately, for his photograph appears on the covers of some three or four hundred songs—the splay of hair falling over his forehead, and the long thin face. He it is who composed "Where do Flies go?" and wrote the sketch "The Night Watchman" as well as many

(*Continued on page 10.*)

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THE END OF THE STORY IN "NORTH OF THE RIO GRANDE."

JACK HOLT AND BEBE DANIELS.

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In the Bright Lights.

"THE RISING GENERATION."

New Production on Monday Evening: Farewell to Thurston Hall Company.

AT His Majesty's Theatre on Monday evening the first performance in South Africa will take place of "The Rising Generation," the successful comedy by Wyn Weaver and Laura Leycester from the Shaftesbury Theatre, London.

The play is a rollicking "rag" in which bursts of youthful high spirits are varied with passages of true feeling. The rising generation is made up of an assorted batch of boys and girls well up into their 'teens, but not yet beyond school age. The chief mutineers are the son and daughter of an explorer and his wife, who, not having seen the "dear children" for three years, are startled to find them so "grown up" in their general conduct, and actually in open mutiny against the parental yoke. These rebels add unto themselves other rebels—an array of school chums, male and female, whom they invite *en masse* and laden with luggage to the family's semi-rural home at Wimbledon. Finding means to lure "the pater and mater" into paying a few days' visit to mater's "ma," these mutinous members of the Rising Generation run the household with (as may be imagined) disastrous results—especially to themselves. Gardeners are stunned, parrots die from a diet of ham, greenhouses are broken, family portraits are ruined by air-guns—and the cook gives notice. In short, things happen in this play—and happen all the time.

The father and mother will be played by Miss Dorothy Reeve and Mr. Clarence Bigge. Miss Reeve appeared for Miss Gladys Cooper in "The Sign on the Door" at the Playhouse, London, and subsequently played the part on tour. The butler and cook will be played by Mr. Dick Cruikshanks and Miss Daisy Stone. The latter, who will make her first stage appearance in this country, is in private life Mrs. Victor Crawford, the wife of the popular comedian. The juvenile parts will be played by Willie Jubb, Zena Howard, Sheila McGregor, Victor Kernick, Leslie Laurier and Mabel Rochester. The producer is Mr. Philip D. Levard.

Mr. Thurston Hall and his company will make "positively their last appearance" in Johannesburg this Saturday evening, in "Bluebeard's Eighth Wife." No return visit is possible.

EMPIRE PALACE.

Farewell to "Little Nellie Kelly": Veterans of Variety Next Week.

AFTER running for eight weeks "Little Nellie Kelly" will have its 65th and farewell performance at the Johannesburg Empire this Saturday evening. There is certain to be a packed house to say good-bye to one of the most popular girl-and-music productions Johannesburg has known.

Last week's singing competition for children at the matinées is described by Carrie on pages 18 and 19.

"Little Nellie Kelly" will spend the next fortnight at the Criterion Theatre, Durban, and will then visit Maritzburg, Kimberley, Bloemfontein, East London, Port Elizabeth, Cape Town and Pretoria, the tour lasting till the middle of December.

The Empire will go back to vaudeville on Monday evening with a bill headed by the Veterans of Variety: Leo Dryden, Jake Friedman, Sable Fern, Frank Leo, Lily Burnand, Charles Lee and Arthur Slater. Beachcomber tells of the Veterans' triumphs at the Tivoli Theatre, Cape Town, in his Cape Town Chronicle in this issue.

In addition to the Veterans of Variety the new programme at the Empire will include: Jen Latona, "Vaudeville's Happiest 'Songs-at-the-Piano' Girl," who is paying

(Continued in next column.)

A CAPE TOWN CHRONICLE.

(Continued from page 8.)

other Wilkie Bard successes. "But song-writing isn't what it used to be," said Frank Leo to me. "The publishers think the public want jazz songs, and they produce jazz songs. They even go so far as to pay singers on the music-halls to sing their songs, and so the composer of the ordinary sentimental song hasn't a chance. Is it really worth while? Take one of my successes, 'Watching the Trains come in,' sung by Jack Pleasants. All that I managed to make out of that song was £20. In America they do things differently. The composers of 'Yes, we have no Bananas' made £100,000 out of their song. Ridiculous, isn't it? I think the public still wants the funny and sentimental type of song, but the publishers won't give it to them."

Tivoli Comes of Age.

By a singular coincidence the appearance of the Veterans at the Tivoli saw the twenty-first birthday of the theatre. The birthday was duly celebrated, and it is curious to note that on the first programme of the Tivoli twenty-one years ago appeared the name of Jen Latona, who also appeared on this birthday occasion. Of the famous artists who have appeared on "the smallest stage—and the cosiest in South Africa," are George Robey, Little Tich, Eugene Stratton, W. C. Fillis, Alice Lloyd, Ada Reeve, the two McNaughtons, Eugene Sandow, Wilkie Bard, George Graves, Fred Barnes, Lady Forbes-Robertson, Jack Pleasants, Julian Rose and Bert Coote. It is a fine record for any music-hall.

George Relph's Farewell.

I had a talk with George Relph just before he left South Africa for England this week. "Of the several characters I have played on this tour," he said, "I think I prefer the *Raja of Rukh* in 'The Green Goddess,' although it was not half so difficult a part to play as *Nick Radcliffe* in 'The Way of an Eagle.' I have in mind," he continued, "a tour in Australia and then a return visit to South Africa within three years. I have had an extraordinarily good time in this country, have made hosts of friends, and am already looking forward eagerly to my return. I should like next time to produce a couple of Shakespearean plays in addition to two or three modern dramatic works. I am very fond of Shakespeare myself and I have an idea that there is a big public for it in South Africa."

Beachcomber.

AN OBJECT LESSON.

It was an enthusiastic lady of Hebrew origin who, taking her small son to the Albert Hall to hear the great Kreisler transform the violin into something human, arrived there to find every seat booked and not even standing room. She offered all sorts of money to gain an entrance for herself and her offspring, but it was all in vain, for every corner of the vast edifice was filled to overflowing to hear the greatest of all violinists. Disappointed, she dejectedly walked out into the evening air, and as she did so she turned to her little son and said: "*Now*, Ikey, will you practise?"

Work is the ruination of the drinking classes.

what may be her fourth, or possibly her fifth, visit to South Africa, where she is always sure of a warm welcome; Elsie Videau and Walter Kirby, who will present "A Blending of Comedy and Art entitled 'A Double Turn:'" Harold Moss and Isabel Maachah, in "A Musical and *Ballet* Fantasy;" Les Uniques, "Premier Comedy Cyclists;" Henry and Edgar Martell, "Comedians and Creators of Eccentricities;" and The Original Dewars, "The Champions of all Gymnasts." (It is popularly believed that the Martells and the Dewars do not "mix" with each other, although both go well with soda).

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JOHANNESBURG, Tuesday afternoon.

WITH a holiday yesterday and the Jewish Day of Atonement to-morrow, the Stock Exchange being closed on both occasions, the market remains quite stagnant. Very little is doing in London just now in "Kaffirs," the brokers' "refreshers"—to borrow a word from another profession—being in the tea market, which is booming. The impending General Election is unlikely to help matters.

On Saturday there were, on High 'Change, transactions in the shares of only eight companies; about double that number this morning. There is still buying of good shares. Modders are again over 75s., "Deeps" virtually 44s., Government Areas 135s. According to a calculation by Mr. George Denny, who used to be consulting engineer to the General Mining Corporation, Modder has 80s. in sight in the profit in its ore-reserves, and Modder Deep no less than 65s. As far as shareholders are concerned, Government Areas' ore-reserves represent a profit of 75s. out of a total profit in the reserves of nearly 170s., the difference representing the Government's share under the contract. Neither City Deep, which were quoted at 65s. 3d.-66s., nor Crown Mines, which were a trifle harder at 54s. 6d.-54s. 9d., came to actual business. The same applies to Van Ryn Deeps, except that there was business in an odd lot at 68s. 3d.

The same authority as I referred to above reckons that there is 30s. in sight in profit in Crown Mines' ore-reserves, against only a guinea at City Deep, while Van Ryn Deep has as much as 50s. Geduldes, which are about half-a-crown less than City Deep, have double the profit in sight, namely, 44s. Springs Mines have improved slightly to 51s. There was an isolated transaction in Rose Deep, very seldom dealt in here, at 12s., which is less than three years' purchase of the last two dividends.

The companies' revenues for the month have benefited from an advance of 1s. per ounce in the price of gold, but the shorter month has tended to higher costs than shown in August, when they were lower than for some years past. The group profits were £35,000 better than in that month, though exactly the same figure lower than in July. The extra shilling is worth about £40,000. Nine months' Rand profits just pass the eleven millions sterling. Government Areas again made over £200,000, and "Modder" over £160,000. Main Reef's profit improved sharply to £14,200, from the recent ten-thousand range, which no doubt explains the demands for the shares, which have been up to 13s. Simmer and Jack has got up to 80,000 tons, and, contrary to the general experience, lopped another shilling off its costs at 14s. 8d. This very low-grade mine is now making 19s. profit per ounce of gold. Profit has improved to £15,500, and there is some demand for the shares at about 3s. Brakpan's profit fell back to £43,750, the tonnage being adversely affected by an overwind at No. 2 shaft.

There have been a few dealings in Transvaal Platinums at 75s. and 77s. 6d., while Crown Diamonds have improved to 4s. 5d.

"SOMEWHERE IN AFRICA."

In his recently-published book "Chestnuts Re-Roasted" Mr. Seymour Hicks relates that "a judge on a certain African racecourse" had backed "Skinnem," and stood to win a lot of money. Questioning the clerk at his side, who watched the race through his glasses, he was told that "Skinnem" was lying ninth. "Is he?" said the judge. "This must be seen to." As the horses passed the post, he shouted out in a stentorian voice: "All round again, boys." They went round again, and the desired result was achieved.

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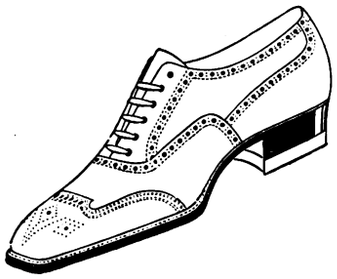

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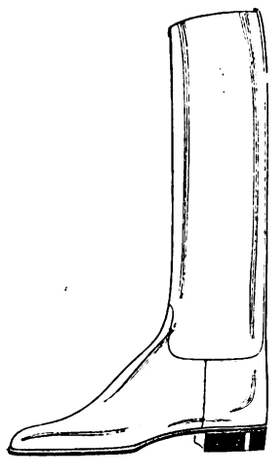

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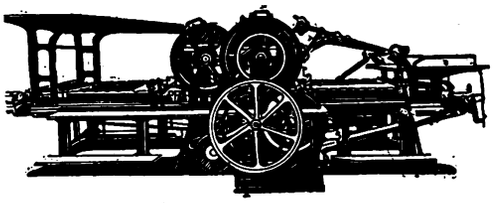

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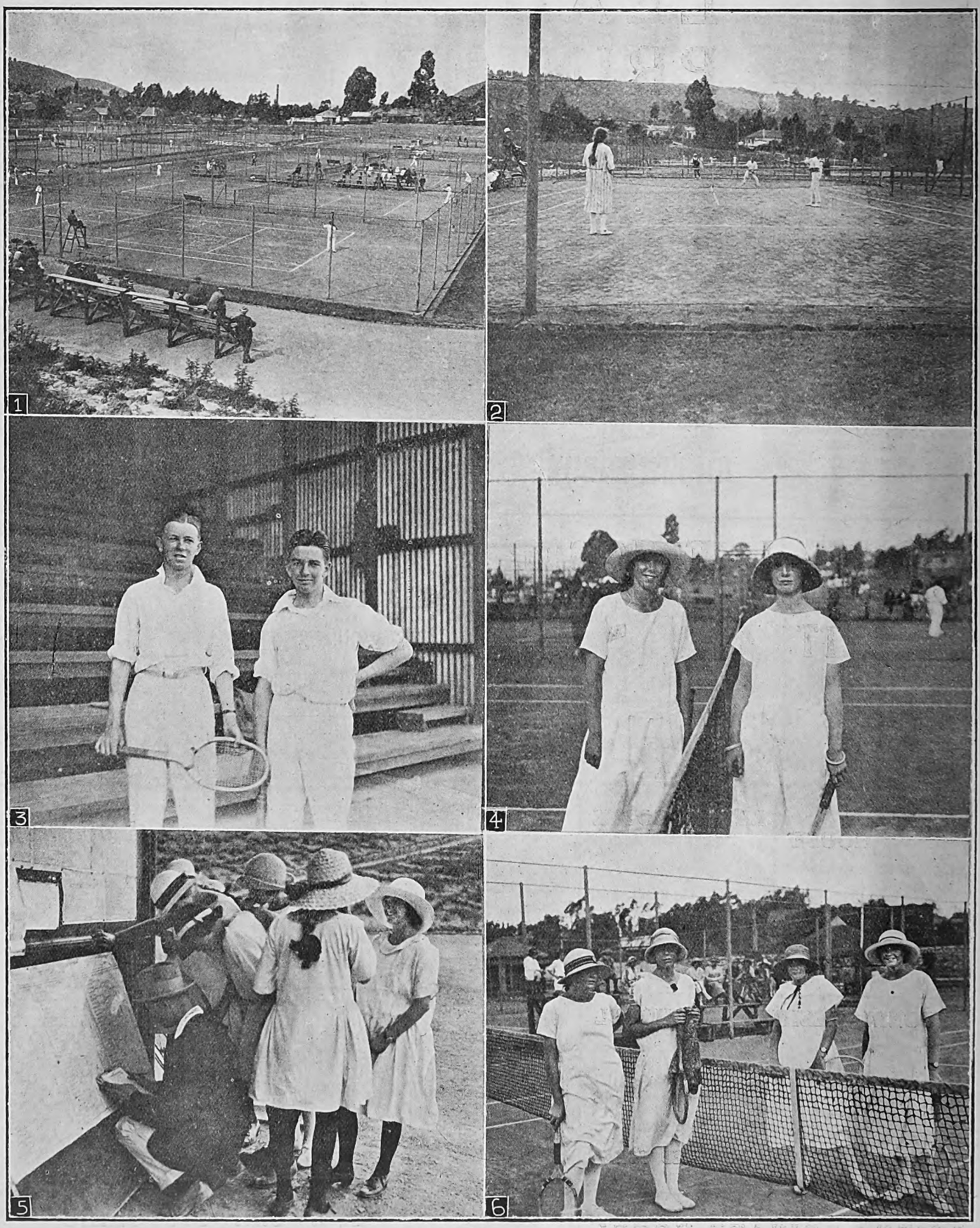

THE SOUTHERN TRANSVAAL JUNIOR TENNIS CHAMPIONSHIPS AT ELLIS PARK, JOHANNESBURG.

1. A general view of some of the courts. Ellis Park, Doornfontein, Johannesburg, is South Africa's new "Wimbledon." Before the courts were built it was a disused sports ground, and it was the scene of a tragic battle between the I.L.H. and the "Reds" during the Revolt of March, 1922. **2.** The final of the Mixed Doubles Handicap, in which Farquharson and Miss Cole beat Bertram and Miss Smart. **3.** Finalists in the Boys' Singles Championship: N. Farquharson (the winner) and B. Porter. **4.** Finalists in the Girls' Singles Championships: Miss N. Thorne (the winner) and Miss W. Smart. **5.** "How do we stand?" Girl competitors crowding round the secretary at the scoring-board. **6.** Finalists in the Girls' Doubles Handicap: Miss Brink and Miss Shaw (the winners), and Miss McNiell and Miss Elton.

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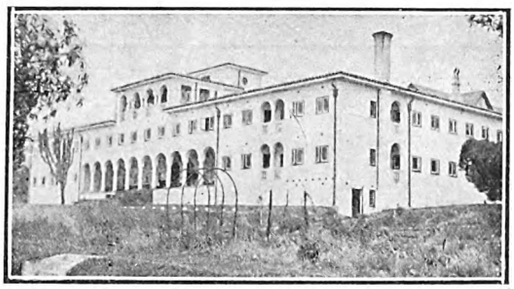

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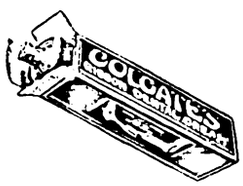

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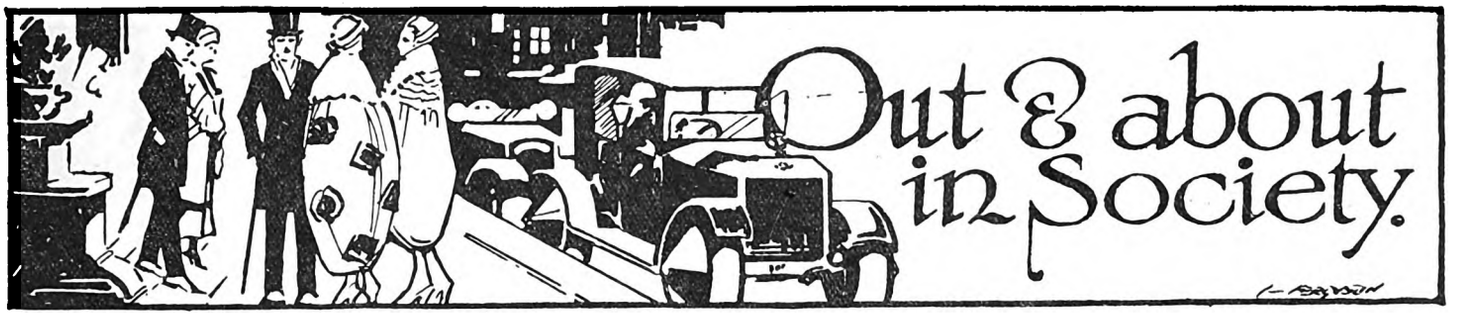

[*All invitations for dances, weddings, and other social functions, and all communications intended for these pages, should be addressed to The Lady Correspondent,* THE SOUTH AFRICAN PICTORIAL, *P.O. Box 1574, Johannesburg.*]

Old Weather—New Walk.

He who talks of the weather is generally let down, for the Clerk of the Weather is a most uncertain individual. Most men think it a great oversight that through the Ages he has not been handed down in the guise of a woman; but those who knew him first are certainly the best authorities. With summer comes the donning of many new *toilettes*, all so lovely, and as the clothes this year are very short and very tight and severe a new walk is necessary. I am sure you will want to learn it in the seclusion of your own rooms, so I shall give you the new walk as studied by F. W. Thomas (no relation to the Secretary of State for the Colonies) at a *mannequin* parade; and, as everyone knows, a *mannequin* is always the last word in smartness! First of all, you must elevate your eyebrows as far as they will go. This produces an effect of nonchalance mixed with a *soupçon* of contempt for the poor dowdy creatures about you. Next, lift the tip of the nose ever so slightly and primp up the mouth, as if the fish were not as fresh as it should be.

THE PRINCE OF WALES IN AMERICA.

H.R.H. at Belmont Park, Long Island, New York, on the occasion or the match between M. Pierre Wertheimer's champion French racehorse Epinard and Mr. F. A. Burton's American horse Wise Counsellor, when Epinard was beaten by a neck.

Topical Press photo.

Rules for Waggling.

Now raise the right shoulder to the level of the ear-lobe, stick out the right hip as far as it will go, and proceed on your undulating way, waggling the outlying portions of your anatomy, knocking the knees together and jamming your left elbow into your ribs, as if you had a stitch. Should you do this in the street some interfering Boy Scout may think you have been in a cab accident and start applying first aid, but at dances and places where they eat it is all the rage. At the really nice restaurants they won't let you in if you can't do it.

"A Trade Secret."

All this intrigued Mr. Thomas so much that he fired the question of the moment at a polite salesman. "Where do they learn it?" he asked. "Or are they deformed from birth?" "You can't learn it," was the answer. "It's a gift; like moving your ears or being double-jointed." "And what about your customers? Do you give a course of lessons with each costume, or is there a book of rules?" "Ah, that's a trade secret," he said. But a rival salesman kindly explained the matter. "The unfortunate woman who wears one of that firm's frocks," he said, "can't walk any other way."

Getting Us Both Ways.

Then further along Mr. Thomas and his friend Mr. Low had a few words with that famous creator of superb styles, M'm'selle Oulala, of Paris. She is a tall, fat man with a beard, and one of the dictators of the dress world. Skirts, he told them, are to be shorter than ever in the coming year, the smartest reaching very little below the knee. "That means a considerable saving in material," said Messrs. Thomas and Low, "and naturally prices will be down a little. The higher the skirt the lower the price, *n'est-ce pas?*" "*Mais non!*" said M'm'selle. "Thousand thunders and name of a name, it is not the material for which you pay. It is ze art! Ze brains!" "They seem," said Mr. Thomas to Mr. Low, "to have got us both ways!"

Commercial Travellers' Ball.

It would take pages and pages to tell you of the Commercial Travellers' Ball in the Town Hall, for it certainly was a jolly function; and pages and pages more to give you a list of the prizes, there were so many, and so many more people really deserved them even then. Of course it is hard to be popular, except with a few, when you are the judge, and my colleagues, Mrs. Joe Cohen, who had organised the function and certainly should get all the bouquets going, and Mr. Dyke White, of *The Rand Daily Mail*, and I found it even so. However, one did one's best, and what can mortal man do more—or woman either? Of course we loved the Camel from the Orient Carpet Co., and its leader, such a pretty harem girl. The first prize for the best-dressed lady was won by a Sieradzki advertisement—a lady dressed in lovely rose plumes and carrying a wonderful fan. Then there was an Indian "Sammy," one of the best "get-ups" I have ever seen, and such lots and lots of good costumes. As there were 60 prizes given I am afraid the Editor will not "stand for" my telling you the

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entire list. "It's not for what she is but what she's got" was one of the most popular—the Black and White advertisement to the life—and Castle Beers, Picardie Brandy and Lion Beers were all excellent. There was a group of fascinating Card Pierrots, and another shown by the Commercial Social Club with Felix in a prominent position. Ye Olde Cottage Tea Room sent a number of pretty girls, and from the platform one looked down on a whirling mass of colour that was very pretty. The band under Johnny Jacobs and Greaves surpassed themselves, and one heard them better than usual even—due, I am told, to the top of the platform on which they stood being enclosed and so acting as a sounding-board. Mr. and Mrs. Lazarus had collected all the supper, which was really excellent. In the vestibule were stalls with sweets and cigarettes, and everyone had a really jolly time. Mrs. Joe Cohen, Mr. E. H. P. Abbott (Mrs. Abbott, by the way, wore an elegant grey gown embroidered in rose and green beads), and Mr. E. R. Bowden (whose wife was very smart in grey embroidered in steel and dark grey beads), were the D.C's, with Messrs. Howie, Black, Greenberg, De Jong, Bloom, Lazarus, McLaren, Nelson and Morris as M.C's. And did I tell you that Mrs. Bowden acted as hon. secretary to the ladies' committee and Mr. J. Reid was the secretary and treasurer?

"RAINING AGAIN!"

An impression of H. W. Taylor, the South African Cricket captain, drawn for The S.A. Pictorial during the last match of the English tour by C. E. Kettlewell, of Scarborough.

An Expert at Work.

And so we come to the races, where I want to tell you about the gowns. Mere man describes one or two: "One of the most *recherché* things I saw at the races was a fearfully—almost frightfully—smart gown of emerald *crêpe romaine*, cut on the bias, and caught up on the shoulder with a simple bow of *beige* something-or-other; the whole thing starting late and leaving off early. It should be worn, I was told, with a hot-water bottle and some ammoniated tincture of quinine. Another doubtful creation was a contraption of wine-coloured *marocain*, trimmed with amethyst beads and some other gadgets. This is to be worn with a waggle, and unless you know the correct motions you'd far better stick to something in navy serge and stay at home. It was being shown off by a tall disdainful lady who waggled round and round until the band lost its place and began turning 'Tannhäuser' into a shimmy shake."

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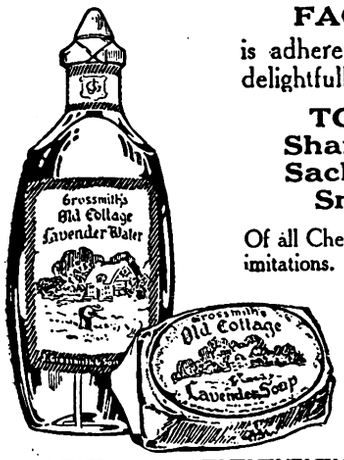

Empire's Singing Competition.

That for the past eight weeks Johannesburg has really sung "the same old Song" was demonstrated at the Empire last week when one looked round the house on matinées. Such a happy lot of children packed the Empire from floor to ceiling, and sang chorus after chorus—such shrill, wee voices. And when one kiddie had forgotten the words the child next to her just helped her along. They sat in the stalls, they overflowed from the boxes, they joined in from the dress-circle, and the gallery was packed. And how they all loved *Nellie Kelly* and the "funny men!" Towards the end of the afternoon came the real event they had all been waiting for and had almost forgotten in their enjoyment of the revue—the Singing Competition. All they had to do was to hand in their names at the office, and then Mr. Gordon James announced each child, and, with Dave Foote accompanying in his most sympathetic manner, they sang the chorus of "Nellie Kelly." There were big girls, there were tiny dots; they came in party frocks and they came in everyday gingham; but each one, rich or poor, was spruced up for the occasion. Some stood and sang simply. Some did little dances and had all the actions of the real *Nellie* off by heart. There was an adorable mite with fair curls and a red Buster-bow and a short coloured gown. Another, such a love, in a pink knitted frock and golden hair. The wee-est of all came in a white frock and wore a wreath round her fair hair; and little Billy Wallace upheld the honour of the men and with his red curls and short white smock won every heart in the audience. So they came one after the other—there had been over a hundred entries, you know—long hair, ringlets, shingled hair, bobbed hair, each with a smile and a song. The judging? It was done by the amount of applause each child got from the audience, and Producer Levard was careful to ask everyone to weigh their applause carefully and not to applaud just because the children were babies. Of course the said babies got prizes as well. The first prize was won by Nora Bradshaw; it was such a

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large doll, one of the biggest I have ever seen and it was dressed in a copy of the gown worn by *Nellie* in the first act. You remember it? All pale blue and silver, with side-panels lined with rose pink. Then Marjorie Gordon got the second prize—the same-sized doll dressed as the chorus in "Marching with the Band;" and Lena Bradshaw was third, and her doll was a wonderful Fairy Queen. Each doll had been dressed by the Wardrobe Mistress, Miss Benjamin, of the African Theatres, and each article of clothing "took on and off," and as the same department was responsible for the original frocks you can imagine how lovely the miniatures were. Mr. Gordon James gave a consolation prize to little Morris Kleinman, and then, as there

AT DONCASTER RACES.

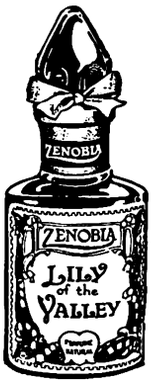
Mr. Eddie De Mestre, Mr. Solly Joel, Mr. J. B. Joel and some friends on the course.

Topical Press photo.

were not enough consolation prizes, *Little Nellie Kelly* (Miss Renée Sutton), *Mrs. Chesterfield Langford* (Miss Jean Andrews) and I gave some more. You could not see such wonderful wee mites go without, could you? So consolation prizes were given to Nora Marshall, Beryl Ellmore, Mavis Howman, Mona Knighton, Chris Surralls, Joyce Forbes, Paddy Levine, Phyllis Alton and Billy Wallace. And everyone just had a lovely time. Of course, I had been to the races at Turffontein before I came in to the Empire to see the finals. Oh! I forgot to tell you that Producer Levard got a lovely Felix from a straw-hatted American with hair turning grey who, we found out, was *Captain Kelly* himself—otherwise Mr. Victor Crawford. I wish we could have heard his speech, but he spoke in too low a tone. I did not know that he was nervous or bashful. It just shows we have to live and learn, doesn't it?

At the Races.

Well, as I was saying, I went to the races, where the presence of Royalty was celebrated by wonderful weather, the sun shone down with great brilliance, and everyone seemed to be cheerful—till they lost. But such is the fortune of war. I suppose some one must win, but you never seem to see them. Everyone you talk to has "rotten luck," but they bet on the next race just the same. Mr. E. J. Sivewright, the chairman of the Turf Club, entertained the Governor-General and Princess Alice to luncheon, and among those invited to the vice-regal table were Lord Bingham, M.C., Captain G. Hawkins, R.N., D.S.C. (who was in attendance), Major J. S. S. C. Alexander, Captain R. C. Hargreaves, M.C., Lady Foster, Lady Cullinan, Mrs. Stratford, Mr. and Mrs. Rose-Innes, Mrs. J. Butler, Mr. H. Smit, Colonel Harris, Miss Cazalet, Mr. Hannah, Mr. Frank Brown, C.M.G., Mr. N. O. Currie, Miss Gundry, Mr. and Miss Rudd (of Kimberley), and Mr. and Mrs. H. Spencer. Princess Alice wore a very elegant gown of pearl grey with a cross-over corsage having a small collar and long sleeves. The skirt was simply made, and was banded at the waist with a sash-tie of the material. Her large grey hat was lined with rose-pink, and a spray of pink flowers hung down over the brim at one side. Lady May Cambridge was very *chic* in a one-piece frock of *beige* made with a long-waisted corsage to which a skirt of nigger-brown was attached. The neck had the new long scarf in nigger-brown, and tiny pearl buttons were placed in a row from neck to hem. She carried a smart long-handled parasol of pink, and wore a small brown and bronze hat. Miss Cazalet came in a putty-coloured gown with a hat *en suite* having a long fall of putty lined with orange. Lady Foster wore a blue *toilette* of gaberdine and georgette under her blue coat and a tie of leopard skin, her *cloche* hat having a trimming of green and black cock's-feathers. Lady Cullinan came in navy-blue with a gold hat, and Mrs. J. Butler was very *chic* in a black *charmeuse* gown with apron of fine black laces and deep yoke of laces to the corsage. Her small tight-fitting black hat had a bunch of three-coloured roses in front. Mrs. C. H. Spencer came in a grey gown of garberdine with inset lattices of orange, and a white hat with an edging of black and a wreath of silver leaves. Mrs. Rose-Innes came in a smart brown



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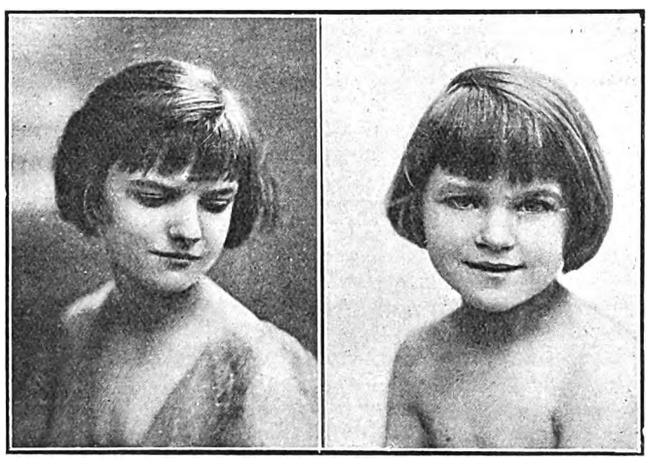
toilette and hat *en suite*. Miss Mona Rudd was much admired in brown, with brown and white braiding and a close-fitting brown hat with the new short veil. Mrs. Stratford was gowned in blue with a black hat trimmed with red ribbon. There were so many beautiful gowns that it is difficult to know whom to speak of first. I saw the Deputy Mayor, Mr. Arthur Atkins, on the Grand Stand, and the Deputy Mayor of East London, Mr. Ben Myers, was also there. Mrs. Islip was smart in a gold-coloured frock with a deep lace hem and hat *en suite*. Mrs. Henry Adler came in pearl-grey trimmed with tiny ribbon rosettes, and a black hat trimmed with laces. Mrs. James Whitehouse came in a lovely gold *toilette*, with a hat of a deeper tone wreathed in flowers. Mrs. E. Marks was very charming in grey with ruched-on flounces, and a blue hat trimmed with purple and blue flowers. Mrs. Percy Sherwell was very smart in white *marocain* made with short sleeves and the new side monogram on the bodice. Her white hat was trimmed with ospreys. Mrs. Percy Leon wore another white *toilette*, of silk, with inset of hem-stitching in silk, and a white hat. Mrs. Perlman came in black *charmeuse* with a front panel of lovely oriental embroidery in colours, and a black hat edged with gold. Mrs. Sheridan came in a cinnamon frock made with tiny pleats down one side and embroideries in gold and blue—a smart confection—and a black hat with a buckle in front. Miss B. Preece wore a *chic* heliotrope frock and a blue hat swathed in colours. Miss Pearl Adler had on a lovely fawn georgette, the whole skirt being tiny frills edged with blue, and a lace hat of gold wreathed in buttercups. Mrs. Langley Levy had on a handsome apricot-shade *charmeuse* gown and a pink hat wreathed in feathers. Mrs. Harry Leatherman wore one of the smartest *toilettes* on the course, of black *charmeuse* and georgette, with an ermine collar and a white camellia on the shoulder. Her *chic* black hat had a rose in the front. Mrs. C. A. Hadley was another visitor who wore an outstanding gown. It was made of biscuit georgette with triangular side-falls edged with fillet lace. Round the low waist-line was inset a band of fillet, and the whole gown was trimmed with the lace. Her hat was gold with edging of gold, and she wore a rose, gold and black patterned white scarf tied in the new fashion with a single knot at the back and hanging down to the waist. Mrs. McCall came in a black pleated georgette frock with a yoke of fine black laces and a black hat with a brown paradise plume. Her cloak was also of black and cut on smart lines. Mrs. H. A. Neame came in an *écru lingerie* gown with a sash-end of green and gold at one side, and a gold hat swathed with gold velvet. Mrs. Nelson Graham was very much admired in rust *marocain* made on quaint lines over a black underskirt, the long sleeves being slit at the elbow to show a tight-fitting sleeve of black. Sprays of jet beads were patterned here and there, and her black hat was trimmed with ospreys. Mrs. James Neilson came in white with tiny pleated frills, and a black hat. Mrs. Brian Dougherty wore a *crêpe* gown patterned in rose and gold trimmed with white *soutache* braid, and a green hat. Mrs. Oliver came in biscuit-colour with lace sleeves and panels, and a brown hat. Mrs. Buckler, who has just returned from Europe, came in a lace gown under a black padded jacket, and a black hat. Mrs. C. D. Don had on a smart tailored suit of brown and a small hat of a deeper shade. Mrs. J. Crosby was much admired in saxe-blue, with a white hat trimmed with gardenias. Mrs. L. Rose McLeod came in a smart *beige*-coloured *toilette* and a shady green hat wreathed in leaves. Miss McLeod had on mole *charmeuse* embroidered in silks and a black hat. Mrs. Henley had on a grey tailored costume and hat *en suite*, and Mrs. Alec Moses came in biscuit-coloured *marocain* and a lace hat.



THE DAUGHTERS OF MR. JOSEPH R. CUNNINGHAM.

Irene, aged 13, and Sheila, aged 7, the daughters of Mr. Joseph R. Cunningham, who is Mr. Thurston Hall's producer in South Africa and is going with him to Australia in the same capacity. Mr. Cunningham was out here in 1919-21 in musical-comedy, and during the latter part of his stay produced for Miss Ada Reeve. His two daughters are in England, and these protographs of them arrived by last mail.

Photos by Mabel Robey, London.

"Brighter Johannesburg."

There was a very jolly *cabaret* at the Johnston Hall, where Mr. W. E. Brown and Mr. Hansford had organised a "Brighter Johannesburg" dance. The hall was beautifully decorated with red and white twisted streamers which came from a centre hat of red and white. Later in the evening a string was pulled and down on the dancers showered novelties and toys. Of the many functions that have been held in this charming little hall this one certainly took the palm for the beauty of the decorations.

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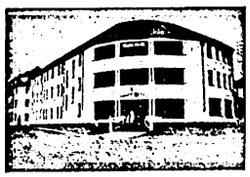

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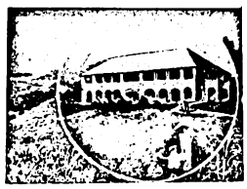

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SPRING MEETING.

How Fabaris Won His First Handicap.

THE TWO-YEAR-OLDS.

By "ONLOOKER."

FABARIS has at last won a Handicap. And as the horse had not, prior to last Saturday, borne the livery of Sir Abe Bailey, it was a real triumph for the baronet's trainer, W. L. Randall, to score with the imported five-year-old at the first time of asking. This year's Johannesburg Spring Handicap was a sort of sealed book up to the decisive hour. There was next to no *ante*-post betting. No one stable could really

Estimate the Opposition

in any other, for the training of those engaged up to scarcely a week before the race—that is, until the rains came—was of a perfunctory character. Owners, therefore, of horses that on most occasions could be dismissed as wanting in class for a Handicap reckoned they had some sort of a chance of success. The big field was thus accounted for. Twenty-two went to the post, and this number of runners has only once been exceeded in a Johannesburg Handicap.

* * *

There was very little Room-betting on the race. From the first Fabaris, always highly thought of by most racing folk, was at the top of the boards, and when he found support on the Thursday—the commission was a very small one—the top-weight was quoted at a short price. Betting developments were to follow. An idea prevailed in some quarters that Desert Gold, a decidedly class performer, in the background for some time, might be made the medium of a gamble on the day. Apparently, however, Major Cooper has

Not Got His Horse to His Liking.

No money came for the Autumn Handicap winner, and he finished nearer last than first. The developments came from other directions. When betting commenced on the race on the course, Elegant, not as handsome as his name suggests and one that had done nothing to claim high regard, supplanted the top-weight as favourite. But the eleventh-hour sensation was the money poured out on Welcome Stranger. From an outside price Mr. Epstein's horse, a five-year-old by Son-in-Law, soon ousted Elegant in first demand and started favourite at 4 to 1.

* * *

In the race it was essayed to make every post a winning one with Welcome Stranger. He was out by himself for the first few furlongs, only to drop back in double quick time when half the journey had been covered. Welcome Stranger finished last of all,

A Broken-down Horse.

His connections have the notion that had all gone well he would have defied catching. There is reason to question this. The horse appeared to lack condition, and one doubts his lasting out the race at the pace he was setting. Welcome Stranger may have another opportunity of proving his worth, for the breakdown was not as serious as was at first supposed.

* * *

With still some two furlongs to go Fabaris, one of the leading files from the outset, under pressure took a clear lead. From that point it never looked as if he would be overhauled; still, he was kept hard at it to win by a length. It was Flush of Dawn that was closest to the winner passing the post, the wonderful old mare being a neck in front of the pair, Duchess Trenton and Princess Alice, that

Dead-heated for Third Place.

Fabaris is a "loafer" when he gets in front. All the same he appeared to be all out at the finish. No doubt the horse can be made fitter than he was last week, for he had not had a searching preparation; it was impracticable to give him one during the short period he has been in the Booysens establishment. The Spring Handicap winner did not have the Bondsman condition on him. That may come later.

* * *

Trainer W. L. Randall can claim a fine record in connection with Johannesburg Handicaps. Fabaris is the twelfth winner of the big event he has turned out, and eight of the winners have been the property of Sir Abe Bailey.

* * *

It is very seldom the Stewards have to sit on an objection over the chief race at Turffontein, but the right to the award going to Fabaris was challenged by the owner of the second at the instigation of the jockey riding Flush of Dawn. This jockey, Ray, is much too prone to claim interferences, and the allegation that Fabaris fouled the runner-up in any way was found to be groundless.

* * *

There was some interesting racing, apart from the Handicap, on the first day. We had the first-prize filly, Naples, as well as the first-prize colt, Gladiator, in the field for the first race, which was at six furlongs. The colt opened favourite, but at flag-fall Marten, who was conceding the other 20 lbs., was at as short a price. Marten, carrying Mr. G. H. O'Meara's colours, gave a very smooth display and had the race won a long way from home. Gladiator missed a place. He was

Rather Obstreperous

in the parade; has perhaps been a bit hurried. Marten, engaged in the Derby, is evidently pretty useful; at all events over short cuts. He is by Unequalled. That sire was represented by two other winners at Turffontein on Saturday: Incomparable, who captured the middle division of the Flying Handicap, in which the hot favourite, Turning Point, failed ignominiously; and Bright, winner of the top division of the same race. Bright was quite an outsider.

* * *

It might be said it was the two-year-old race, the first of the season and confined to colts and geldings (there is a race for the fillies this Saturday), that attracted most attention on the second day at Turffontein. Of the 19 coloured on the card 19 came under review. They were a well-grown, good-looking lot. Most of them were obviously backward in condition; more backward than were those that sported silk in the initial two-year-old race a year ago. There were several of the progeny of Polychromy among the 19, and Danilo, the colt by that sire from Dancette (by Perseus III.), claimed particular attention. He is

A Really Fine-looking Youngster.

No doubt it was stable lead that was responsible for Mr. Murray's representative, Illustrious, an upstanding son of Polystome and All Moonshine, being made favourite. The start was a very straggling one, for, owing to a defect in the starting-gate, only about half of the runners got away on terms. The result, then, which gave victory to Silver King, by Silver Point—Queen of the Harvest, over Peleus and Penrod, cannot be taken as any criterion as to the merits of the contestants. For all that, the winner, who ran in the nomination of Dr. van Niekerk and Captain Clifford, is a shapely colt, and may give proof that his success was not altogether a fluke.

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The principal handicap on Monday, the Goldfields, was won in fine style by The Pearl, carrying top weight, 9 st. Prudens started favourite but failed to gain a place, Culmstock being second in front of Magicienne. In her younger days The Pearl was not of much account. With age, however, she has developed stamina in a marked degree, and is now

A Force to be Reckoned With

in any long race in which she takes part. Mr. de Meillon's mare is now full of condition and at the same time stiff and sore. On account of this soreness her withdrawal from Monday's race was almost decided on. A 20-miles walk was allotted The Pearl on the Sunday. This had the desired effect of dispelling the stiffness.

* * *

Smithy and Carry On from Butt's stable both won on the first day. It was sought to "repeat" with the pair on Monday, but the best Smithy could do was to gain second place to Jasmine in the third division of the Brokers' Handicap. Carry On failed utterly in his race, the second division of the Jeppestown Handicap, the favourite for which, Boxer, likewise

Cut a Poor Figure.

The result was a dead-heat between the well-backed Father Christmas and the almost quite unbefriended Permintor. The latter put up a rare good fight in the decider, Father Christmas only just getting the better of matters. Permintor, by the way, is the first foal of the Spearmint mare Ormint. Ormint could not be trained on account of bad knees. She was, however, looked upon as high class, and may well transmit goodness to her offspring.

* * *

Ring men "caught it in the neck" over the last two races on Monday. All the big money came for King's Daisy for the Jeppestown Tops, which Mr. Highnam's mare won very easily; and then for the concluding event

Nothing was Seriously Backed

to beat Calm, who duly landed the odds laid on him. Calm has a liking for Brokers' Handicaps. He has now annexed four. On this last occasion little Brown Bess came out the best in the opposition, which included Valmar, Kedgeree and Plenty.

* * *

On the holiday, at Kenilworth, the principal race, which was over a mile, was won by the three-year-old Narrow Gauge, Nigger Minstrel being second. The top-class sprint was taken by Desert Born, the sister to Desert Gold.

* * *

There was an unrehearsed interpolation at the Olympic dinner at the Carlton Hotel last Saturday night. The applause that followed the speech of His Honour the Administrator—the speech of the evening—had not ceased before Dr. van Niekerk was on his feet, and emphatically stated that the Council of which His Honour was the head was killing one branch of sport—the sport of kings—by excessive taxation. It was

A Serious Matter

and there was urgent necessity for a reduction in the tolls extracted from racing. No rejoinder followed the remarks of Dr. John. One might suppose the obvious answer to what was said would be that racing was a business, and all businesses were subject to taxation. The retort to this is that racing folk do not object to taxation; it is the outrageous levies now imposed that are making them kick.

* * *

The "double" totalisator has evidently come to stay, so that it behoves clubs to safeguard investors, as far as possible, getting a run for their money. The idea that the "double" lends itself to "ramps"—and there may have been something in such a suspicion in the first months of its institution—has long since been regarded as foundationless. The very fact that so many recent big pay-outs have gone into the hands of a single person, and persons in no way connected with the running of horses, shows the pure and fascinating gamble the double engenders. At times angry feeling has been aroused when an investor discovered he has selected a horse in one of the double races that does not run. It can well be understood that the withdrawal of such a horse is an aggravation to club officials as well as to the investor. The remedy for this is not so simple as some imagine. Most of the horse-owners seek to be helpful in withdrawing horses not intended to run early on race days. There are, however, times when the best-meaning owner is behindhand in scratching. Something unlooked for occurs; a horse may break away whilst on the way to the course, or once there may become suddenly deranged. It is suggested that the opening of the machine on the double might be delayed somewhat; that the scratchings for the double be not closed until the race preceding the first leg. Clubs will probably fall in with the suggestion.

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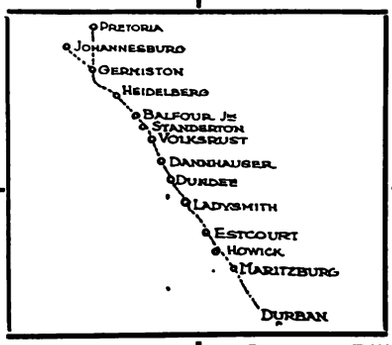

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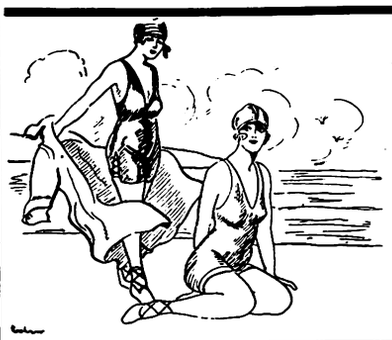

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Competition No. 6.

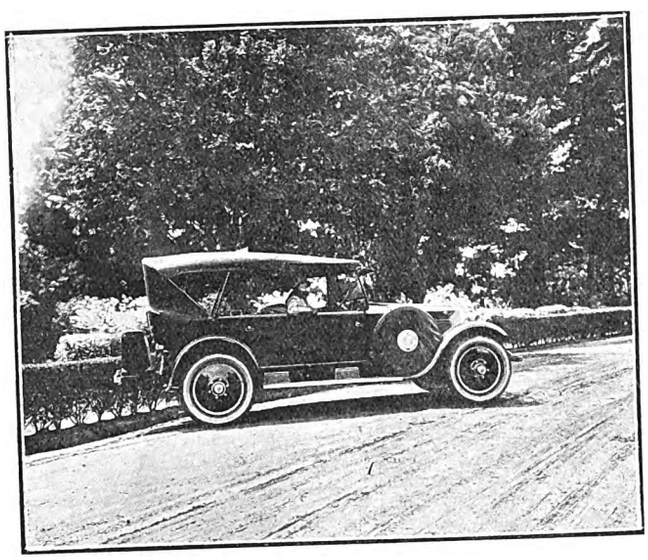
The result of Competition No. 6 will be announced next week, and Competition No. 7 will begin at the same time. Order your copy of THE PICTORIAL now.

Look to Your Tail-Lights.

A few moments spent examining the tail-light may save a heap of trouble. Quite a number of cars can be observed nightly without the necessary "red" at the back, and I would strongly advise all motorists to make periodical inspection when driving at night-time. The police, I know, have special instructions to catch offenders.

Vale.

The news of the death of Major H. C. Savage, of the Texas Oil Co. (S.A.), Ltd., caused profound regret in Motor Town. Only a few days previously he appeared to enjoy the best of health. He was taken to hospital shortly after 9 a.m. on Tuesday last week, and it was found he



AT THE TRANSVAAL AUTOMOBILE CLUB.

Miss Zillah Bateman, who plays *Monna*, the Eighth Wife, in "Bluebeard's Eighth Wife," with the Thurston Hall Company, in a new-model Studebaker in the grounds of the Transvaal Automobile Club at Killarney, Johannesburg.

Photo by Leon Levson.

was suffering from peritonitis to which he succumbed at 6.20 the same evening. The late Major Savage was an *ex*-Imperial officer and served through the Anglo-Boer War with the 16th Lancers. He also served during the late War and for two years went through the campaign in German East, being invalided home with malaria. After recovery he next saw service in Palestine in the R.A.S.C. and served until the Armistice. He was buried in Brixton Cemetery on Wednesday, and was followed to the grave by a large concourse of military and motoring friends, and many floral tributes paid testimony to profound sympathy with the bereaved family and relatives.

Fine Spurt by a Lady.

In the East London M.C.C. Half-mile Speed Trials, held on September 20, a lady rider, Miss Crocker, of East London, won the 500 c.c. class event on a 490 c.c. o.h.v. Norton in 27 4/5 seconds, equal to 65.21 m.p.h. Miss Crocker handled her Norton in a very creditable manner over a course of which the surface was not too good, and in which she had a bend and two gullies to negotiate. Miss Crocker's speed was only .48 m.p.h. below that of the fastest time of the day put up by a rider on a 7/9 h.p. Harley-Davidson. Her riding was such that it would have done credit to many a crack rider, and anyone who has ridden a 490 c.c. machine at over 60 m.p.h. knows it requires more than a little amount of skill and nerve to steer a machine at that speed.

The "Wedd" in Wet Weather.

To the accompaniment of thunder and lightning and—out along the course for the first half of the journey—rain hail and mud, competitors braved the elements when the R.M.C.C. ran off the postponed "Wedd" Memorial Trophy of 190 miles, a Reliability Trial in which competitors had to ride to scheduled m.p.h. from 19 to 28 m.p.h., adding considerably to the difficulty of the course. Through it all Mrs. H. C. Leon bravely stayed the course and finished none the worse for her trip in her endeavours to assist her husband to gain the trophy. Of the 17 who started ten alone finished, five sidecar and five solo machines. The official results were declared by the General Committee as follows.

1st.—F. J. Harrison, Harley-Davidson 1,204 c.c. and sidecar, 952 marks.
2nd.—L. N. Binns, A.J.S. 350 c.c. solo, 938 marks.
3rd.—H. C. Leon, A.J.S. 800 c.c. and sidecar, 9[illegible] marks.
4th.—E. G. Murray, Harley-Davidson 989 c.c. and side-car, 922 marks.
5th.—G. F. Shepherd, Indian 998 c.c. and sidecar.
6th.—H. D. Lang, Sunbeam 492 c.c. and sidecar.
7th.—A. Mackintosh, Sunbeam 347 c.c. solo.
8th.—C. L. Gillebrand, Sunbeam 498 c.c. solo.
9th.—H. Knocker, A.J.S. 350 c.c. solo.
10th.—S. D. Halford, Sunbeam 347 c.c. solo.

The winner is an old competition rider from the Cape, just recently transferred to Johannesburg, and this was the first time he had been astride the saddle in competition for over eighteen months. He was strange to the course, and his performance and that of the Harley-Davidson is therefore more meritorious.

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S.A. PICTORIAL.

STAGE & CINEMA.

VOL. XIX. No. 481.] SATURDAY, OCTOBER 18TH, 1924. (Registered at G.P.O. as a Newspaper.) PRICE 6D.

MR. LEON M. LION.

Mr. Leon M. Lion, the London actor-manager-playwright, is now on his way to South Africa with his own company, to appear in his West-end success, "The Chinese Puzzle," of which he is the part-author. The Lion Company will open at His Majesty's Theatre, Johannesburg, on November 3.

Photo by Claude Harris.

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JAZZING ROUND THE WORLD.

By JENKYN.

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Calcutta.

I HAVE just been reading a very quaint and very interesting book, "The Southlands of Siva: Some Reminiscences of Life in Southern India," by A. Butterworth, published at 10s. 6d. by John Lane. It is evidently the work of an incorrigible gossip, a sporty old gentleman with a twinkle in his eye, a perennial smile on his face, and a huge *répertoire* of after-dinner stories. There isn't a ha'porth of harm in the book, and indeed it gives a faithful and valuable impression of many aspects of life in India. All the same, it certainly would have been

Banned by the Libraries

in Victorian times, if, indeed, any publisher would have undertaken to produce it. It is dedicated to "My Wife," and one can't help thinking that Mrs. Butterworth must be a merry-eyed, broad-minded lady—a congenial companion for such a jolly soul. Of course, many of the anecdotes are quite mild, and here is one of them: "I remember his telling in the mess a story of his harpooning a giant sunfish off the Andamans. After some moments of frenzy the unfortunate fish set off at prodigious speed, and before it succumbed had towed his boat twice round an islet of considerable size. At the close of this narrative there was silence for a few minutes, and then the Colonel in a tone of quiet interest asked, 'Did it perspire much?'"

* * *

Speaking of Madras, our jovial author says: "The southern boundary of the city is formed by the Adyar River, on which sailing and rowing are to be got and the Theosophists have their material habitation. In Colonel Olcott's day the story went that the Theosophists had a crystal wherein the truly pure in heart, and those only, could see future events mirrored, and that every lady in Madras had gazed into it without catching a glimpse of anything."

* * *

In previous articles I have noted with astonishment the lavish way in which big and expensive buildings, modern as well as ancient, are splashed about all over the East. The other day I had occasion to go on business to Mackinnon Mackenzie's new offices, which are in course of construction in

The Business Section

of the city of Calcutta. Chatting to Mr. Stuart, of the Bills of Lading department, he informed me that the building, which will take three years to complete, will cost one hundred lakhs of rupees, or seven hundred thousand pounds sterling. In England the architect's estimate is that the price would be over two millions!

In an earlier article I was at some pains to endeavour to prove that there is a vast unexploited field for South African commercial enterprise in Java. And the same thing applies to India. The fruit of India is simply terrible. It looks very nice piled on the fruiterer's stalls in the New Market at Calcutta, but there its beauty ends. Indian grapes are a bad joke; the oranges are dry and bitter; I have never seen any strawberries, gooseberries or melons; the pines apparently grow in tins; and yes, we have some bananas, but they are entirely without flavour. The bacon, too, is very poor—almost uneatable in fact, and the

Occasional Green Mealies

are not comparable with the South African varieties. It is only right, however, to issue a note of warning. A certain company tried to institute cold-storage for English provisions in Bombay some time ago, but the natives combined and refused to handle the stuff, on the grounds that it would injure the local agriculturists—peasant farmers, with no ideas as to the art of modern horticulture—and the project fell through. It is, however, the way of Britishers to get over these difficulties, and the same applies to Colonials—so I fancy if the farmers of South Africa sent over a delegate to enquire into ways and means, the result would be the opening-up of a new and almost illimitable market for their produce.

* * *

The chickens of India are small but wiry, and their eggs are little bigger than those of the common or garden thrush, but they are very cheap, so I doubt if there is much scope in that direction. The Britisher in this country is never a farmer, he is always a planter,

Specialising in Coffee,

rubber, jute, rice, tea, copra, and the like; but I see no reason why he shouldn't go in for general agriculture as well. Neither are there any British provision merchants over here, the trade being entirely in the hands of the natives; and much of the stuff they sell seems to be the throw-outs of the world's markets.

* * *

I trust I shall not be suspected of swanking when I say that my principal pal in Calcutta is a prince of the blood royal, because anyone who knows Prince Victor of Cooch-Behar is aware that swank is a word the meaning of which he has never properly learnt, and that he is hail-fellow-well-met with everybody—even with actor-journalists. Victor, or "Vic," as most of his friends call him, is

Not One of Those Indian Nabobs

who go about giving lavishly of gold, silver and jewels. He has, so far, handed us not a single handful of assorted diamonds, rubies, emeralds and sapphires. As we are not looking for that sort of thing, however, we are not disappointed. Furthermore, I believe the type mentioned is extinct, if it ever existed. Prince Victor is a cultured Hindu, educated at Eton in England and Cornell University in America, an interesting man to talk to, an amusing companion, and a very prince of hospitality. He has a passion for syncopated music and is a connoisseur of the pleasant cocktail invented by Mr. John Collins. I have ever been a democrat, and to me a man's a man be he prince, peer, publican, pauper or pickle-maker; but the truest democrat I know is Prince Victor of Cooch-Behar.

"A DULL DEVIL."

Mr. Seymour Hicks, in his new book, "Chestnuts Re-Roasted," relates that Mr. Montagu Williams, when at his zenith at the Criminal Bar, volunteered to defend a labourer who had brutally murdered his wife with a chopper.

"Who's him?" queried the prisoner, after defending counsel concluded an impassioned two-hours' speech to the jury and sat down amid applause.

"That is Mr. Montagu Williams, the great barrister," explained the warder. "Oh! is it?" said the labourer, "dull devil, ain't he?"

I love my relations, forgive my friends, am indifferent to my enemies, and envy nobody.—*Mrs. Asquith.*

A NOVEL COMPETITION FOR MOTORISTS—SEE PAGE 28.

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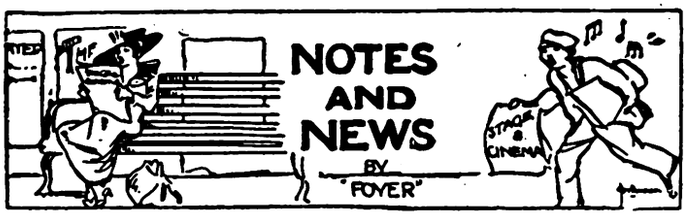

Famous Actor-Manager Coming to South Africa.

Some people still hang on to the stupid idea that the theatre in South Africa and Australia is a mere echo of the London theatre; but when we face facts we discover that not only do Africa and Australia supply London with half her musical stars, but we are also able, because we are enthusiastic patrons of the theatre, to attract the best talent from the West-end. The fact that Mr. Leon M. Lion is coming here caused, when it was first announced, a surprise which has since developed into a pleasure. Few men have done so much in recent years to bring new and vigorous blood into the London theatre. An actor himself, he decided to go into management some years ago, and London has to thank him for first presenting Maeterlinck's "Monna Vanna" and Ibsen's "Ghosts." Both were experiments, and they succeeded. He practically discovered Miss Sybil Thorndike and introduced her to the West-end, and now he has brought Miss Edith Evans to the Garrick in London, as the star in "Tiger Cats." Edith Evans is the tremendous find of the last ten years: still a young girl, she has the intensity and breadth of a Duse and the Dresden delicacy of Marie Tempest.

MR. FRANK FREEMAN,

Who will play the leading "juvenile" part in "The Chinese Puzzle" with Mr. Leon M. Lion's Company in South Africa.

A New Force.

Mr. Leon M. Lion a few years ago produced "The Chinese Puzzle," which ran for fourteen months at the New Theatre in London. He produced the play, managed it, played in it and was also co-author. Then he was the brilliant new force in the West-end theatre, and he is still setting new forces to work. He is coming to South Africa to produce and play in "The Chinese Puzzle" and other plays, supported by Miss Renée Kelly, the original *Judy* in "Daddy Long-Legs." Thus we shall have a West-end play, with two West-end stars and a company which has been picked entirely from London, and not from touring companies.

Fascinated by Africa.

Speaking of his trip to Africa, Mr. Leon said to the London correspondent of The S.A. Pictorial: "It is all very well to have great successes in one's life, but I feel that one can stay too long in London and have too many successes. I am hungry to feel the spirit and see the landscape of a new country. I think I have grown a little bit tired of the unending concrete and gloom of London, even if I have had the delight of seeing my name in electric lights standing out from that gloom for the last five or six years. The word 'Africa' has always fascinated me. You may think I am one of those emotional, poetic chaps for saying that a mere word could fascinate me. But when you say 'Africa,' the name has a charm, and then you suddenly realise that of all the Dominions it has remained the most elusive and mysterious. It has a magnetism—perhaps because of the mystery which surrounds it.

A Great Adventure.

"Of course," continued Mr. Lion, "I am not so silly as to suppose that I am going to play my part in a jungle. I know that Johannesburg is a modern city, ringing with the slogans of 1924. But it is all to be an adventure to me because I have not been away on a holiday for years and years. When I think of the three weeks on the boat, with nothing to do but keep my work brushed up, lounging and lazing, reading and resting, the joy becomes very intense. To tell the truth, I feel rather like a youngster setting out on a great adventure to discover a new country, although I am not so impertient as to suppose that Africa needs me to discover it. But we old-world people grow too stodgy and self-satisfied. And I think it was half that realisation that made me decide to sail for Africa. I have heard that it is a tremendously rich country—one actor who has been there told me that when you are on the stage your eyes are positively blinded by the diamonds in the stalls. Whether he was 'pulling my leg' or not I cannot tell. I hope Africa will like my plays. I have chosen them carefully, and I have chosen my company carefully. 'The Chinese Puzzle' ran for fourteen months in London, and 'Outward Bound,' as you know, was a similar success. I have always been told that South African people form an intelligent audience, and I am not taking them cheap melodramas, but plays which are entertainments a little bit above the obvious melodrama to which too many people are slaves.

Good Plays and Good Players.

"When I open at His Majesty's Theatre, Johannesburg, on November 3, I shall be making a great experiment. I shall be presenting my first play in the southern hemisphere, and I am quite willing to admit to you that I shall do it with far more fear and trembling than I have done in the West-end for many a year. But I feel in my heart that I am taking good plays and good players to Africa. Miss Renée Kelly, who was the original *Judy* in 'Daddy Long-Legs,' has a charm to which I know Johannesburg will fall."

A Brand-new Piece?

Mr. Lion, who is to-day one of the leading actor-managers of the West-end, has left two of his shows running in London to come to Africa for this brief tour. When "Outward Bound" and "The Chinese Puzzle" have been played here it is rumoured that he has an entirely new play, by one of England's most famous writers, up his sleeve, and that we may have the pleasure of a real first night with the London company presenting the play for the first time here. The Leon M. Lion Company will reach Cape Town by the *Kenilworth Castle* on Monday and will come straight through to Johannesburg by the mail-train.

"The Widow" in Australia.

When the last mail left Australia Mr. Andrew Higginson was being starred "in his original creation of *Prince Danilo*" in a J. C. Williamson revival of "The Merry Widow," with Mr. Blake Adams as *Popoff* and Miss Beryl Walkley as *Sonia*. Mr. Higginson was in musical-comedy in South Africa in 1921, when he played the "character" parts of *Colonel Bollinger* in "Kissing Time," *Colonel Clevedon* in "The Lilac Domino," and *Samuel Giggleswick* in "Baby Bunting." Mr. Blake Adams was the comedian in the first two productions.

HIS MAJESTY'S, NOVEMBER 3: LEON M. LION AND RENEE KELLY IN "THE CHINESE PUZZLE."

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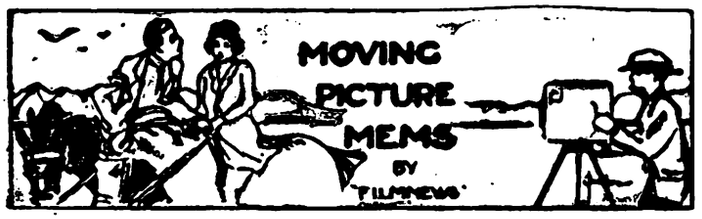

Appropriate.

How Victor Seastrom genially dispelled a clouded atmosphere in the Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer studio shortly before completing "He Who Gets Slapped" is being told by the cast. The players, headed by Lon Chaney, John Gilbert and Norma Shearer, while waiting for certain adjustments to be made in the scenery, became engrossed in a discussion on prohibition which presently involved the director himself, the camera-men, and threatened to spread throughout the studio. It was not the first time, incidentally, that the picture had been kept waiting by just such a discussion. Meanwhile the scenery stood completed and waiting. Seastrom observed this and exclaimed in a loud voice: "Gentlemen and ladies, before we adjourn, I move that our next conference be held on a merry-go-round." Silence descended as they gazed at him in astonishment. His explanation brought a burst of laughter. "We never get anywhere."

He Had to Wait.

J. Hartley Manners, author of "Peg o' my Heart" and husband of Laurette Taylor, is asking what's to be done about the kind of clothes one's wife insists on wearing. They were recently going out together, Mr. Manners reports, and Miss Taylor, as usual, had kept him waiting a great deal longer than seemed either necessary or reasonable. He kept fuming about while Laurette still fussed with her gown. "Are you ever coming?" he finally roared. "Presently," returned Miss Taylor absently. "Tell me, dear, does my gown look as if it's half slipping off?" "No, no, no!" cried Manners, thoroughly exasperated. "Let's go." "Then," replied Miss Taylor, obstinately, unfastening the gown once more, "you'll have to wait. That's the way it's supposed to look."

MISS ETHEL RAMSAY,

Of Mr. Leon M. Lion's Company, who are due to reach Cape Town on Monday and will come straight through to Johannesburg.

"Miss du Pont."

Lack of a first name threatens the screen-career of Miss du Pont, now playing an important *rôle* in "One Night in Rome," the Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer production starring Laurette Taylor, which Clarence Badger is making from the J. Hartley Manners stage success. Miss du Pont declares she has lost favour with motion-picture "fans" because they believe her failure to use a first name is evidence of a feeling of superiority. She explains that the name of Miss du Pont was thrust upon her when she was selected to play in "Foolish Wives" because her own name, Patricia Day, wasn't considered dignified.

Fatal Mistake.

It's no use trying to reform your husband, declares Alice Terry, who has decided that wives must accept the creatures for what they are. Miss Terry explains that she recently undertook to scold her famous director-husband, Rex Ingram, for a slight domestic exhibition of artistic temperament. She accused Rex of rudeness, and Rex contritely denied that he had ever been rude in his life. "Why," cried out Miss Terry, "my maid threw up her position only yesterday because you were so rude to her over the telephone." "Well, you see, dear," explained Ingram, jokingly, "I thought I was talking to you."

The Psychology of Colour.

Norma Shearer wears clothing matching her mood in colour. The colour she wears, declares Miss Shearer, makes or mars the day for her, rose or pink giving her a cheerful disposition both on and off the screen. The star declares that when she has been inveigled into wearing the wrong shades her temperament has suffered so severely that she now follows the law of colours rigidly. Miss Shearer attributes her conversion to Sophie Wachner, designer at the Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer studio, who first interested her in the psychology of colour.

Ducking the Bill.

Mae Murray, who has recently completed the Blasco Ibanez story, "Circe, the Enchantress," directed by her husband, Robert Z. Leonard, for Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer, was trying on a new hat in her boudoir the other day when her director-husband wandered amiably in. "Don't you think," exclaimed Miss Murray, "that this is a duck of a hat, dear?" "Yes," replied Leonard, picking up the price-tag from the floor and gazing upon it pensively, "but I should think you'd prefer a duck with a smaller bill."

Helping Him Along.

Conway Tearle tells the following story against himself. One of the endless number of interviewers to which every star must submit had called on Tearle in his dressing-room with a series of unusually banal questions, one of which was: "In what State were you born?" "Unless my recollection fails me," returned Conway Tearle, wearily, "I was born in the state of ignorance." "Yes, to be sure," returned the reporter, scribbling away busily, "and how long have you lived there?"

Thirty Trunks of New Clothes.

Lew Cody has returned to America from playing in Europe in Marshall Neilan's Metro-Goldwyn production, "The Sporting Venus," with thirty trunks full of new clothing. The Customs officials at New York were bewildered by the actor's array of suits, shirts, hats, sticks, shoes, ties and other accoutrements.

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Festival Expansion.

At the recent festival competitions organised by the *Afrikaanse Kunswedstrijd* Committee the chairman, in the course of his remarks, referred to the committee's desire to see the expansion of the scope of the various competitions. Not only was it desirable to widen the sphere at present covered by the Festival, but also it was thought to be in the best interests of the progress of art generally in the country so to arrange for such expansion that a large number of towns and villages throughout the Province will be represented. The chairman's idea was that for the future the local committee's activities should be devoted to the eventual establishment of a truly National Festival, centred on the Rand and catering for the artistic efforts of as many other centres as can possibly be induced to see the advantages which such a comprehensive organisation can offer.

The First Object.

The germ idea has already been given a partial practical test. For the purposes of the recent festival competitors were attracted from East Rand centres, but it was arranged that only the best in each section should be heard at the main competitions, and for this purpose the necessary preliminary selections were conducted in each centre concerned, and only those best qualified were brought to the central competitions. The idea was evidently carried through with complete success, and it is thought that the pioneer work of the past three years might now be consolidated by expanding the influence of the central body as much as possible. Certainly, the idea carries with it tremendous possibilities, but on the other hand the committee will find itself faced with equally imposing difficulties. The creation of the necessary interest and enthusiasm in the various outside centres that might feel disposed to look to the Rand for artistic stimulus is the first object to be striven for.

Progressive Ideas.

This will necessitate the appointment as some kind of local organiser and secretary in each centre of a man who will bring not only interest and enthusiasm, but also organising power and dependability, to the task. This will not be easy, but providing such an enthusiast can be found, then there remains the question of selection of competitors. Whatever is done in this respect, it seems imperative that the assessment of respective merits should be done by officers appointed by the central body. It will be seen that the committee of the *Afrikaanse Kunswedstrijd* has progressive ideas, and, despite occasional criticisms to the contrary, the usual kind of competitive musical festival holds a great deal more good than harm. That the facilities offered by these organisations are somtimes abused cannot be denied, but such cases are in so great a minority that they may be ignored in view of the purpose generally served. These include the dissemination of a kind of musical knowledge that might not otherwise have been secured. Also a healthy kind of artistic rivalry is often seen, and only good can result from such rivalry when it is conducted in the right spirit. It has been shown that among the Dutch-speaking sections of the community the study and practice of music constitutes a definite part of the general educational scheme. If this phase of artistic endeavour can be helped towards greater and more definite attainment by an organisation such as the *Afrikaanse* Committee has in view, then such efforts merit every possible support. The future progress of the scheme for a really National Competitive Festival will be watched by many with great interest and sympathy.

Some Bursary Winners.

Among the candidates at the recent musical examinations of the University of South Africa were little Freda Cohen, a young pianist only eleven years of age. Her work impressed the examiners to the extent of gaining for her one of the University Bursaries. Ray Goldman, a twelve-year-old pianist, was another young performer to gain distinction in the same examination (the Cape Higher Practical Examination), and she also was awarded a University Bursary. Both are pupils of Mr. Horace Barton.

The Most Exhausting Song.

In discussing her concert programmes recently Dame Clara Butt mentioned the famous song "*Che Faro*," from Gluck's "Orpheus," which she considers her most exhausting song. "This song, with all its remorse and anguish, takes too much out of me to allow of my singing it often," she said. "At the end of the song *Orpheus* goes mad and determines to kill himself. It is much harder to sing in cold blood on the platform than in actual opera. Another song I do not sing often is 'Three Fishers.'"

A "6-8 Nation."

The American composer George Gershwin, composer of the music of "Primrose," a new musical-comedy, says: "I have inserted several numbers in 6-8 time because the English are a 6-8 nation. The Americans are a 4-4 nation, and their music is essentially the fox-trot. But the English, who are used to good lyrics, like the 6-8 rhythm, which approaches most closely to ordinary speech, and makes it possible to hear all the words."

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In the Bright Lights.

HIS MAJESTY'S THEATRE.

"The Rising Generation": A Merry Entertainment For Old and Young.

I WAS very agreeably surprised by "The Rising Generation" at His Majesty's Theatre on Monday evening; because, from what I had read about the play beforehand, I did not see how the authors, Mr. Wyn Weaver and Miss Laura Leycester, could possibly have spun their plot out over three acts; whereas I need not have had any misgivings on that score at all. The play is designed to show the age-old revolt of young people against their elders in a farce-comedy manner, as opposed to the serio-tragic manner adopted by the late Stanley Houghton to exploit the same theme in his similarly-named play, "The Younger Generation," produced in Johannesburg at the Palladium Theatre nearly ten years ago with Mr. Dick Cruikshanks, the *Puddifer* of the farce-comedy version, as *Thomas Kennion*, the uncle.

Beginning rather slowly, the plot is cleverly built up until it becomes irresistible in its appeal to laughter. It reaches its comic climax when *John Morell*, the irascible father of the truant and defiant *Walter* and *Selina*, and *Felix Andrews*, the equally hot-tempered orchid-fancier from next door, each with a grievance against the innocent *Geoffrey Entwhistle*, quite naturally mistake each other for that absent parent and obstinately will not allow any of the younger characters to rectify their mutual error. But the authors still have a surprise up their sleeves, and it comes just before curtain-fall, when the hitherto unseen mother of the mother of the chief couple of rebels suddenly stalks in and demands why those two parents who have been visiting her dared to quit her roof without first asking her permission. This character, called "A Late Arrival" in the programme, corresponds to the much more important part of old *Mrs. Hannah Kennion* in "The Younger Generation," and is a striking commentary on the basic irreconcilability of youth and age.

It is all very excellent and funny fooling, with a rather astonishing atmosphere of reality about it, and the audience on the first night shrieked with delight.

The play has a capital cast and is for the most part admirably acted. To take the "grown-ups" first—Mr. Dick Cruikshanks' *Puddifer* was a work of art, distinguished by a multitude of deft touches and with one of the most expressive backs I have ever seen on the stage. Miss Daisy Stone (Mrs. Victor Crawford) made her first appearance on the South African stage as *Mrs. Doddrell*, a tempestuous Cockney cook, a part in which she was a sheer delight to watch and listen to. Mr. Clarence Bigge's quietly ironical humour was remarkably effective as *Geoffrey Entwhistle*, the startled father of *Warwick* and *Winnie*, and Miss Dorothy Reeve, making her first appearance here, played *Mrs. Entwhistle* with charming efficiency. Mr. William Charteris as *Felix Andrews* and Mr. Sam Turtis as *John Morell* were a well-cast couple of very-cross-talk comedians, and Miss Florence Creagh made a too-brief appearance as *Mrs. Entwhistle's* mother.

The rising generation are: *Warwick* and *Winnie Entwhistle*, son and daughter of the house; *Vane Harpenden*, *Winnie's* friend, a pretty flapper and budding "vamp.", vain by nature as well as by name; *George Breese*, *Warwick's* friend, "captain of the second eleven and hopes to be a prefect next term," who falls in love with *Winnie Entwhistle* and is told by her father to call back in seven years; *Walter Morell*, another friend of *Warwick's*, editor of the School "Mag." and instigator of the revolt against grown-up tyranny—a "namby-pamby" type; and *Selina Morell*, *Walter's* sister, a funny and pathetic product of her own stulted home-life, sniffy, sneery and sneakish. It will be seen that the types are sufficiently contrastive, and they were well emphasised by the six players, of whom the three girls were more consistently convincing than the three boys, the most successful of the six being Miss Mabel Rochester as *Selina*. Miss Zena Howard as *Winnie* and Miss Sheila Macgregor as *Vane* were endearingly girlish and flapperish, and looked very well in their "party frocks"—*before* their eight-miles walk home in the rain from Daly's Theatre. Mr. Willie Jubb (who should keep a guard over his diction) was bright and breezy as *Warwick Entwhistle*, Mr. Victor Kernick displayed rather too much of that often too-elusive quality, "repose," as *George Breese*, and Mr. Leslie Laurier played *Walter Morell* in a plausible key.

The production, by Mr. Philip D. Levard, is excellent, and the first-night audience was most prodigal of its laughter and applause. "The Rising Generation" should appeal equally to the older and the younger generation, and should have no difficulty in filling His Majesty's for the three weeks that it is booked to run there.

Carlyon.

"GIMME THE OLD DAYS!"

Tremendous Ovation for Veterans of Variety at the Johannesburg Empire.

A SEMI-CIRCLE on the stage; dominoes red, green, pink, blue, mauve, yellow and purple! The chairman's hammer falls and we meet the Veterans of Variety, we of the audience, young and old. Across the way at His Majesty's, youth, exuberant and joyous, holds sway in "The Rising Generation," happy in the present. Here in the Empire the air is full of memories; memories for the "old 'uns" in the house and the "old 'uns" on the stage; and for once youth takes a back place as father and mother listen to and sing the choruses of the days of *their* youth.

"In 1887 this song was first sung," says Leo Dryden, and in between have been the years of jazz—melody sacrificed for syncopation.

But through the flood of song that filled the house there was an underlying note of sadness and a pæan of

(*Continued on page 12.*)

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Worse Than Bishop Hatto's!

Our inglorious summer is definitely dismissed, unsung, unregretted and without honour—and, as yet, the hoped-for autumn looks like emulating its example; for showers, gusty winds and raw evenings, are sending us in our thousands in search of indoor amusement. Wembley is the only place where people can be cajoled into risking the nocturnal chilliness; the fortnight's Military Tattoo at the Stadium there made such a hit that it has had to be continued for a further week. London has pretty well resumed its ordinary aspect as far as the everyday workers are concerned. Holidays are but a memory, though vividly recalled at every turn by the presence of such enormous crowds of visitors (Lancashire's "Wakes" seem to have been transferred bodily from Blackpool to London-near-Wembley this year!). There is no doubt that the past few weeks have been far busier for hotels and boarding-houses than was our most abnormal of Augusts. Tourists arriving without "reservations" mostly have a deuce of a time fixing up accommodation. Socially, of course, things are still quiet, but the "best people's" most exclusive and expensive haunts are kept more than busy by the hordes of holiday-makers anxious to sample all that is offered in the places they have so often read about. Night clubs, *cabarets* and the like—good and bad—multiply exceedingly, especially the bad ones. Our police are having quite a ticklish job grappling with the shadier sort, but every week they land one or two of the worst and the Police Court coffers groan with the accumulation of heavy fines.

Some Sporting Sensations.

Sporting circles are all agog with gossip about the cabled reports from New York concerning the disclosures of internal dissension over the captaincy of the British Polo team. Lord Wimborne is expected back to-morrow, when it is anticipated that he will reply to the criticism he has been subjected to. Meanwhile the Americans have won the Cup. And over here yet another menace to British supremacy in sport has been furnished by the walk-over win of the Girls' Golf Championship by the brilliant 15-years-old French flapper, Mlle. Simone de la Chaume. This phenomenally clever "*golfeuse*" thoroughly deserves to be dubbed the Suzanne of the Putting Green. To a lot of us, however, some consolation for this bumping of the national pride was forthcoming when the St. Leger favourite romped home, and for once in a blue moon the bookies were baulked of those frequent outsider wins that bring such triumphant grins to their faces. They say Salmon Trout's victory meant the paying out of many a hundred thou. of "the best" by those gentry; yet, such is their fraternal solidity, not one has failed to come up to scratch.

The Worship of Jackie Coogan.

Ever since "The Kid," Jackie Coogan has been a London idol, so that his corporeal presence amongst us has naturally raised the worship to fever-pitch. At each of his appearances since last Saturday's all-conquering *entrée* at Waterloo he has been gaped at, cheered and followed about by crowds thousands strong, in much the same way as the Prince of Wales was during his New York holiday. Fortunately the great little Charlie's "discovery" remains quite unspoiled by all this adulation—though that seems miraculous after the hysterical manifestations of his women and children admirers, who spend day after day in tracking him from St. James's Palace to the Tower, or from Wembley to Westminster, as well as adding to the Strand's traffic difficulties by swarming around the Savoy (where the Coogan *ménage* occupies the most regal of the royal suites) to see him drive out in the morning. Those unable to participate in these rites must needs be content with the voluble, illustrated accounts of the wonder-child's day that appear in the evening-papers. And if I keep on like this I too will be accused of falling complacently into the press-agent's toils!

Early Autumn Publications.

Everybody who enjoyed the pungent, clear-cut and penetrating work of the late Katherine Mansfield will be grateful to her husband, Mr. J. Middleton Murry (founder of *The Adelphi*), for the posthumous publication of yet another collection of her stories "Something Childish" (Constable). Though it arouses a sense of melancholy at the thought of the great loss her death was to English letters, it is a delight to have these further fragments of her genius. She herself, it is explained, had refused to allow them to be printed in her lifetime, considering them unworthy of her later efforts. Each item is given its date of creation and printed in chronological sequence. Several at the end of the volume, "Sixpence," "Poison," and "Springtime," are fit to rank with her best work. Other books I can recommend from the already heavy autumn lists are: Stephen Leacock's "Garden of Folly" (Lane), which shows us the Canadian humourist in a new light—as a satirist of the H. L. Mencken school. Mr. Leacock's "Garden" produces some entertaining but scathing skits on American "Boost" methods, health fads, personality-pushers and other little U.S.A. habits and institutions; "Things I Shouldn't Tell," by the author of "Uncensored Recollections" (Eveleigh Nash), almost as saucy, witty and wickedly amusing as was its famous forerunner, and already being quoted everywhere, as well as rivalling fiction best-sellers in its library sales; "The Boy in the Bush," by D. H. Lawrence and M. L. Skinner (Secker), a sort of companion-piece to Mr. Lawrence's "Kangaroo," having an Australasian setting and a deal of its author's (for it is true "Lawrence," despite the double-barrelled attribution on the title-page) very personal virtuosity in stark realism and searching analysis of amatory moods. D.H.L. on sex is unfailingly interesting, not to say provocative; "Tents of Israel," by G. B. Stern (Chapman & Hall), which I have not yet finished reading. It is in the manner of her "Children of No Man's Land,"—a truly brilliant study of the ups and downs in the careers of three generations of a voluminous and wide-spread Israelite family—in fact, a sort of "Jewish Chronicle," if I may so express myself; "Woodsmoke," Mr. Francis Brett-Young's new tale of adventure in "German East" (Collins), a convincing story with evident first-hand knowledge of the settings given it; and lastly, for students of sociological history, the late Lord Willoughby de Broke's "The Passing Years" (Constable), with its rich store of anecdote, reminiscence and reflective musings from the memory-storehouse of that popular sportsman, dandy and society leader's lengthy career.

The New Season in the Theatres.

So far none of the new season's theatrical productions have made much of a stir, but that may all be changed before the boat leaves to-morrow, for I hear that to-night's *première* of Channing Pollock's "The Fool" will introduce us to a play that must either be a total failure or a roaring success. Its *genre* is that of "The Passing of the Third-Floor Back," with the characters' names sounding as symbolical as those in a morality play. Henry Ainley plays the leading *rôle*, *Daniel Gilchrist*. There are new musical shows at the Winter Garden and the Gaiety and both of them look like working up into big successes. At the Palace the re-organised "Co-Optimists" are doing bigger business than they ever did before, even at that huge house, whilst Pavlova at Covent Garden is proving that she is still untouched by the passing of the years. Playgoers in search of new sensations are to be well catered for: this week they can go up to that once famous house, "Collins'" at Islington, and see the mid-Victorian blood-curdler "Sweeney Todd"; in a week or two there is to be the first public presentation (in England) of Shaw's "Mrs. Warren's Profession," at the Regent Theatre (formerly the Euston Music-Hall); and about the same time the Grand, Fulham, is to be reclaimed from the movies and open with a play by Kenneth Barnes (Principal of the Royal Academy

(Continued on page 24.)

VISIT JANE PLOTZ PORTRAIT GALLERY, ART STUDIOS, THRUPP'S BUILDINGS.

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IN THE BRIGHT LIGHTS.

(*Continued from page 8.*)

thankful gratitude. The Veterans had come back. Happy people they've come back, but how many of us of the present generation will be able to do so and find ourselves still as popular, as well remembered? To find that the years in between have not erased them from memory and that the world is still full of good fellows—that is the happy fortune of the Veterans of Variety.

So the act rolled on, and seldom, if ever, has such enthusiasm been shown by old and young, who sang the choruses and insisted on encore after encore. And stalls and gallery vied in seeing who could sing the loudest. It was a wonderful, wonderful hour, culminating in the appeal: "For old time's sake let us remain in your hearts:" There was no need for the appeal. The Veterans have remained in our hearts and will remain, brave pioneers facing old age with a smile and a song for you and me.

There was Frank Leo, who sang a medley of the songs he has written for stars past and present, songs which everyone knows but which did not bring their author the fortunes that a ridiculous jazz number does to-day; Frank Leo, tall and thin, with a lock of hair falling over his forehead, with a humorous face and a personality. Then came Charles Lee, "1888 and still going strong," in his "Old-time Song and Dance," and he too was encored to the roof. Then came Lily Burnand, the original singer of "Two Little Girls in Blue"—golden-haired Lily in her blue flounced gown and white fichu, and the audience just yelled out the chorus. "Fifty Years Ago" was the encore, and the singer wore the clothes she wore when she introduced the song—crinoline and long white pantalettes, with a red rosette in front, black zouave fringed with jet, and a pillbox hat with a plume sticking right up, and, to add the finishing touch, a wee parasol. Leo Dryden gave "The Miner's Dream of Home" and its companion song, and there were tears in the eyes of the audience. Arthur Slater whistled and sang and ended with a rollicking Sousa march. There are surely no *siffleurs* of the present day to touch him even now. Then came wee Sable Fern in white flannel suit and panama, and she sang her original song, "What is the use of loving a girl if the girl don't love you?" and had to give encore after encore. Jake Friedman, the original "One-man Opera," kept the house in fits of laughter, and the audience showed its appreciation in no mean fashion.

So came the Veterans, each giving of his or her best, and no cold words on paper can give you the feeling they inspire, the thoughts that arise. As a man behind me said, "God bless the old 'uns!"

Such an excellent programme supports them that it seems a shame only to mention them by name. Harry and Edgar Martell are excellent comedians. Elsie Videau, the typical slavey, and Walter Kirby, in "Comedy and Art," dance and sing and get it over generally. The Original Dewars are champion gymnasts. Jen Latona, with a place of honour on the programme, had to give one song after another in her own inimitable fashion. Les Uniques are a bicycling pair, and Harold Moss and Isabel Maachah give a good act with the assistance of a third person whose name is not mentioned.

The Empire's motto just at present is "Gimme the Old Days!"

Elaine.

"ON THE RIALTO."

We much regret that owing to extreme pressure on our space our weekly Stock Exchange column, "On the Rialto," has been crowded out of this issue. We owe and offer our sincere apologies to Antonio, the writer of the column, and his numerous readers. There will be business as usual "On the Rialto" next week.

BOOKMAKERS OF ANCIENT ROME.

Men Who "Shouted the Odds" on Chariot Races in the Colosseum.

A BOOKMAKER "shouting the odds" in the Colosseum before the chariot races begin is an incident featured in "The Fall of an Empress," Italy's greatest film-spectacle, which Pathé will shortly release in England. The "bookie," it appears, did flourish in ancient Rome, as in modern Johannesburg, though Gibbon does not seem to have drawn any moral from the fact.

"The Fall of an Empress" was produced, under the close patronage of the King of Italy, by Enrico Guazzoni, foremost of Italian film-makers, who was responsible for "Quo Vadis?" There are 6,000 people in his new effort, including an Italian "Mary Pickford," with golden curls and a Monna Lisa smile.

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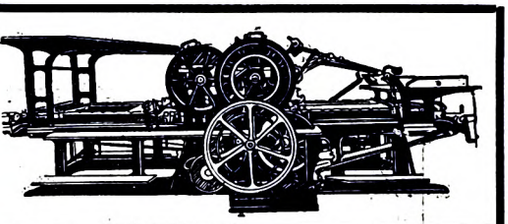

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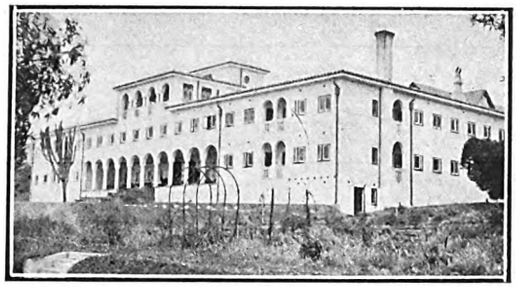

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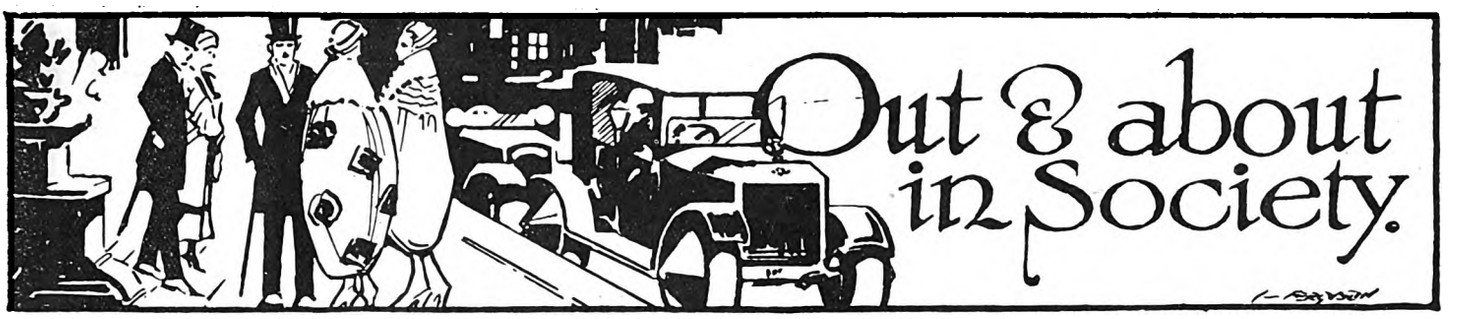
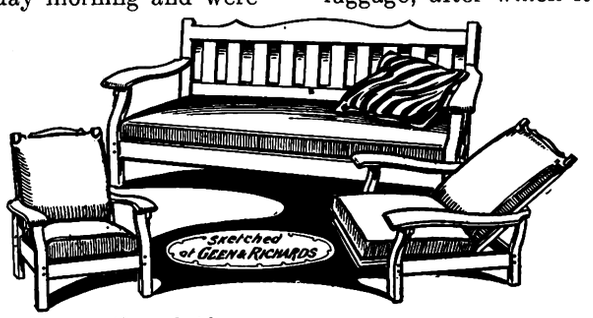


[*All invitations for dances, weddings, and other social functions, and all communications intended for these pages, should be addressed to The Lady Correspondent,* The South African Pictorial, *P.O. Box 1574, Johannesburg.*]

Parliamentarians Breeze In.

Last week-end was a very busy and a very interesting one, for the delegates of the Empire Parliamentary Association seemed to bring a fresh wave of life into the city. They arrived bright and early on Friday morning and were welcomed by a very representative gathering of citizens. There were no speeches, the Mayor chatting to each delegate in an informal manner. Each coach had its Dominion flag flying, and each guest was speedily claimed by his host and taken homeward. Lady Foster, in a *chic* blue costume and small black hat, came down with Mr. Samuel Evans to meet the train, as she had arrived in advance of Sir John Foster, and Lord Burnham was also on the platform to welcome the delegates and helped considerably in making everyone known to each other. He had left the train to visit Colonel Grenfell at Messina. Luncheon was a very fine function, given by the Chamber of Mines, and presided over by Mr. N. P. Anderson, and in the evening there was a dinner given by the Chamber of Commerce, over which Mr. Wolstenholme presided. So each minute has gone by full of events, and one has read speeches from the delegates that show that we in Johannesburg can and will benefit from an interchange of views.



JACKIE COOGAN VISITS "SOUTH AFRICA."

Jackie Coogan, paying his first visit to England, is seen cutting a feather from an ostrich in the South African Section at Wembley.

Topical Press photo.

A Touching Sight!

The scene was Park Station, the time the arrival of the Cape Town train. The plot was something like this. . . . Awaiting the arrival of the mail was a bowler-hat, a black bowler-hat, known to fame as *the* bowler-hat of Johannesburg, by right of its long reign. Arrival of train. Lots and lots of passengers alight. The first bowler-hat stiffens with horror as it sees its twin get out of the train and calmly proceed with the business of the hour, the finding of its luggage, after which it gazes round with a calm air. This was too much for the first bowler-hat. Up it strode. "Do you know I am the only bowler-hat in Johannesburg?" it said. "Who gave you permission to be worn?" And so Wally Green, *The Rand Daily Mail* photographer and Frank Leo, of the Veterans of Variety, met! It was a touching sight! Which won? Well, I really think Frank Leo's bowler is "more so."

The Veterans Arrive.

There were numbers of old pioneers at the station, and for a few minutes one heard nothing but the interchange of reminiscences and exclamations of delight. Mr. Edgar Hyman, under whose *régime* some of the Veterans visited South Africa in "the old days," was present, and Mr. Harry Siegenberg, and "the boys" gave the Veterans a rousing welcome. On Saturday night at the last performance at the Empire of "Little Nellie Kelly" all was bright and cheerful. The house was packed from floor to ceiling, and dozens, nay, hundreds, were turned away. Gay and sparkling, the revue went on its way. Then the curtains were drawn, and in front of them came the Mayor of Johannesburg, Mr. M. J. Harris, a pioneer and the son of a pioneer, and said that his appearance that evening was not due to his desire unduly to add variety to the experiences that fall to the lot of a Mayor, but because he realised what one owed in South Africa to theatrical enterprise and amusement. He spoke of "the centre employing white labour" known as the African Theatres, which carried on an industry established in the earliest days. During the

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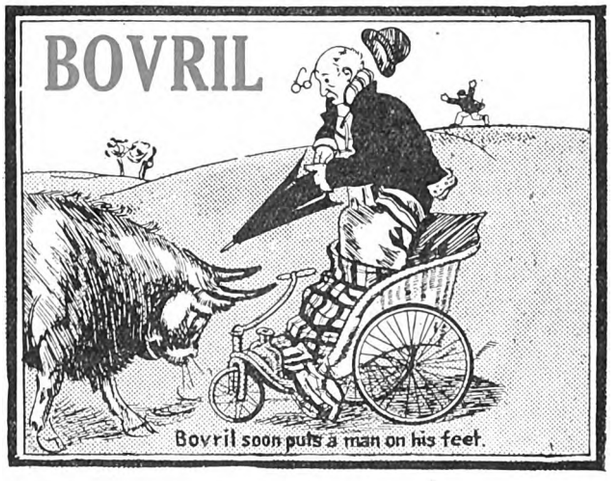

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most trying times of trouble and battle they had kept Johannesburg and the Reef amused, and he was one with the veterans, the pioneers, in the audience, in wishing the Veterans of Variety luck and a hearty welcome. He saw in the stalls one of the earliest *entrepreneurs*, Mr. Edgar Hyman, and his old school-friend, Mr. Dave Foote—and he was with them both in deciding against being called veterans. Then the tabs opened and the Mayor introduced by name each Veteran. It was a moment that had its sad as well as its proud aspect, and memories must have flashed through the minds of audience and artists as the Veterans stood and bowed their thanks and took curtain after curtain. As they came off they were visibly affected. "It is twenty-three years since I stood on the stage of the old Empire in Johannesburg," wee Sable Fern said to me. "What warm-hearted people they are!" said another Veteran, while yet another, questioned regarding his experiences since landing could only say, "The most lovely hospitality all the time."

Farewell to "Nellie Kelly."

The *finale* of the revue was a triumph for everyone concerned. All the old favourites were there, and Jess Sweet —"The Human Calendar" as he is called, "a motto for

SIX SINGING SISTERS.

The Sisters Bradshaw, of Bertrams, Johannesburg, who are well-known amateur entertainers. Norah Bradshaw, aged 7 (on extreme left of photo) won the "Little Nellie Kelly" singing competition at the Johannesburg Empire, and Lena Bradshaw, aged 14 (fourth from left) was third.

every day in the week"—held the curtain for Mr. Philip D. Levard, in reply to the insistent calls for the producer. And what bouquets and gifts! The stage was covered, and although a last night is a sad one, still one knows that in touring South Africa their friends will be in every town and city. So here's wishing them all the luck possible on the tour.

A War Dance.

There was a War Dance on the City Deep on Sunday in honour of the visiting M.P.'s, and Mr. and Mrs. Percy Sherwell kindly invited the Veterans also and Mr. Johnny Isaacs, the manager of the Empire. Afterwards there was a very pleasant gathering in the Recreation Hall, where everyone met each other and where refreshments were served.

At the Carlton.

All roads have really led to the Carlton Hotel this week, for every big function has been held there and many smaller ones besides. Even in the midst of their engagements many of the Dominion Delegates found time to attend the *souper dansant*, which was very full. Viscount Burnham was with a party, and Sir Harry Graumann was entertaining Sir Howard d'Egville, K.B.E., Mrs. B. W. Sims, his sister, acting as hostess. Mr. and Mrs. Percy

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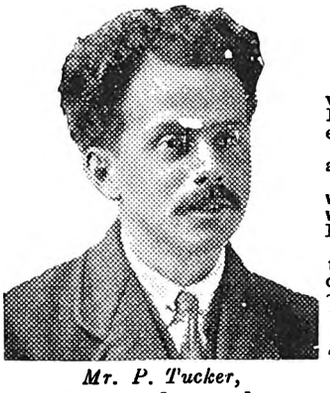

Mr. P. Tucker, from a photograph.

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Then I read about Kotalko, and decided to give it a trial. Please bear in mind that **I was quite bald and my head was as shiny as could be** when I started using your compound. After I had used about two tins I found I had got hair coming all over by head. I continued to use it, and **now I have got a good head of hair again,** as shown in the photograph.—Yours very truly.

(Signed) **P. Tucker.**

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Everyone who knows me has been surprised at seeing the hair growing again, and several of my friends have already ordered Kotalko, and are **highly satisfied** with it.—Yours very truly,

(Signed) **Thomas Hayes.**

Mr. Thomas Hayes, from a photograph.

A multitude of others, men and women, have used the remarkable compound—Kotalko—with astonishing and delightful benefit in removing scurf, stopping the falling out of hair, and in developing a new growth. This has been done in many cases where the baldness existed for years, and when all other hair tonics, lotions, medicinal treatments, etc., have been unsuccessfully tried.

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Sherwell were with a party of friends, Mrs. Sherwell in a lovely blue gown. Mr. G. Joel was entertaining, and among his guests were Dr. and Mrs. Sheridan, Mrs. Sheridan in a handsome mauve gown with a wonderful apron painted in flower design. Mrs. Peter Kaplan had on a *chic* white gown embroidered in an exquisite design of rose and green beads. Monsieur du Buys was among the dancers, and Mrs. B. Levinson wore a charming white *crêpe-de-chine* gown with ostrich-feather trimming. Miss Fifi Otto came in a quaint gown of mauve and pink taffeta frills made with a tissue corsage. There were, of course, so many more I could tell you of, but space is so precious this week.

A Tennis Dance.

The Parkview Tennis Club gave a very nice dance at the Wanderers', for which the ladies had worked very hard and had found real success, for the hall was full. The committee consisted of Mesdames Smithers, Granger, Dickson, Nelson, Partington and Immik. Mrs. Immik came in a black gown edged with pink velvet. Mrs. Granger wore black georgette on sleeveless lines with a black lace skirt. Mrs. Kingsley wore white georgette with a frilly skirt and oyster-sequined bodice. Mrs. Arthur Foster had on a smart black gown. Mrs. M. Kneen came in mauve, a very delicate, dainty gown, and Mrs. Deeds had on a handsome black gown. Miss Fernhead wore blue embroidered in bugle-beads.

A Johannesburg Wedding.

Last Thursday, at the Wolmarans Street Synagogue, the wedding was solemnised of Miss Lilian Mitchell, younger daughter of Mrs. Max Mitchell and the late Mr. Mitchell, to Dr. Herman Tren, of Johannesburg. The Chief Rabbi, Dr. Landau, performed the ceremony, assisted by the Rev. N. Lopati, and Mr. R. N. Tren, M.C., the bridegroom's brother, acted as best-man. Messrs. Leo Mitchell, D. Burke, M. Lorge and W. Davis held the canopy-poles, the bride being given away by her brother-in-law, Mr. Sam Davids. The pretty, dark-haired bride wore a very elegant gown of white satin *crêpe* made on sleeveless lines. The skirt had a deep hem of crystal-bead embroidery, and there were beads round the neck and arm-holes. From the waist was a long fringe of silk, and the back had a straight panel of the satin with, at the neck, the new scarf-collar, the long ends embroidered in crystals. On the shoulder was a beautiful diamond-brooch. Her veil was kept in place by a coronet of seed-pearls, and she carried a bouquet of roses. She was attended by Miss Hart and Miss Sonnenberg as bridesmaids. Miss Hart came in a lovely fuchsia-shaded georgette gown edged at the hem with marabout of the same shade, the belt being swathed round and edged at the bow-ends with coloured flowers embroidered. Miss Sonnenberg wore blue taffetas, the full skirt ruched on to the tight corsage and having edgings of gold and blue embroidery. There were a bevy of wee maidens as flower-girls. Little Mona, Sheila and Ruth Perlman, Gladys Brasch and Jean Davids wore taffeta frocks in pastel shades of blue, pink, mauve, and green, made with scalloped early-Victorian *berthes* and trimmed with ostrich-feathers.

The Reception.

A reception was held at the Carlton Hotel, where Palm Court and ball-room were filled with the guests, who danced to the strains of Edgar Adeler's Band till past midnight. The decorations on the bride's table were the most lovely I have ever seen. A miniature pool of clear water was banked in roses, and on its surface were tiny floating blossoms and ferns. Large bouquets of roses stood at either end, and the whole thing was really very pretty and very *chic*. An arch of white roses lit with electric-light had been erected at the doors, and here the bridal pair stood to receive congratulations. Mrs. Max Mitchell received her guests in an elegant grey gown with powder-blue fringes, and a black hat with a paradise-plume. Mrs. Tren, mother of the bridegroom, wore a very elegant black georgette gown trimmed with tiny loops of black jet beads in long straight lines and a *diamant* ornament at the side. Miss Tren wore a very smart coral georgette beaded in crystal and made on graceful lines. The Mayoress wore a handsome black gown with a jade-green feather ornament. The Mayor, Mr. M. J. Harris, was also present. Mrs. Perlman was very *chic* in a

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THE CAPTAIN OF SURREY MARRIED.

A group at the wedding in mail-week at Frinton-on-Sea of Mr. P. G. H. Fender, captain of the Surrey eleven, who was in South Africa with the last M.C.C. team, and Miss Ruth M. Clapham. They were married by the Rev. F. H. Gillingham, the Essex batsman.

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black gown heavily beaded in turquoise, which shaded to deeper tints. Mrs. Shirley wore a very lovely black *charmeuse* swathed to the figure, with a camellia on one shoulder. The wrap-over drapery was edged with *diamant* studs, and long jet fringes formed the front apron effect. Mrs. Sonnenberg had on a smart peach gown embroidered in coloured beads. Mrs. S. Davids wore green and gold brocades, and Mrs. Peter Kaplan had on a lovely white *charmeuse* gown with *diamant* embroidery at the low waist. The honeymoon is being spent at the Cape, Mrs. Tren going away in a three-piece suit of brown with a *beige* corsage and a small *cloche* hat of brown.

CARRIE.

TRIPPERS FROM JOHANNESBURG AT THE COAST.

A railway-conducted tourist party from Johannesburg, photographed at Schoenmaaker's Kop, a seaside resort near Port Elizabeth.

"S.A. Pictorial" photo.

IN A SUSSEX GARDEN.

A VISIT TO THE MOST CHARMING WOMAN IN THE WORLD DESCRIBED.

"THE most charming woman in the world!" That is a bold statement to make, but I am assured that it truly describes Miss Renée Kelly, the leading lady of Mr. Leon M. Lion's Company, who are due to reach Cape Town on Monday and to open at His Majesty's Theatre, Johannesburg, on November 3 in "The Chinese Puzzle." I was anxious to know all about Miss Kelly so I asked a friend of mine, a London newspaper woman, to tell me, and she writes as follows:

"Sussex—those endless downs, with pretty little red houses, so old and mellow! And the train, puffing its way through the dawn, and then Rye, four miles from the sea, high on a hill, with the houses hanging closely—so closely together that you would think they were afraid. Long, long ago the French used to cross the Channel and devastate Rye, but now the American tourists do it instead. I actually heard an American woman in the hotel ask for 'sweet-corn.' I thought the dear old English lady who kept that hotel would drop dead.

"And I had come all this way to see the most charming woman in the world, Miss Renée Kelly, who is to make a journey to Africa very soon. If I admit to you that she is one of the most popular actresses in England, you must let me also explain that she is the most un-actress-like person I have ever known. It is some years since she created the part of *Judy* in 'Daddy Long-Legs,' some years since that wonderful night when she wooed London unconsciously and became its sweetheart. She has played many parts since then, but this week she had rushed off to Sussex to rest before she faced a platoon of trunks to be packed for the journey to Africa. Rye is a dear, sleepy place, and Miss Kelly loves it as much as London loves her. We had lunch in a lovely old room which looked out into a garden. It was such a merry day! There was a fair on down below the hill, in a meadow, and a horde of school-children were riding on a merry-go-round which sent its tinkling music up to us, on the brow of the hill. When lunch was over we walked into the garden and I am afraid I took my camera with me, because I could not resist the temptation of photographing this whimsical, sweet woman, who settled down so completely as the Empress of this little Sussex paradise.

"We walked and talked and she told me many things. When she appears in 'The Chinese Puzzle' and 'Outward Bound' in South Africa you must not expect a theatrical, sophisticated and over-powering woman. She makes you feel that you want her to be happy, more than yourself. Her voice is full of laughter, and you feel all the time that her heart is so happy that it is a sort of musical-box filling her whole being with music and beauty.

"I'm afraid I cannot tell you much about her career, because I forgot to ask her any questions and she did not seem at all anxious to talk about herself. I know, of course, that she has been starring in the West-end ever since the days of 'Daddy Long-Legs.' I know that she is the most fragrant, lovely creature you can imagine. She suggests tea-roses with the dew on them, strings of pearls, delicate lace and frail tea-cups. She is just an ethereal, charming woman, incapable of insincerity or pose, unspoiled and as sweet as the spirit of that Sussex garden in which I found her.

"I have never been to Africa, but I know that Africa can love, and I know that when Miss Kelly makes her journey past old Neptune's dividing line, into the great south to which she is a stranger, Africa will love her and take her to its heart, partly because she is a great artist and partly because she is a woman of tremendous charm and beauty."

My London correspondent is right, isn't she? South Africa *can* love, and we shall welcome Renée Kelly with open hearts. And, by the way, the photographs that my friend took in that Sussex garden are reproduced on page 7 of this same issue of THE PICTORIAL.

CARRIE.

"REGULAR GUYS—MET THEM ALL!"

The famous American pugilist and his manager had arrived back home after a successful tour in Europe. As soon as their feet touched native soil they were surrounded by a swarm of reporters. "Wal, boys," said the manager, tossing a ten-dollar cigar away, "we sure had a swell time in Yurrup. 'Cyclone Syd' here made a wild hit with the high-flyin' social swells. He was interjuiced to every guy who's gat a handle to his name: Sir Derby, the Oil of Lonsdale, Sir G. K. Wells, and Prince Arthur of Cannot. Met 'em all, didn't you, Syd?" "Yep," said Syd, "and licked the whole bunch of 'em, too!"

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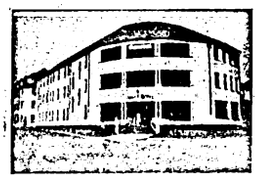

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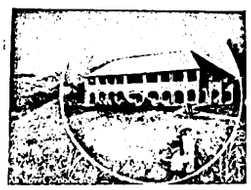

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THE PEARL'S DOUBLE.

A Survey of Form After the Spring Meeting.

STEWARDS' TROUBLES.

By "ONLOOKER."

ONLY one favourite did the trick on the third day of the Spring Meeting at Turffontein; and it was in the last race of the day that the people's choice prevailed. The winner, Lady Daniel, on taking the Farewell Handicap, scored her second success at the gathering, having pulled through in the Yeoville Handicap on the opening day. Seeing that almost all the top weights were withdrawn, Lady Daniel had nothing much to beat in the Farewell. The

Classic Candidate,

False Pride, receiving 4lbs. from the winner, was, however, in the field. At the opening of the betting False Pride was at the shortest price, but was at more than twice the odds of Lady Daniel at the close. Mr. Myers's filly was a long way back at the finish of the mile, Crumpet and Helvellyn being second and third. False Pride is said to have been on the easy list for some time; if this is the case it was hardly sound policy to court defeat by running her. The filly has now been beaten three times in open company.

* * *

Saturday's running somewhat tarnished the record of another classic candidate. This was Marten. Marten started in as much demand as any other in the second division of the Farewell Handicap, but failed to gain a place behind High Society, who got up in the last couple of strides to beat Father Christmas.

* * *

We have now seen both sexes of the two-year-olds in action. The muster for the fillies' race on Saturday was 22, three more than for the colts' race on the Monday. Volcanic Rock, from Mr. Browse's stable, was picked out as a likely winner, but she

Fared Nearly as Badly

as did Mr. Murray's favourite for the colts' race; a poor third being Volcanic Rock's position passing the post. Mr. Murray had the pleasure of leading in the winner, his Noble Peerless compensating for her stable companion's failure. Noble Peerless is by one of Mr. Nourse's new sires, St. Quickly (son of St. Frusquin), from old Peerless, whose progeny have all been good.

* * *

Noble Polly has quickly mounted the ladder of fame. It is just on seven months since the filly won her first race, a bottom division, at Auckland Park. On Saturday she won the Merchants' Handicap, giving weight to all in opposition except the old stagers Fordwych and Glasgow. She was seemingly all out to hold off King's Daisy, but she was conceding the latter 15lbs. It was a distinctly fine performance on the part of Noble Polly.

* * *

Besides Lady Daniel the only dual winner at the Spring Meeting was Mr. de Meillon's aged mare The Pearl. With 9st. 7lbs. in the saddle, giving heaps of weight away all round, The Pearl won the Transvaal Handicap much more decisively than she had won the Goldfields on the second day. How the same names crop up in taking honours in our long-distance races! Yet it is not singular that this is so, inasmuch as

The Majority of Trainers

are apparently unwilling to try their horses beyond a middle distance. We have plenty of stout blood in the country, and it can well be supposed that if given the opportunity a fair proportion of our performers would be found relatively better over long than short-distance courses. There is no doubt The Pearl is a genuine stayer. It was not, however, until at the back-end as a four-year-old that she won a race as far as a mile. Prior to that the mare had been kept at sprinting.

* * *

The Pearl is engaged in the South African Turf Club's Metropolitan Handicap, to be run for on November 1. A penalty of 10lbs., bringing her impost to 9st. 13lbs., puts the Transvaal Handicap winner out of court. Even at her original weight it can hardly be supposed that over nine furlongs, the distance of the Metropolitan Handicap, The Pearl can now give 3lbs., or any poundage at all, to

Her Stable-companion

Flush of Dawn, who is in the race with 9st. And Clare Clan must needs be a very much better horse at Kenilworth than anywhere else if he can beat the old crack when allowing 5lbs. Mr. de Meillon was to leave his home quarters for the Cape this week with Flush of Dawn and two or three others. If all goes well Flush of Dawn should take beating.

* * *

After being upwards of two years in the country, Wonder ran his first race in South Africa at the Turffontein meeting that concluded last week. Of course, with his two-year-old record, the colt was given something to do when making his *début* here. He took part in the chief sprint on the first day of the meeting under 9st. 13lbs., and had 4lbs. less than that

To Carry Over Six Furlongs

on the second. Wonder was obviously quite unready and went out heavily bandaged. A big-framed horse of the burly sort, it is to be feared Wonder will not stand a preparation. And the fact that Wonder's dam is not in the Stud Book detracts from his value as a stud horse. It is understood Wonder cost 2,000 guineas. He represents a bad investment so far.

* * *

The recognised good horses continue to come out on top in England. Lord Derby's Pharos, according to the cable account, won the Duke of York Handicap at Kempton Park in smashing style when giving 3lbs. (the sex allowance) to Verdict, the favourite, who, finishing third, was split from the winner by Sir Abe Bailey's lightly-weighted Bucks Yeoman. Lord Derby will be high up in

The Winning Owners' List

at the end of the season, but the Aga Khan will surely head the list. Just the week before last the Aga Khan's great filly Teresina annexed the rich Jockey Club Stakes, beating the Derby-winner Papyrus. It was a filly, too, Tranquil, that beat Papyrus in the Leger.

* * *

Epinard must be becoming used to defeat. The French colt's third and concluding race in America resulted in his finishing again in second place. They must have some really high-class racers in the States.

* * *

Although it has been cabled that Heroic, starting at odds-on, won the Caulfield Guineas on Saturday last, the

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result of the much more important Australian race, the Sydney Derby, run for a week earlier, has not come to hand. Heroic was

The Outstanding Two-year-old in Australia

last season, and he started his three-year-old career most auspiciously by downing the great Gloaming in a nine-furlongs encounter. There were many who questioned Heroic turning out a stayer, so it would be interesting to learn if he fulfilled his Derby engagement at Randwick, and, if so, how he fared. It means a very full day to get by rail from Sydney to Melbourne, but on occasions the same horse has won the Sydney Derby and Caulfield Guineas.

* * *

Those best informed state that "wigs on the green" aptly describes recent meetings of the stewards of the Johannesburg Pony and Galloway Club. What led up to heated talk was the alleged inconsistent running of a pony belonging to one of the Stewards. As the matter was referred to the Jockey Club, and the head body came to the conclusion there was

Nothing to Cavil at

in regard to the said running, it might have been supposed the incident was at an end. But no. Several of the Stewards called upon the owner of the pony to resign his office. Refusal to meet this demand has led to the Stewards resigning *en bloc* to give the members of the Club an opportunity, by a new election, of bringing harmony to the Board. The meeting of members will be held next week.

* * *

The captain of the South African cricketers is not chary at venturing on prophecies. Taylor, although dubious about his team winning test matches in England, predicted success in most of the county matches. Unhappily, expectation in that respect was not realised. Taylor attributes the comparative failure of our boys to the improvement of English cricket. He considers English sides are much stronger than on the last occasion on which

South African Cricketers

played in the Old Country. On the strength of this impression H. W. T. opines that the English tourists to Australia will win most of the tests. Most of us will hope this last prophecy of Taylor's will be verified, for our Australian cousins have had more than their fair share of triumphs on the cricket-field. It is, however, just as well to point out that English critics do not share the view that English cricket has improved. On the contrary, they consider it is by no means up to the pre-War standard, and consequently these critics are very dubious about England this year obtaining "the ashes."

* * *

This Saturday the Johannesburg Pony and Galloway Club holds its October meeting. Selections:—

1.0 p.m.—Trial Plate, 5 furlongs.
Shower 1, Perfect Emblem 2, De Ruiter 3.

1.55 p.m.—Galloway Handicap, "B," 5 furlongs.
Marico 1, King's Maiden 2, Curfew 3.

2.35 p.m.—Pony Handicap, "A," 6 furlongs.
Will's Maid 1, Lettie 2, Koodoo 3.

3.20 p.m.—Galloway Handicap, "A," 1 mile.
Mr. Myers's selected 1, Deceiver 2, Sea Moment 3.

4.0 p.m.—Pony Handicap, "B," 1 mile.
Repeater 1, Desmonia 2, Cornstalk 3.

4.40 p.m.—Galloway Handicap, "C," 6 furlongs.
Royal Dawn 1, Auburn Hair 2, Breckgold 3.

5.20 p.m.—Pony Handicap, "C," 6 furlongs.
Hood 1, Hussy 2, Codfish 3.

Lois Wilson, the famous screen star, has just become engaged to Barney Baruch, the son of a well-known American millionaire statesman.

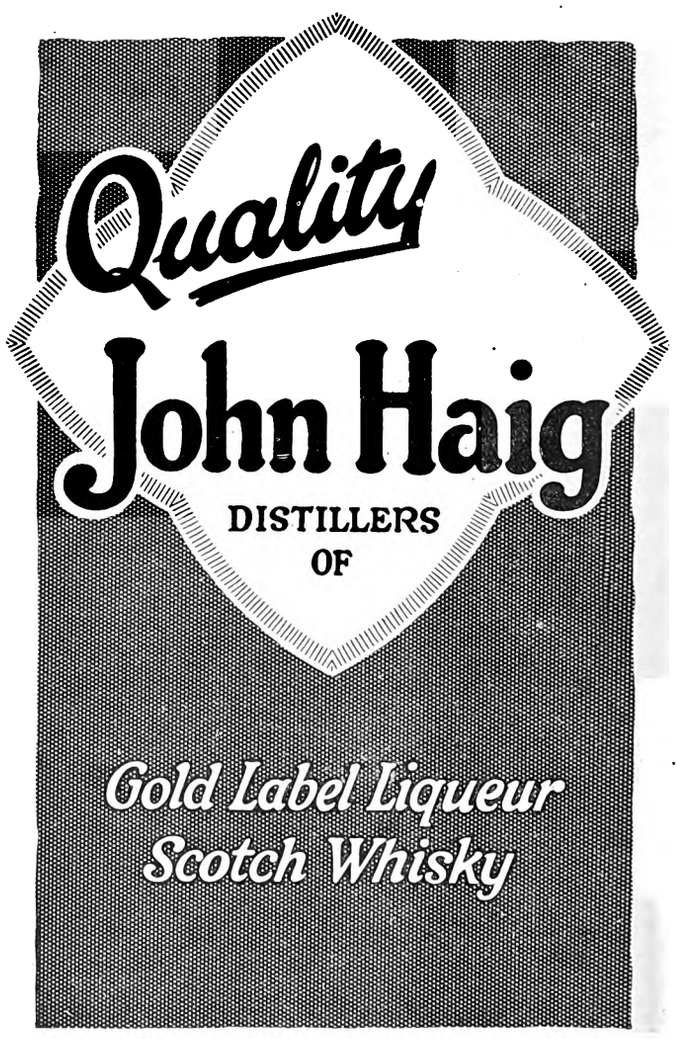
If a man works second-best, he becomes second-rate.—*The Rev. F. H. Gillingham.*

MAIL-WEEK IN LONDON.

(*Continued from page 10.*)

of Dramatic Art and brother to Irene and Violet Vanbrugh), presented by a co-operative company of players headed by Violet Vanbrugh. Moneyed epicures with a taste for drama which is said to be unusual and exclusive (and it's likely to remain so at two guineas a seat) can subscribe to the new "First Studio Theatre" to be opened at Lord Howard de Walden's town house early next month, and see a bunch of our biggest stars, including Sybil Thorndike and Gladys Cooper, in five short plays, one of which is by Rudyard Kipling and another by the Hon. Maurice Baring.

PAUL PRY.



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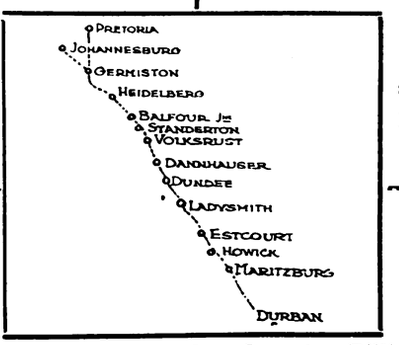

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Next Week's Calls.

WEEK COMMENCING MONDAY, OCTOBER 20.

Tivoli, Cape Town.—Till October 21: Les Trombettas, Turpin, Moore and Stewart. Continuing: Mello and Nello, J. H. Scotland, Theda Sisters, The Birchalls. Opening October 22: R. and W. Roberts, Betsy de la Porte.

Opera House, Cape Town.—Maurice Moscovitch and Company in "Trilby" (till October 23) and "What Money Can't Buy" (opening October 24).

Empire, Johannesburg.—The Veterans of Variety, Jen Latona, Videau and Kirby, The Original Dewars, Les Uniques, Moss and Maachah, and H. and E. Martell.

His Majesty's, Johannesburg.—"The Rising Generation."

Orpheum, Johannesburg.—Jennie Hartley, Bessie Slaughter.

Grand, Pretoria.—Mewse and Singer, Les Rogers.

Criterion, Benoni.—Harris Family, Professor Little.

Criterion, Durban.—"Little Nellie Kelly."

Vaudette, Bloemfontein.—October 24 and 25: Les Trombettas, Turpin.

Grand, Bloemfontein.—October 20, 21 and 22: Thurston Hall and Company in "Bluebeard's Eighth Wife."

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A VENETIAN (VERY) BLIND.

Sir Francis Burnand made one of his quick sallies to Mr. Seymour Hicks once, when Hicks told him that he had been to a Covent Garden ball and seen a mutual friend there very drunk and dressed as a gondolier. "Oh," said the then editor of *Punch*, "why did he trouble to go as a gondolier and then get drunk? He should have gone in the first instance as a Venetian blind."

MAY McAVOY IN "BEN HUR."

The much-coveted *rôle* of Esther in the Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer production of Lew Wallace's "Ben Hur," which Fred Niblo is directing in Rome with Ramon Novarro in the title-*rôle*, has finally been awarded to May McAvoy. Ramon Novarro heads a cast that includes May McAvoy, Francis X. Bushman, Carmel Myers, Kathleen Key, Nigel de Brulier, Claire McDowell and Frank Currier.

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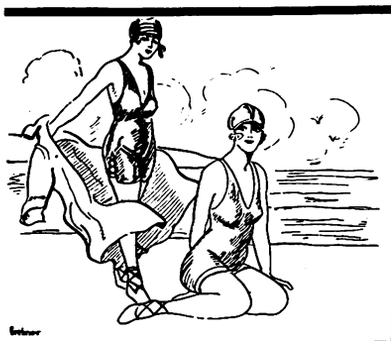

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Result of Competition No. 6.

Competition No. 6 has been won by

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"The Echoes" Private Hotel,
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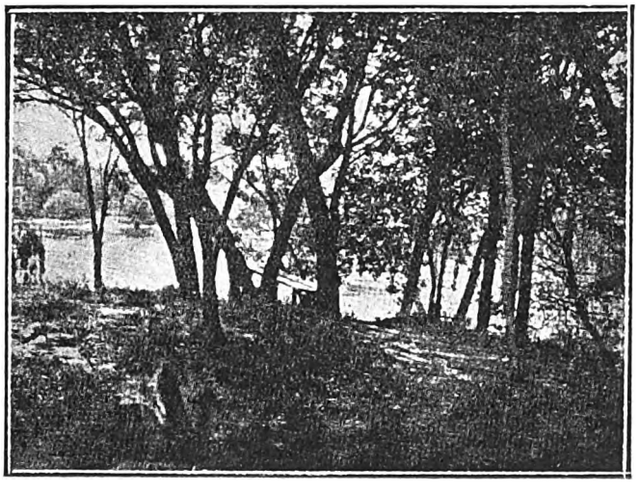
Durban,

who receives a prize of a motor accessory valued at half-a-guinea, presented by WIRE WHEEL. The round, rocky kopje in the picture is on the road to Port St. Johns, between that place and Umtata, and Mrs. Briscoe's letter was the first one opened containing the correct description



No. 7. CAN YOU PLACE THIS PICTURE?

To the writer of the first letter opened containing the correct name of the picturesque spot here illustrated WIRE WHEEL will award a prize of the value of half-a-guinea. No letter will be opened until midday, October 27. Letters should be addressed to WIRE WHEEL, care of THE S.A. PICTORIAL, P.O. Box 1574, Johannesburg.

of the locality. This Competition attracted a great many entries, and a number of competitors named the right place; but only one letter can be the first to be opened, so I can only wish the unlucky ones better luck next time. No letters were opened before midday on Monday (October 13), and the first letter to be opened was selected at random from the shuffled pile of letters. Several letters were opened before the first one containing the correct answer was found. Many competitors were very wide of the mark. One thought the kopje was at Krantzkop, Natal; another that it was on the coach-road between Graskop and Pilgrim's Rest, Transvaal; and others were equally at sea.

Competition No. 7.

Competition No. 7 begins now, but no letter will be opened before midday on October 27. Competitors are particularly requested to address their letters to

"Wire Wheel,"
care of "The S.A. Pictorial,"
P.O. Box 1574,
Johannesburg,

and to write on the outside of the envelope the words "Motor Competition."

The Cape-Cairo Expedition.

The Crossley cars which will be used by Major Court-Treatt on the Cape to Cairo expedition will be shod with massive 6-inch Rapson tyres of wartime armoured car type with specially reinforced side walls. The rear wheels are double, specially built by Messrs. Crossley. The tread on the ground of these rear tyres is 13½ inches. Wakefield Castrol Oil and Shell Motor Spirit will be used throughout the journey, and supplies are now at the depôts along the route.

Petrol Prices.

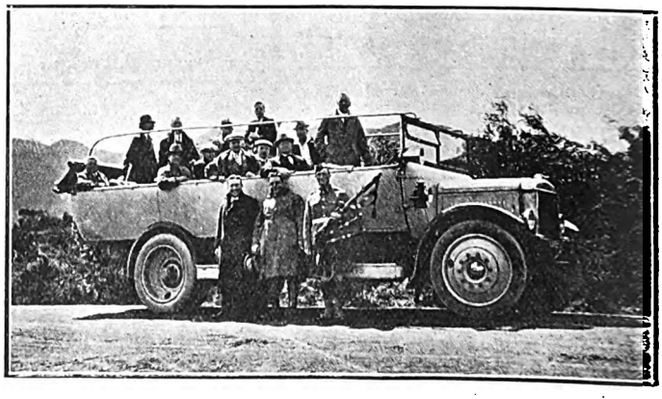
Mr. Stewart Cartwright, of the British Imperial Oil Company—the company which stores its supplies on Salisbury Island—in the course of an interview with *The Natal Advertiser*, said foolish comparisons were made in comparing the prices of petrol ruling in America and those of this country. He pointed out that an American "gallon" represents only 5/6ths of our own Imperial gallon, and that the petrol sold across "the Herring Pond" is of a low grade. There was, said Mr. Cartwright, no ground for comparison between the two countries when both quality and quantity were at variance. The uniformity of price was due to the necessity of maintaining a competitive price. Mr. Cartwright also drew attention to the distributing and marketing costs, and said the price of petrol to-day was very near that of pre-War days. For all that, one cannot refrain from making comparisons of the ruling prices for the best spirit obtainable in England and the price ruling out here.

A New Track.

The principal topic in motor-racing circles just now is the new Montlhéry Track, near Paris, boasting a perfect surface and banking that has been craftily designed. The genius responsible is a well-known French civil engineer, M. R. Jamin. Travelling at speed, cars automatically adapt themselves to the curves and can be driven practically "hands off." It is stated that in a practical run on the day of the informal opening of the track Viscaya, driving one of the Grand Prix Bugattis, lapped at an average of 195 kilometres an hour—practically 121 m.p.h. The official opening took place on October 12, when a big race for Grand Prix model cars was run off.

Silencers.

In view of the judge's remarks in the recent 1,000-miles stock Reliability Trial, anent efficient silencers, and the remarks recently issued by a magistrate, that there was no real definition to guide him as to what



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described an efficient silencer, it will be interesting to see how the manufacturers tackle this question for 1925. It will be recollected that at Brooklands something like a strike took place when the authorities compelled riders in races on that famous track to fit efficient silencers. This was caused through a complaint lodged by residents in the vicinity of the track. One ingenious rider tried to overcome the difficulty by fitting an empty Castrol-oil tin to the end of his exhaust pipe. He was not allowed to compete, however.

Murder is illegitimate as a recreation and contemptible as a trade.—*Mr. Robert Lynd.*

"RED DAISY" TEA IS THE BEST—TRY IT.

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S.A. PICTORIAL.

STAGE & CINEMA.

VOL. XIX. No. 482.] SATURDAY, OCTOBER 25TH, 1924. (Registered at G.P.O. as a Newspaper.) PRICE 6D.

LOVE AT FIRST SIGHT.

The return to the screen of the popular French comedian Max Linder will be celebrated at the Johannesburg Orpheum next week, when his new five-reel picture "Circusmania" will be shown. The lady on the trapeze is Miss Vilma Banky, and to win her love Max has to join the circus and become a lion-tamer.

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LEON M. LION.

By LEWIS MELVILLE.

(Author of "The Life of William Makepeace Thackeray," and many other literary and historical biographies.)

WHEN first I met Leon M. Lion*, who is now so well-known as an actor, a dramatist, and a theatrical manager, I was so tremendously his senior that he treated me with respect. He was nine and I was fourteen. Since then, even he has got a little older—older enough, anyhow, to have lost his respect for me.

I well remember his first appearance in public, reciting at an evening entertainment. Young as he was, he showed the promise which he has since splendidly redeemed. The theatre has always had for him from early days a great, indeed, an overwhelming, attraction. Acting was his passion, and nothing could keep him from it.

When he wanted to go on the stage, friends of mature years pointed out to him—with truth—that acting was a very precarious calling. You, of course, might, they admitted, make a million; but on the other hand, they urged, you—well, you might not. My old friend, however, I am glad to say has made his million—though I do not suppose he carries it about with him in hard cash.

It is years ago since I was talking one day to an elderly man who had advised Lion not to go on the stage. I said: "Well, Lion has made good. He has had a hard struggle, but now Beerbohm Tree engages him and W. J. Locke tells me he thinks he is excellent in 'The Beloved Vagabond,' and himself insisted on his being cast for *Aristide Pujol*."

"Tut!" said the elderly person. "Tut! I don't suppose the fellow has a hundred pounds in the bank."

"We are not talking the same language," I retorted. "I was referring to his artistic success and you are speaking of his bank-balance."

I must say for Lion that he deserves his success—no one more so. He is a worker. I wrote of him once that if there had been no such thing as work in the world, he would have invented it. Some one said of Seymour Hicks that he was restless from a baby: Lion has never allowed himself time to be restless—and never will.

In his struggling days, when he could not get an engagement at a London theatre, he went on tour; if for a brief span there was nothing for him in the theatres, you would find him in a little play at the music-halls. If he could not find a play with a suitable part for himself, did he despair? Not a bit of it! He wrote one for himself. And then another. If no one would produce his plays, was he downhearted? No! He produced them himself.

In fact, he triumphed by studying his profession, by hard work, indomitable perseverance, and a magnificent and (as all know now) a justifiable belief in himself.

To-day he stands in the front rank of British actor-managers. I do not propose to recall each of his individual triumphs, because the total sum of his successes is so much more considerable. To have seen him as *Aristide Pujol* is to have witnessed a performance of a delicate humour. To have seen him in "Justice" is to have witnessed a performance of poignant tragedy. In "The Chinese Puzzle," the play he wrote in collaboration with Miss Marion Bower, in the part of *Chi-Lung* he gave a magnificent character-study that drew London for a year.

Lion, as I have said, has had his bad times. In his youth he was often very hard up, but he never lost heart. Now that he is at the top of the ladder, he is just the same unaffected fellow as he was when he and I—both a good deal out-of-elbow—wandered up and down the Thames Embankment, after somewhat meagre meals of cocoa and bread and butter, and talked of Browning and Matthew Arnold. I never see him without thinking of him reciting at the top of his voice lines from "Empedocles on Etna" (a little to the bewilderment of the cabmen at the coffee-stall), or of him talking of Shaw (not then on his throne), of Henry Irving and Kean and Hawtrey and Kemble, of Jane Austen, Thackeray and Dickens; and—well, the truth must out—of ourselves.

Lion's dream of success has come true. I do not know anyone who has more deservedly won his laurels.

* Mr. Leon M. Lion, and his company, including Miss Renée Kelly, the leading lady, reached Johannesburg on Tuesday afternoon, and will open at His Majesty's Theatre on November 3 in "The Chinese Puzzle."

RENEE KELLY.

(By Our London Correspondent.)

Leicester Square, September 25.

ON Tuesday I met Miss Renée Kelly at Ciro's, where, in company with Mr. Leon M. Lion, Mr. Hylton Allen (her husband) and Mr. Frank Freeman, she was giving a little farewell party to a few friends prior to her departure for Cape Town to-morrow week. It was really surprising to note how calm, unruffled and perfectly lovely Miss Kelly looked. How she manages it goodness knows, for, apart from running her household in her private capacity as Mrs. Hylton Allen (they have the most delectable, centuries-old, rambling, flower-embowered cottage at Rye, in Sussex, where a quite extensive artisitic colony has recently settled), she has, for the past three weeks, had to be in town every morning for the choosing, fitting and packing of gowns, coats, cloaks, hats and their corollaries for use during her South African tour, and then, each afternoon and evening she has had to appear in Edward Burke's smart and snappy playlet, "Likes and Dislikes," at the Coliseum.

Prior to our little chat I had always understood Miss Kelly to be one of those rare beings, an American actress speaking pure English, and was therefore mightily pleased when she told me that her birthplace was London. The fact that all her earliest successes were made in the States—with Nat Goodwin, Maxine Elliott, Robert Loraine and other "well-knowns"—and that her first big London hit was in an American play ("Daddy Long-Legs," in which she created the part of *Judy*), must have been responsible for my error.

There is no doubt that you are going to take Renée Kelly to your hospitable hearts just as New York and London have done. She possesses unlimited quantities of what Barrie's *Maggie Wylie* calls "charrrm," as well as one of those quiet, almost shy, personalities that are so hard to define yet so subtly manage to impress themselves on everybody they come in contact with in what seems a perfectly effortless way.

Mr. Leon M. Lion, famous alike in the triple *rôle* of playwright, character-actor and producer, has, by an extraordinary stroke of good luck, found it possible to make up a *répertoire* of plays for presentation in South Africa which have the uncommon merit of combining strong parts perfectly fitted to each of the leading players' powers (there is hardly any necessity to expatiate now on the attainments of such accepted stars as Renée Kelly, Leon M. Lion, Hylton Allen and that rapidly rising young actor, Frank Freeman), and of introducing to you several of London's biggest dramatic attractions of the past season or so.

Paul Pry.

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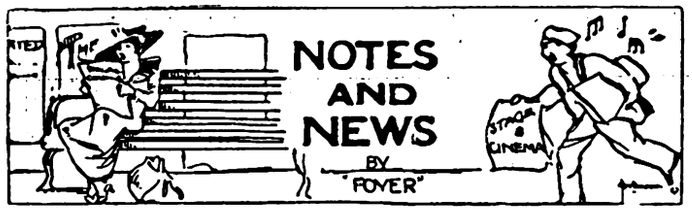

Better than London.

"The theatres in Africa and Australia have many advantages over London's West-end," says Mr. Frank Freeman, who is to play the "juvenile" lead in "The Chinese Puzzle." "I had a recent tour in Australia, and I know. In London one is half afraid of being associated with a success because it means playing the same part every night for a year or two. That may sound pleasant, but, if acting means anything to you, you want to experiment with new parts and not feel that you are duplicating the same work night after night for a year or more. That is one reason why I am very glad I am coming to South Africa with a wide *répertoire* of plays; one has change of part and thus change of mood. I have never forgotten 'Romance.' In that play I appeared in the same part for 800 performances. I can tell you, I was glad to get into a new show after that." Mr. Freeman toured as a star in London in a one-act play with Miss Isobel Elsom for some months. He comes here with Mr. Leon M. Lion and Miss Renée Kelly, the two famous Londoners, and he is to play the "juvenile" leads in their plays. He has a very "fat" and important part as *Sir Roger de la Haye* in "The Chinese Puzzle."

MISS HELEN CORAM,

Of the Leon M. Lion Company, who have arrived from England this week, and will open at His Majesty's Theatre on November 3 in "The Chinese Puzzle."

"Merry Widow's" Wedding.

Miss Adrienne Brune (Miss Billie Browne) and Mr. Arthur Pusey were married (as previously announced in The Pictorial) at the Prince's-row Registry Office, Buckingham Palace-road, London, S.W., on September 20. There was no honeymoon, as neither bride nor bridegroom could be spared from their work. Miss Brune is playing *Sonia* in "The Merry Widow" at the Lyceum Theatre, and Mr. Pusey is the "juvenile" lead in "Storm" at the Royalty. The wedding was a sequel to a friendship formed when Miss Brune and Mr. Pusey were both playing in "Head Over Heels" at the Adelphi last year.

Fortune's Wheel.

Miss Ethel Warwick, the well-known actress, filed her petition in bankruptcy in mail-week. Her liabilities were given as £200, mostly owing to dressmakers, and her assets as £3. She has been posing as Cleopatra in the Wembley "Palace of Beauty" for £5 a week. Only eleven years ago she was a West-end actress-manager, with her own motor-car and a nice house. She is the former wife of Mr. Edmund Lewis Waller, son of the late Lewis Waller. She has played important parts with Sir Henry Irving, Sir Charles Wyndham and Sir Frank Benson. The case was left in the hands of the Official Receiver.

Variety Stars' Salaries.

Some remarkable statements concerning the earnings of music-hall performers were made in mail-week at a meeting of the Variety Artists' Federation. Mr. Fred Russell said that there are about 5,000 music-hall artists in Great Britain. Possibly a dozen of these are making more than £200 a week when working," he added. "Possibly there are two dozen who make £100 a week when in engagements. About 400 receive from £10 to £40 a week, but they are extremely lucky to get 25 weeks' work in a year. The average music-hall artist is lucky to make £5 a week if you spread his earnings over a year."

Famous Illusions.

The death in mail-week at the age of 70 of Mr. Neville Maskelyne recalls to mind several of the illusions of which he was the originator. He invented "The New Page." In a coffin-shaped box standing on the stage a man was placed. The box was raised two or three feet in the air and the door opened. The man was found standing on his head. When the box was again lowered to the stage and the door again opened its inmate was found to be standing up normally. "Oh!" was another famous trick. Incidentally it was christened by the first audience which witnessed it. Mr. Maskelyne could not think of an adequate name, but on the night of its first presentation such a chorus of "Ohs!" came from the audience that its inventor then and there chose the exclamation for the name. The illusion was this: A man was securely strapped in a chair surrounded by a canopy on four poles. His left arm was strapped high up over his head. A string was fastened to the wrist, and this was thrown up over the top of the canopy and held outside by a member of the audience. The right hand was strapped down and similarly held. The legs, arms and body were strapped. The curtains of the canopy were then drawn, but in such a way as to permit an uninterrupted view beneath. As soon as they were drawn the word "Go" was given. The man disappeared. Those outside holding the string attached to his wrists would never feel any movement. Last May Mr. Maskelyne's grandchild celebrated her first birthday. Strange things happened at the gathering which celebrated the event. An empty flower-pot suddenly burst into a riot of vegetation; the heart of one of the roses opened disclosing a baby's gold bracelet; while the birthday cake, with its candles burning, floated in on thin air.

Ten Years' Toll.

At a lunch at Gatti's in mail-week given by the V.A.F., and attended by Harry Tate, George Bass, Talbot O'Farrell, Albert Voyce, George D'Albert, and other favourites of the halls, it was stated that in America vaudeville was an integral part of the country; it was high time that variety in Great Britain exercised a similar influence. The community needed variety quite as much as revue. Great stars were in vaudeville; it was time they were allowed to shine, was the general sentiment expressed. Ten years had robbed the music-halls of Anna Held, R. G. Knowles, Paul Cinquevalli, Jack O'Connor, Eli Hudson, Gaby Deslys, George Formby, Lauri de Frece, Evie Greene, Bert Clark, Fred Ginnett, Wal Pink, T. E. Dunville, Barclay Gammon, Arthur Williams, A. C. Lilly, Fred Emney, Tom Foy, Fred Storey, Harry Anderson, Eugene Stratton, Prof. Anderson, Marie Lloyd, Jack Pleasants, and Albert Chevalier.

In Canada.

Mr. Percy Hutchison has taken "Bull-dog Drummond" and "Nightie Night" to Canada. He has also taken Saxon Snell, Frank Lacey, Lord Lyvedon, R. Claude Pascoe, Kate Carew, Betty Nelson, Lena Oldfield, and Lilias Earle. They opened at Montreal on October 13.

HIS MAJESTY'S, NOVEMBER 3: LEON M. LION AND RENEE KELLY IN "THE CHINESE PUZZLE."

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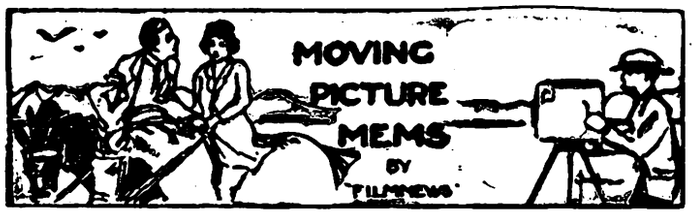

Cooganitis.

In mail-week London and the London newspapers were suffering from a very bad attack of "Cooganitis," caused by the first visit to England of Jackie Coogan. Here are some of the large-type headlines from some of the papers: "Jackie Coogan's Wild Welcome: Mobbed by Women at Waterloo: £250,000 Boy With '£37 All Told.'" "Grown-ups Crowd to See 'Jackie': Police Have to Force Back a Cheering Mob: Conquering Coogan: Father Carries Film Boy Through the Crush." "Women Fight Round Jackie: Frantic Scenes at St. James's Palace: Car Stormed: Another Rush to See Him at Wembley." "Jackie Coogan as History Student: An Interested Visitor at the Abbey: 'Cute' Statues: Queen Elizabeth 'Just Like the Girl in a Film." "Jackie Shops in West End: 'Fiver' from Father to Buy Mother a Present: Night at Theatre." And so on. And Jackie's verdict was: "I was born in Los Angeles, and I just love it. But next to back home I would like to live in London. It's just wunnerful. It's great!"

Father to a Gold Mine.

"H.V.M." writes in *The Daily Express*: What would you like to be if you had the pick of the world's jobs? A few weeks ago I might have said a cowboy or Mussolini, or even Bernard Shaw, but to-day I can answer it straight off: Jackie Coogan's father! This strikes me as being the easiest thing on earth since the goose and the golden egg. Mr. Coogan senior is an unsettling sight. Here we fathers are doing without tobacco so that Alfred can become an architect. Some of us (no doubt idiotically) are piling up cash so that Henry shall not have to go through what we went through when we were boys. All of us look at our sons in terms of £. s. d., and see a string of 0000000's. Except Mr. Coogan.

MISS BETSY DE LA PORTE,
Of Johannesburg, contralto, winner of this year's S.A. University scholarship tenable for three years at the Royal College of Music, London. She is to sing on the African Theatres' circuit before leaving for London.
Photo by T. J. Hall.

Noise Like a Bank.

He has produced a super-son. I don't suppose Jackie ever cried when he was a baby: he must have made a noise like a bank. What piffling triumphs we fathers experience as we brood over our budding genius: "Latin good," "Mathematics fair," "History excellent." Compare this with Jackie Coogan's ten-year-old report: "£250,000 in the bank." Yet perhaps being father to a gold mine is not so good as it sounds. Can Mr. Coogan ever smack Jackie? I imagine not. Were I Jackie's father I would never have the nerve to do it. Every time my hand came down on Jackie's anatomy I should hear like an echo, the jingling of much gold, and I should expect him to draw himself up dramatically and say: "Father—you're fired! Sacked! Get out! Me for another manager. They say money talks. This time it's howling."

How it all Began.

Meanwhile, way back in Hollywood, Charlie Chaplin must be reflecting that his "discovery" of Jackie Coogan was the most wonderful thing that even he ever did! How was it done? What was the beginning of it all? Jackie was in the lobby of a Los Angeles hotel one day, standing on a chair and reciting "The Shooting of Dan McGrew." The owner of a local theatre was so impressed with him that he at once button-holed Mr. Coogan, senior, and engaged young Jack to appear in a prologue at his theatre. It was there that Charlie Chaplin saw him. The comedian was obsessed. Jackie was just the boy for "The Kid." Jackie's success since then is cinema history.

Unspoilt.

In spite of his fabulous earnings, however, Jackie Coogan is not allowed to lose a sense of proportion. Most of his wages are banked for him, and he is encouraged to think for himself. Every time he suggests a title suitable for a film he gets 1s. 6d., and one week he was elated to find that his earnings under this heading came to about 5s. For every original "stunt" or setting for a scene he devises he is made richer by 2s. 6d., while should he utter an aphorism which would make a good sub-title he adds another 1s. 6d. to his fortune. The child's great success has enabled Jack Coogan, senior, a leading eccentric dancer, and Mrs. Coogan, formerly Lillian Dolliver, vaudeville singer, to retire from the stage and live in the fine mansion their dutiful son has built for them in Hollywood.

A Coogan Story.

The best Coogan story—an authentic one—relates that when Chaplin was training "the Kid" to act before the camera, he said: "Jackie, the word you have to learn is 'repression,' which means that you musn't wave your arms about and get excited." Subsequently, when Charlie was producing a scene and showed considerable agitation because it was not going smoothly, he felt a tug at his coat and heard a small voice pipe: "Charlie, what about repression?"

Mary as Alice.

Mary Pickford may possibly appear as *Alice* in a film-version of "Alice in Wonderland." She would make an ideal *Alice*, and her photographer, Charles Rosher, a Londoner, who is said to be the best trick photographer in the world, should not find a great deal of difficulty in overcoming the many photographic problems that will be inseparable from the production.

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BIJOU, MONDAY: THOMAS MEIGHAN IN "BACK HOME AND BROKE."

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A Students' Concert.

There is seldom any lack of interest at a Students' concert, especially for those who can bring themselves to view such performances in right perspective. The latest event of this kind was given in the Selborne Hall on Wednesday evening of last week by pupils of Mr. Horace Barton and Mr. Max Weinbrenn, the first-named supplying the pianists and the second being responsible for the violinists. The collaboration of two highly-esteemed teachers in this manner seems to me to be a very commendable policy and one that can hardly fail to produce results of the highest musical and educational importance to each. The students' concert generally assumes the character of a number of solo efforts, in which the respective merits of various performers can often partake largely of the qualities of reflective and imitative musicianship, giving sometimes an impression in which the teachers' individuality is present to a degree that is not desirable. There is also unlimited opportunity for such individual solo effort, which, if not varied by other form of music-making, tends to narrow the purpose of study and makes for a restricted musical view.

Wider Artistic Scope.

The decision of the teachers named to combine their respective resources immediately made possible a much wider artistic scope, and compelled the forces of each to view the musical field through the possibilities and requirements of another instrument. This is of the highest value to the young student, and the experience so gained in the performance of *ensemble* music cannot fail to be of the greatest assistance in the future study of any specialised executive branch. Educational authorities are all agreed that the neglect of the study of Chamber music is to be deplored, for nothing constitutes at the same time such a test of muscianship in its wider sense and such a splendid field for the development of musical culture and refinement. Technically, musical combinations such as was heard at the concert referred to have a special value in leading the perception to a just estimate of rhythmical and tonal proportion—phases of executive art that always present their own difficulties to the young and inexperienced performer.

The Programme.

The accompaniments heard last Wednesday were generally of a distinctly adequate nature, and in the circumstances held a degree of interest that was not always apparent to the casual listener. A single experience of this kind carries with it more real musical development than half-a-dozen solo efforts. Viewing the whole programme from this point, it will be seen that the best musical interests of all concerned have been studied to some purpose, and the opportunity afforded the various players to test their capacity in *ensemble* playing can have only the effect of widening their respective artistic capacities. Among the accompanists were Miss Dora Dorfman, Miss Zena Schartz, Miss Annie Taylor, Miss Bessie Joffe and Mr. H. Gorvett. The Misses Bessie Joffe and Sarah Joffe shared responsibilities in a movement from Grieg's C minor Sonata. The Misses Zena and Cecilia Schatz and Mr. Henry Sack were associated in a Haydn Trio, and the Misses Bessie and Sarah Joffe, with Messrs. Borman and Henry Sack, were concerned in an excellent performance of the first part of Rheinberger's Quartet. The first movement of Beethoven's Trio in C minor was given by Messrs. H. Gorvett, Borman Sack and Henry Sack, and among the soloists were Miss Gertrude Freitag (Brahms Sonata), George Moss (part 1 of Mendelssohn's Violin Concerto), Miss Annie Taylor (piano solo by Stojowski), Miss Cecilia Schatz (*Ballade* and *Polonaise*, Vieuxtemps), Mr. David Taylor (*Danse Tzigane*, Nachez), Miss Sarah Joffe (first movement Spohr Concerto), Miss Bessie Clymo (piano solo, *Serenade Espagnole*, Balakirew), Mr. Borman Sack (violin concerto, G minor, Max Bruch) and Miss Ida Moss (piano solo, Eleventh Rhapsody, Liszt).

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The Karridene Hotel is an extensive Brick Building, equipped with the most modern conveniences: Hot and Cold Baths, Electric Light, Bells to each of the forty-five Bedrooms, Dance Hall, Billiard Room, Lounges, Open-air Gardens, etc.

The grounds, 35 acres in extent, take the form of a lovely natural park, and lend themselves to all the usual outdoor amusements: Tennis, Croquet, Shooting, etc.

Boating here is excellent, and the resort is specially noted for fishing and safe surf bathing.

A Golf Course is in course of construction, and guests may be fully assured of every comfort, attention and amusement being provided for them.

Piano and Vocal Recital.

On Thursday evening next, October 30, in the Selborne Hall, Miss Margarete Schoen will make her first appearance in Johannesburg after a period of study in Germany, where she was a pupil of Professor Mayer-Mahr. Miss Schoen will play, among other things, the D minor Sonata of Beethoven and the Bach-Tausig Toccata and Fugue in D minor. She will have the co-operation of Miss Hilda Neale-Weyhausen.

158 Bands.

The National Brass Band Festival in England this year proved to be an extraordinarily popular event. Altogether 158 bands, comprising 3,792 players, participated in the six contests, for which specially composed test-pieces were set. All the bands are composed of amateur players, who practise in the evening after a hard day's work, and many made the journey to the Crystal Palace overnight. Miners made the journey soon after leaving the pits, steel workers came straight from the forge and cotton workers from the mills. The chief event was the competition for the one-thousand guinea trophy, and special interest was created by the fact that for the first time an Australian Band took part—and won. This Band, which is from Newcastle, New South Wales, met with great success in England, and will be heard in South Africa next month. The judges were accommodated in a separate room. They were not allowed to see which band was playing, and the decision was made by numbers.

Class for Conductors.

The Guildhall School of Music, London, has started a class for conductors. Mr. Julius Harrison has been invited by Sir Landon Ronald to take charge of this class, which is a new departure in the School's curriculum.

£28,000,000.

Mr. Joseph M. Schenck, husband of Norma Talmadge and head of the Motion Picture Producers' Association of America, announces that £15,000,000 will be spent on film production in Los Angeles during the coming year, beginning this autumn, in addition to £13,000,000 on new studios and improvements. The number of pictures proposed is 680, almost the record number.

A PORTRAIT BY JANE PLOTZ IS GOOD. ART STUDIOS, THRUPP'S BUILDINGS.

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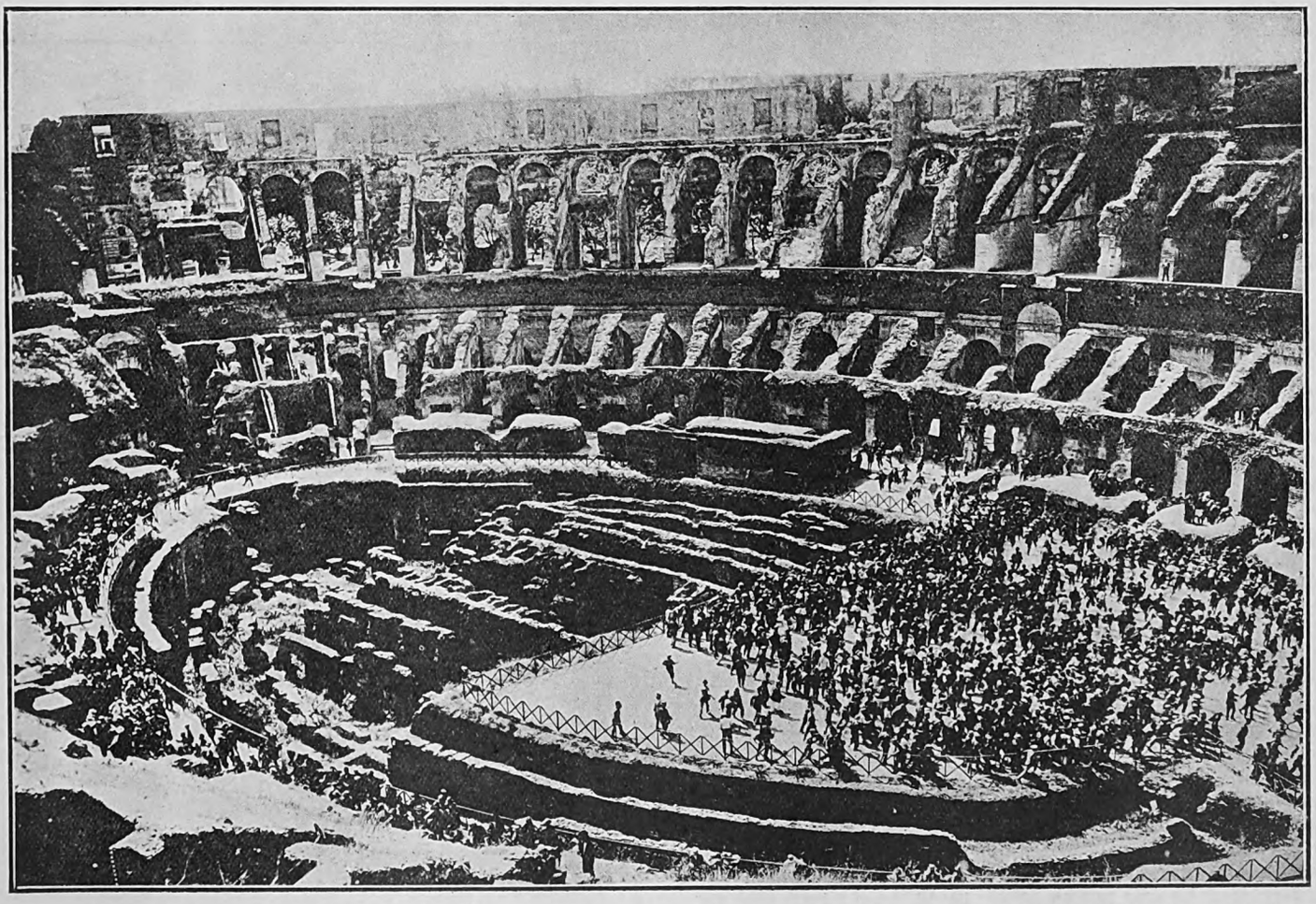
ANCIENT SPLENDOURS OF THE CITY OF LOVE.

MISS BARBARA LA MARR IN THE FILM VERSION OF "THE ETERNAL CITY" BEING SHOWN AT THE JOHANNESBURG BIJOU THIS WEEK.



"THE ETERNAL CITY" WAS ACTUALLY FILMED IN ROME: ANOTHER SCENE FROM THE PHOTOPLAY OF SIR HALL CAINE'S NOVEL.

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In the Bright Lights.

EMPIRE PALACE.

A Letter to the Veterans of Variety: The Secret of their Big Success.

My Dear Veterans of Variety,—I was much astonished not long ago to read in an article by a well-known London dramatic critic these startling words: "Of course one is too young to have seen Irving." Observe that "of course"; and that "one," which seems to include all his readers as well as himself among those who are too young to have seen Irving. I could scarcely have been more surprised, although it would have been in quite the opposite manner, if he had written: "Of course one is too young to have seen Garrick." And the first thought which jumped into my mind took the form of a rather foolish parody of *Bunthorne's* song in "Patience":

"If this young man expresses himself in terms too young for me,
Why what a very singularly young young man this young young man must be!"

Second thoughts, which are notoriously better if not always so pleasant, pointed out that perhaps after all he wasn't such a *very* singularly young young man; that possibly it was I who was growing old.

Anyhow, there it is. Whether we like it or not, there are Pharaohs reigning who knew not Joseph. Writers on theatrical topics, who have become highly specialised experts at their jobs, are writing about acting and the art of the theatre and the music-hall, and doing it in most cases uncommonly well; and "of course they are too young to have seen Irving." And as it is with critics, so it is with audiences.

Do not, therefore, be perturbed to hear that fifty—or perhaps we had better allow for this being South Africa and not England, and say seventy-five per cent. of the audiences now giving you such splendid receptions at the Johannesburg Empire never before saw any of you, although you are coming before them principally on the strength of your former fame and your past successes. I myself, who am not too young to have seen Irving, had seen two of you—Lily Burnand and Arthur Slater, both of whom have been here within the past ten years. (Miss Burnand's charming photograph graced the front-page of this paper in its issue of April 29, 1916.) I knew that "What is the use of loving a girl?" was "released for pantomime" in 1902. ("My Flo from Pimlico" and "I've myde up my mind ter syle erwye" were of the same year, and all three were ground out incessantly by all the piano-organs in England.) And I had heard Wilkie Bard and the late Jack Pleasants sing songs that were written by Frank Leo.

Since that was the extent of my own knowledge of you before you appeared here as the Veterans of Variety, and since I am, I think, about as average a member of an average audience as you are likely to find, it seems reasonable to ask you to regard my previous plight of ignorance about you as fairly representative of what you are likely to meet with in your travels through "the British Dominions beyond the seas."

If you will admit, therefore, that it is not altogther because

"seas between us braid hae roar'd
Sin auld lang syne"

that you are scoring such a success in South Africa, and being listened to with such rapt attention by huge audiences that applaud you to the roof, it must follow that it is *because you are just as good as you used to be*—if not, in fact, better.

Please, if you are harbouring some such half-formed accusation, quickly acquit me of any intention to adopt a "patronising" tone towards you. That is the last impression I would like to convey. Believe me, your unforced and clever artistry gave a great deal of genuine pleasure to one who feels that he was not as well "up in" your past history as he ought to have been. It is easy to see that the world-tour of which this is only the beginning is going to be a real triumph for all of you—Leo Dryden, Frank Leo, Sable Fern, Lily Burnand, Charles Lee, Arthur Slater, and (funniest of comedians!) Jake Friedman.

And you will, I know, agree with me that the rest of the "bill" which is appearing with you at the Empire is in every way worthy to uphold the best traditions of the music-hall. Even in *your* long experience I doubt if you have seen a more accomplished entertainer-at-the-piano than Jen Latona; or a neater strong-arm act than the Dewars; or cleverer cyclists than the Uniques; or better "turns" of their kind than those of Videau and Kirby and Moss and Maachah. But it must have been a shock to you to find that in all the orchestra only the Empire's world-famous conductor (yes, I think we may now call him that) and the leader of the violins think it necessary to appear nowadays in the costume that convention has decreed for evening-wear.

Carlyon.

HIS MAJESTY'S THEATRE.

Witty lines and well-contrived incidents get laughs galore in "The Rising Generation," which is as funny a comedy as you could wish to see in a month of Sundays. It is being acted at His Majesty's Theatre with great skill by a company the members of which faithfully portray their parts in a manner that makes for the gaiety of the audience. At the heart of the play is its youthful freshness. Portraits of some of the principals in their characters are reproduced on pages 14 and 15.

MOSCOVITCH FOR AUSTRALIA.

On the conclusion of his third South African tour at the Opera House, Cape Town, on October 29, Mr. Maurice Moscovitch will pay his first visit to Australia, booked to J. C. Williamson, Ltd., through the African Theatres, Ltd. The famous actor is to appear in Australia as *Shylock* in "The Merchant of Venice," as *Svengali* in "Trilby," and probably in other parts.

YOUR PHOTOGRAPH? JANE PLOTZ WILL ADVISE YOU. ART STUDIOS, THRUPP'S BUILDINGS.

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DOROTHY MACKAILL SENDS US HER PHOTOGRAPH.

THE HEROINE OF
"MIGHTY LAK' A ROSE."

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A Cape Town Chronicle

BY BEACHCOMBER.

Cape Town, Monday.

The Season Begins.

There is no doubt that the season is beginning. There is that indefinable something in the atmosphere that makes the business-man in Cape Town look up instinctively to the top of Table Mountain as he hurries to the office in the morning. There is something in the clear, entrancing blue of the sky that makes him think of other things than a wooden desk and a pile of papers. Then there is the distraction of the Adderley-street flower-sellers, enticing buyers behind a riot of colour. Many a staid business-man succumbs to the temptation of a bunch of carnations and may be seen sneaking ashamedly into the office where he orders the bobbed-haired typist to find a vase and arrange the flowers on his desk. Yes, there *are* men at the Cape who buy flowers for themselves and not for the distracting feminine creatures who move about the office. Then, with the sunshine and clear blue skies there has appeared the strawberry man, displaying a cluster of rich red berries in little baskets. Impossible to resist such a luxury.

Flimsy Frocks.

And, if this were not sufficient distraction, we have the adorable feminine laying aside the drab costume of winter and blossoming forth in all the glory of flimsy, summery frocks and vividly coloured stripes. Together with the show of flowers in the streets they make daily existence a butterfly affair. Incredible how pretty becomes the girl in a summer-frock whom a week ago you hardly noticed. There is something in a summer-frock that plays the very devil with masculine hearts, and the adorable creatures know it only too well. The first burst of sunshine sends them to the wardrobe where the organdi frock is waiting from last summer. A south-easter may blow coldly across the town, but not a shiver crosses their dauntless, powdered faces.

That First Bathe.

Dwellers in Cape Town have even begun to bathe. Of course there are always a few hardy souls who bravely fling themselves into the surf at Muizenberg all the year round, and there are also those visitors from up-country who have come to the Cape to bathe in the sea and will not be deterred. But when the average individual in Cape Town begins to bathe, then it is possible to say that the season has begun. Adderley-street shops display a variety of multi-coloured headgear for women bathers, and I am told that we may expect to see some startling fashions in bathing-costumes this season. I presume this is the inevitable result of a habit which has been growing of late years to prefer lounging on the beach in an attractive bathing-costume to rollicking in the surf. And as one who has tried these sun-baths I must say that I am lazy enough to think it a delightful habit.

Cape Town Critics.

It is a curious feature of our life in Cape Town that as soon as the season begins and everybody is doing their best to entice Johannesburgers and others to the sea, we suddenly find ourselves in a whirl of self-criticism. Inevitably we discover that Cape Town is dull, dirty, or drab, and instead of quietly acknowledging the fact to ourselves, we begin to shriek blatantly in our newspapers all the worst things we can say. Two years ago when the season was beginning, we found that we had a seething, cosmopolitan "underground" in Cape Town. Our scribes, with the realism of Zola, gave the newly-arrived visitors full descriptions of this dreadful life which was being lived round the corner. The next year, we discovered that we possessed dirty dairies and a putrid water-supply. We did not hesitate to fill our newspapers with descriptions of how bad it really was. And now, there has burst upon us the affair of the piece of orange-peel. How that affair began by Mr. George Rayburn carefully watching a piece of orange-peel remain undisturbed in the gutter for a week, and the frantic scandal that it caused in the City Council, would take too long to tell. The Mayor of Cape Town has been known to rave over that piece of orange-peel. There is a strong disinclination to eat oranges in Cape Town to-day.

At Many Dinners.

This has been a week of banquetting. For one who has to be present at anything in the nature of a function, the week has been a terrible trial. My digestion is almost ruined. At least let it be said that it has been ruined by good food. But after much champagne and asparagus, I would willingly lunch with anyone on cheese and beer. It is all due to our many visitors, the Empire Parliamentarians, and among them, Lord Burnham. Lord Burnham, if I may say so, is worthy of envy at a banquet. I should imagine that his life is one banquet after another, and the number of after-dinner speeches he has made must be already in the thousands. I watched his serene confidence at a banquet given in his honour in Cape Town the other night. Unperturbed he mastered course after course, and talked blithely the whole time. Nothing of the morose, aloof diner about him. And this, mark you, after a whole day spent speechifying at a newspaper conference. At about ten o'clock, when the abundance of good things had reduced most of us at the table to a state of stupor, Lord Burnham rose and made an excellent and delightful speech well worth the hearing. That is an accomplishment worth having, worth enjoying. One feels that only the vigorous experience of a thousand and one banquets could enable one to cultivate it. There is only one man in Cape Town who can endure the largest and the dullest banquet, and yet be sparklingly bright at the end of it. He is J. D.

Our Cricketers Return.

A very sun-tanned and healthy-looking crowd arrived by the mail-boat the other Monday. It was the South African cricket team coming back from their rather disappointing tour in England. They were certainly not abashed. "We did our best to win," said Taylor to me, "and we were defeated because we were up against better cricketers. There is no doubt about it that we shall never really make a name for ourselves in the cricket world until we have turf wickets in South Africa. That I consider the first lesson that the tour in England has taught us. Our bowlers can do marvellous things on matting; on turf they were often helpless. Apart from that, we were simply beaten by better elevens. Except for one or two collapses, our batsmen did pretty well against some sound bowling. But English batting is, I think, more powerful to-day than it has ever been, and scarcely ever did we look like getting our opponents out for totals small enough to give us a chance of winning."

English Cricket.

Taylor went on to talk about English cricket and the prospects of Mr. Joel's team in South Africa. He told me

(*Continued on page 28.*)

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JOHANNESBURG, Tuesday afternoon.

THE market this morning is scarcely as strong as last week. The rise of ½ per cent. in the bank's charge for transferring the proceeds of gold sales from London to the Rand is up against the mines, increasing the cost of realisation from 2s. 9d. to 3s. 3d. an ounce, and also militates against share business with the other side. The constitution of the new Mining Regulations Commission, which includes at least two persons inclined to extreme views, is certainly not liked.

A recent feature has been the improvement in the price of Government Areas from 135s., alternately buyers and sellers, to 141s., and even 143s. last week. This, of course, looks spectacular, though a 6s. advance on a share standing at £6¾ is less than five per cent., or, relatively, the same as a rise from a sovereign to a guinea. It is confidently expected that a dividend of 7s. per share will be forthcoming at Christmas, and, as these shares are valued on a ten per cent. basis, you can just transpose the shillings in dividend into pounds, and there you are! Thus, 6s. dividend and the price is £6; 6s. 6d. dividend and the quotation becomes £6 10s.; 7s., as now expected, and the marking is £7.

From buyers 68s. a fortnight ago, Van Ryn Deeps have improved to 70s. 6d., and are the medium of extensive buying. You will get almost as good a dividend at Christmas as from Government Areas, but the "life" is not nearly so long. All the same, they tell me that one need not worry about Van Ryn Deeps for the next ten years. Modder B, on reports of better development, are up to 28s.

There was heavy buying of Randfonteins this morning up to a guinea; the High 'Change marking of 20s. 10½d. being a shilling better than that of yesterday. They are 21s. 3d. buyers in London. Some well-informed people sold last week on reports of a lower percentage of payability reported to be disclosed for the September quarter, but evidently attached exaggerated importance to the matter. The present buying is chiefly for London. In the past fortnight "Lands" have had a rise of 5s., from 18s. to as high as 23s. 4½d. some time yesterday. But more discretion was evident to-day. It was realised that the putting on of £250,000 to the capitalisation was somewhat too rapid, and the price made was only 21s. 6d.—21s. 9d. At lunch time this improved to 22s. New States, which have stuck at about 32s. for weeks, improved to 35s., but only an odd hundred changed hands. Robinson Deep "B" on Saturday topped two sovereigns, but London selling has brought them back to 39s.

"Modders" this morning have further improved to 80s. —all but a tickey, a rise of 4s. 6d. since the beginning of the month. For a long time they lagged in making up the June dividend. City Deep are the turn easier at 65s. 6d., and Crown Mines still half-a-sovereign behind them at 55s. 3d. —55s. 9d. Geduldes from 64s. have eased to 62s. 9d., possibly on the announcement that the Union Corporation had put in a revised tender for Geduld East, as evidently some people do not like the association of the mining company with this new enterprise.

Quarterly reports have commenced to make their appearance. At Consolidated Main Reef nearly 60 per cent. was payable, the leader going about three ounces over seven inches. Durban Deep's pay-ratio was nearer 62½, with an average of well over 400 inch-dwt. Equipment of the circular shaft is nearing completion, and erection of the new crushing and sorting station shows satisfactory progress. Nearly 70 per cent. of Wit. Deep's sampling was payable, averaging 12 dwt. over 37 inches.

VAUDEVILLE STARS COMING.

Mr. Bransby Williams, the famous Dickensian character-actor, will arrive at Durban from Australia about December 8, and will tour the South African vaudeville circuit before continuing his return journey to England.

Mr. Bert Errol, the leading female impersonator of the English variety stage, will also tour South Africa on his way home from Australia, and will reach Durban about January 5.

Miss Hetty King, the celebrated male impersonator, is a third star who is coming to South Africa on her way home from Australia. The exact date of her arrival is not known yet, but her visit will take place early next year.

"CIRCUSMANIA."

The New York paper *Variety* says of "Circusmania," the new Max Linder comedy to be shown at the Johannesburg Orpheum next week, that it is "without doubt one of the best comedies ever screened."

The story tells how *Count Max de Pompadour* falls in love with a girl who turns out to be a trapeze artist in a circus and whose burly father says she can only marry "in the profession." The *Count* determines to qualify for the girl, and the situations that result are extremely funny.

"Max Linder," says *Variety*, "makes a great comedian as *de Pompadour*. He never clowns and much of his business is delightfully original. Moreover, he never shows a trace of vulgarity or suggestiveness."

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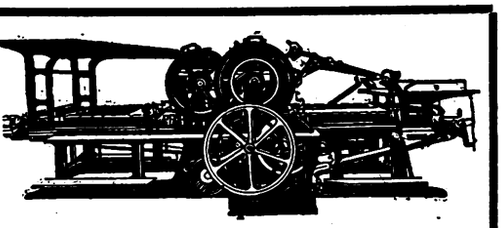

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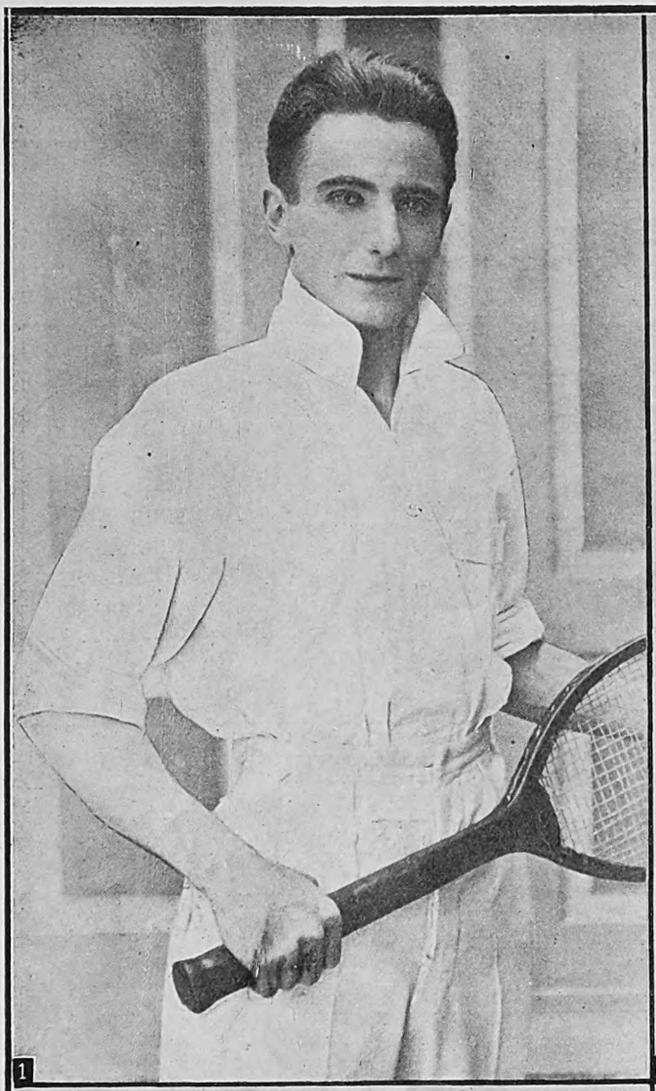
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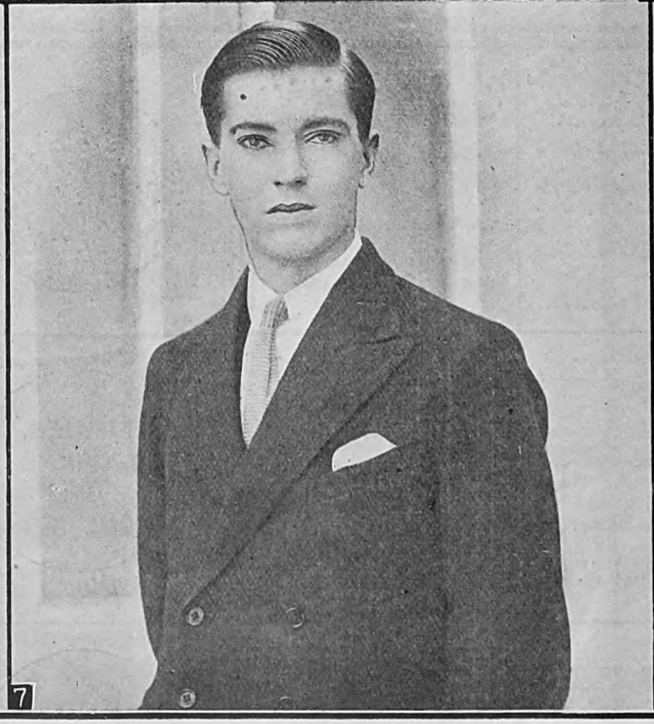
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FATHER AND MOTHER—COOK AND BUTLER—SON AND DAUGHTER—AND

"The Rising Generation" at His Majesty's Theatre is one of the most genuinely funny comedies Johannesburg has ever seen. It concerns the escapades of three boys and three girls who are left, at their own request, to run a country-house, with the assistance of the butler and the cook, while their elders are absent on a visit. It is splendidly acted by a cast of thirteen characters of whom ten are shown here: 1. The Son: Mr. Willie Jubb as *Warwick* as *Vane Harpenden* 10. The Mothe

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AGES: CHARACTERS IN "THE RISING GENERATION."

HE CHILDREN'S FOUR FRIENDS WHO CAME TO SPEND THE HOLIDAYS.

Entwhistle. **2.** The Daughter: Miss Zena Howard as *Winnie Entwhistle.* **3.** The Butler: Mr. Dick Cruikshanks as *Puddifer.* **4.** The Studious Friend: Mr. Leslie Laurier as *Walter Morell.* **5.** The Bluestocking: Miss Mabel Rochester as *Selina Morell.* **6.** The Father: Mr. Clarence Bigge as *Geoffrey Entwhistle.* **7.** The Sporting Friend: Mr. Victor Kernick as *George Breese.* **8.** The Cook: Miss Daisy Stone as *Mrs. Doddrell.* **9.** The "Vamp": Miss Sheila Macgregor Miss Dorothy Reeve as *Mrs. Entwhistle.*

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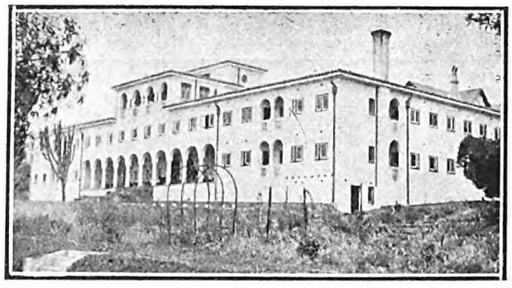

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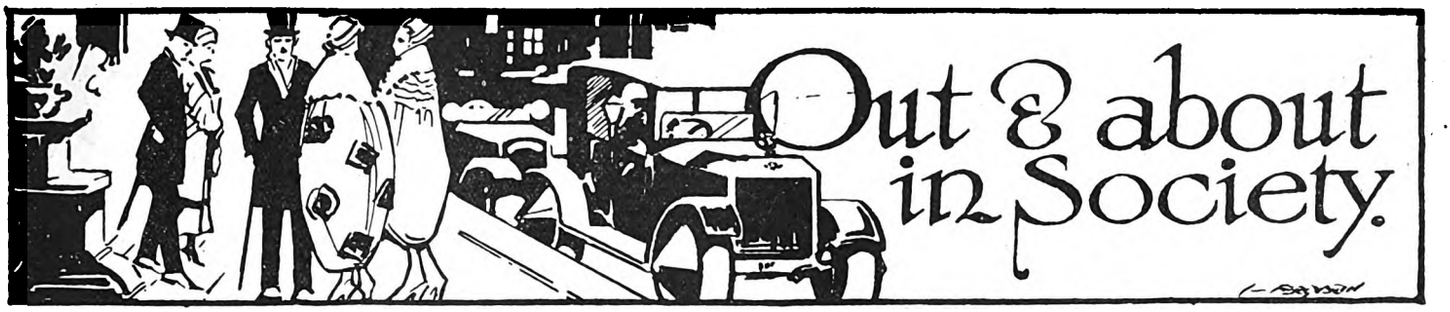

[*All invitations for dances, weddings, and other social functions, and all communications intended for these pages, should be addressed to The Lady Correspondent,* THE SOUTH AFRICAN PICTORIAL, *P.O. Box 1574, Johannesburg.*]

You Shouldn't Miss This.

A quiet week? Yes, thanks be to Allah! It gives me space to tell you of a few things I am really interested in. First comes "The Rising Generation," assembled in an oak-panelled hall with stained-glass windows, with the trophies on the walls that show that their father (rather a handsome man, too) has been an explorer. We are introduced to *The Butler*, one of the very best parts Mr. Dick Cruikshanks has ever created, a lovable, cranky old man who really carries the whole weight of the production on his shoulders, as he carries the responsibilities of the house, aided, of course, by that excellent woman, Mrs. Doddrell (Miss Daisy Stone). I loved her in her part, and to those of us who have been used to the cooks of "Old England" she was truly typical. Miss Stone is in private life the wife of that comedy merchant, Victor Crawford, and has been on the stage for many years with great success, although this is her first part in this country, as she came out with her clever husband for a holiday. To go back to "The Rising Generation" themselves, not forgetting their sweet-faced mother (Miss Dorothy Reeve). There are *Winnie Entwhistle* and her chum *Vane Harpenden*, in their blue one-piece school dresses edged with white and their wide straw hats, a contrast in flappers; *Winnie* (Zena Howard), dark and vivacious and *very* certain that to run a house is nothing, and *Vane* (Sheila Macgregor), flaxen hair and quiet but with a "pash" for boys. It was such splendid acting by the whole crowd of youngsters that one forgot it was acting, as I am sure they did when, in the midst of the romp, one or other was pushed violently over, too violently if it had not been that one saw they had lost themselves in the real fun of the play. I loved Tom Mix—sorry, I mean *Walter Morell* (Leslie Laurier) and his sister, Mabel Rochester, whose character-study of the pig-tailed, spectacled *Selina* was, I thought, one of the best parts in the show. The girls in their party-frocks of grass-green and rose-pink looked very sweet and girlish, and it really is a very jolly show with lots of brightness.

MISS LILY BROWSE,

Who is assisting Miss Pearl Adler to train the children of the S.A. Jewish Orphanage, Johannesburg, for their concert to take place at the Standard Theatre on November 12 and 15.

Photo by Charlotte.

"The Vital Spark."

In a box at the theatre the other evening I met Miss Jennie Hartley, and she had on such a wonderful gown that I must tell you of it. It was *beige* georgette, made with a full-pleated apron that was three-cornered and edged with fillet laces. The corsage was long and sleeveless, and round the neck was a tight-fitting scarf of georgette with long ends that hung down the back, and on one of the ends was a very lovely bouquet of flowers in all shades, and the bouquet was made of celluloid; that's a novel idea, is it not? With the gown Miss Hartley wore a necklace of Chinese jade and ear-rings to match. She is, of course, appearing at the Orpheum this week, and her gowns are always just IT.

"The 1820 Settlers."

There was a large and very representative gathering at the Carlton Hotel one day last week when the annual general meeting of the "1820 Settlers" was held. Mr. E. G. Izod was in the chair—he and Mr. Francis Phillips are the two vice-chairmen—and there was present Sir Charles Crewe, who made a very fine speech. Tea was served at small tables, and so business was combined with pleasure. Lady Andersson was present with Sir Llewellyn Andersson, and wore a white silk knitted gown with a black hat lined with blue and trimmed with blue feathers. Mrs. Francis Phillips came in a white coat and skirt edged with white military braid and a camellia on one shoulder. Her hat was green and had feathers of a deeper shade swathed round it. Mrs. Kidger Tucker came in black, as did Mrs. Scandrett, chair of the Ladies' Committee. Mrs. Paul Selby was *chic* in blue and white with a blue hat. Senator Kidger Tucker, Councillor and Mrs. G. W. Nelson, Mr. Saul Solomon, Sir Julius Jeppe, Mr. Sam Evans, Mrs. Charles (chair of the Hospitality Committee), Mr. F. E. Colenutt and Mr. Taberer were among other well-known people present interested in the movement.

By Car to Cairo.

Major and Mrs. Court-Treatt are at present in Johannesburg preparing for their trip to Cairo. Mrs. Court-Treatt was Miss Stella Hinds, of Kimberley, and was first married to Mr. F. E. Irving. She was on the stage for a time, and many of you will remember her appearing at the Empire in a sketch with Sam Stern. Mrs. Court-Treatt is to be her husband's right-hand on the expedition, and will combine the duties of quartermaster, medical officer, mess sergeant and tailor, and in her "spare time" she intends to collect native folk-lore and investigate the customs of the women of the various tribes *en route*. I understand that she is an experienced *trekker* and big-game hunter and the *veld* has no terrors for her. She tells me she is greatly looking forward to the trip.

Cabaret Dancing.

Lydia Kyasht has written an article in *The Evening News* about *Cabarets*, and she says: "*Cabaret* performances as given in London are the most delightful addition to

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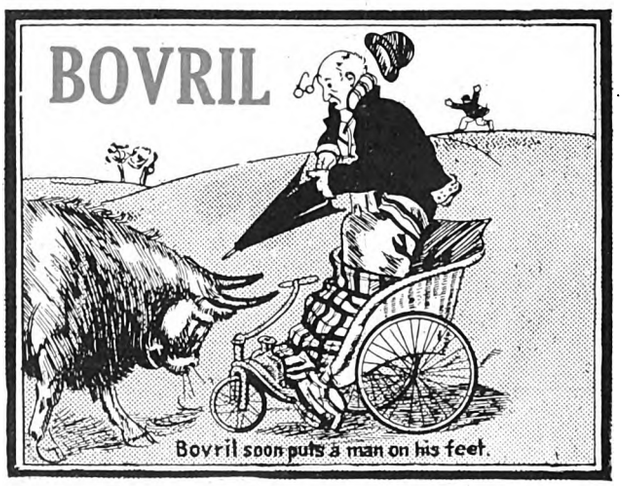

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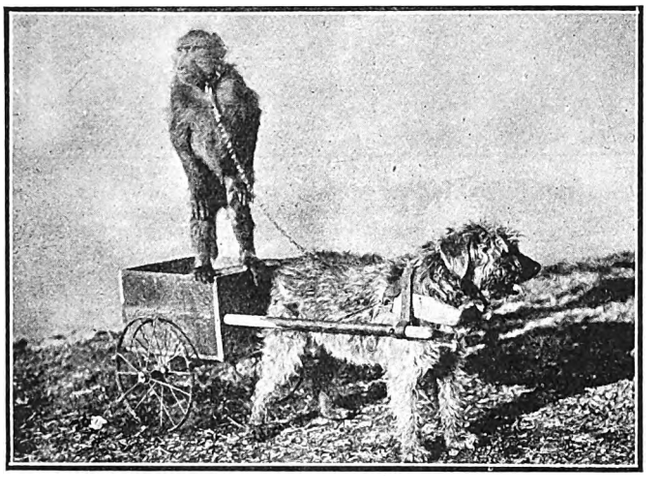
the entertainment side of life. During the past season I visited every London *cabaret*, and the more I saw of these entertainments the more I was seized with a desire to take a real part in them. The whole point of view is different both for the performer and the public. The onlookers seated at their dinner or supper tables see us as we are, at short range, without the glamour of the footlights or the aid of scenery. We are back again in the days when actors and actresses, dancers and singers, acted, danced and sang among the people. That gives us a chance to show our art as it should be shown. We stand or fall on our real merits. After all I have seen I believe there is a whole new art of entertainment which will be perfected through the *cabaret*. One feature of *cabaret* dancing has already impressed itself upon me; and that is the fact that the dancer who succeeds must know how to 'cover' the whole floor. That is, of course, our aim in stage dancing also, where the difference between a good and an indifferent performer is often seen in the manner in which the former makes full use of the



PALS IN THE CART!
A photographic study at Wemmer Pan, Johannesburg.
Photo by H. Howlett.

whole of the stage, while the latter appears to be rooted to one small area. Then there is the choice of the right material with which to make one's *début* in *cabaret*. A dance which may be very attractive when seen from a theatre stall may lose effect on the floor of a ballroom. I shall dance first the Valse Viennoise, by Strauss, wearing a serpentine dress of many colours, which will be illuminated by coloured lights from above. Then a Hungarian dance with my partner, Mr. Leon Kellaway [formerly of South Africa]; we have chosen a Czardas by V. Monti. For the last dance I chose a *pas-de-deux*, the Polka Folichon of Francis Popy, a gay, coquettish dance, in which my partner dances after me all round the room. The verdict—that of people who know dancing in every form—will enable me to judge whether the dance in its most advanced form and technique is suitable for *cabaret*, and I shall be greatly flattered if I feel that I have been the pioneer of operatic dancing in this form of entertainment."

"Brilliant Bubbles."

It is not necessary to tell you that Mlle. Kyasht *was* a success—that goes without saying. We have so many talented people in our country that I often wonder why we do not have more real *cabarets*—a "turn" or two makes all the difference, does it not? Or are we too selfish—do we want to dance all the time ourselves? That was the point of view put forward a short time ago at a dance committee meeting when it was suggested that we should include "turns." Are we, I wonder? I don't think so, and novelty always appeals. Talking of dancing, on the 31st of this month and the 1st of next, matinée and evening, there will be a fairy drama at the Standard Theatre in aid of the funds of the Navy League and the Lads' Hostels, both of which do such splendid work. It is called "Brilliant Bubbles," and taking the principal parts are three mortal children: *Peter*, Master Elwyn Davies; *Mavis*, Miss J. Kidger; and *Pauline*, Miss N. Altman. Their *Nurse*, Miss D. Ewins; a *White Witch*, Miss R. King. All of these girls are University students, and *Titania*, Miss Cissie Smits. In addition to this, Miss Smits has trained and arranged all the dances, and the fairy parts are being taken by her pupils. Mr. Currie will be the Magician, and Miss Elsie Purvis's pupils, of the Conservatoire of Music, will sing in the Japanese scene. Miss Dorothy Hyam, whose concert the other evening we enjoyed so much, will be *Ki-Ki*, the head geisha, and Miss Scanlan will be *Mimosa San*. Then Master Barry Mudd is *Father Christmas* and Master David Urquhart *Merlin*. I am afraid I can't tell you of all the characters, but do come and see it. Will it be good? Modesty forbids me to say so as I happen to have written it myself.

The Armistice Ball.

There are so many different functions on next month that we shall have a hard time going from one to the other. The Armistice Ball is being organised by Lady Dalrymple, whom we are all so glad to see back this week, and by Mrs. Joe Cohen. Double tickets are one guinea, and it is in aid of the B.E.S.L.—so one could not have a better fund, could one?

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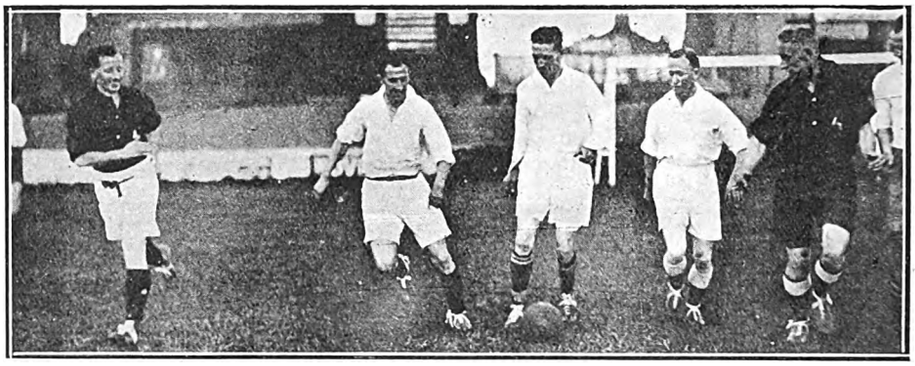
A Chat About Clothes.

Just before we finish let us have a little gossip about clothes, shall we? So satisfying! I am taking Monsieur Bertelli as the authority and will give you what he says in *The Chicago Herald*, so please read, learn and inwardly digest: A poor girl can no longer be fashionable. The modern Cinderella cannot make her clothes at home if she wants to follow the styles. Dressmakers have finally revolted against the straight-line chemise frock, which has reigned supreme since the War, and which any woman with a little talent could duplicate at home. The outstanding note of the winter style shows, which are now on in Paris, is that skirt-lines are intricate. The bodice remains straight, but from the waist down the stylish gown is a bewildering succession of flounces shaped with panniers of extravagant embroidery. So complicated is the new winter gown that only the most expert dressmaker is able to produce it. Apart from this, only a few changes are to be noted from the last collections. The "sore throat" dress, with the high neckbinding collar, persists. Leopard becomes the favourite fur. The colour notes are yellow, ivory, cream, sulphur, fawn, old rose, and other delicate tints, many materials being shaded from light to dark. Velvet returns as a widely-used material. Thousands of husbands will be desperate when they learn that button-up-the-back gowns are edging their way back into favour. Coloured beads, contrasting with the frock, are an innovation which may oust pearls and genuine jewels. There will also be much use of imitation furs, as well as of peacock and pigeon breasts as trimmings. Skirts generally will be shorter, many of the evening-gowns barely topping the knees. The round or "*bateau*" shape *décolleté* has departed and the "V" shape returns, while many dressmakers feature deep *décolleté* for evening gowns contrasting sharply with last season's style of covering the back to the shoulders.



SOME OF THE CONQUERORS OF ASTON VILLA!

South Africa didn't know whether to be more pleased or surprised when the news came through that the South African Association Football team now in Great Britain had defeated the redoubtable Aston Villa XI on their own ground by 3 goals to nil. Having always (and justly) "fancied" her Rugby, South Africa will now doubtless begin to take a serious interest in her "Soccer" as well. Our photo shows some of the South Africans training in England.

Topical Press photo.

The Veterans at the Rotary Club.

Such a jolly crowd at the Rotary Club luncheon on Tuesday, when they entertained the Veterans. Staid Rotarians just sat up and braced themselves and sang the chorus when Miss Burnand gave "Two Little Girls in Blue," and sang with Miss Sable Fern in "The Picnic." Councillor Fernhead welcomed the guests and Mr. Jake Friedman replied and everyone was happy. There were three rousing cheers for the Veterans and "Jolly good fellows" that nearly took the roof off, and then the Veterans and "Veteranesses" gave three cheers for their hosts. Mrs. Fernhead wore a charming *beige* georgette gown embroidered in a darker shade, and a brown hat with ospreys. Among those present were Mr. and Mrs. Percy Leon, Mr. and Mrs. Bilborough, Mr. James Whitehouse, Councillor and Mrs Nelson, Mr. and Mrs. Richard Currie, Mr. Thistleton and Mr. and Mrs. A. M. Jacobs.

Leon M. Lion and Renee Kelly Arrive.

Tawny-coloured hair, a winsome face with two lovely eyes peeping from amid two large bouquets of red roses, a coat and skirt to match her hair, and a wee hat that framed her curls. So I met Miss Renée Kelly on Park Station on Tuesday afternoon when she arrived with Mr. Leon M. Lion and the members of his company. And somehow the scent of roses around her seemed the only possible atmosphere for Miss Kelly; green lawns and brilliant-hued blossoms the only setting. There were so many to greet her that it was difficult to get any connected conversation with Miss Kelly, so I will just say that I think

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CARRIE.

JAKE FRIEDMAN CONFESSES.

THE River Dam' was flowing as we talked. We stood on the banks with the Princess at her window. I asked the questions, and Jake supplied the answers:

Which is your favourite theatre?—The Empire.

Which is your favourite play?—"The Mikado."

What is your earliest recollection?—1870—when I donned my first sailor suit.

What is your favourite sport?—Racing.

ON THE "RUNIC" AT MELBOURNE.

A recent group, including (reading from left to right): *Standing*: Mr. Coles, Mr. H. Lane Bayliff, Mrs. C. Holder Nesse, Mr. Walter Weems, Mr. T. J. Holt (manager for Miss Ada Reeve), Mr. R. Greig (who was here with his wife, Miss Beatrice Holloway, in 1915), Mr. Ernest Oram (musical director of the Theatre Royal, Melbourne) and Mr. E. Major (secretary of J. C. Williamson, Ltd). *In front*: Miss Gick Watson, Miss Hetty King (the famous male impersonator, who is to visit South Africa shortly), and Mr. C. Holder Nesse (who has been visiting South Africa on his way back to London).

What is your favourite hobby?—Golf.

Which are your favourite cigarettes?—Goldflake.

What would you do to make South Africa brighter?—Employ more whites.

What is your ideal holiday?—The seaside.

Which is your lucky day?—Tuesday.

Which is your unlucky day?—Monday (when I have to open at a new theatre).

What is your favourite dish?—Gevilte fish.

What is your favourite motto?—Love one and another.

When do you feel at your worst?—When not working.

When do you feel at your best?—When the audience are laughing.

What is your favourite pet?—A fox-terrier.

What is your pet aversion?—An ugly woman.

What, if you were not connected with the stage, would you prefer to be?—Manager of the Mint.

What is your favourite Christian name?—Jacob (the faithful one).

And the River Dam' still flowed.

CARRIE.

EMPIRE'S CHAMPION BAND.

WINNERS OF EMPIRE BAND CONTEST AT WEMBLEY COMING TO SOUTH AFRICA.

SOUTH Africa is about to receive a visit from the champion brass band of the British Empire. This is the Newcastle (Australia) Steel Works Band of twenty-eight performers. The Band will tour South Africa on its way home to Australia from England, and, beginning in November, will visit all the principal towns of the Union under the management of the African Theatres, Ltd. Mr. G. D. Portus, the manager of the Band, arrived by the *Kenilworth Castle* on Monday.

The Australian Newcastle Steel Works Band went to England to play at the Wembley Exhibition. While there the Band won the British Empire championship against all other bands—the famous Besses o' the Barn Band being placed sixth. Later on, at Manchester, the Australian Newcastle Steel Works Band won the Bellevue Band Contest, which, next to the Crystal Palace contest, is the biggest band competition in England, and is probably the blue riband of them all, as it is held in the centre of the bands' country. Never before in the history of band competitions has a band won two contests like the Empire and the Bellevue in one year. The Band is composed of workers from the Newcastle Steel Works, and their conductor is Mr. Baile. They have a most extensive *répertoire*, ranging from grand opera to musical-comedy and revue, and from Beethoven to jazz.

It is not enough to cater for people who have a thirst for education; we must coerce the teetotalers.—*Father Ronald Knox.*

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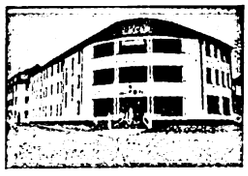

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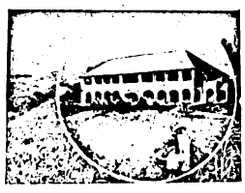

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SECOND FAVOURITES' DAY.

Auditory Comes Out as a Stayer.

TENNIS VERSUS BUSINESS.

By "ONLOOKER."

THERE was an absence of form to guide backers in several of the races at the meeting of "the smalls" at Turffontein last Saturday; and if in the events in which the regular performers took part the form relied on did not work out to the satisfaction of most backers, the fact that second favourites were in the ascendant would indicate that punters had the better of their dealings with the ring. Form certainly was vindicated in the case of Summertime. That mare, who had won under a light weight at a mile at the September meeting,

Won Over the Same Course

this time with 9st. in the saddle. Summertime was the only outright favourite to prevail, but towards the close of the market she was easy to back at 5 to 1, and the return from the totalisator was at the rate of over 9 to 1. This is the sort of favourite that backers like to find. One of those supported for Summertime's race was Sandglass. After, on three occasions, breaking through the tapes, Sandglass was hopelessly left, so the mare did not have the opportunity of showing her capabilities.

* * *

Although the same horse has not infrequently won two events on the same day at a Pony and Galloway fixture, it is questionable wisdom, except in the case of a seasoned performer, to attempt to capture a double. On Saturday Mr. Butt's Bellman, a young three-year-old gelding, one that will not actually be three years for several months, gave a very smooth performance in beating the favourite, Perfect Emblem, and fourteen others in

The Trial Plate.

He really won on the bit. He was saddled up a second time. His second go was in the sixth race, which was over six furlongs, a furlong beyond the distance over which he had previously won. Bellman in this race was beaten all the way, the spoils going to Royal Dawn, a five-year-old that had been "expected" for some time back. Royal Dawn, whose first success it was, started co-favourite with Mr. Gard's filly Cry Baby. Cry Baby was made the medium of a plunge, but she ran green and missed a place.

* * *

The chief event of the day, now styled the Galloway and Pony Handicap "A," was remarkable in that all the fancied runners failed lamentably. Mr. A. H. Myers started two, the more heavily weighted of the pair, Happy Venture, being at a much shorter price than the other, Auditory. At the same time Deceiver, Eurotas and a couple of others were in better demand than Happy Venture, the course, a mile, being deemed beyond the tether of the daughter of Happy Moment. Like her stable-companion Auditory was

Looked Upon as a Sprinter.

The mare, however, was not altogether wanting in staying credentials, for she had twice run into a place over the Turffontein mile. After Saturday's performance Auditory will not be dubbed deficient in stamina. First to break the line, she was throughout in the van, winning by a wide margin. Queenstown Lass was second, while Kei Maid just cut Happy Venture out of third place. The favourite, Deceiver, or for the matter of that any other in the field, seemed unable to go the pace set by the winner.

* * *

Since the series of wins gained in the first month of the season brought him into the limelight, Pomper has let his backers down badly on several occasions. He was heavily backed and sent out favourite for the five-furlongs Galloway and Pony Handicap on Saturday. Pomper had nothing to do with the finish, it being a very close thing between Rowan Girl, Miss Unicorn and Marico, finishing in that order.

* * *

Koodoo, the dual winner at the September meeting, was hade a hot-pot for the Pony Handicap "A" (the Pony Purse), six furlongs. Seeing that Mr. Langerman's filly was heavily penalised for her success, and was meeting very superior opposition to the class she beat, her place in the market was scarcely justified. Still, Koodoo might have been

Expected to Make a Better Fight

of it than she did. She failed utterly; is evidently an in-and-out runner. The race went to the second favourite, Lettie, and it was an easy win. Will's Maid, making a reappearance after a long spell and obviously short of work, ran into third place. Had she been in anything like trim, Will's Maid must have troubled the winner.

* * *

The reason for Wilson, a four-year-old filly with very little racing experience and devoid of form, being made favourite for the last race could be set down to her being in the nomination of Mr. F. W. Murray. No. 1 position is

The Worst Position

for a green one to be placed in. Wilson had inside place, and when the tapes went up whipped round and took no part in the race, which fell to Hussy, a well backed one that ran in Mr. G. F. Butt's colours. Hussy is a four-year-old by Landrail. She won a maiden pony race at Bethlehem last season.

* * *

A notable success at the Durban meeting last week-end was that of Red Dawn, the sister to Flush of Dawn, who very easily accounted for the two-year-old event. It was the filly's second outing. Red Dawn was purchased for 450 guineas at the yearling sales.

* * *

Of late years it is the younger division of horses that have had all the say at the finish of the Cesarewitch. The surprise of this year's long-distance handicap is not that it was won by a three-year-old but that Charley's Mount started at 100 to 1, more especially as the filly named carried the colours of the Aga Khan, whose stable has sent out

So Many Previous Big Winners

this season. And it was not as if Charley's Mount was an unknown quantity. The fact that she was putting up a 10lbs. penalty in the race shows that she had acquired merit. The last previous three-year-old winner of the Cesarewitch was Bracelet in 1920. The three following years four-year-olds prevailed.

* * *

In a recent magazine article on Lawn Tennis, written by Norman Brooks, the famous Australian player of the game, it is contended that the holding of a championship gathering every year at Wimbledon is a mistake; that is,

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if it is constituted a world's championship meeting. The *ex*-champion points out that it is impossible for

The Representative Players

in far-distant countries to leave their businesses for months in each year to play in England. Let England have its annual championships at Wimbledon. The gathering, however, should be for the players of the British Isles only, except at intervals of three or four years, when "the world" might well be invited to participate.

* * *

These views are evidently not held by the South African crack, Louis Raymond. The captain of the South African tennis team, just back from the Old Country, is said to be urging that tennis teams should more frequently be sent to England than in the past. It is

All Very Well for Raymond

to advocate more trips, for his whole time is practically devoted to the game. But what about others who cannot devote their whole time to play? One plea set forth for a tour to England is that Spence is a tower of strength that South Africa can call upon. Is it not as inappropriate to inspan Spence to play for us at tennis as it was to include Faulkner in the South African Cricket XI.!

* * *

The sensible standpoint set out by Norman Brooks has hitherto not carried weight in this country. The executives of our sporting bodies—the Lawn Tennis authorities are no special sinners—are not inclined to consider the businesses of players. Business can go hang so long as a player can be cajoled to go away as a representative Springbok.

* * *

Rand racing this week-end is at Benoni. Selections:

12.30 p.m.—Galloway Handicap, "B," 7 furlongs.
Flossey 1, Roman Girl 2, Repeater 3.

1.5 p.m.—Boksburg Handicap, "C," 7 furlongs.
Beatrice II. 1, Cardinal's Guard 2, Auditory 3.

1.45 p.m.—Galloway Handicap, "A," 5 furlongs.
Happy Venture 1, Dark Lady 2, Miss Unicorn 3.

2.25 p.m.—Maiden Handicap, 6 furlongs.
Paper Cup 1, Permintor 2, Peter Simple 3.

3.5 p.m.—Boksburg Handicap, "A," 1 mile.
Weale's selected 1, Norwood 2, Banter 3.

3.45 p.m.—Boksburg Handicap, "B," 6 furlongs.
Simpson's selected 1, Blue Dye 2, Marten 3.

4.25 p.m.—Boksburg Handicap, "D," 1¼ miles.
Dark Ruby 1, Woodland 2, Barry 3.

5.5 p.m.—Galloway Handicap, "C," 1 mile.
Royal Dawn 1, Security 2, Auburn Hair 3.

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8 RACES 8

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FIRST RACE AT 12.30 p.m. LAST RACE AT 5.5 p.m.

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" 32 Racecourse. *Secretary.*

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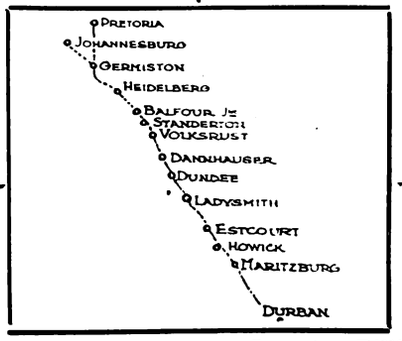

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FRIDAY and SATURDAY, OCT. 31, NOV. 1:
Elaine Hammerstein in
"THE DAUGHTER PAYS,"
Selznick Drama in 6 Parts.

Next Week's Calls.

WEEK COMMENCING MONDAY, OCTOBER 27.

Tivoli, Cape Town.—Till October 28: Mello and Nello, J. H. Scotland, Theda Sisters, The Birchalls. Continuing: R. & W. Roberts, Betsy de la Porte, Bella Mora. Opening October 29: Jennie Hartley, Foster and Ninon, Byron and Byron, Joel Myerson.
Opera House, Cape Town.—Till October 29: Maurice Moscovitch and Company in "What Money Can't Buy."
Empire, Johannesburg.—The Veterans of Variety, Jen Latona, Moore and Stewart, The Original Dewars, Les Uniques, Moss and Maachah, H. & E. Martell.
His Majesty's, Johannesburg.—"The Rising Generation."
Standard, Johannesburg.—October 31 and November 1: "Brilliant Bubbles."
Orpheum, Johannesburg.—Videau and Kirby, Turpin.
Grand, Pretoria.—Bessie Slaughter, Professor Little.
Apollo, Germiston.—Jock Crawford, Vardon Sisters.
Criterion, Durban.—Les Trombettas, Mewse and Singer, Les Rogers.
Theatre Royal, Durban.—October 27, 28, 29 and 30: Thurston Hall and Company in "Bluebeard's Eighth Wife."
Rinko, Maritzburg.—Harris Family.
Scott's Theatre, Maritzburg.—October 27, 28 and 29: "Little Nellie Kelly."
Theatre Royal, Kimberley.—October 31, November 1: "Little Nellie Kelly."
Vaudette, Bloemfontein.—October 31, November 1: Mello and Nello, Theda Sisters.

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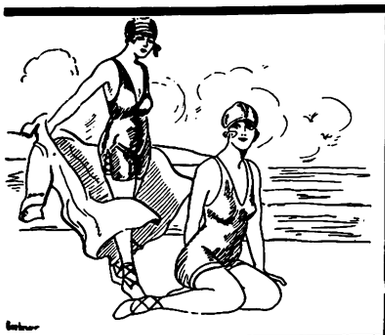

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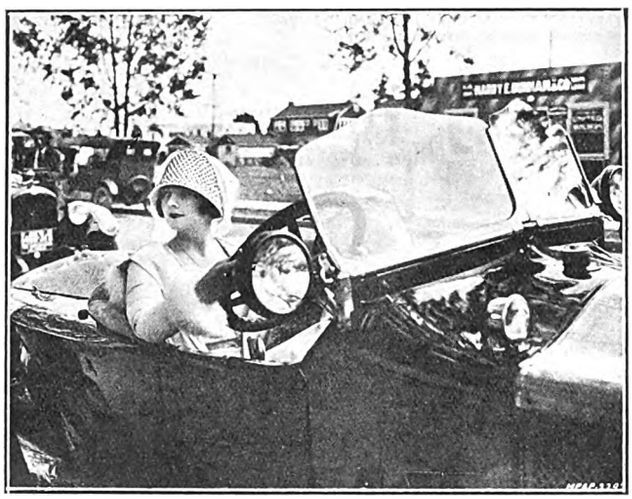
By "WIRE WHEEL."

The Hupp Record.

Mr. H. P. Rose put up a remarkable physical endurance test last week when he drove the Hupmobile over the course from Cape Town to Johannesburg, a distance of 968 miles, in 38 hours, 38 minutes, thereby beating the previous record—made by the Chevrolet two years previously (driven in three relays)—by 2 hours, 53 minutes. During the whole of the run Mr. Rose was at the wheel the whole time, and had for observer Mr. Thome, of the Hupp mechanical staff. Records were made *en route*: 630 miles in 24 hours, and the trip beat the previous endurance record, solo driver, made by Dr. Vercuiel, by 17 hours, 30 minutes. When one remembers that Mr. Rose is not what one would estimate as a physically strong driver, the records he has made are all the more meritorious. With the power of an exceptionally good car, and ably assisted by his mechanic-observer, Mr. Thome, he was able to accomplish what, but a few years back, would have been considered a physical and mechanical impossibility. Mr. Rose's performance has been the topic of conversation during the week, and he was the recipient of sincere congratulations from a host of friends in motor-town.



ALICE TERRY GETS HER "FAN" MAIL.

Miss Alice Terry drives her car to the Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer studio at Culver City, California, to pick up her day's "fan" mail (which can be seen in the post-bag on the seat next to her). Miss Terry recently returned to America from North Africa, where she went with her husband, Rex Ingram, for the filming of "The Arab."

The "Nash" Trophy.

The Pretoria Motor Club have now published the official placings in the "Nash" Trophy 151-miles Reliability Trial held on Sunday, October 12. Mr. Percy Flook, of Pretoria, the well-known racing motor-cyclist, won the trophy on a 12-h.p. 5-seater Touring Ansaldo car. The full result is as follows:

		Reliability	Acceleration Test	Hill Climb	Total
1.	Percy Flook, Ansaldo ...	922	100	200	1·222
2.	F. J. Harrison, Essex 6 ...	908	92	177	1·177
3.	(Dave Owen, Chevrolet ...	926	85	120	1·131
	(T. B. Adair, Essex 4 ...	888	83	160	1·131
4.	J. Williams, Rover 8 ...	922	79	111	1·112
5.	H. V. Du Rose, Citroen 7·5	690	74	112	876

Highest marks in Reliability were obtained by the Chevrolet, whilst in the Hill Climb, outside the winner, Mr. Harrison on the new series Essex-6 actually beat the sister model car, the Essex-4; the "six" carrying a full load of five passengers. The event was run off in pouring rain for the first part of the journey. This added materially to the attraction of the competition. After Rustenburg the going was good, and the trial finished in Pretoria in beautifully sunny weather.

Harley Cup.

This Sunday the Rand Motor-cycling Club will hold a 5-lap competition for the Harley Cup, donated to the club by the Harley-Davidson Motor-cycle Company, Milwaukee, Wisconsin, U.S.A. Five laps of the Alberton course equals approximately 220 miles, and, outside the Durban-Johannesburg race, it will be the longest trial the club has held this year. Machines will be tested to the utmost, and the conditions under-wheel will prove a severe test to the drivers. The start will commence at 10 a.m. prompt. Competitors and officials are requested to be at the start not later than 9.30 a.m. Providing the weather holds up there should be a big crowd of spectators and an enjoyable day's outing for all who care to make the trip out to the course. Mr. Johnston, the official caterer, will provide refreshments, as usual.

Cape-to-Cairo Expedition.

Major Court-Treatt and his party who are on the expedition from Cape Town to Cairo arrived in Johannesburg on Saturday, October 11, after severely testing the Crossley cars and putting them through their paces preparatory to embarking upon the more serious part of the undertaking. In conversation with Major Court-Treatt, he assued me the Crossleys had been put through some exceptional going, purposely undertaken to test the whole car, and he was quite satisfied with their performance. After a short stay in Johannesburg, refitting and making final preparations, and also whilst allowing time for supplies to be placed in the dumps farther north, the expedition will make for Rhodesia, *viâ* Messina, to the Falls, and thence to Kashitu, where the really arduous part of the undertaking will commence. The whole party arrived in excellent health, and received a hearty reception from many friends and well-wishers.

A CAPE TOWN CHRONICLE.

(*Continued from page 10.*)

that he considered Woolley a better batsman than Hobbs nowadays. "Hobbs has style and a wonderful finish in his playing," he said, "but Woolley is a much sounder and, in my opinion, better player." He then spoke of Mr. Joel's team. "They will provide us with rare sporting cricket," he said. "To some extent, perhaps, the strength of the bowling is problematical. But the batting is both strong and enterprising, and I can only repeat that they will make a lot of runs quickly."

Moscovitch and Australia.

Before sailing for Australia on October 29, Mr. Maurice Moscovitch is having a wonderful season in Cape Town. It is necessarily short because of the steamer's early departure, but the success is nevertheless pronounced. I went into his dressing-room during the first-night production of "Trilby" here. He was tired after a day's travelling, but wonderfully satisfied. "Isn't it a great first-night audience?" he said, delightedly. "It's always the same when I come to Cape Town. I could go on producing plays in this wonderful country for ever." I was also able to have a few words with Mr. Nat Madison, his son. "The first man I ever met in South Africa," he said, hailing me delightedly, and then, while deftly using his stick of grease-paint, began to talk to me of the future, the wonderful future which always entrances this young man. "We are going over to Australia with 'The Merchant of Venice,'" he said, "and also 'The Outsider'—if they want it. Perhaps, also, 'Trilby.' After touring Australia we shall go back to London, though I know the dad is only too keen on touring South Africa once again. We both like the country tremendously."

Beachcomber.

"RED DAISY" TEA IS THE BEST—TRY IT.

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S.A. PICTORIAL.
STAGE & CINEMA.

VOL. XIX. No. 483.] SATURDAY, NOVEMBER 1ST, 1924. (Registered at G.P.O. as a Newspaper.) PRICE 6D.

MISS RENEE KELLY.

Mr. Leon M. Lion and Miss Renée Kelly will make their first appearance in South Africa at His Majesty's Theatre, Johannesburg, on Monday evening, in "The Chinese Puzzle," by Marian Bower and Leon M. Lion, from the New Theatre, London, in which Mr. Lion will play his original part, the Marquis Chi Lung, *and Miss Kelly will appear as* Naomi Melsham.

Photo by Navana.

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JAZZING ROUND THE WORLD.

By JENKYN.

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CALCUTTA.

THE Indian punkah is always a matter for surprise to me. When I came to India first I expected to find gaudy sheets of heavy fabric being lazily swung to and fro by squatting coolies. That sort of punkah has ceased to exist. I have only seen one in the East. It has been superseded by the electric punkah—a large fan with two-feet wings. These machines must be wonderfully constructed. The one in my bedroom at the Grand Hotel, Calcutta, for instance, has been going for at least

Three Weeks

without stopping for a second. I often wonder what would happen if one of the wings snapped and flew off, but these punkahs must be very well made, for that sort of thing never seems to occur. They have them in all the theatres, and their positions are actually marked on the booking-plan, so that patrons can sit immediately under them or not, as they desire. Their whirring has a certain detrimental effect on the performances, and I imagine especially so when any serious plays are being given.

* * *

I have met many old friends in the East, amongst them being Mr. and Mrs. Beilby. The former is sub-editor of *The Statesman*, Calcutta, and his wife was formerly lessee of the Lyceum Theatre, Stafford, and used to tour her own companies in her own dramas. We were seated in a *café* the other night where it is the pleasant custom of the management to provide

Free Plates of Monkey-nuts

and chipped potatoes for the use of their patrons. The fact that they are liberally salted and calculated to create a thirst may have something to do with it; or it may be that the gifts are there in a spirit of pure altruism. Anyway, I was munching away, and I said: "D'you know, although I've got a good dinner waiting for me, I can't resist eating these monkey-nuts!" And the still small voice of Mrs. Beilby whispered: "Atavism?"

* * *

Calcutta, by the way, is a great place for doping the drink. Not satisfied with a mere 200 per cent. profit, they give you the crookedest of stuff if you are not careful. This is so recognised a fact that in certain places

Regular Customers Insist on the Bottle

being brought. If the bottle has a small round piece of paper stuck on it, well and good. The whisky is "straight." If, on the other hand, there is no bit of paper, it should be sent back at once.

* * *

Two of our jazzers have just been down with dengue fever. This is one of the forty-five different varieties of fever that are indigenous to this beautiful town—born of filth and squalor and general insanitation. There is one good thing about dengue. It never kills anybody, and never lasts more than three days; but it leaves you as weak as a rat, and is most unpleasant while it lasts.

* * *

I was talking to Mr. Maude, a planter in the Federated Malay States, and a brother of Cyril Maude, at a place called Teluk Anson, not long ago, and he told me of the serious illness of his sister-in-law, Winifred Emery. And now her death is announced in the home papers. That

Recalls Memories

of her first appearance in London, in a part of importance, as leading lady in Henry Irving's revival of "The Bells." She was then a slim slip of a girl, dainty, graceful and alluring. That was—let me see—forty-three years ago. Eh! lad, but I'm getting on!

* * *

The longer I remain in the East the more pessimistic I become about the theatre out here. So far as India is concerned the obvious thing to say about the theatrical situation is that there is none. The country is practically, theatrically, dead. In the bright lexicon of those who earn their living by the traffic of the stage, its name is Mud. I have, I fear, caused a good deal of heartburning in certain quarters because, greatly daring,

I Have Had the Impertinence

to contribute to a London theatrical paper an article or two in which I have told what I conceive to be the truth about the state of things theatrical in India. I'm sure I don't know why. The truth is not going to harm India, and the views I hold are those of ninety per cent. of the Europeans resident in the country. Surely it is wiser to face facts as they are and to endeavour to find a remedy.

* * *

Consider the facts. During the past twelve months the following companies have appeared in Calcutta: Ivan Bankoff and partner, the Hawaiians, Edgar Adeler's Syncopating Orchestra, R. B. Salisbury's "Quaints," the Forbes-Russell Dramatic Company, the Espinosa-Kelland Revue Company, William Heughan and Company, and a few others. Excluding amateur performances, there has been nothing more. Why, little Rhodesia, with a total white population of about twenty thousand, can

Make a Better Showing

than that. I have before me, as I write, the issue of THE SOUTH AFRICAN PICTORIAL for the week of July 12. An analysis of the "calls" shows that you had in South Africa during that *one week*: George Relph and Company in "The Green Goddess," Thurston Hall and Company in "The Broken Wing" and "So This Is London!" "Brighter London" Revue, and no less than thirty first-class variety turns, including at least four stars who are bill-toppers anywhere. In other words, South Africa gets more and better theatrical fare in one week than India does in one year. A comparison between the catering for the two countries for a whole year would throw a still more startling high-light on the vast difference, entirely to the advantage of South Africa.

* * *

For the ensuing cold-weather season prospects appear to be a little—a very little—brighter. Sir Harry Lauder is coming, and Anna Pavlova, and the Lee White-Clay Smith combination are announced, while I believe the Warwick management have also two companies engaged. But

The Difference is So Small

as to be negligible. In one of my articles I pointed out that, at that time, there was not one legitimate actor earning his living by the practice of his craft in India. That remark is just as true to-day. The drama in India is dead—dead—dead, and the occasional fleeting visits of various companies do nothing to re-vivify the corpse. The general stagnation, the inertness of the public, and the unsympathetic attitude of the local Press are simply pitiful.

* * *

The problem of theatrical catering in India is not an easy one. All towns have, more or less, their seasonal

(Continued on page 10.)

A NOVEL COMPETITION FOR MOTORISTS—SEE PAGE 28.

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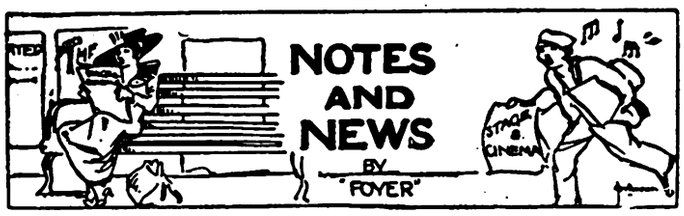

Renee Kelly's Mascot.

One of the dearest possessions Miss Renée Kelly has brought to South Africa with her is the original apron in which she played *Judy* on the first night of "Daddy Long-Legs." "It's almost in tatters now," she says, "but it's the dearest thing I possess, because on the first night, when I was a success, I had been trembling with fear, and, at the end, when it was all over and they were still clapping and shouting for me, I cried in the wings and dried my tears on that apron. So it has tender associations for me, and I would not let it go for the world. I always take it on tour. The poor little apron is looking very woebegone now, but it is my mascot, my talisman. I wouldn't come to Africa without it, because it always brings me luck. The only time it was ever forgotten was once at Glasgow, when it travelled ahead of me with my luggage. Do you know that I missed a train, had to wait in the rain, caught a cold, couldn't get a seat when I did get in the train, and the guard was terribly rude to me for nothing at all. That was all because the apron wasn't there. You'll think I am stupid and sentimental, but that apron means as much to me as anything I possess."

Police Try to Stop Play.

Around the dramatic "hit" of the New York theatrical season, "What Price Glory!" is raging a unique controversy between the police, supported by the naval authorities, and the producers of the play. The critics unanimously describe it as a truthful picture of Army and Navy life, but the Commandant of New York Navy Yard and other officers declare that it tends to bring discredit, and reproach upon the Service, especially on the Marines. Two inspectors of police with 25 constables attended the theatre with the intention, it is reported, of arresting the authors and the whole company at the conclusion of one dialogue containing language of a luridly objurgatory character. But the producer, Mr. Arthur Hopkins, warned of their intention, expurgated the offending passage, with the result that the police failed either to stop the play or make any arrests. One of the police inspectors, interviewed at the close of the performance, confessed that he enjoyed it greatly.

Actress's Huge Fortune.

The will of Lotta Crabtree, a popular American actress forty years ago, is remarkable for the fact that, with the exception of a few thousand pounds left to relatives, it disposes of an entire fortune of £800,000 in charitable bequests. "Lotta," as she was always known, exercised the same care in disposing of her fortune as she did in its acquisition, which commenced when, as a child of 6, she garnered bags of gold dust and gold nuggets thrown to her by enthusiastic miners in California camps in the days of "Roaring Forty-nine." When she retired from the stage many years ago Lotta invested her moderate savings in New York land and theatrical enterprises. No one of Lotta's profession ever bore into private life a better repute or more sincere good wishes, and it was her oft-expressed desire that her memory would be preserved after death as much for the good deeds which would follow her as for her colourful career of song and dance, which made her famous in the past generation. The impression made upon Lotta by the world war is disclosed in her will, which leaves half her fortune to men and women disabled in the country's service. "I thoroughly believe," the will said, "that I have selected the noblest and most deserving philanthropy." Other charitable bequests include funds for the poor, animals and birds, actors' and actress' educational institutions, and hospitals. Lotta was 77 years of age, and her fame as an actress was achieved so many years ago that she was forgotten in theatrical circles until her death recalled her former popularity. She reached the height of her career in Dickens' *rôles—Little Nell* and the *Marchioness*. She appeared once in London, but there she was not a success, and never ventured abroad again.

MR. HYLTON ALLEN,
Of the Leon M. Lion and Renée Kelly Company, who will play *Paul Marketel* in "The Chinese Puzzle." Incidentally, Mr. Allen has the good fortune to be Miss Renée Kelly's husband.

A Motor Tragedy.

Mr. Gerald Baynton and Mr. Robert Baynton, brothers of Mr. Henry Baynton, the young Shakespearean actor, were killed at King's Heath, Birmingham, on September 26, when their motor-car came into head-on collision with a tramcar. Mr. Henry Baynton, who is only 29, has been acting in Shakespeare ever since he was 16. In 1913 he visited South Africa as "juvenile" lead with Mr. Henry Herbert. Since then he has "starred" in several Shakespearean productions in London—notably in "Macbeth," "King Lear" and "Hamlet"—and was recently seen in London in Sir Henry Irving's famous part in "The Bells."

Ten Years' Toll.

In addition to those vaudeville stars named on this page last week as having died during the last ten years, the following have also "crossed over" since 1914: Mark Sheridan, G. H. Chirgwin, J. W. Tate, Carl Hertz, Chung Ling Soo, James Welch, Arthur Playfair, Bella and Bijou, George Bastow, Phil Ray, Millie Hylton, the Brothers McNaughton, John Lawson, Jimmy Learmouth, Rutland Barrington, Harry Freeman, F. V. St. Clair, James Fawn, Jim Finney, and the Brothers Poluski.

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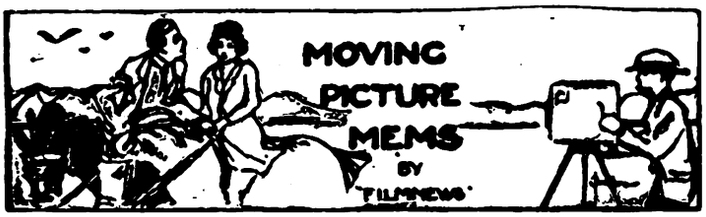
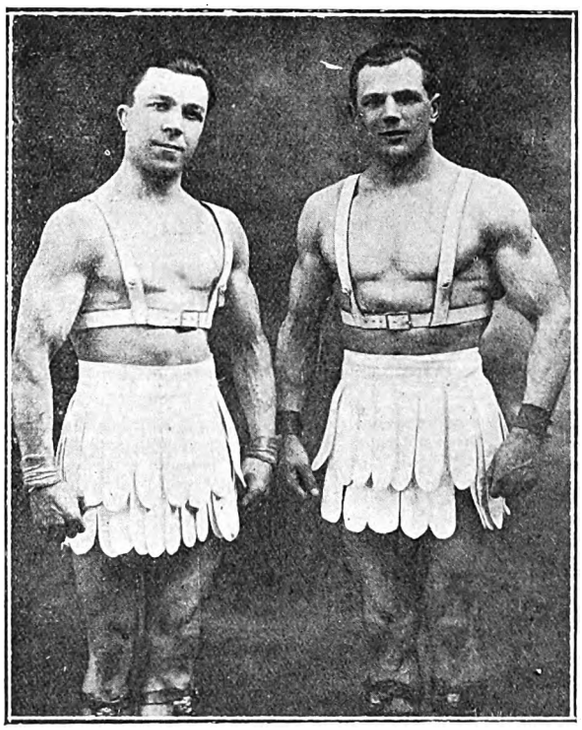


Irene Castle Has ex-Husband Arrested.

Mrs. Irene Castle McLaughlin, still known on the screen as Irene Castle, was responsible for the arrest in mail-week at Ithaca, New York, of her former husband, Captain Robert E. Treman. The arrest was made on a civil order issued in an action brought by Captain Treman's former wife, who is suing to recover securities, valued by her at $40,000, which, Mrs. McLaughlin declares, she placed in his care and has been unable to get back. Bail was fixed at $40,000. The suit of Mrs. McLaughlin also is brought against Captain Treman's father, Robert Treman. He is brought into the action as a defendant because Mrs. McLaughlin seeks to set aside an alleged conveyance from Captain Treman to his father of property belonging to the son. This alleged conveyance, says the Captain's former wife, was fraudulent and was made for the purpose of preventing her from recovering her securities. It was because of the charge of fraud that Mrs. McLaughlin was able to obtain a civil order of arrest. Irene Castle was married to Captain Treman in May, 1919, a few months after the death of her first husband and dancing partner, Vernon Castle, also an aviator, on the flying field at Fort Worth. Captain Treman is a graduate of Cornell and, before he married the widow of Vernon Castle, was the husband of the former Miss Helen Wylie, of Baltimore. Irene Castle obtained a Paris divorce from Captain Treman in July, 1923, on the ground of abandonment, and five months later was married to Major Frederick McLaughlin, who also served in the War and is a wealthy coffee merchant in Chicago.



PHYSICAL FITNESS.

"The Original Dewars," whose neat and graceful "strong-arm" trapeze act is one of the features of the current programme at the Johannesburg Empire.

Dived to His Death.

New York was startled in mail-week—if New York ever is startled—by the sensational exploit of Cosmo Poccoll, a handsome, muscular man of 25, who jumped from the central span of the Williamsburg Bridge into the East River, having previously summoned film camera-men to the scene. He turned six somersaults in the air, landed on his back with a terrific impact, and was instantly killed. Determination to become a film star was the motive for his spectacular leap. He narrowly escaped striking a barge, but the result could hardly have been any worse. Percy Macumbrie, a deckhand of a nearby tug, jumped in after Poccoll, but the weight of the body was too much for him and he had to let go. Poccoll had been to Pathé's to ask for a job. He told of having dived 185 feet in Europe last year. He was told that the Williamsburg Bridge dive would be dangerous, and his application was rejected. Undaunted, he telephoned two movie companies that he was going ahead with the stunt. Thinking Poccoll might be serious about it, Lee Stowe, assistant news editor at Pathé's, with four photographers from his staff and three camera-men from another agency, hired a tug and watched the dive. Detectives of the homicide squad later questioned the party, but Stowe explained that Poccoll had been paid no salary and was not in any way connected with the film company. Macumbrie, the deckhand, learned on getting ashore that he had lost his week's pay, $35, when he dived after Poccoll.

Jackie and the Pope.

In mail-week, Jackie Coogan, who was spending a few days in Rome, was received by the Pope in private audience. The Pope kissed the child and asked him various questions regarding his work. Jackie said that he "adored" film life, and could not give it up. "But why not?" asked the Pope. "Because it is so amusing to see myself on the screen and laugh at my own tricks," replied Jackie. The boy film star treasures a rosary which the Pope gave to him. While in Rome Jackie was also received by Signor Mussolini.

Holy Hollywood.

Miss Mary Walker, a newspaper woman who lives in Hollywood and writes about the doings of all our screen heroes and heroines, is on a visit to England and has appealed to writers on motion-picture topics to "help to dispel the silly illusion I have found over here that Hollywood is given up to parties and high living generally." "Honestly," she says, "Hollywood is dreadfully dull after dark. At nine o'clock the streets are deserted. Most of the film stars lead far too strenuous lives to have much opportunity for fast living. I have been in studios till 3 a.m., watching the actors at work. There are only two *cabarets* in Hollywood, both perfectly conducted, and I can assure you I have seen more gay life in London than ever I saw in Hollywood. It is a few silly people," she continued, "with more money than self-control, who give Hollywood. It is a few silly people," humble film people live in palace-like homes in Hollywood—just as you see on the screen. From earning perhaps £2 a week they suddenly find themselves with £100 a week, and they spend most of the money at once. Few of them realise that a film star's heyday rarely lasts more than three or four years."

A Chinese "Cinderella."

In Douglas Fairbanks' new film, "The Thief of Bagdad," an important part is played by Anna May Wong, a Chinese "flapper." A cinema correspondent is responsible for the statement that little Miss Wong works in the movies from 9 a.m. to 6 p.m. At other times she is a book-keeper and general assistant in her father's laundry in the Chinatown of Los Angeles. During the day she lives in the fairy palaces and airy mansions of Movieland. Beautiful clothes are hers, and jewels, motor-cars and lovers. At night she breathes an atmosphere of steam and suds, while she casts up accounts or pastes labels on the laundry bundles. Filial duty does not suffer because Miss Wong has film duties. Cinderella is simply "not in it" with Anna May.

Mrs. Russell on the Films.

The cinema correspondent of *The Daily Express* understands that the Hon. Mrs. Russell, mother of the famous "Russell Baby," has accepted an offer from British film sources to make her screen *début* in a story written by herselw. This story introduces a girl shivering on the brink of matrimony, tempted by the prospect yet afraid to take the plunge. There is also a woman of the world, a penniless widow, who, having no further illusions about men, is concerned only in the future of her little son, on whose account she determines to earn her own living and be dependent on no one.

HIS MAJESTY'S, MONDAY: LEON M. LION AND RENEE KELLY IN "THE CHINESE PUZZLE."

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Rachmaninoff and Russia.

Sergei Rachmaninoff, the well-konwn Russian composer and pianist, was recently in London, concert-giving. He is very emphatic in his views on present-day Russia, and the kind of treatment meted out to artists. "No," he said, "I'm not going back to Russia. Life is too dreadful over there. Only a day or so ago I heard that the finest painter in Russia has no shoes to his feet. It is altogether wrong to say that the Soviet is the friend of art. I know too much to the contrary. To me Bolshevism means the total absence of discipline. It is either a conductor without an orchestra or an orchestra without a conductor." Rachmaninoff, who is now in his fifty-first year, went to New York in 1917 quite penniless. He has since made a fortune in America. The name of Rachmaninoff seems to be universally associated with his "Prelude." Referring to the Prelude, the Russian composer tells of an incident that occurred some years ago in New York. He and Paderewski were dining in a restaurant, and during the meal the orchestra played the famous Prelude. Paderewski rose and grasped the composer's hand, saying "I congratulate you!" "Just wait a minute, though," said Rachmaninoff, "and you'll hear something else." Promptly the orchestra started up with Paderewski's favourite Minuet. The Prelude, written in 1892, was sold by the composer for forty roubles (£4). "That was a great morning for me," relates Rachmaninoff, "for I was not yet twenty, and I needed the money. The Prelude was played in London for the first time by Siloti in 1906. I never put the Prelude in my programmes, but I always have to play it, wherever I may be appearing."

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Musical Society.

At the 240th Concert to be given by the Johannesburg Musical Society in the Selborne Hall on Monday evening (November 3), a Students' programme will be presented, the details of which are as follow: Quartet, first movement (Rheinberger), Bessie and Sarah Joffe, Borman and Henry Sack; Songs (a) "Autumn," (b) "Spring Song" (Englehardt), Susie Everett; Piano Solo, "Etude in D flat" (Liszt), Cecil Sack; Recit. and *Aria* from Mozart's "*Nozzi di Figaro*," Gwen Robarts; Violin Solo, "*Air Varie*," Dancla, Sheila Collins; Piano Solos, "*Berceuse de la Poupée*" (Grovlez) and "Rhapsody in G minor" (Brahms), Dora Levitt; Song "O, Lovely Night" (Landon Ronald), Anita Epstein; Piano Solos, "*Etude* in A flat" (Chopin) and "Rhapsody No. 8" (Liszt), Margaret Albu; *Polonaise*, A flat, *Op.* 53 (Chopin), Esther King; *Aria*, "*Air de lia*" (Debussy), Mrs. Kloppers; Violin Solo, *Adagio* from Concerto in G minor (Max Bruch), Borman Sack; Song, "Serenade" (Mascagni), Edgar Brock. On Tuesday evening, November 18, the Musical Society will present an interesting programme of Chamber music, including piano quartets by Beethoven, Brahms and Frank Bridge. The artists will be Miss Nancy Aiken, Mr. H. Ketelby, Mrs. J. Meiring and Mrs. H. Durell. In addition to these works, Miss Nancy Aiken will play the first movement of B. J. Dale's pianoforte Sonata in D minor.

Prize-Winners' Concert.

The committee of the *Afrikaanse Kunswedstrijd* announces that a concert to be given by the various prize-winners at the recent competitions has been arranged for the evening of November 7, in the Johannesburg Town Hall. One of the objects in enlisting the support of those who were successful is to improve the finances of the committee. It has already been realised by this committee that the financial responsibility of competitive musical festivals is a heavy one, and that strict control over expenditure is necessary if these events are to be continued and developed. The competitions organised by the Cambrian Society, though on a much bigger scale, and embracing, as they do, every section of the community, have for years past thrown heavy obligations on the resources of the Society and it has been found that the scope of successive competitions must be rigidly confined to financial considerations. The larger Society has also called on successful competitors for their services in arranging concerts to assist the revenue, but unfortunately the results of these concerts have not always come up to expectations.

The Public's Apathy.

The indication is that the general public might show some interest while the competitive element is present, but this interest seems to evaporate as soon as competitors are to be heard for their individual merit. It is hoped by the *Afrikaanse* Committee that the response to the concert now organised will justify the effort, and that all those who showed some interest in the actual competitions will be able to find sufficient in the programme to attract them again on November 7.

Opera a la Fascisti.

Benito Mussolini has planned a great opera house. The Rome opera is to be worthy of Milan, Vienna, Paris. The stage will be the largest in the world and the theatre will seat 4,000. The edifice is to cost £50,000 and will be situated in the Via Vittoria Veneto, the most beautiful modern street in Rome.

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LEICESTER SQUARE, October 2.

Exit "Summer."

Although agreeing with the majority who have so cuttingly condemned the premature finish of Summer Time this year, one cannot help agreeing too, that, as things have panned out, very little harm has been done, for the ten days since we put back the clock have mostly been anything but bright. October made a dismal *entrée* yesterday by sending down half an inch of rain in the early hours and then immersing us in a sort of" twilight sleep " atmosphere until well after the lunch-hour. Most of the natives employed at the Exhibition have returned to their tropical lairs, where we trust they will recover from the narsty 'ackin' corfs and rheumy pains our climate has bestowed upon them. For the winding-up of the river season, however, on Sunday, we had, after the sun had won its way through the thick autumn mists, one of the pleasantest and serenest of the odd six (or was it seven?) rainless days of 1924. So pleasant was it that there were pleadings and protests in plenty when tea was over and the crockery, cutlery, cushions, gramophone and other boating requisites had to be packed up in readiness for their seven-months' hibernation.

"Little Season" Sensations.

In town the " little season " is already under way. The Metropole's " Midnight Follies," London's premier supper-show, re-opened on Tuesday (with Frank Tinney as star—the highest-paid *cabaret* engagement yet made here). Parliament is again in session, complete with Cabinet crisis, general election rumours, stormy scenes and noisy debates. Charlot has put on a new revue, with Phyllis Monkman and Maisie Gay in some clever scenes, and an over-long and feeble *ballet* to music by Cyril Scott. Coal, milk and bread prices are soaring, as is their wont when winter walks in. The tube and bus combine, in a repentant mood, promises us better, swifter and more co-ordinated services, as well as later trains for nocturnal travellers; and, almost in the same breath, rumours reach us that the L.C.C. are out for our pleasure-loving blood again and may re-impose regulations even more stringent than the pre-Wembley ones, thus nullifying all the brave plans of the amusement providers, celebrated *chefs* and traffic magnates. As for sensation, it is not many a workaday week that can boast of the spectacles of a famous playwright being sent to gaol for bilking taxi-drivers; a wealthy Duke and Duchess's quarrels over a town house and a few bibelots (whilst a divorce petition is pending); a nightmarish story of almost incredible incidents at the British Embassy in Brazil resulting in the appointment of a Committee of Enquiry at the Foreign Office; and the production of a new play at His Majesty's, so feeble and dull that it is to be withdrawn after nine performances.

Better Luck Next Time.

This last event is most unfortunate for all concerned. High hopes had been entertained for the success here of an adaptation of de Flers and de Caillavet's saucy comedy " *le Roi,*" with its reputation of having something to reveal about supposed events in the late King Leopold's career; and, with a cast that included George Grossmith, Yvonne Arnaud and Oscar Asche, failure seemed impossible. As it happened though, whatever verve and vivacity the original play possessed must have gone under during the Channel crossing. The obsequies are timed for Saturday and no floral tributes are expected. This is Mr. Asche's third bit of bad luck of recent years. Perhaps next time he will strike another gold mine of " Chu Chin Chow " proportions, with a " run " so long that he will have to be wheeled on in a bath-chair for the 10,000th performance.

Back to the Waltz.

An you would fain dance this season let me tell you it is quite definite that there are to be no new measures with mazes of intricate steps, postures, shuffles and swayings to master. On the contrary, every indication points to revivals of the tango (which has maintained its position on the Continent for more than a decade) and the old Viennese waltz. Glance at the recent gramophone lists and you will note the enormous output of Spanish and South American dance-music recently recorded, as well as new recordings of most of the luscious and lilting waltzes of Johann Strauss and Gung'l. The Parlophone catalogue is notably rich in the latter discs, and I find that two or three of them, with their wealth of melody and inspiring dash, make a delightful interlude in the evening's gramophone recital, quite apart from their dance-floor utility. Space is so limited on most West-end floors that the Victorian and Edwardian " spinning " waltz has necessarily to be modified, but nevertheless the almost forgotten steps are being nicely adapted and the present-day versions would surely be approved even at a *soirée* of the 'eighties. Later in the season we are to be convened to the old County Hall in Spring Gardens (prophetic cognomen!), where Fate, in a capricious mood, has decreed that the old Council Chamber shall be converted into a picture-gallery by day and a dance-hall at night. We would rather not think on what lines some of our grandmotherly old county-councillors' reflections run—the subject is altogether too harrowing—but console ourselves with this victorious carrying of their sturdy citadel by the high priests of a cult they are so used to frown upon in their endeavours to frustrate a " Brighter London."

Hitting the High Spots.

It is very evident that dancing is to be one of the high-spots of the metropolitan winter. Pavlova is just finishing her month's season at Covent Garden; Idzikowski, with Léonide Massine's English wife, is presenting a little *ballet* at the Coliseum, where Lillebil, the Norwegian *danseuse*-grand-daughter of Ibsen and Björnson, is paying a return visit; Mordkin, most famous of Pavlova's partners, returns there in a fortnight's time after more than ten years' absence from London; and, most welcome news of any, the full Diaghilev *ballet* is to come back, likewise to the Coliseum, and enrapture us all again, highbrow and lowbrow alike, with the magic of " The Three-cornered Hat," " Good-Humoured Ladies," " Children's Tales," " *Boutique Fantasque,*" and the rest, as well as three or four *ballets* new to London. We are wondering now what changes have taken place in their ranks since 1921, when they were last here; from Paris we hear of new dancers, choreographs, composers and scenic artists, but as long as they will give us " Petrouchka," " Carnaval " and " Sylphides " once more (none of them, queerly enough, has been mentioned yet) who cares about the details! If we don't get those three masterpieces promised us, then a monster petition to the doughty Diaghilev himself will be organised—a season without them is unthinkable.

The New "Big Smoke."

I have often referred here to the stupendous re-building now going on in town, the importance and magnitude of which are still very little realised, even by Londoners themselves (when all is finished they will look around in vain for the old landmarks and then the long, long wail will commence), so was glad to see that this very-present phase of London life has not escaped the roving eye of the film men. The current *Topical Budget* has some wittily-titled snaps of the Regent-street holocaust, getting in some sly digs at the new scheme of architecture (" by everybody ") which supplants the old (by " Nash "), also taking in the extensive demolitions in the Strand and Haymarket districts. If you want to get acquainted with " the new Big Smoke," against your next trip here, then you must not miss this film.

Dress-designing in Public.

Paul Poiret, perhaps the world's most exotic and expensive arbiter of fashion, found a rather novel method

(*Continued on page 10.*)

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In the Bright Lights.

HIS MAJESTY'S THEATRE.

"THE CHINESE PUZZLE" ON MONDAY: MR. LEON M. LION ON THE PRODUCTION.

"THE Chinese Puzzle," the famous drama which is to be staged for the first time in South Africa at His Majesty's Theatre on Monday evening, will have a production equal in all respects to that of the original production of the play in London, where it caused such a sensation, running for fourteen months.

The chief feature of the production here will be that the part-author of the play, the original producer and the original star will all appear—in the person of Mr. Leon M. Lion, the famous West-end manager who writes and produces plays as well as acting in them. Mr. Lion and Miss Marian Bower wrote "The Chinese Puzzle" around the character of the Chinese *Marquis Chi Lung*, and he plays the part himself. All the other characters of interest are English or French, and, with the Eastern note introduced by the great Chinese philosopher who has some gloriously amusing lines, we have a plot of absorbing interest. Mr. Lion has two shows running in London now, for he is one of the most active of the West-end playwrights and producers. But he has snatched a few months out of the West-end whirl to come this way.

Mr. Lion has done some magnificent things for the English theatre. He is one of the managers who place art above the more sordid interests of the box-office. He was brave enough to produce "Monna Vanna" for the first time in England, and he also came out bravely with Ibsen's "Ghosts." He has always been willing to experiment and has had faith in good plays.

Talking to the writer this week, Mr. Lion said: "I believe that one must have faith in a play before one can expect the public to have faith in it. The fifth-rate manager has a fifth-rate mind, capable of believing in fifth-rate plays, and very often he can make a success of them—I mean a financial success. But I have no faith in the bad play, and that is why I could never make a success of tawdry shows. I believe in the plays I have produced, and that is why they have almost all been successful. I certainly believe in 'The Chinese Puzzle' and 'Outward Bound,' and I am backed in my belief by the fact that they have both been tremendous successes in London. I also believe they will be tremendous successes in South Africa, for I have got a company equal to that which brought success in the West-end. Miss Renée Kelly, as you know, is an established star. She is a charming artist, a human artist, and has a big name in London. I don't know that any company touring the southern hemisphere has been completely made up of West-end people before. Every artist with my company has been in a West-end success during the past year."

The cast for "The Chinese Puzzle" is as follows: *Naomi Melsham*, Miss Renée Kelly; *Mrs. Melsham*, Miss Ethel Ramsay; *Victoria Cresswell*, Miss Dorothy Reeve; *Aimée de Villeseptier*, Miss Helen Coram; *Lady de la Haye*, Miss Margaret Damer; *Paul Marketel*, Mr. Hylton Allen; *Sir Roger de la Haye*, Mr. Frank Freeman; *Armand de Rochecorbon*, Mr. Ambrose Flower; *the Hon. William Hirst*, Mr. Peter Baxter; *Sir Aylmer Brent*, Mr. Jackson Wilcox; *Littleport*, Mr. Harold B. Clappé; *Dr. Fu Yang*, Mr. George Seymour; *Fee Sing*, Mr. W. H. Charteris; and *The Marquis Chi Lung*, Mr. Leon M. Lion.

The play is in four acts. Act I. takes place in the *salon* at Zouche de la Haye, a country house in East Anglia. Act II. takes place on the terrace at Zouche de la Haye. Act III. takes place in the Chinese Room at Zouche de la Haye. And Act IV. takes place in the *Marquis Chi Lung's* house in Portland Place, London.

Every child is, both in the most superficial and in the most solemn sense, a holy terror.—*Mr. G. K. Chesterton.*

"THE RISING GENERATION."

EXTENSIVE TOUR OF SOUTH AFRICA, BEGINNING ON THE REEF ON MONDAY.

THAT very amusing comedy "The Rising Generation" will have its last performance in Johannesburg this Saturday evening at His Majesty's Theatre, where it has run for three weeks to excellent business.

The production is to go on an extensive tour of South Africa, which, about Christmas-time, will embrace Rhodesia, where Bulawayo and Salisbury, and probably also Gwelo, Que Que and Gatooma, will be visited. The tour will begin on the Reef next week, when Benoni, Germiston and Krugersdorp will be visited in turn.

The following week the production will open at the Tivoli Theatre, Cape Town. Other towns to be visited during the tour are: Pretoria, Maritzburg, Durban, Bloemfontein, Kimberley, Kingwilliamstown, East London and Port Elizabeth.

After the Johannesburg season the part of *Mrs. Entwhistle*, played here by Miss Dorothy Reeve, will be taken by Miss Amy Coleridge.

EMPIRE PALACE.

The Veterans of Variety will finish their season in Johannesburg at the Empire this Saturday evening; so will the Original Dewars, Les Uniques, Moss and Maachah and H. and E. Martell. Jen Latona is to remain for a fourth week.

Reginald Moore and Mernita Stewart, who are newcomers this week, and who present a very charming operatic and ballad singing act, will also figure on next week's programme; and there will be six new "turns": Les Trombettas, Continental comedy duo; Dolly Mewse and Harry Singer, acrobatic whirlwind dancers; Les Rogers, musical gymnasts; J. H. Scotland, the eminent bass singer; the Theda Sisters, in "Burlesque Sporting Items"; and Mello and Nello, comedy acrobats.

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MAIL-WEEK IN LONDON.

(*Continued from page 7.*)

of showing his latest creations to our *haut monde* this week. He took the Duke of York's Theatre for a matinée (one performance only) and, assisted by Norah Blaney and Gwen Farrar, presented his fashion parades in the guise of a revue, appearing in person in one act, where he had a bunch of girls attired in the next-best-thing to nothing, and proceeded to slash up satins, gabardines, *crêpes, etc.*, and pin them on to the shivering damsels, turning them out eventually attired in the *tout dernier chic* for the coming season. The main idea of all this, however, is not so new as the famous Frenchman may think. A clever young Canadian, Alphonse de Berg, did a lightning dress-creation turn on all the leading music-hall stages here not many moons ago, assisted by his charming wife. He is at present in the States, and, I understand, will shortly be visiting South Africa for a tour of your music-halls.

Pavlova the Peerless.

One night last week I went to see the peerless Pavlova at Covent Garden. She is still dancing without any outward sign of the passage of time, and looks as aloofly enchanting as ever, but some of the *ballets* and *divertissements* she chooses to appear in are totally unworthy of her. The "Ajanta Frescoes" is even more tawdry on a second viewing, and the new "*Invitation à la Valse*" (to Weber's music) is but an anæmic echo of the Diaghilev "Carnaval." Her *corps de ballet* is better drilled now, but the whole company appears to practise self-effacement to an extreme degree—which is hardly an advantage in view of the fact that Pavlova herself finds it necessary not to endanger her art by overwork—dancing at most performances in one *ballet* only and then giving a couple of those dance-poems she does so exquisitely.

PAUL PRY.

JAZZING ROUND THE WORLD.

(*Continued from page 2.*)

periods, there is a general shortage of cash, there is permanent unease in civil and in military circles, there are huge chains of theatres in practically moribund condition, there is a lack of the go-getting spirit, and the public have grown fed-up with unsuitable catering and have decided that their time is more profitably employed playing

Tennis, Bridge or Mah-Jong.

But the problem is not insoluble. The very fact that the public has been thoroughly starved of first-class theatre fare for a very long time will make it respond all the more eagerly in the future. What is wanted is the right man to take the theatrical destinies of this country in hand, to co-ordinate and stabilise the business, with ample capital and other resources, and with brains and ability to boot. Maurice Bandman died worth nearly £50,000. There is a chance for another and better showman in India to-day.

MIND THE STEP!

A drunkard, hearing that a bar was on the next floor, left his bedroom during the night to try and find it. He met a waiter who directed him, saying: "Go down that passage, take the first turning to the right, then down two steps through a door, and there it is."

Mistaking his way, he turned to the left instead, and, seeing a door, which happened to be the door of the lift which was not there, stepped out into space and fell three storeys down the shaft. Coming to, after being unconscious half-an-hour, and sorely bruised but not broken, he met on his return journey to the bedroom a Prohibitionist of his acquaintance, who asked him the way to the bar.

"You go down that passage," said the still thirsty sufferer, "take the first turning to the right, and down two steps, but mind the first one—it's awful!"

Mainly About Players.

MR. Peter Baxter, of the Leon M. Lion and Renée Kelly Company, is a nephew of Rafael Sabatini, the author of "Scaramouche." Mr. Baxter speaks five languages, including Russian. He will be seen as the *Hon. Billy Hirst* in "The Chinese Puzzle."

* * *

Miss Dolly Mewse, who will be at the Johannesburg Empire next week as a whirlwind dancer with her partner, Harry Singer, was the winner of a great International Beauty Competition organised not long since by *The Daily Mirror* (London). "Thank goodness," she says, "I have worked hard since then and have tried to gain a reputation as an artist of the feet as well as of the face."

MISS CISSIE SMITS,

Who is appearing as *Titania* in "Brilliant Bubbles" at the Standard Theatre, Johannesburg, this Friday and Saturday, and who has taught and arranged all the dances for the production.

Photo by Leon Levson.

* * *

Enrico Trombetta, of Les Trombettas, who will be one of six new acts at the Johannesburg Empire next week, is a cousin of the late Enrico Caruso, the great tenor.

* * *

Byron and Byron, who began their South African tour at the Tivoli Theatre, Cape Town, on Wednesday, are old friends under a new name. They have been twice to South Africa as Guest and Newlyn, and during their first visit in 1914, took part in the Empire's first revue, "Splash Me!"

* * *

Norman Kerry, who plays the part of *Count Franz Maxmillian von Hohenegg* in "Merry-Go-Round," the Universal Super-Jewel film that is to be shown at the Johannesburg Bijou next week, was formerly a paint salesman and visited a film-production studio in that capacity. A producer saw him and offered him a small part as a "type." He was so successful that he decided to stay in film-work, and he has played "opposite" Bessie Barriscale, Mary Pickford and Constance Talmadge.

* * *

George Seigmann, who plays *Shani Huber* in "Merry-Go-Round," was Danton in "Scaramouche." George Hackathorne, who plays *Bartholomew Gruber* in "Merry-Go-Round," was the *Rev. Gavin Dishart* in "The Little Minister," with Betty Compson.

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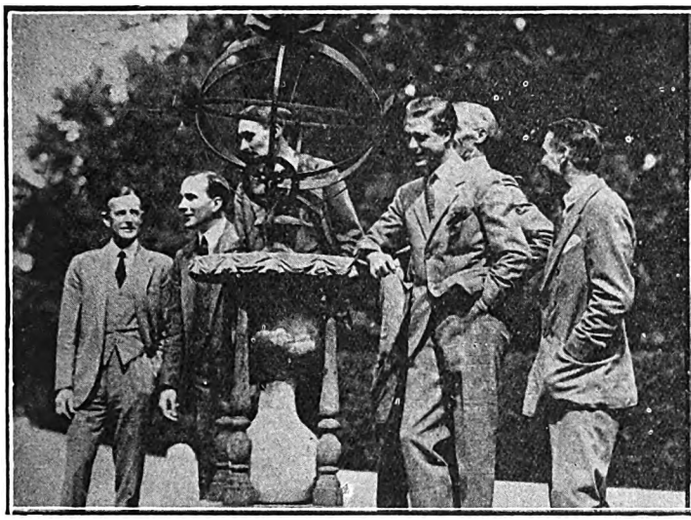
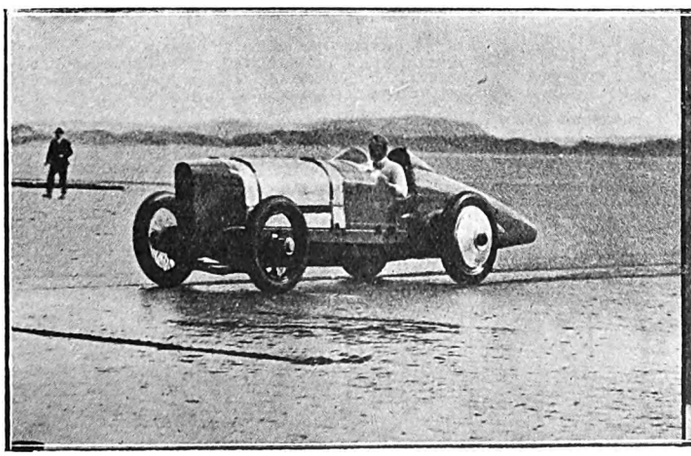


CORNERED—BUT CHEERY! **THE WINNING SMILE—THREE OUT.**

Left: After being relentlessly pursued by an army of American photographers, the Prince of Wales surrenders with a good grace and poses for them at the sun-dial in the gardens of the Barden Estate at Syosset, Long Island. The members of his party include General Trotter, Major Lascelles and Major Solbert. *Right*: At the Kennel Club Dog Show at Alexandra Palace, London: Miss Christine Scott with her two Samoyedes.

LILIES OF LAGUNA. **ROUND AND BACK AGAIN.**

Left: On Laguna Beach, Los Angeles: Five little girls, members of the Ernest Belcher School of Classical Dancing, pictured in a charming setting. *Right*: The Mayor of Plymouth welcoming the Admirals and Officers of the Special Service Squadron on the deck of H.M.S. *Hood* on the Squadron's return to Home waters after the Empire cruise which began at Cape Town last Christmas.



TWO-AND-A-HALF A MINUTE. **CHAIRED AND CHEERED.**

Left: Captain Malcolm Campbell breaking the world's record by travelling at the rate of 150 miles an hour in his 350-h.p. Sunbeam at Pendine Sands, South Wales. *Right*: Miss Gertie Gitana (who visited South Africa some years ago) being chaired and cheered by factory-girls after her performance at the Kilburn Empire of a new sketch, "Nelly Dean," in which she plays the part of *Nelly*, a working girl in Society.

Topical Press photos.

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JOHANNESBURG, Tuesday afternoon.

"BRILLIANT Bubbles," did you say? No, it is a case rather of "Bubbling Brilliants," with Monteleos taking the lion's share in the activity. Since Thursday they have doubled their price, the 5s. shares being up to a sovereign yesterday, only to drop to 13s. 6d. this morning. Just before lunch they were again 15s. 3d. buyers.

It appears that at the 180 ft. level of the old mine a drive has been put in which at about 100 feet has disclosed "nice-looking blue," which can only be proved by further work. The ground is fairly hard, hampering progress. The new shaft is progressing satisfactorily, and is expected to be completed early in January. Robert Victors are 7s., in contrast with 4s. 6d.—4s. 9d. yesterday. Crown Diamonds are a "crown"—all but a penny, and Therons have doubled their price at 4s. buyers. Meantime, you can buy Consolidated Diamonds, with every promise of a dividend at Christmas, at 17s. 6d., or cheaper than the price of Monteleos yesterday.

Transvaal Consolidated Lands, after being bid up to 24s., have reacted to 22s.—21s. 9d. Many rumours are in circulation, ranging from a big deal in cotton lands to an alluvial gold discovery. Silvers, after rushing up to 8s. 6d. on Thursday, are back to 6s. 9d. Leeuwpoorts have improved to 6s. 11d.

Shareholders have been deluged with quarterly reports since I last wrote, and brokers may be seen examining the very full "hands" of cards—more than the regulation thirteen—dealt out by the houses. The "Corner," the Union Corporation and the "Goldfields" have adopted this handy style, but the "J.C.I." and Anglo-American still affect the sheet form.

Evidently people are going "no trumps" on Modders and Government Areas, which have moved to 79s. and 143s. 6d. respectively. Modder shows 70 per cent. payability and Government Areas 60. The former's value is three times as high—31 dwt. against 10—but the latter's reef-width is thrice as great. Another example of the Law of Compensation for Emersonians! Crown Mines, Randfontein, Langlaagte, Modder B, West Springs, and, curiously enough, Van Ryn Deep are included in the "fifty-fifty" brigade; *i.e.*, half their development was payable and half unpayable. Modder East is a kind of *misere*, with only one foot out of four revealing payable values. Geduld is a companion in this respect, though its actual values are higher.

Of the Anglo-American crowd, Brakpan showed a welcome advance in payability to 56, with a value only ten per cent. behind Government Areas. Springs Mines were also up to the 500 inch-dwt. standard for the two-fifths of the sampling which was payable, while West Springs soared to 770 inch-dwt., which tops even Modder Deep, though, unfortunately, the pay-ratio is not nearly so good. The shares are a rather indifferent market at 23s. 9d., after 24s. 6d. yesterday.

Robinson Deep's report shows that 67½ per cent. of the sampling was payable. At City Deep the ratio was rather higher, the reef going more than an ounce over a thickness of two feet.

The gold market appears to be awaiting the result of the British General Election, the excitements of which are diverting attention from "Kaffir," and other, shares in London.

A person is said to be afflicted with the "artistic temperament" when he has less feeling than most people, but shows it more.

THE UNIVERSAL LANGUAGE.

On a conservative basis, there are at present 50,000 picture houses in operation throughout the world. Taking for granted that the average daily attendance is no more than 300 and that each programme is repeated ten times, a film which makes a tour of the globe may be seen by 150,000,000 persons in a comparatively short interval.

KEENAN MARRIED AGAIN.

Frank Keenan, the fine 68-year-old character actor, has startled even Hollywood by marrying again only two months after his wife's death. They were supposed to be such a devoted couple. The new Mrs. Keenan has been divorced and is 40 years younger than her husband.

It is women, not men, who are doing all the current gabbling about sex.—*Mr. H. L. Mencken.*

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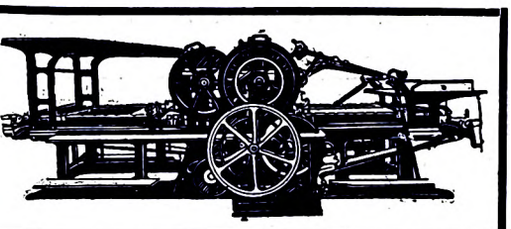

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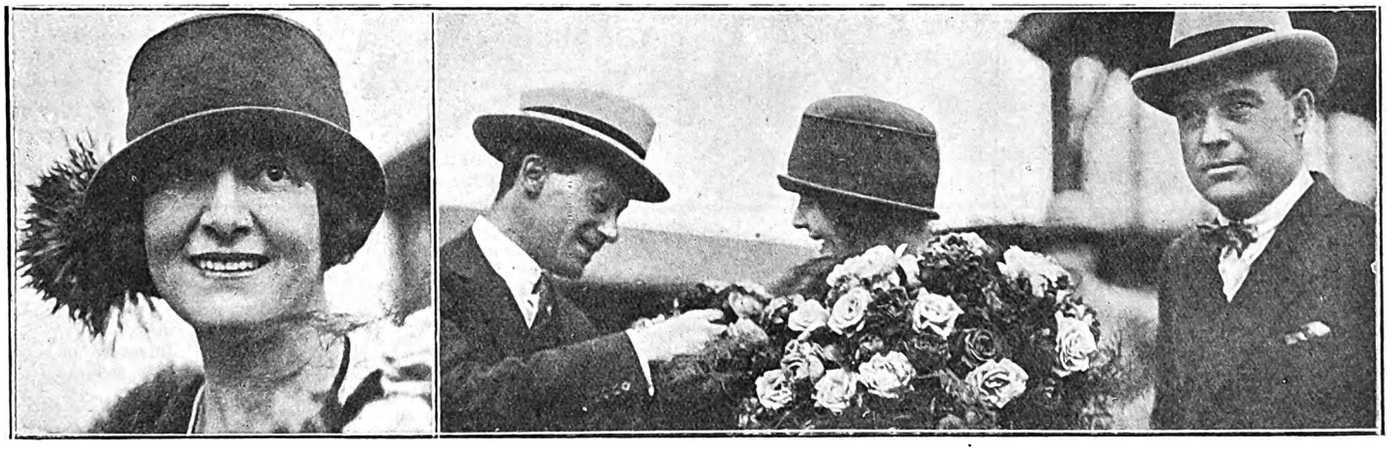
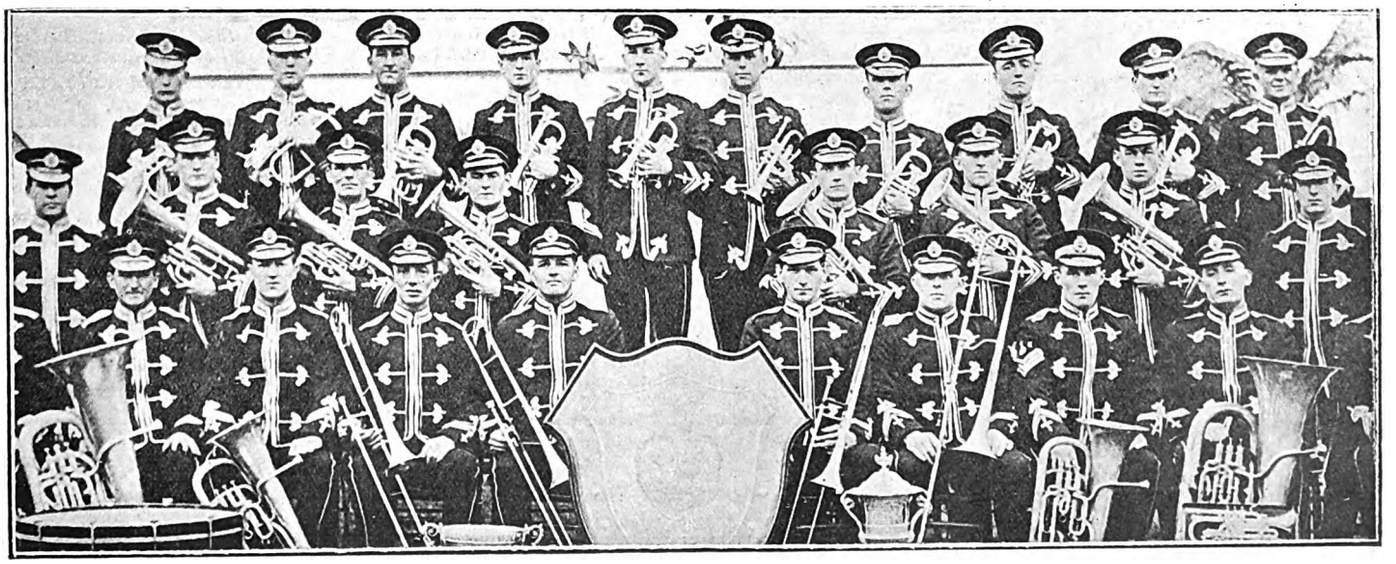
FRESH FROM LONDON TRIUMPHS: NEW ARRIVALS.

THE ARRIVAL OF THE LEON M. LION AND RENEE KELLY COMPANY AT JOHANNESBURG.
A group on Park Station when the boat-train arrived from Cape Town. Mr. Leon M. Lion is the second from the left (with his hand in his coat-pocket), Miss Renée Kelly is in the centre (holding bouquets of roses that were presented to her on her arrival), and her husband, Mr. Hylton Allen, is the fourth from the right.



EMBOWERED IN ROSES: MISS RENEE KELLY'S WELCOME TO JOHANNESBURG.
In the picture on the right Miss Renée Kelly is seen giving a rose to Mr. Leon M. Lion. Mr. Hylton Allen, her husband, is on the right. The Leon M. Lion and Renée Kelly Company will make their first appearance in South Africa at His Majesty's Theatre on Monday evening in "The Chinese Puzzle."
Photos by African Film Productions, Ltd.



CHAMPIONS OF THE EMPIRE: THE AUSTRALIAN NEWCASTLE STEEL WORKS BRASS BAND.
This Band, which is to tour South Africa on the way home to Australia, has swept the boards in England, winning the Empire Competition against 157 other bands, including the famous Besses o' the Barn Band, which was placed sixth. They will make their first appearance in South Africa at Cape Town next week.

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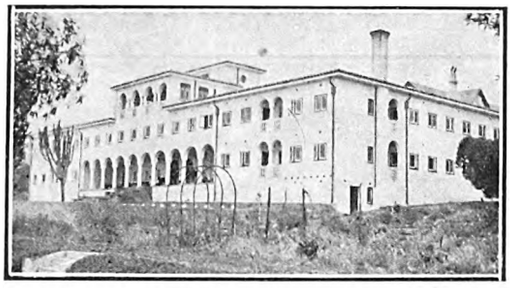

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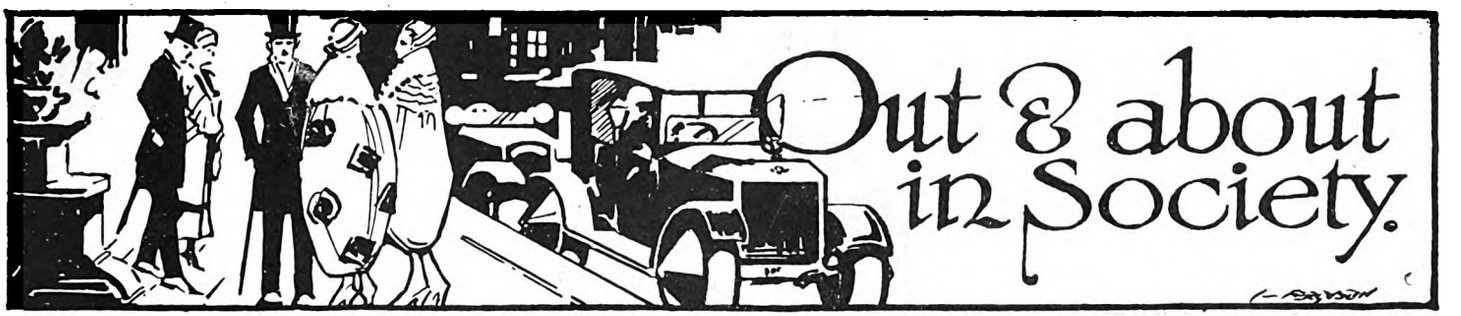
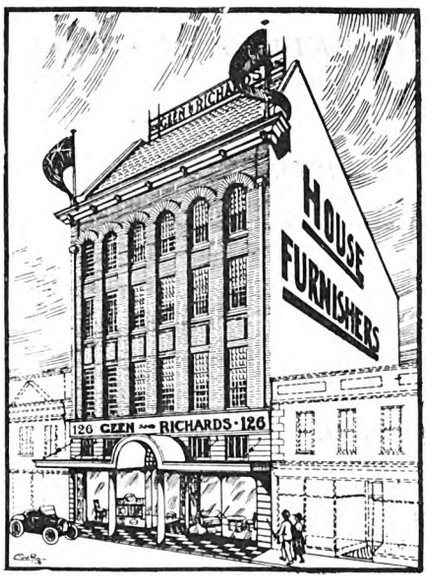


[*All invitations for dances, weddings, and other social functions, and all communications intended for these pages, should be addressed to The Lady Correspondent,* THE SOUTH AFRICAN PICTORIAL, *P.O. Box 1574, Johannesburg.*]

A Slice From the Latin Quarter.

Rather a jolly week. Lots of fun and brightness—and plenty of ways of spending your money. The Montmartre *Fête* in the Town Hall was certainly a temptation; there was so much to see and to buy, and from the moment H.R.H. Princess Alice declared the *Fête* open things went with a swing. The Princess, who wore an elegant mauve gown embroidered with white china beads and made with a wrap-over skirt and tiny sleeves to the straight corsage, and a large black hat having a rose of pink *moire* ribbon in the front, was received by Mr. S. S. Taylor, K.C., and the members of the committee, among whom I noticed, the Grand President of the S.O.E. (Mr. E. S. Mills), Mr. and Mrs. Hobkirk, Mrs. A. F. Mullins (in such a *chic* French maid's costume; and she was of course the convenor of the function), the Dean of Johannesburg, Major Halstead, Mr. F. Colenutt, Mesdames Fitzpatrick and Mossop, Miss Ledger (the secretary, who has just returned from England), and others. There was a guard outside of the St. George's Home cadets, and it was inspected by Princess Alice, and little Rosamund Karney, the daughter of the Bishop of Johannesburg, presented a lovely bouquet. Inside the stalls were full of good things, and the red and black costumes of the ladies, the French artists and the Italian balloon-sellers (who were quite the prettiest in the room, I thought—Miss Rowena Selby, Miss Patricia Crisby, Miss Hope and Miss Joy Bateman) made brilliant splashes of colour. There were so very many well-known people assisting that it is difficult to tell you of them all, so I shall not try. Everyone worked hard and they deserved the success that was achieved.



How I Met Max Linder.

Max Linder and coloured wigs! That is a funny combination and it is called to my mind by two events this morning. First, I read that coloured wigs had come in again and were being worn at the Longchamps racecourse. The first time I saw a coloured wig was in 1913 on the Continent. And then I saw the placard of Max Linder, and I first met him personally in 1913. (Of course, there were lots of other things happened in that year!) I found the great star—for he was a very famous screen comedian in those days even—very interesting, and he was much sought after by the young men-about-town on account of the perfect clothes he wore. In those days he was taking a company round the big music-halls playing small comedies, and he did excellently, as he is a very fine actor on the stage as well as on the screen. Perhaps the manner of his coming to the the city in which I was staying impressed me most. For weeks beforehand he was billed to appear and the seats were all taken. Then, a few days before, small pars appeared saying that something might interfere with his arrival; that he was most superstitious about trains and would come by air. So we sat in the music-hall and waited—five, ten, fifteen minutes. The curtain went up on a much harassed stage-manager, who wildly waved to the wings to have it lowered again. Somehow it had stuck and would not come down, and meanwhile the telephone rang at the back. So we heard the conversation between the manager of Max Linder and the aforesaid harassed stage-manager—heard that the worst had befallen Linder and he might not appear. Then the curtain fell, and the adventures of Max from the time he got out of bed till . . . . well, till he got into the aeroplane, were screened. He woke up late in Paris; lost his clothes; a wheel of his cab came off; the horse fell; everything happened to him. At last in the aeroplane we saw him circling over the roof of the very building we were in. He jumped overboard and fell. We looked up, prepared to see him fall throught the roof . . . . and there he stood on a beam in the ceiling and rapidly descended to the stage, dirty, tired and covered with dust. It was the best "take-in" I have ever seen. And then the wigs! Many ladies in the audience that evening wore coloured wigs. Dazzling white gowns and white hair. A rose-pink gown and pale blue hair. The result was very pretty, but it is certainly not a style that will take on. First, there is the expense, and then think of the lady of your heart attired in almond-green with lovely salmon-pink tresses! The disillusion must be very great when she takes them off at home on account of the heat and you find that "carrots" is the better name for locks and that almond-green is distinctly not her colour. There are enough disappointments in this world without that!

Junior S. A. P. Dance.

No, we are not as far "advanced" as coloured wigs yet. At any rate, there was not one at the Junior S.A.

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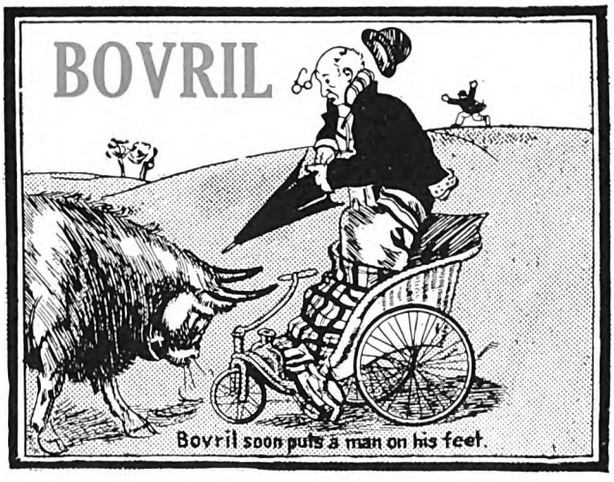

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The trip to Cape Point *via* Chapman's Peak and Kommetje, may be made on Tuesday, Thursday, Saturday or Sunday, and the fare, including luncheon and afternoon tea, is 17/6.

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Party dance in the United Party club last week; just streamers of green and gold and beautifully decorated tables, each branch being responsible for its own decorations. General Smuts arrived early and was met by Dr. E. B. Woolf and the chairmen of the different districts, and he went round and chatted to everyone. There must have been 500 people there, and everyone enjoyed it very much. Mrs. Parrack, wife of the chairman of the club, came in a flowered gown, and Mrs. Woolf wore a handsome black frock trimmed with jet beads. Mrs. Emile Nathan wore a smart black gown with front and back panels of black and gold. Miss A. Cohen, who with the Misses Young and Haig and Messrs. Jack Niven, Schlier, Donald and Bosman, formed the committee, wore a charming gown of deep mauve georgette beaded in crystals and bugle beads and having a *cabochon* of *diamanté* in the front. Her sister came in a *chic* pink gown embroidered in bugle beads in silver, and having a small nosegay of flowers at the side of the waistband. Sir Julius Jeppe, Sir Harry Graumann, Mr. and Mrs. Walter Webber, Mr. and Mrs. Anthony and Councillor and Mrs. G. W. Nelson were among well-known people present. Mrs. Anthony had on a *chic* black gown, and brought her daughter, Miss Marie Meeser, in cerise *char-*

APPEARING IN "BRILLIANT BUBBLES."

Miss N. Altman (left), who is appearing as *Pauline*, and Miss J. Kidger, who is appearing as *Mavis*, in "Brilliant Bubbles" at the Standard Theatre, Johannesburg, this Friday and Saturday. "Brilliant Bubbles" is being staged in aid of the Navy League and the Lads' Hostels, and was specially written by Mrs. M. Rothkugel (CARRIE of THE S.A. PICTORIAL), who is the Secretary of the Navy League in Johannesburg.

Photo by Leon Levson.

meuse. Mrs. Hinton had on a lovely rose gown embroidered in onyx and crystals, and Mrs. Brady came in a smart black velvet frock.

Welcomed Back.

The Women's South African Party had a delightful tea that afternoon for Lady Dalrymple, whom we are all so glad to see back again, and she was greeted by all her old friends. Mrs. Anthony, in a blue gown with a blue hat trimmed with autumn leaves, welcomed her back, and little Miss Richards and little Miss Rutherford presented bouquets to Lady Dalrymple and to Lady Beck. Lady Dalrymple wore a charming blue *crêpe-de-chine toilette*, with a blue hat trimmed with ospreys, and Lady Beck came in grey under her smart *marocain* coat and wore a small black hat lined with white. Mrs. Godfrey Lys spoke of the splendid work done by Mrs. Little, of the Crown Mines, who, with

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the other delegates, had been in the train accident on the Natal line when they returned from the Congress. Among those present were Mrs. G. M. Pemberton, in a pretty mauve gown embroidered in white china beads, and a small hat; Mrs. Frank Raleigh, in a *chic* black gown and small hat trimmed with flowers; Mrs. Lamartin Yates, in mauve velvet and a straw hat swathed in colours; Mrs. Hinds, in black *crêpe-de-chine* with black georgette sleeves, and a black hat; Mrs. Mackie Niven, in blue with hat *en suite*; Mrs. Blackwell, in a striped grey and white gown and a black hat; and all the other women who work so well for the Party. Mrs. Joe Cohen wore a handsome black gown and black coat trimmed with ribbon tabs, and a small Bangkok hat trimmed with a rose, and Lady Dalrymple made an appeal for assistance for the two functions in which they are both interested—the Armistice Ball and the Salvation Army *Fête*. It was a very nice tea party.

A Sailing Club Dance.

Then I went to the Wemmer Pan Sailing Club dance in the Selborne Hall, which was very jolly. Mr. E. J. Sheath, the Vice-commodore, acted as host, and Mrs. Sheath wore a handsome gold *charmeuse* gown with a side

GIVERS OF A PIANO AND VOCAL RECITAL.

Miss Hilda Neale-Weyhausen (left), the vocalist, and Miss Margarete Schoen, the solo-pianist, in the Piano and Vocal Recital in the Selborne Hall, Johannesburg, on Thursday evening this week (October 30). Miss Schoen recently returned from Germany, where she was a pupil of Professor Mayer-Mahr.

Photos by Leigh-Hunt and Charlotte.

rosette of ostrich-feathers. Mrs. Thorland had on a smart black gown with a swathed belt, and Mrs. Currie came in pale blue. Mrs. Cadle wore a flowered brocade in jade-green edged with crystals, and Mrs. Smith came in black and tangerine. Sister Gray wore an orange striped gown, and Mrs. De Kock had on *beige* and white. Mrs. Gray came in black, and Mrs. McLeod in pale blue *crêpe-de-chine*. During the evening the Vice-commodore presented Messrs. De Kock and McDevitt with the gold medals for double sculling, the gift of Messrs. Ben Pickles. The supper was provided by the ladies and was served at small flower-decked tables.

CARRIE.

SAW THEIR ANKLES BUT NOT THEIR FACES.

NOW MR. LEON M. LION LOOKS AT LADIES' FEET TO SEE WHETHER HE HAS MET THEM BEFORE.

TO meet a person for the first time is always interesting, and invariably amid the conflict of emotions one question passes through your mind and then comes back to remain as an impression. And so it happened. On the stage, a wonderful set—no, I do not propose to tell you what it is like just at present—and darting here and there, to every nook and corner of the theatre to see the effect, that very "live wire," Mr. Leon M. Lion, the famous London actor-manager. So the question that remains in one's mind is: "Does he ever find time for pleasure?" with a sub-query, "Does he ever rest?"

It was in the sitting-room of his suite at the hotel that I next saw him, and the impression deepened. A slight, dark-haired man, with the quickest black eyes I have ever seen; eyes that light up in an instant as a thought is registered, a new idea gained; with a keen incisive manner, but yet with a whole world of fun behind it all; with a sense of humour, one of the most priceless gifts of the gods on high Olympus, and a faculty for knowing just what he wants and getting it. Thorough in every detail, that is one of the secrets of his success.

"Interested in South Africa? Of course," he said. "Very much interested in your country and in the lovely people here who try to kill you with kindness. I was told of the dangers of South Africa, but to my mind that is the one and only danger. The thing that impresses me the most is the breadth of outlook and the keenness and interest South Africans take in angles or ideas which differ from their own, and this makes me very sanguine for the success of 'The Chinese Puzzle.' No, I do not want to talk of it beforehand. I would rather leave it to the people to judge when they have seen it.

"Of course your city has put me in rather an embarrassing position. I was asked to judge the ankle competition at the Montmartre *Fête* in the Town Hall last Saturday, so Miss Kelly and I went along and really enjoyed it very much. But . . . I never saw the faces of the fair competitors, just the ankles, and now every time I go anywhere and am introduced to anyone I look at their feet to see if I've met them before."

On the sideboard I saw many books that one would call "heavy," and Mr. Lion, seeing that I was looking at the titles, took one down and said:

"This is one of my favourites, 'Modern China, A Political Study,' by S. G. Cheng, a friend of mine. I have studied the Chinese literature and am very interested in it, and it all helps me with 'The Chinese Puzzle.' Then, with

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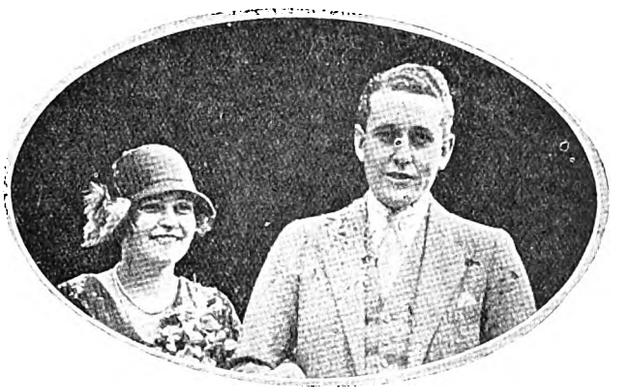
one of his swift conversational acrobatics, he said, "We had a lovely time on board ship and enjoyed the voyage so much. I judged the fancy-dress dance."

Mr. Lion is sure everyone will love Miss Kelly, and he is justly proud of the fine company he has brought out. He told me an amusing story of Mr. Ambrose Flower, who is a very tall, finely-built man.

"Mr. Flower was a designer and he arrived at the theatre one day to show me some special programme and stage designs he had made. I had advertised for a very tall man to act as a policeman, and when he arrived at the stage-door the doorkeeper told him, 'They're waiting for you on the stage.' Much puzzled, he went to the wings, and the impetuous stage-manager pushed him on at once, telling him just what he had to do in the show. Mr. Flower, a very nervous and shy man, dropped his shyness and went forward and did what he was told. Then said the stage-manager, 'You'll get so-and-so much a week,' and Mr. Flower, too shy and nervous to disagree with him, said 'Thank you,' and so started his stage career."



MARRIED IN LONDON.

Miss Adrienne Brune (Miss Billie Browne), who is playing *Sonia* in "The Merry Widow" at the Lyceum Theatre, London, and Mr. Arthur Pusey, the "juvenile" lead in "Storm" at the Royalty, photographed after their wedding on September 20. The bride was a stage-favourite in South Africa in 1919-20, and the bridegroom was here in 1922 for the filming of "The Blue Lagoon," in which he plays *Dick*.

Mr. Lion is a collector of ivories, china and lacquer cabinets, and has many choice pieces in his home. These *objets d'art* he insured and sent out to South Africa, so that you will see them in "The Chinese Puzzle." But more of that next week.

I should like to end by saying that Mr. Lion is a worker, he is a hustler and . . . he is a genius, an actor whose work is his passion. A man with a whole lot of human understanding and lots of fun . . . and you'll all just love him.

CARRIE.

STILL CHASING IT.

"Kind sir," whined the blowsy trampy at the gate. "would you stretch out an 'elping 'and to an old sailor?" "Old sailor?" queried the sophisticated old gentleman, who had been caught before. "Yes, sir," averred the mendicant stoutly, "I've followed the water for nigh on twenty years." "Really," sniffed the suspicious one, "well, you've certainly never caught up with it."

THE PENALTIES OF BEAUTY.

ENGLISH SCREEN STAR THINKS FAIRLY PLAIN WOMEN THE MOST FORTUNATE.

BEAUTY is a hard taskmaster, in the opinion of Miss Betty Balfour, the English film-star. The woman of talent who has her way to make in the world will advance more satisfactorily without it. If she is beautiful, plainer women are jealous and treat her "cattily," while men will not take her seriously as a business woman. This does not give a woman blessed with beauty and ability much opportunity of displaying her intelligence.

The same rule applies to the woman on the screen and the stage. If a beautiful actress makes a big success it is suggested that if she had to rely on her brains she would never have reached the top.

Therefore, an actress who has been endowed with only a fair amount of good looks should regard herself as most fortunate. She knows she has physical handicaps to overcome, and so she works the harder at developing her art. If she succeeds her name is passed down in the annals of stage history, while the reputation made by merely a beautiful actress is forgotten.

WINNERS OF UNIVERSITY MUSIC BURSARIES.

Freda Cohen, aged 11 (left), and Ray Goldman, aged 12, winners of University Bursaries at the recent Higher Pianoforte Examination in Johannesburg. Both are pupils of Mr. Horace Barton.

Photo by Dora Connell.

WHEN IS A BULL NOT A BULLS-EYE?

"Well, cocky," said the musketry sergeant grimly to the recruit who was easily the worst marksman in the battalion, "you've got a 'bull' at last!" "Hooray," muttered the young soldier. "Yes," went on the N.C.O. significantly, "it's lying dead in the field on the left of the target."

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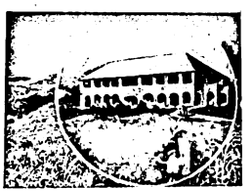

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COMING CLASSICS.

No Red Ronald for the Derby This Year!

AUSTRALIAN "STIPES." AT WORK.

By "ONLOOKER."

IT rained for the greater part of the day on the East Rand last Saturday. This did not affect the attendance at the Benoni races to any extent, as the weather was fine when the race special left Park Station. Consequently the gate was about an average one. Although Duchess Trenton won the Oaks, the daughter of Sir Daniel has been regarded as a sprinter. The mare with age appears to be gaining in stamina. She was one of the two that shared third place behind Fabaris in the Johannesburg Handicap, and on Saturday secured the chief event at Benoni, which was over a mile. Duchess Trenton was evidently not expected, seeing that she started at a long price. However, giving weight all round, she won by a wide margin and with a lot in hand. The field certainly was

Not a Strong One.

That was made manifest by the undersized Crumpet proving second best, carrying no less than 7st. 4lb. Crumpet has been running consistently; yet her portion since competing in open company has been to gain places only: an unprofitable business for the owner. Two imported ones, Foolscap and Beatrice II., carried almost all the money in the seven-furlongs Boksburg Handicap. The first-named is still a maiden and his showing in this race makes him very moderate. Foolscap missed a place. On the other hand Beatrice II., after being badly placed, won at the end in rather easy style. The winner was backed like a certainty for a race at the last Turf Club meeting, but, badly drawn in a big field, became buried in the ruck and was hardly sighted. Beatrice II. has now compensated to some extent for the Turffontein defeat.

* * *

Judged by his last display at headquarters Mr. O'Meara's colt Marten does not stay. But he is smart and won his race at Benoni, over six furlongs, in ready style, giving weight to most of those in opposition. The stock of Unequalled (Marten is by Unequalled) are doing well this season. There was

A Second Winner

by that sire at Saturday's meeting. This was Miss Unicorn, who beat Happy Venture, Crafty Maid and ten others in the Galloway Handicap over the straight course. Though Mr. Rowe's filly had plenty to spare at the finish, the runner-up would probably have reversed the placings with another furlong or so to go.

* * *

Fiction has been a very unfortunate performer. An occasional second place is the best she has been able to accomplish for a very long time. Permintor came between Dr. Young's mare and victory at Benoni. The race was

The Longest on the Card,

one mile and a quarter, and Permintor, who is just coming to hand, stays well. The winner was one of the best-backed for the race, his "go" with Father Christmas over nine furlongs at Turffontein not having been forgotten.

General satisfaction will be expressed to find that the Johannesburg Turf Club is looking on the bright side of things. The stakes at the Summer Meeting at Turffontein will be practically the same as for last season's fixture. As before,

The Summer Handicap

is endowed with £3,000, and the other three leading handicaps each with £750. There was a fear that the weight-for-age race might be dropped. But the Champion Stakes is still on the programme, the prize being the same (£750) as formerly.

* * *

The chief classic is a much more open affair this time, inasmuch as there is no Red Ronald (as was the case last year) dominating the position. If there were any betting on the Derby Mr. Passmore's Royal Dance would probably find most favour. This colt, second to False Pride in the Gosforth Park Plate, won two races later on at Durban, and has been going on the right way since. Royal Dance is by King's Favourite from Maypole by St. Maurice, and there is every reason to suppose that stamina is her strong point. An own sister, May Day, stays well, and the colt can be regarded as of considerably better class than her sister. But it cannot be said that Royal Dance stands out from the opposition he is likely to meet. False Pride has

Made a Hole in Her Reputation

since winning the Gosforth Park Stakes, but in any case one supposes the filly's engagement in the Derby would be forfeited and that she will be held in reserve for the Oaks, which will not take so much winning. The Booysens stable will doubtless, however, furnish a Derby candidate of some merit; so will other stables, and opposition from Cape Town is promised. The likely Peninsula aspirants for Derby honours are Arrowsmith and Narrow Gauge. The latter seems to have the better credentials as a stayer. It probably depends on how he comes out in his engagements at the Metropolitan meeting as to whether Narrow Gauge will be seen at Turffontein. The other, Arrowsmith, has not yet won beyond a two-year-old course. He is, however, a smartish colt, and is said to be a sure runner, all going well, for the classic.

* * *

"It is the poor type of owner that has become associated with the sport who foments all the trouble now being experienced in the control of racing. Failures in other walks of life, these owners—owners by courtesy only—brought nothing into the game, but, having shouldered themselves into it, now seek to dictate how racing should be conducted." A sportsman of old standing thus expressed himself the other day. And what he said can hardly be confuted. An Owners and Trainers' Association is a very excellent thing. Racing nowadays is a business, and there is a necessity for cohesion among those who find the goods to carry on the sport. But although the Transvaal Owners and Trainers' Association has invariably chosen as

Its Chief Spokesman

a worthy representative, it has been unfortunate in that it is the hot-heads who have, generally speaking, called the tune. Several wise counsellors found the chairmanship untenable on this account. With, at the present time, solidity in the ranks of the Association, there is all the more reason for the putting of its house in order. The Association should be at pains to come to a better understanding with those with whom it has dealings. Needless quarrels with clubs should

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be avoided; and, above all, the flaunting of the ruling body in the sport is to be deprecated. This last remark is prompted by the fact that the Association's chief quarrel would now appear to be with the Jockey Club. Authority must be respected. It is a senseless proceeding not to respect it. Nothing is to be gained by seeking to evade what is laid down in the Rules.

* * *

The Stipendiary Stewards in Australia are shaking things up with a vengeance. It is not only the small fry that are being brought to book; some "big bugs" in the game are being made to suffer. There was a great to-do a few weeks ago when a horse, the property of a leading New Zealand owner, together with the trainer and jockey, earned disqualification in Sydney. The owner was in New Zealand at the time and hastened to Sydney to be at hand when the appeal was heard. The appeal resulted in Mr. Knight, the owner in question (he owns Ballymena, winner of the Derby at Randwick last season), being exonerated from all blame, and his horse being reinstated; but

The Ban Held

as regards the trainer and the jockey. Another and greater racing sensation comes by cable from Melbourne. We are told that Purser, winner of the Caulfield Cup (the race was run for on October 11), and his connections have been disqualified for a year on account of the horse's misleading form in a race just prior to the Cup. The owner of Purser is very prominent in the racing world, and is part-owner of the crack three-year-old Heroic. This latest ban, then, looks like having far-reaching effects. It should be said that Purser is among the best-known performers in Australia. As a five-year-old he ran second for the Caulfield Cup, and as a six-year-old he was third in the same race.

* * *

The chief race of the season at Cape Town,

The Metropolitan Handicap,

will be run for this Saturday. It is a long time since Flush of Dawn has won a race. The old mare, however, has demonstrated by her second in the last big event at Turffontein that she is by no means a spent force. Flush of Dawn has 9st. to carry in the Metropolitan Handicap, the journey being nine furlongs. Whatever fails, Mr. de Meillon's mare should win, and perhaps the following forecast may not be wide of the mark:

FLUSH OF DAWN	...	...	1
Musketeer Dan	...	...	2
Karroo II.	...	...	3

* * *

For the meeting at Auckland Park this Saturday the following are my selections:

12.40 p.m.—Maiden Handicap, 6 furlongs.
Diplomacy 1, King's Pet 2, Peter Simple 3.

1.20 p.m.—Brixton Handicap, "D," 6 furlongs.
Woodlands 1, Nature's Beauty 2, Roman Girl 3.

2.0 p.m.—Auckland Park Handicap, "C," 7 furlongs.
Bowler 1, Fiction 2, Lousby's Pride 3.

2.40 p.m.—Auckland Park Handicap, "A," 1¼ miles.
Weale's selected 1, View Holloa 2, Back Answer 3.

3.20 p.m.—Brixton Handicap, "B," 6 furlongs.
Memoria 1, Scarlet Cap 2, Laureate 3.

4.0 p.m.—Auckland Park Handicap, "B," 1 mile.
Brown Sugar 1, High Society 2, Father Christmas 3.

4.40 p.m.—Brixton Handicap, "C," 5 furlongs.
Smoky 1, Brag 2, Stevenson's selected 3.

5.20 p.m.—Brixton Handicap, "A," 7 furlongs.
Precept 1, Norwood 2, Defence 3.

HIS LAST WORD.

Two felons in Australia were sentenced to be hanged. There was only one scaffold, so they tossed who should go to it first. The one who lost, turning to his friend, said: "Well, good-bye, Bill, old boy. Do you mind holding my hat for a minute?"

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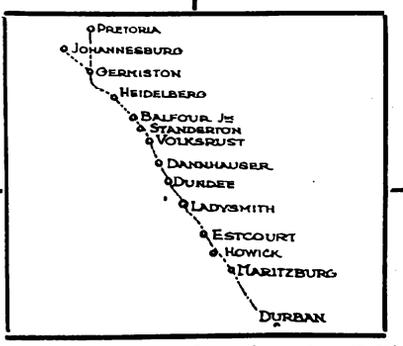

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FRIDAY and SATURDAY, NOV. 7 and 8:
Tom Mix in
"FOR BIG STAKES,"
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Next Week's Calls.

WEEK COMMENCING MONDAY, NOVEMBER 3.

Tivoli, Cape Town.—Till November 4: Jennie Hartley, R. & W. Roberts, Betsy de la Porte, Bella Mora. Continuing: Foster and Ninon, Byron and Byron, Joel Myerson. Opening November 5: Chris. Charlton, Bilton and Max, Videau and Kirby.

Opera House, Cape Town.—Opening November 4: Thurston Hall and Company in "Bluebeard's Eighth Wife."

Empire, Johannesburg.—Les Trombettas, Mewse and Singer, Jen Latona, Les Rogers, Theda Sisters, J. H. Scotland, Mello and Nello, Moore and Stewart.

His Majesty's, Johannesburg.—Leon M. Lion and Renée Kelly in "The Chinese Puzzle."

Orpheum, Johannesburg.—Les Uniques, Moss and Maachah.

Grand, Pretoria.—The Original Dewars, H. & E. Martell.

Palace, Boksburg North.—November 3, 4 and 5: Jock Crawford, Professor Little.

Palace, Boksburg.—November 6, 7 and 8: Jock Crawford, Professor Little.

Rinko, Maritzburg.—The Birchalls.

Criterion, Durban.—The Veterans of Variety, Teddy Stream.

Grand, Bloemfontein.—November 3, 4 and 5: "Little Nellie Kelly."

Vaudette, Bloemfontein.—November 7 and 8: Betsy de la Porte, Bella Mora, Boyd and Gilfain.

City Hall, East London.—November 7 and 8: "Little Nellie Kelly."

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MOTORING AND MOTOR-CYCLING.

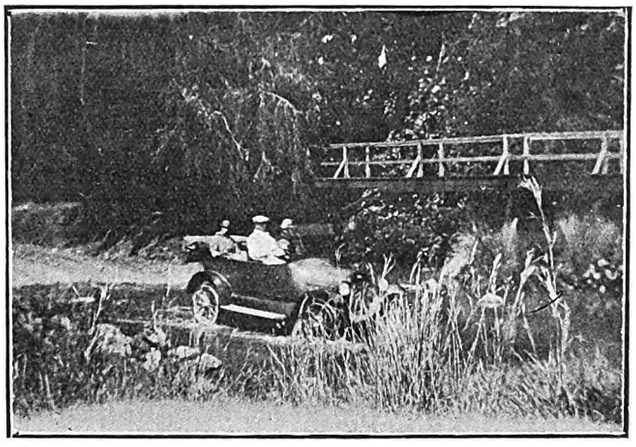
By "WIRE WHEEL."

Picture Competition.

Many replies were received for the Picture Competition No. 7, the photograph for which was published in these notes on October 18. No one, however, has succeeded this time in placing the picture correctly. It was a scene on the banks of the Vaal River at Parys, whereas practically every competitor was quite convinced that it was Boksburg Lake! Let us see what you will make of No. 8—given herewith.

The Court-Treatt Expedition.

On Monday at seven minutes past one the Crossley Cars bearing the C.A. No. 5747 set out from the Johannesburg Town Hall on their journey to the north. There was a crowd of well-wishers and spectators, and the cars pulled out amidst ringing cheers. The carrying capacity of the Crossleys is 30 cwt.; yet each car was loaded with a ton and a half of impedimenta. They looked serviceable and fit for any conditions, and Major Court-Treatt, who is in charge of the Cape to Cairo expedition, is sanguine of



No. 8. CAN YOU PLACE THIS PICTURE?

To the writer of the first letter opened containing the correct name of the picturesque spot here illustrated WIRE WHEEL will award a prize of the value of half-a-guinea. No letter will be opened until midday, November 10. Letters should be addressed to WIRE WHEEL, care of THE S.A. PICTORIAL, P.O. Box 1574, Johannesburg.

successfully accomplishing his task. The expedition is in no wise a "dash" to Cairo. Much scientific work will be undertaken, and during the rainy seasons to be encountered, time will be mostly occupied with research work. Hence it will take months to reach the journey's end, but only sickness or severe mechanical trouble or breakage will stop the expedition from pushing forward. The immediate route runs through Pietersburg, Messina and on to Bulawayo. Many cars accompanied the party out along the Pretoria road, and the T.A.C. officials went to the capital with them.

Harley-Davidson Trophy.

Last Sunday Mr. J. W. Morgan, riding a 2¾-h.p. A.J.S. motor-cycle, won the R.M.C.C. 220-miles Trial for the Harley-Davidson Trophy. Seven competitors entered for the trial, of whom only two finished the course. In the last lap Morgan was headed by Mr. E. G. Murray on the Harley-Davidson, and followed by Mr. Percy Flook on the I.O.M. model Douglas motor-cycle. However, Morgan hung on and eventually ran out the winner of the Trophy, with Mr. Flook second.

Zilakatsnek Hill-Climb.

This Sunday the Pretoria Motor Club will hold a hill-climb open to cars, on the half-mile climb at Zilakatsnek, some 19 miles out of Pretoria on the Haartebeestpoort Lake road, at the junction of the roads.

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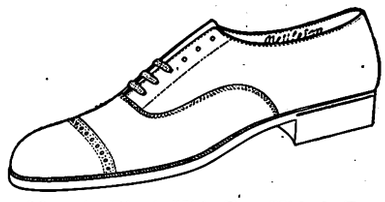

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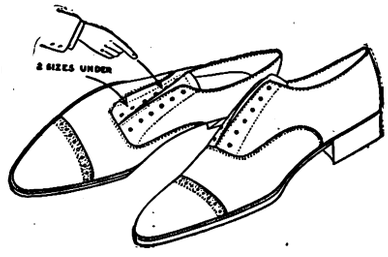

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S.A. PICTORIAL
STAGE & CINEMA.

VOL. XIX. No. 484.] SATURDAY, NOVEMBER 8TH, 1924. (Registered at G.P.O. as a Newspaper.) PRICE 6D

A WONDERFUL MAKE-UP.

This is a photograph of Mr. Leon M. Lion in his costume and make-up as the Marquis Chi Lung *in "The Chinese Puzzle," the West-end success of which he is the part-author and in which he opened his South African season at His Majesty's Theatre, Johannesburg, on Monday evening, when he and Miss Renée Kelly and their London company, and also the production, were most enthusiastically received by a large audience.*

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AT SEA.

A "Trial Trip."

Passing through Cape Town the other day, the sight of a cargo-steamer belonging to a well-known Scottish Line that regularly trades to South Africa caused certain memories to arise within my nautical breast—for I was the Fourth Officer of the noble craft when she did her somewhat lurid trial trip. The ship had been built at West Hartlepool, and I arrived in good time to watch with great interest the preparations for the occasion. My cabin was just off the saloon, so I had a good view of the most important aspect of a trial trip—namely, the lunch. The local Grand Hotel had been given the contract to supply this special meal, and a small army of waiters and cooks came aboard to ensure the success of the function. An extremely fat and pompous-looking individual—bitterly referred to by one of the hotel inferiors as " 'Addock Face "—was in charge of the saloon, and superintended, with much verbosity, the unpacking of the eats and drinks and the laying of the tables. The ship's carpenter loitered in the vicinity of the champagne the while an apprentice attempted to lure 'Addock Face into the alleyway for a few moments—but the stout one was too wise! My cunning raid on the cigars was likewise foiled. By the time the party of officials from the ship-yard had come aboard, and one of the heads of the firm had brought a galaxy of importance and beauty up the gangway, the saloon looked like an advertisement for a West-end restaurant.

The Start.

The wind sighed softly through the avenues of directors' top-hats, the ladies draped themselves round the ship in picturesque poses, and everybody congratulated everybody else. The ship-yard staff hoped that the ship would average a good thirteen knots—and that the lunch would be a good one. The directors hoped that the ship's coal consumption would be an economical one—and that the lunch would be a *very* good one. The Captain hoped the lunch would not be served until he had finished on the bridge. The ladies said everything was " most interesting " and " sweet "—and wondered what brand of champagne there was for lunch. The officers of the ship busied themselves with their various tasks—and despondently speculated whether there would be enough lunch to go round. Under the magic spell of Lunch, the dull sky, overcast with heavy banks of threatening clouds, was more or less ignored. By the time the ship was unmoored, however, a fresh and somewhat chilly wind had sprung up from the north-east and driven most of the guests into the more sheltered parts of the steamer.

The Measured Mile—and Others.

On reaching the trial grounds we found a fairly heavy swell running across, and the " light " condition of the ship caused her to begin rolling immediately. A large crash, followed by the tinkling of broken glass, was the first casualty, and an investigation showed that the heavy engine-room skylights had been lifted up and only secured in a vertical position to the centre-rail by means of rope-yarns. As the rolling grew worse other gear proceeded to show up the difference between a " ship-yard stow " and a " sailor's stow," and gradually the guests faded from the deck. In a very short time one of the heads of the firm lay *hors de combat* on the chart-room settee, whilst his wife and a lady friend sought the seclusion that the Captain's cabin granted. When I state that at least one director's spats could be seen projecting from the interior of a kindly potato-locker, there is no need to stress the position any further. It certainly was a most uncomfortable day, and the new vessel showed that she possessed a vicious roll under those conditions.

Sir 'Addock Face in the Pantry.

In the saloon poor old 'Addock Face speedily found himself the sole survivor of the shore staff, and after vainly struggling to dash round from table to table with sufficient agility to rescue the sliding dishes of epicurean confections, he subsided into an untidy heap in a corner and moaned plaintively. Shortly afterwards I was passing the saloon so I had a look inside. Not only were all the tables practically swept bare of their former glory, but a pile of broken crockery and stricken food had overflowed across the door-step and lay in the alleyway outside! Hastily retrieving a cold chicken that was bowling merrily along, and sorting out some aristocratic-looking sausages from the heap, I put them in my cabin. An iced cake and a complete boar's head were also removed from places where they might have been a source of danger to passers-by, and a box of figs and a large quantity of muscatel raisins I likewise took into safe-keeping in case some evil person appropriated them. The carpenter stepped over the prone and groaning figure of 'Addock Face, with alarming results to the treasured champagne, and sundry officers of higher rank wrought havoc with the rows of bottles. It was a great day! The Captain's servant arrived on the same quest—but was too late. Shortly afterwards he was passed out of his job for being incompetent—which was not surprising!

The Weather and Plot Thicken.

Shortly afterwards the trials were abandoned, and the ship turned towards port once more. As if in pure spite, it then commenced to rain heavily, and cold hail scoured the rolling craft fore and aft and whipped the faces of those on the bridge until it became almost impossible to face forward at all. Under these conditions it was the reverse of pleasant to hear the deep-throated tones of two whistles approaching us. " Start the whistle ! " barked the skipper, and obediently I gave a good pull on the whistle-lanyard. There was a staccato series of coughs, and then with a loud roar the top of the whistle blew off. A faint tinkle from the vicinity of the fiddley denoted where it had fallen, and amid many curses and much shouting from the bridge I frantically searched for the missing cap. As we lay helpless, with the engines stopped, the first of the oncoming steamers slithered past on one side, whilst the other almost rammed us and backed away with her engines going full speed astern and her Captain shouting wicked words to our pilot through the megaphone. After the missing cap had been found and more or less securely wired into place again, the weather cleared somewhat and we got under way again—but it was a dejected load of guests and officials that went down the gangway when we reached port. They were also very hungry! When 'Addock Face took stock he discovered that the losses caused by the rolling were considerable—particularly amongst the champagne! As some of us tore into the boar's head and cold chicken, however, we decided that it wasn't such a bad lunch after all.

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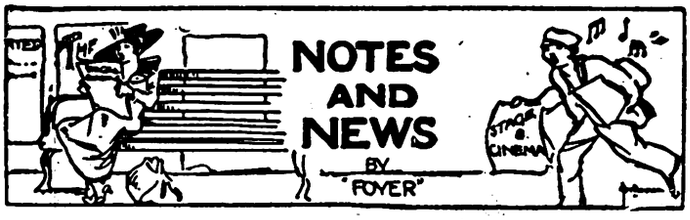
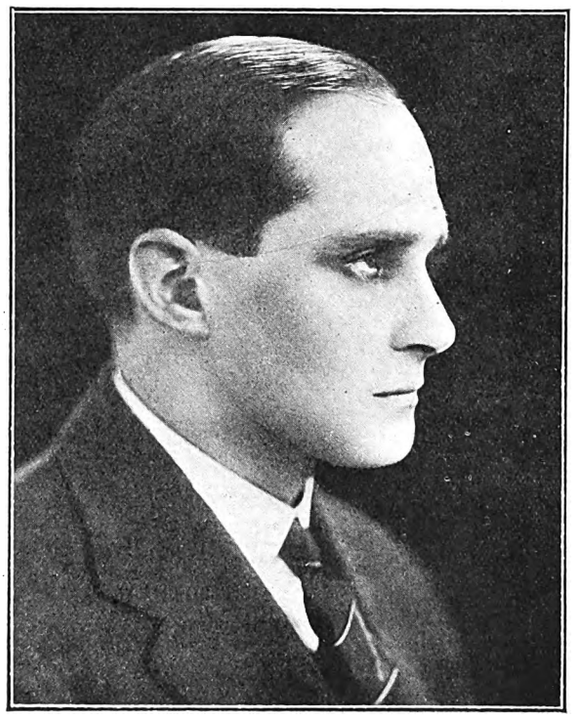


At His Majesty's.

Mr. Hylton Allen, of the Leon M. Lion and Renée Kelly Company, who is playing *Paul Marketel* in "The Chinese Puzzle" at His Majesty's Theatre, Johannesburg, is the husband of Renée Kelly. He has had a long experience of the London theatres. He has appeared with Fred Terry and Julia Neilson, then with Edward Terry in "Sweet Lavender," and afterwards with Ellen Terry in "Alice Sit-by-the-Fire." Later he toured England and America with Forbes-Robertson in Shakespeare and since that time he has been seen year after year in popular successes in London, including "Daddy Long-Legs," in which Renée Kelly created the part of *Judy*. Recently he has been playing in a brilliant one-act play with Isobel Elsom.

A Trustful Princess.

How Mr. Ambrose Flower, who is playing *Armand de Rochecorbon* in "The Chinese Puzzle," came to make his first appearance on the stage was amusingly explained by Mr. Lion in our interview with him last week. Really a decorative artist, he had visited the theatre during a rehearsal with some designs for a poster, and, being a very tall man, was mistaken by the stage-director for a super who had been called for to play the part of a policeman, and was hustled through the part before he quite realised what was happening to him! He liked the work and stuck to it. His experience has been gained mainly in Shakespearean and other classical plays, but he also appeared in the big Drury Lane drama, "The Whip." Mr. Flower is an old Bensonian, and it was with Sir Frank that he was enabled to indulge his great love for Shakespearean work. When in the Ypres sector during the War he frequently presented short Shakespearean scenes with the soldiers for actors, and very good they often were. He did bits of "Julius Cæsar," "Henry V." and "Othello," which were always extremely popular, "mainly because," he says, "Shakespeare's war stuff is the real thing." It may also be recorded that during 1913 and 1914 he played lead with the Russian actress, Lydia Yavorska (Princess Barcalinski). In this connection he recalls that in the early days of the War the Princess made a collection of money and clothes for Russian refugees at Liverpool and a deputation came to thank her on the stage with an enormous bouquet. To his embarrassment the Princess asked him to translate the flowery Russian speeches to the audience, and, not knowing the language he made a guess at the meaning and gave a very free rendering of the speeches.



MR. PETER BAXTER,

Of the Leon M. Lion and Renée Kelly Company, who is appearing as the *Hon. Billy Hirst* in "The Chinese Puzzle" at His Majesty's Theatre, Johannesburg.

From Navy to Stage.

Mr. Peter Baxter, on the other hand, whose photograph appears on this page, and who is playing the *Hon. William Hirst* in "The Chinese Puzzle," can speak Russian fluently, and several other languages as well. It was during the War that he gained a working knowledge of foreign tongues, and after the War he went to Caius College, Cambridge, for the express purpose of studying modern languages. He is a nephew of Rafael Sabatini, the novelist, author of "Scaramouche." Mr. Baxter joined the Navy in the early part of the War straight from public school, and was the first British naval officer to land in Heligoland since it had been in German hands. He was also in the first British battleship (H.M.S. *Téméraire*) to go up the Dardanelles after hostilities ceased with Turkey. He was at one time on H.M.S. *Turquoise*, the fastest ship afloat, and he was both in North and South Russia during the Bolshevik rebellions and became Russian interpreter. He retired from the Navy in 1921 and took up film work. Later he went to the Royal Academy of Dramatic Art. His first appearance on the stage was with Mlle. Cécile Sorel, of the Comédie Francaise, at the New Oxford Theatre, where he played, in French, the part of the Second Lackey in "*La Mégère Apprivoisée*," the French adaptation of "The Taming of the Shrew." He also appeared in "*La Dame aux Camélias*." He then went straight to his uncle's play at the Savoy Theatre, "In the Snare," which was produced by Mr. Lion and in which Miss Kelly appeared. After South Africa Mr. Baxter is sailing for America to take up a special contract.

Here in 1912.

Miss Ethel Ramsay, who is playing *Mrs. Melsham*, the heroine's mother, in "The Chinese Puzzle," visited South Africa in 1912 and was associated with and played leads for the late Charles Howitt. Like other members of the Leon M. Lion and Renée Kelly company, Miss Ramsay has had much West-end experience. She began her theatrical career under the management of the late George Edwardes, understudying the leading lady in "The Toreador." Among the chief parts which she has played since are *Mrs. Jones* in Galsworthy's "The Silver Box" (Court Theatre, London), *Mrs. Craven* in "A Member of Tattersalls," *Mrs. Franklin* in "Thank You, Phillips" (Apollo Theatre), the lead in "Damaged Goods" and *Vrenda* in "A Little Bit of Fluff." She understudied Gladys Cooper in "Magda" at the London Playhouse and Fay Compton in "Secrets" at the Comedy.

19 Months in Hospital.

Joseph Rogers, of Les Rogers, the musical gymnasts at the Johannesburg Empire, was an observer in the Belgian Air Force during the War. He was brought down at Zeebrugge with his pilot (who was killed), and spent a year and seven months in hospital as the result of that little adventure. Naturally he found it very difficult to get into condition again for his gymnastic work, which calls for absolute physical fitness.

Hates Being a Beauty.

If anybody wants to annoy Miss Dolly Mewse, who is appearing at the Johannesburg Empire as a whirlwind dancer with her partner, Harry Singer, they must say to her: "I believe you were voted to be the International Beauty in the great competition a little time ago?" She will become very fiery in the eyes and say: "Yes, I was! And I never regretted anything so much!" Miss Mewse was voted to be the Empress of Good Looks by *The Daily Mirror* in London, and she was bombarded from every corner of England with letters. She became famous in a very short time. "I hate it all," she declares. "I cried so much that I nearly cried myself plain." The fact is that Miss Mewse would far rather be famed for her dancing than for beauty.

HIS MAJESTY'S: LEON M. LION AND RENEE KELLY IN "THE CHINESE PUZZLE."

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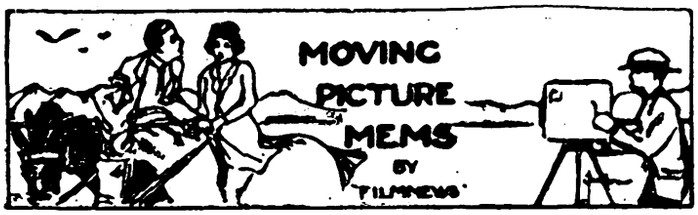

"Trilby" on the Screen.

Mr. Maurice Moscovitch's recent stage-production of "Trilby" in South Africa will lend added interest to the screen-version that is coming to the Johannesburg Bijou next week. It is said to be a superb "picturisation" of du Maurier's novel, produced by Richard Walton Trilby, the well-known American playwright. The picture has the correct "atmosphere," for all the outdoor scenes were filmed in Paris, and the part of *Trilby* is played by the celebrated French actress, Mlle. Andrée Lafayette.

A Noted Beauty.

Mlle. Lafayette is a noted beauty—a dazzling blonde, with hair of a finely-spun gold and limpid blue eyes, characteristics of her Norman ancestry. When the "Trilby" film was shown in New York a prominent critic wrote: "Andrée Lafayette has arrived. It is our opinion that she will be hailed as the best *Trilby* the stage or screen has produced. She is the personification of the mischievous heroine of the famous novel."

A Flawless Svengali.

Svengali is played in the screen "Trilby" by Arthur Edmund Carew, and this is what some of the New York critics said of *him*: "Whimsical and charming as she [Mlle. Lafayette] is, it is Arthur Edmund Carew's revelation of *Svengali* that dominates the production. His make-up is as true as steel." "Arthur Edmund Carew is *Svengali* himself, interpreting his *rôle* with a *flair* and understanding, and both his appearance and characterisation are flawless." The cast includes Creighton Hale (as "*Little Billee*"), Wilfred Lucas, Philo McCullogh, Francis McDonald, Max Constant and Maurice Canon.

MISS DOLLY MEWSE,

Who is dancing with her partner, Mr. Harry Singer, at the Johannesburg Empire. Miss Mewse won an International Beauty Competition in England not long since.

What Do You Want?

"The world is full of wanters—everyone wants something." That is the theme on which is founded the story told in "The Wanters," a First National picture to be shown at the Johannesburg Orpheum next week. In this instance Marie Prevost is the wanter-in-chief. She plays the part of *Myra Hastings*, one of the maids in a wealthy American household, and more than anything else in the world she wants riches and luxury. Needless to say, she gets them—but only after many adventures.

A Holy Terror.

Half way through the week the Orpheum will switch over to "The Sea Dog," which is another First National production "featuring" Hobart Bosworth as *Nels Nelson*, a sea-captain who is the terror of his ship. He finds a girl castaway (Bessie Love) on an island in the Pacific, and takes her on board his whaler. Then something he thinks he discovers about her makes him maroon her on the island once more. There is a terrific storm, in the midst of which the "Sea Dog" finds out that he has been mistaken in his suspicions of a girl; that she is really, in fact, his daughter; and he sets out to rescue her at the peril of his life.

From Indiana to Italy.

James Kirkwood and Anna Q. Nilsson will be at the Carlton Theatre on Monday in a picture that begins and ends in Indiana. All the middle part of it takes place in Italy, where it was actually filmed. Its name is "The Man From Home," and it shows how a young American rescued a sweet girl's heart and fortune from a scheming foreign prince.

Devoured by Wolves.

The wicked husband of the heroine is killed and devoured by wolves in "The Siren Call," which the Carlton Theatre will screen next Thursday, Friday and Saturday. Before that happens, the heroine and the man she loves are swept over a raging waterfall. It is a picture of the great North-west. The principal part is played by Dorothy Dalton.

Technicolour Process.

A message from Italy states that the Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer production of "Ben Hur," which is being done in and around Rome, is proceeding apace. For the scenes which reveal the Joppa Gate and the streets of Jerusalem, in addition to a number of the huge interior sets, there will be used the Technicolour process. The Technicolour staff which recently arrived in the ancient city state that the beautiful colour effect secured with their cameras will give the completed production a variety and charm that have never been duplicated. The Technicolour process has been perfected within the past two years. It is dependent upon the splitting of the rays of light entering the camera by means of a prism-set, which accomplishes the reproduction of two images through one lens. Through this method the cold tones are separated from the warm, and in the processes which follow of working the two images up into colour and again superimposing them, the resulting film gives a perfect reproduction of the colours which were actually before the lens at the time the scene was filmed.

A Fighting Fleet.

A fighting fleet of 100 ships for use in the naval battle scenes has been constructed for the "Ben Hur" production.

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BIJOU, MONDAY: ARTHUR CAREW AND ANDREE LAFAYETTE IN "TRILBY."

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A Popular Proposal.

The following is an extract from a circular received recently: "It has been suggested that a Benefit Concert be extended to Mr. R. A. Pritchard, the Musical Director of the Johannesburg Musical Society; the concert to be given under the auspices of the S.A. Music Teachers' Association. Mr. Pritchard intends taking a holiday oversea in the near future, and it is felt that now is a fitting opportunity to extend to him some recognition of the many services he has rendered to the cause of local music." It will be admitted by all interested in the subject that the Johannesburg Musical Society has done, and is doing, more for the cause of music in Johannesburg than all the other similar organisations combined, and it is due to the individual efforts of an official like Mr. R. A. Pritchard that the activities of the Society have been kept to the standard now associated with the regular concerts. The Society has for years been practically the only Johannesburg organisation to seek out and give publicity to distinctive musical ability in its various forms. Hence the Society has, by general consent, long since assumed the guardianship of whatever is best in musical performance.

A Real Tradition.

Twenty years of regular concert-giving have resulted in the creation by the Society of a real tradition of its own, and this tradition, arising out of high-class music and superior performance, has now become a factor of which the managing committee and the Musical Director can feel proud. Among more recent achievements by the Society in which Mr. R. A. Pritchard was directly concerned, was the purchase of the Society's present Steinway concert grand piano. Well do I remember the repeated discussions on the subject, the constant weighing of ways and means, but, above all, the imperative necessity for an instrument worthy of the Society's standard and of its past history. The piano was eventually acquired, and, naturally, it fell to the Musical Director to devise the manner of meeting the financial obligation. How this has been accomplsihed is now well known. The debt has been practically paid off, and to Mr. Pritchard must be given the major credit for the achievement. The instrument constitutes the Society's most valuable asset, and it has made possible the continuance of a record of musical activity unequalled by any other similar organisation in the country.

Serving the Cause.

I feel justified in saying, therefore, that no single individual has so fully earned the admiration and gratitude of the whole musical community on the Rand as Mr. Pritchard has done. His services to the Society, technical as well as administrative, have been of incalculable value, so that the present proposal to organise a concert for his benefit is bound to meet with the heartiest approval of all those who feel any interest in the progress of music in our midst.

The Details.

The general details of such a concert might well be left to the decision of the committee which will be appointed, but I would strongly urge that the concert be given on one night in the Johannesburg Town Hall, and that the expense so incurred be met by contributions from those—and there are many—who have benefited, directly or indirectly, by the activities of the Musical Society. With this object in view the general committee should be as large and representative as possible. In any event, whatever decisions are made, the concert can hardly fail to command the support of local concert-goers.

The Arrangements.

Since writing the foregoing I have been advised that the committee concerned with the arrangement of the concert has decided that it should take place in the Conservatoire Hall, Hillbrow. It is thought advisable to do this in acceptance of Miss Harrison's kind offer for the event. It was further decided, in view of the limited accommodation, that the programme be given on two consecutive evenings, December 2 and 3, and, should it be found necessary, to arrange a further concert in the early part of next year. It was also agreed that the price of tickets for the first evening be fixed at five shillings each, with a second charge of two shillings and sixpence to admit students to the second performance. Messrs. D. W. John and W. Goodman were appointed Joint Hon. Secretaries, and Mrs. I. J. Salomon undertook the duties Hon. Treasurer.

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Students' Concert.

There were some excellent student efforts at last Monday evening's concert given under the auspices of the Musical Society. Among the vocalists who sang with much distinction were Miss Susie Everitt, in two songs by Englehardt; Miss Gwen Robarts, in a selection from Mogart's "*Nozzi di Figaro*"; Miss Anita Epstein in Landon Ronald's "O Lovely Night"; and Mr. Edgar Brock, in a Serenade by Mascagni. Miss Margaret Albu played with much technical ease and fluency in a Chopin *Etude* and in Liszt's Eighth Rhapsody, as did also Miss Dora Levitt in pieces by Grovlez and Brahms. The other piano soloists were Miss Esther King (Chopin's *Polonaise* in A flat) and Mr. Cecil Sack (Liszt's D flat Concert Study). Mr. Borman Sack gave the *Adagio* from Max Bruch's Concerto with fine feeling, and little Sheila Collins was the object of much interest in her performance of Dancla's "*Air Varie.*"

"BRILLIANT BUBBLES."

Mr. Leon M. Lion, Miss Lion, Miss Renée Kelly, Mr. Hylton Allen, and Mr. Ambrose Flower attended the performance of "Brilliant Bubbles" at the Standard Theatre last Saturday evening. Little Joan Murray presented Miss Kelly with a bouquet on behalf of Mrs. Rothkugel, the writer of the "book" of the piece.

This week's club story. "Can you lend me a fiver, old fellow?" "Well . . . er . . . what's your security?" "Nothing . . . only the word of a gentleman." "All right . . . bring him in."

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In the Bright Lights.

HIS MAJESTY'S THEATRE.

BRILLIANT SUCCESS OF "THE CHINESE PUZZLE": OVATION FOR MR. LEON M. LION AND MISS RENEE KELLY.

MR. Leon M. Lion, Miss Renée Kelly, "The Chinese Puzzle" and everybody connected with the production, were greeted at His Majesty's Theatre on Monday by a first-night audience whose enthusiasm, for Johannesburg, verged on the sensational. The theatre was full, and many well-known people were in the stalls and boxes (including the Chinese Consul-General and his wife and family). Each of the four full-stage sets drew a round of applause on its own account as the striking Chinese act-drop went up and revealed it, the loudest and longest round going to the Chinese Room of Act III. (from which, however, the same apple-green cushions that figure in Act I. should be eliminated; they are too delectable not to be recognised). Individual performances were vigorously applauded during the play—particularly those of the two "stars," and of Mr. Ambrose Flower, Miss Margaret Damer and Miss Ethel Ramsay—and at the final curtain there was a popular ovation, with baskets and baskets of beautiful roses, a long speech from Mr. Lion, a very short speech from Miss Kelly, and many members of the audience telling each other as they came away that they must certainly go and see it again. That the production was destined to be a big popular success was never in any doubt after the first act.

The first act of the play is melodramatic, but the remaining three acts, although built up entirely upon the rather luridly improbable happenings of the first act, are cleverly developed by the authors (Miss Marian Bower and Mr. Lion himself) into pure drama, well written, soundly constructed, and carrying an undeniable air of conviction.

Mr. Leon M. Lion played the urbane and witty *Marquis Chi Lung* with great artistry. He made me wish that Western people were habitually as calm and self-contained as that astute, patient, self-effacing old Chinaman, who was as detached as the fisherman Chang Chih-ho and as thorough as the archer Chi Cháng, but who, to judge from his opinion of women, could never have heard of Kwei-li, who in her letters to her husband "sent him with each stroke of her brush a part of her heart." Mr. Lion's performance was every bit as good as his make-up, and you will have seen how good that is when you looked at the front page.

By far the most difficult character to act in the cast of fourteen characters is *Naomi Melsham*. *Naomi* has to lose sympathy and gain it at the same time. She has to be bad enough at first to antagonise that shrewd judge of character *Chi Lung*, as soon as he sets eyes on her—(and to make his instinctive dislike of her seem plausible to the audience)—and sweet enough afterwards to captivate all the other important members of the cast and the audience as well. This formidable task possessed no terrors for Miss Renée Kelly, whose charming personality concealed from all but the trained observer the technical brilliance of her acting. The part is hardly ever in tune with the later tone of the play, or with any of the other characters, and becomes increasingly difficult to believe in (and, therefore, to interpret) as the action proceeds. Miss Kelly made it seem credible—a feat which appealed to me as the supreme achievement of the evening.

All the other parts, without any exception, were played in a manner well worthy of the perfection of the principals, really splendid work being done by Mr. Frank Freeman as *Sir Roger de la Haye* (the hero), Mr. Ambrose Flower as *Armand de Rochecorbon*, Miss Margaret Damer as *Lady de la Haye*, Mr. Hylton Allen as *Paul Marketel*, Miss Ethel Ramsay as *Mrs. Melsham*, Mr. Peter Baxter as *Billy Hirst*, Miss Helen Coran as *Aimée de Villeseptier*, Miss Dorothy Reeve as *Victoria Cresswell*, and Mr. Jackson Wilcox as *Sir Aylmer Brent*.

CARLYON.

EMPIRE PALACE.

There is an exceedingly good bill at the Empire this week. Pride of place goes to the inimitable Jen Latona, who had to give song after song, new and old, and was allowed to depart with the greatest reluctance by the enthusiastic audience.

Next, to my mind, are bracketed J. H. Scotland and Les Trombettas, two widely different acts. Mr. Scotland is the possessor of a very fine bass voice which he knows how to use.

Les Trombettas are a lively pair—a golden-haired lady in the most *chic* gowns—one for every minute it really seems—and her partner. It was the manner of their display, the production, that places the masculine member of Les Trombettas among the best comedians we have seen on the Empire stage. His imitations of a blue bottle, a train, his infectious whistle and his queer little bowler hat are things to be remembered and laughed at; and laughter is the best tonic.

The Theda Sisters opened the bill in song and dance, two well-formed damsels in white and gold and anon in the scarlet of the hunting-field. Miss Dolly Mewse, who won *The Daily Mirror* beauty competition, is a flaxen-haired little lady with large limpid eyes and a sweet smile, and in her early-Victorian costume of blue and rose taffetas danced with her partner, Mr. Harry Singer, and scored a great success. Mernita Stewart, in a lovely rose gown with crystals, and Reginald Moore sing very well; Mello and Nello, comedy acrobats, are responsible for lots more fun; and Les Rogers, clever musical gymnasts, complete a good bill.

LLAINE.

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"BEAUTEOUS EVEN WHERE BEAUTIES MOST ABOUND."

Miss Norma Shearer.

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A CAPE TOWN CHRONICLE

BY 'BEACHCOMBER.'

CAPE TOWN, Monday.

Is Cape Town too Respectable ?

Within a week three people have told me Cape Town is too respectable. It is not that they wish for anything wildly exciting; they merely want to enjoy themselves. And, failing to do so, they accuse Cape Town of being too respectable. I could only advise them to go and spend a Monday morning in one of our police courts. There they would discover that there is a hidden, underground life in this city that it is not wise to dwell upon. The first person to find Cape Town too respectable was my friend Nat Madison. I called for him at the theatre when "What Money Can't Buy" was just ending. He quickly changed, and said: "Now let's go out to a dance."

One Way of Spending a Night.

"My dear fellow," I replied, "that's impossible. It's eleven o'clock now and there are no dances going on in Cape Town." He stared at me in astonishment. "But it's unthinkable," he said. "In Johannesburg after the theatre I often went; the Carlton and lots of other places. This town is too jolly respectable." Nat Madison has one great weakness—a fondness for jazz music. So he insisted upon collecting a number of American gramophone records, and motoring out to my flat in the suburbs. There we spent some four hours playing jazz music until a glimpse of the clock made me yawn. Then he went off home, while I spent a sleepless morning wondering what excuse I should make to my irate neighbours.

"Yes, We Have No Ham-and-Eggs!"

The other two people were visitors from England whom I had taken to see the delightful Jennie Hartley at the Tivoli. Pleased with the show, we left the music-hall at about a quarter to eleven. "Now we'll go and have some supper," said one of my friends. "I have a particular desire for ham-and-eggs. Lead me to the restaurant." I prostrated myself with apologies for Cape Town. I said that there were numerous tea-rooms open where excellent coffee and cakes could be had—but ham-and-eggs! I saw a bilious look come into my friend's face at the mention of cakes, and then he spluttered his disgust of a town that had such excellent theatres to tempt one out in the evening, yet left one with nothing more exciting than coffee and cakes after the show. He sat in a tea-room with me, sipping his coffee with a look of mute protest on his face. "I'd give a couple of pounds for a decent grilled steak and chips now," he murmured, and finally left me, hungry and despondent.

Wanted: Kippers and Ale at Midnight.

It has been suggested that Cape Town should form a Bohemian Club, similar to the famous Ham Bone Club in London, where one might go after a show and meet the theatrical folk whom half-an-hour ago one saw on the stage. Personal contact of this kind makes for greater enthusiasm in the theatre. At the Ham Bone Club the staple fare about midnight is kippers and ale—and one may see some of the leading celebrities enjoying themselves on such fare, which is both good and inexpensive. At odd moments some of the celebrities are moved to get out of their chair and give a turn. It creates a happy and thoroughly Bohemian atmosphere. A club such as this in Cape Town would be welcomed by a good many, although it might shock the few.

Good-bye to Maurice Moscovitch.

I said good-bye to Maurice Moscovitch before he sailed to Australia in the *Euripides*. He came aboard with his wife who, I am told, is the real business person in the family. She it is who arranges all the contracts and looks after the financial side of the tour, and I am assured that she is a keen bargainer. "I am really sorry to leave South Africa," said Mr. Moscovitch to me. "I always leave South Africa with many regrets, but always with the determination to return again. We shall be in Australia about nine months, playing 'Trilby,' 'The Merchant of Venice' and 'The Great Lover.' When our tour is ended there I intend to sail for England, but will call at South Africa on the way. We shall spend some weeks here going round visiting our old friends again, and I hope that my son, Anton Maaskov, will also be with us and give a series of violin recitals. He is in England at the moment, but will probably make a tour out to Australia, where we shall meet him again."

Preparing for the Three Arts Ball.

A little group of society people are busily preparing for Cape Town's Three Arts Ball, to be held on November 25. The Orchestra, the Repertory Society and the "K" Club are the three organisations concerned in this production, and the whole affair promises to be as gaudily successful as last year's ball. The atmosphere will be that of the Arabian Nights, and Persian, Arabic and Indian costumes will be worn. In fact it has been decided that no one will be allowed on the dancing-floor unless they are in fancy dress. This is rather a rigorous and unprecedented rule for Cape Town, but I am told that it was only decided upon after careful thought and much argument. So the man who appears in evening kit will be forced to sit in the gallery at the City Hall and watch the fun.

An Arabian Ballet.

A feature of the Three Arts Ball is to be a *ballet* arranged and produced by Hubert Curling. It is entitled "The Caliph Chooses a Bride," and Mr. Curling will be the *Caliph*. There is to be a long procession of slaves and oriental beauties, the beauties being some of Cape Town's prettiest and best-known girls. Then the *Caliph* will enter in his palanquin, accompanied, of course, by his executioner. At a signal, the choosing of the bride will begin. Girl after girl will dance forward, and for this scene the leading dance-teachers of Cape Town will lend a hand. Incidentally, the Cape Town Orchestra will be playing the "Scherezade" by Rimsky-Korsakov. When I heard this scheme being discussed there was only one fear expressed—what will the Grundys of Cape Town say? The last time a Bacchanalian *ballet* was held in the middle of a ball some righteous pens were moved to protest against a display of arms and legs.

Amateur Actors.

Our amateur dramatic societies are busy nowadays rehearsing their productions. I am told that the Cape Town Operatic and Dramatic Society is engaged upon "The Pirates of Penzance," the famous Gilbert and Sullivan opera, which will be produced in a few weeks at the Opera House. Incidentally, the Repertory Society is trying to decide upon its new play. "Loyalties" was a great *succès d'estime*, and so they are looking at another of Galsworthy's plays, "The Pigeon," which should prove very attractive.

(*Continued at foot of next page.*)

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"LOVE ME, LOVE MY DOGS," SAYS RENEE KELLY.

SOUTH AFRICA'S NEW WEST-END STAR AND SOME OF HER INTIMATE FRIENDS.

1. "An armful of mischief!" Miss Renée Kelly with three 6-weeks' old Borzois puppies. **2.** "What did you do with them?" The Borzois mother grows a little anxious. **3.** "Champions—all three!" **4.** "Scotch—and canny!" Miss Kelly with three champion West Highland puppies. All the dogs in these pictures are from the kennels of Mr. Bernard Timberlake, the well-known English breeder.

On the Pier.

Now that the fine weather has come to the Cape, the Pier is attracting its little crowd of enthusiasts, and the Pavilions at Sea Point and Muizenberg are opening with concert parties. Say what you will, there is an incurable attractiveness about a concert heard with the lap . . . lap of the sea against the pier, a moon silvering the waves with its light, and a soft cool breeze stirring the backcloth against which the pierrots sit, with the inevitable man at the piano. I confess that it must be some romanticism in my nature that drags me again and again to hear these shows, although the songs and the singing of them are jolly and enthusiastic enough even for the most carping of critics. At Sea Point this week, the Queries, a South African concert party, have made quite a successful beginning. There is good talent in this little group of artists, and they know how to display it.

Old Favourites.

The tremendous success of the Veterans of Variety and their music-hall songs of yesterday induced the Cape Town Orchestra to arrange an "Old Favourites' Night," in which popular vocal items and old orchestral favourites were given. The singers gave such items as "Home, Sweet Home," "Annie Laurie," "Watchman, What of the Night?" and so on. The instrumental numbers included "The Broken Melody," Tosti's "Good-Bye," "Rocked in the Cradle of the Deep"—and others. Yet, somehow, these old ballads did not give one the queer thrill that can be got listening to "What is the Use of Loving a Girl?" and other songs sung by the Veterans of Variety. Tosti's "Good-Bye" and "Annie Laurie" are still sung too often to appeal in that fashion, but the songs of the Veterans of Variety were brought out of the limbo of the past, where they had been almost lost. And a concert-room can never reproduce the glorious gusto of a music-hall.

BEACHCOMBER.

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JOHANNESBURG, Tuesday afternoon.

EVER since the announcement of the convincing Conservative and "Red Letter" victory at the British general election, the market has been active, though the principal participants are professionals and the public has not entered very much into the business except, perhaps, to sell a little.

On High 'Change transactions are now taking place in the shares of from thirty up to three dozen companies. The most conspicuous advance is of 10s. in Government Areas at 153s. 6d., though one of 6s. 6d. in Brakpans to 74s., after 74s. 10½d. top marking yesterday, is proportionately greater. The profit was £55,250. Springs Mines were much to the fore this morning with sales at 55s. 6d. and 55s. 9d., an improvement of about 4s. on the week. Anglo-Americans are in demand at 26s. 3d.

"Modders" keep well over 80s. The annual meeting takes place on Thursday and it is expected that a very favourable statement will be made as to the ore-reserve position, which has even improved since the June valuation, and the market has it that the crushing capacity is to be augmented by a couple of tube mills. Despite a drop of 1s. per ounce in the net price of gold, the magnificent profit of £164,000 was made, and, with no less than 127,000 tons crushed, working costs were brought down to below 17s., or three shillings under the average of the group. So, in an unusual sense, "the best" (in grade) "is cheapest" (in working costs). People are beginning to ask the very crucial question: Is one Government Area share worth two Modders?—for that is what the relative quotations boil down to.

City Deeps and Crown Mines have been scarcely so prominent as the leading shares of the Far East Rand, but are each about three shillings up at 70s. and 57s. 9d. respectively. Crown did particularly well, crushing 223,000 tons, which looks like a record, and making a profit of £86,000, with its costs 3s. 6d. per ton less than those of the City Deep, which made £65,000. Geduldes have improved to 65s. 6d. and Modder Deeps to 45s. 6d.

New States have put on 3s. 3d. at 37s. 9d. and 38s., but are not a very popular stock in our market. Randfonteins and East Rands have put on a modest shilling at 22s. and 13s. 9d. respectively, and Langlaagtes 1s. 6d. at 23s. Consolidated Main Reefs have been largely dealt in up to 15s., but there is little life in Modder Easts at exactly par. The profit of £18,650 secured by the Simmer and Jack, owing to an abnormally high tonnage of 91,100, with working costs below 14s., or almost down to the pre-War range, has stimulated buying up to 3s. 7d. for the half-a-crown shares. In the same group, Sub-Nigels have improved to 12s. 7½d. and Robinson Deep "B" to 40s. Van Ryn Estates have been obtained at 24s. 6d., the buyer's bid of a week ago.

Diamonds are comparatively quiet, with "Consolidateds" perhaps a "tickey" up at 17s. 9d. Monteleos stand at 16s. and the options at 11s. Referring to a somewhat "boosting" allusion in one of the daily papers that the company had some 300,000 loads of blue ground in sight, the chairman has issued a statement to the effect that he does not think there is anything like that quantity exposed. With a view to putting these and similar rumours at rest, the Board has taken the commendable course of obtaining an independent report from a mining engineer, but the name of the person who has been instructed to prepare the report has not yet transpired.

Nothing brings people nearer to big things than a little humiliation.—*General Smuts.*

A CONCERT AT GERMISTON.

On Wednesday, last week, the Jewish Guild Musical Art Section, with Mr. Alfred Feitelberg as producer, gave excerpts from "Rip van Winkle" and "A Chinese Honeymoon" at the old Apollo Hall, Germiston, before an appreciative audience. Mrs. L. D. Phillips, chair of the Section, who is a splendid amateur actress, was at the piano, and Mr. Harold Miller acted as stage-manager. The soloists were the Misses Gloria Raymond, Freda Gross, Anita Epstein, Rita Blum, Yule, Lena Malk, Mesdames H. Stoloff, B. Alexander, Messrs. Albert D. Cohen, Léo. Yule, and H. Taitz. The sextette, "The Bridesmaids' Chorus," from "A Chinese Honeymoon," was very well sung by Miss Freda Gross, Mr. Alfred Feitelberg, and the bridesmaids, the Misses Bass, Shapiro, Tatz and Mendelsohn. Mrs. B. Alexander was a prominent soloist. Each item was encored and a very succesful evening, ending with an impromptu dance, was spent.

INGRAM'S NEXT.

Rex Ingram's next film will be based on Blasco Ibanez's "*Mare Nostrum*" (Our Sea), the well-known story of the German submarine campaign in the Mediterranean. By the way, a new novel by the popular Spanish author is shortly to appear in English with the title of "Queen Calafia."

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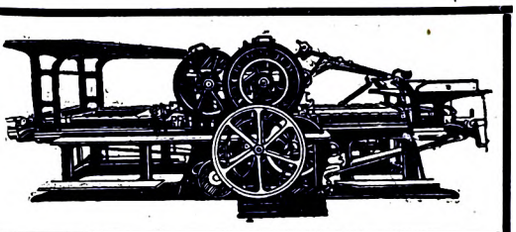

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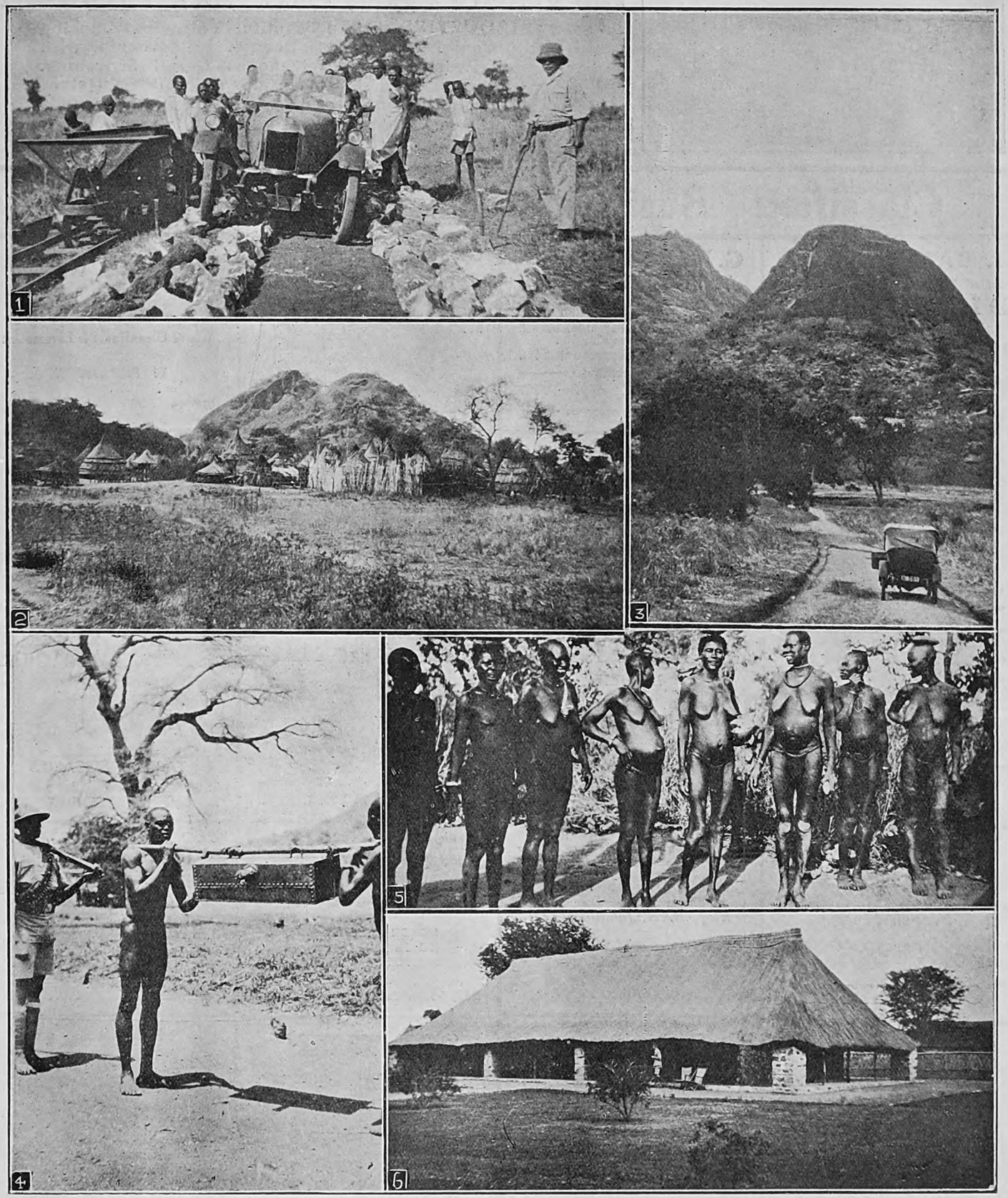

SCENES AND PEOPLES TO BE ENCOUNTERED BY THE CAPE-TO-CAIRO EXPEDITION.

These photographs from the interior of Africa were taken on the route shortly to be travelled by the Crossley cars under the command of Major Court-Treatt. The pictures show: **1.** How they metal roads in Uganda. **2.** A native village near KH Sunnat, showing the stockades. This part of the country is occasionally raided by Abyssinians, and there is always someone on the look-out on the top of the nearest hill to give the alarm. **3.** Near Lobuti: A stretch of the new equatorial highway from Mombasa to Boma, other pictures of which were published in our issue of August 30. **4.** Native prisoners under a native guard carrying water in a 20-gallon tank to one of the Rest Houses. **5.** A bevy of native belles at Kitgum, in Uganda. **6.** The Provincial Commissioner's house at Torrit. These houses are built on stone supports and are thatched with grass, and are most cool, comfortable and airy.

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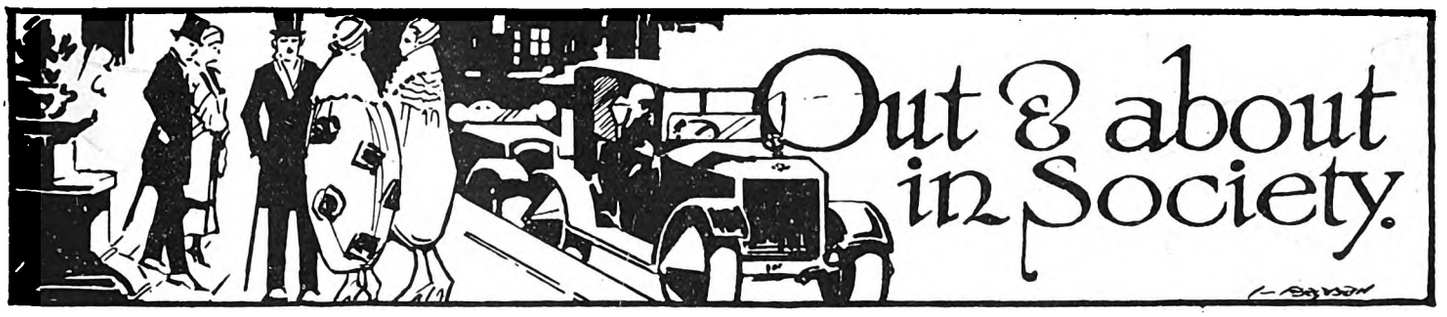

[*All invitations for dances, weddings, and other social functions, and all communications intended for these pages, should be addressed to The Lady Correspondent,* THE SOUTH AFRICAN PICTORIAL, *P.O. Box 1574, Johannesburg.*]

Popularising Plus-Fours.

Rather a quieter week than usual, but with one or two outstanding events. The first one, of course, was the *première* of "The Chinese Puzzle," that wonderful production of Mr. Leon M. Lion, which is quite one of the best things we have ever had here; but more of that anon. Although the company has only been here a short time they have made themselves very popular and have a large circle of friends. Of course Miss Renée Kelly is just too sweet and I am going to tell you more of her on another page. By the way, have you noticed how popular plus-fours are becoming for town wear? Our friend Mr. Thurston Hall, who is now playing at Cape Town, often wore them, and I notice Mr. Ambrose Flower also does so. It reminds me of a little verse:

There was a time when any bird
Who wore a golfing suit
Was looked upon as quite absurd,
A crazy sort of coot.
Time was they made the people stare,
But now they wear 'em everywhere.

"YOU REMIND ME OF YOUR MOTHER!"

Miss Maxine Forbes-Robertson, eldest daughter of Sir Johnston and Lady Forbes-Robertson, at her wedding in London in mail-week to the Hon. Inigo Freeman-Thomas, heir to Lord Willingdon. The photo shows the bride and bridegroom leaving the church after the ceremony. South African playgoers will recognise the bride's remarkable resemblance to her mother.

Topical Press photo.

"Ooooooooooooh!"

There was a very fashionable wedding last week, when Miss Adèle Alexander, daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Bernard Alexander, was married. And talking of weddings, Mr. F. W. Thomas in *The Star* (London) describes one thusly: Then there stepped to the pavement a frail vision in filmy white and flowers; a little pale, but quite self-possessed, and all the assembled multitude said "Ooooooooooooh!" like fireworks at the Crystal Palace. "Isn't she a dear?" they said. "Doesn't she look sweet? White tulle and old lace. Honiton, I shouldn't wonder. 'Oooooh!'" Real orange-blossom, too, caught up at the neck with a silver Cupid's dart; and—and—and——How they did it beats me! She was there but a short ten seconds, yet in that time they made a complete inventory of her outfit, and the air was thick with weird words like *passementerie* cut-on-the-bias, three-quarter gored, pleated-and-ruched, silver *marocain*, *crêpe-de-chine*, double-width, and so on. And the fat lady said Dear, dear, but how it did take her back, so it did. But we musn't mind her. A good cry didn't do nobody no harm, and somehow it all came back to her; that chip straw hat with the cherries, the bunch of dahlias, and the little cards with the silver harrers in the corner, and her name crossed out—snff!

"What About an Arch?"

The bells fell silent, and through the open door came "The Voice that Breathed o'er Eden." Then, to the soft crooning of the organ, the doors closed, and Westminster went back to work again, while the crowd told each other of weddings they had been to and brides they had inspected. "Hundreds of years old that veil was, my dear, if it was a minute, and worth untold gold. They say her grandmother wore the very same one." "What is all this about old veils?" I asked Low. "Can't they afford new ones? Oh, I see! Then why doesn't the bridegroom wear old trousers? The ones his grandfather got married in? And what about an arch? Aren't they going to have an arch of some sort? In the Guards they always have swords, and cricketers have bats, and so on. I understand this chap's something on the Stock Exchange so why not an arch of debentures or fully paid-up prefs?"

Bigamist or Pew-opener?

Having shut up as ordered, I followed the rest of the ceremony with the help of the old lady. She knew all about what was going on inside. Now they were saying "I will." Now the parson would be giving 'em a word of good advice. Now they'd be in the vestry signing the sustificates and kissing the bride, bless her. I think she must have been either a bigamist or a pew-opener. Again the bells, "the mellow wedding bells, golden bells," the door flung wide, thousands of policemen treading on our feet, triumphant Mendelssohn, and our neighbours ricking their necks for another glimpse of the vision. Rose leaves fluttered about her feet . . . the car door slammed. "Bless her!" said the old lady. "I wonder where they're going. We went to Rosherville Gardens and 'ad a 'am tea . . . . ." Five minutes later all that remained was a crowd of sparrows on the kerb, cursing the confetti that has displaced the best Patna of our forefathers.

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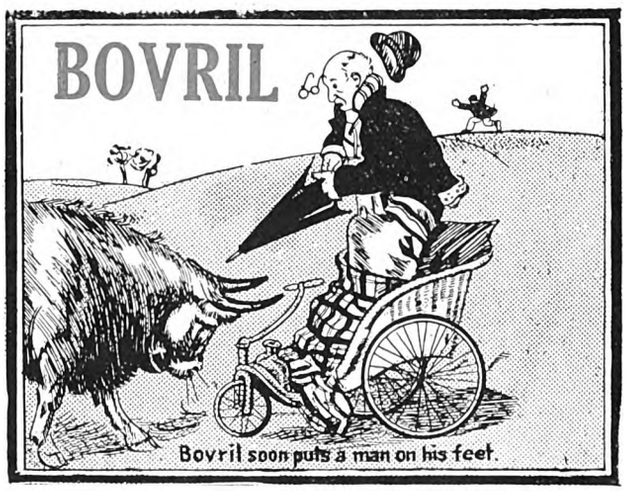

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A Johannesburg Wedding.

But to return to the wedding of Miss Alexander to Mr. Erin Landau, which was quite one of the prettiest I have ever been to. The reception was held in the Carlton Hotel and was attended by several hundred guests, showing the popularity of the young couple. The ceremony took place in the Wolmarans Street Synagogue, the Chief Rabbi, Dr. Landau, being assisted by the Rev. Mr. Lopati. Mr. and Mrs. Bernard Alexander, Mrs. Louis Landau and Mr. David Landau were the *unterführers*, as the parents of the bridegroom live in Dublin. Mr. Archie Landau was the best-man, and Messrs. David Alexander, Morris Danziger, Harry Lipman and B. S. Leon held the canopy poles. The bride looked very charming in a gown of ivory *marquisette* most beautifully embroidered in beads. It was cut on straight lines, and at one side a large white rose with silver tips was fastened. Her veil was worn over a silver head-dress and fell to her feet, forming a train. She carried a shower-bouquet. She was attended by two maids-of-honour, Miss Dorothy Feinhols, in a *chic* gold and rose gown with chinchilla fur at the edges and a silver rose with knot of silver ribbon on one shoulder, and on her hair a turban of silver tissue, and Miss Ena Alexander, her sister, who looked very pretty in pink taffetas with a *berthe* of silver laces and a Juliet cap of pink and silver roses. Miss Joyce Alexander, the flower-girl, in pink georgette, was accompanied by a page-boy, Dickie Alexander, in white. Mrs. Bernard Alexander wore a very *chic* gown of black and gold brocade, with long black fringes from one shoulder forming a flounce on the skirt. Her small black hat was turned up in front, and she carried a bouquet of red roses. Mrs. Louis Landau had on coral and gold French *crêpe* with clasps of *diamanté*. Mrs. M. Alexander came in a charming white georgette gown embroidered in crystals and stud jet beads. Mrs. Kallenback had on black *marocain* with Egyptian trimming. Mrs. J. Alexander came in white beaded in crystal and rose beads in narrow lines. Mrs. M. Alexander wore black with fine black laces forming the sleeves. The honeymoon is being spent at the Cape, the bride travelling in a smart suit of navy and fawn *bouclette* with a *cloche* hat.

MR. A. H. BAILE,

Conductor of the Australian Newcastle Steel Works Brass Band, winners of the Empire Brass Band Championship at Wembley Exhibition, who are beginning a short tour of South Africa at Cape Town this week. It is anticipated that the Band will play in Johannesburg about Christmas-time.

Two Amateur Productions.

There were two amateur productions last week—one at the Jewish Guild, when Mr. I. M. Goodman's play, "Sugarman the Shadchan," was preceded by "The Rest Cure," by Gertrude Jennings, and the other at the Standard Theatre, when "Brilliant Bubbles" was played in aid of the Navy League and the Lads' Hostels. A *Shadchan* (for those who do not know) is a matchmaker, and the part was very excellently played by Mr. Harold Miller. Mr. Goodman's play is very well written, and the only fault one could possibly find with it is that the lover is somewhat of a prig. The Misses Dollie Cohen, Ada Solomon (who took the part of the Cape girl very well indeed), Freda Gross and Blanche Beiles were the ladies of the cast, with, on alternate evenings I understood, Miss Lena Malk, and all did very well. Comedy seems to be Mr. Goodman's strong point and one looks forward with great pleasure to his next play. The production was in the hands of Mr. Alfred Feitelberg, whose name is by now a household word in those circles. Then we come to "Brilliant Bubbles," in which played the most wonderful children and tiny tots of three danced so well you wanted to hug them all. Space won't permit me to tell you of all the characters, but a big bouquet is certainly due to the charming *Titania* of Miss Cissie Smits, whose pupils they all were and who worked untiringly for the success of the show. The fairy characters were all excellent, and the pupils of Miss Elsie Purvis made very pretty Japanese girls and sang very well. Mr. H. J. Laite was the producer and is to be greatly complimented.

At the Carlton.

At the Carlton Hotel *souper dansant* there were "Brilliant Bubbles" everywhere. Each table was laden with brightly-hued balloons, and each table had a party of gaily-dressed women with their male attendants. Mr. Seals Wood was entertaining Mr. C. E. Tatlow, a director of Lever Bros., England, who has been paying South Africa a visit and who is, I believe, a brother of *our* Mr. Tatlow of the Railways and Harbours Publicity Department. Mrs. Seals Wood wore an elegant black gown. Mrs. Schramm,

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of Pretoria, came in a *chic toilette*, and Mrs. H. A. Barsdorf wore black embroidered in crystal beads. Mrs. Harry Weston had on a rose gown, and Miss Aileen Corseen and Miss Wentzel were also of the party, Miss Wentzel wearing a black gown with tiny georgette frills. Mrs. (Dr.) Trenn was very smart in green georgette with the new cape collar and an accordion-pleated apron-front with flowers on it. Mrs. Percy Sherwell was gowned in black accordion-pleated georgette edged with fur, and Mrs. Maurice Sherwell wore gold laces. Miss Atmore had on primrose and black with a wide twisted belt. Mrs. H. J. Laite wore a charming

MRS. B. ALEXANDER,

Who played a prominent part in the success achieved at a concert given by the Musical Art Section of the Johannesburg Jewish Guild in the Old Apollo Hall, Germiston, last week, on behalf of the Germiston and Georgetown Hebrew Congregation. The programme consisted of extracts from "Rip Van Winkle" and "A Chinese Honeymoon."

black gown with a design in blue and gold flowers. Miss A. C. Love had on a *chic* almond-green brocade with sleeves of georgette and a *bandeau* of green leaves on her hair. Miss Jackson was very sweet in maroon georgette embossed in velvet and edged in fur. Miss Preece wore a charming blue and silver taffetas with silver laces, and Mrs. Sheridan came in coral-pink with an apron-effect at the back edged with ostrich trimming in white tipped with coral. Mrs. Ted Marks came in a quaint gown of black *charmeuse* made on Chinese lines and embroidered most beautifully. Mrs. Harold Wallers wore a lovely grass-green gown inset with gold laces, and Mrs. Pocock had on an elegant black gown. Mrs. Nellmapius wore an old-gold gown sashed in gold, and Mrs. Bedell-Sivright came in a *chic* rose georgette. Miss Margaret Bateman wore a dainty white gown with a shoulder-knot of buttercups and cowslips. Mr. Johnny Jacobs and Mr. Jack Grieves were the life and soul of the orchestra and played many of the numbers revived again by the Veterans. And now I must stop for I want to tell you of Miss Renée Kelly and "The Chinese Puzzle."

CARRIE.

A GRACIOUS LADY.

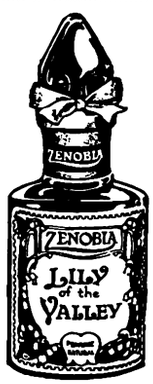
MISS RENEE KELLY TELLS HOW PLEASED SHE IS TO VISIT SOUTH AFRICA.

A line in an old play says: "For she was a gracious lady." Nothing could fit Miss Renée Kelly more aptly. What does she look like? I think the good fairies must have been invited to her christening, for one surely gave her her lovely tawny-coloured hair, another her large attractive eyes, a third her sunny smile, and yet a fourth that priceless gift of sympathy, of interest in what the next fellow is doing.

"I was so thrilled to come to your country!" she told me in the intervals of rehearsing. "It was in the Tube I met Mr. Lion and he told me he'd just been settling things to go to Africa. I said, 'Oh! how I'd love to see Africa!' and he just said, 'All right, come along' and I came. And I love it more every day. It does so remind me of California, and when we were driven round last Sunday I felt a wee bit homesick."

"I've heard all about your apron, Miss Kelly," I told her. "It is your mascot?"

"Of course," she replied with a sunny smile. "It does sound silly though, but I take it everywhere with me since I was in 'Daddy Long-Legs,' and I also have heaps of animal-doll mascots. They came up on deck with me every day on board-ship, and people were *so* amused! I got the first prize at the fancy-dress dance in one of my early-Victorian gowns. My favourite colour?"—with a charming pucker of her forehead—"Rose, oh, and mauve and yellow, and . . . all the pastel shades. At Home they call some gowns 'Renée Kelly' frocks, for I do love old-fashioned styles. I am very fond of clothes, as all women are, and sew a lot, and I am really surprised at your women



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here; they are quite as smart as those in London and the shops I have seen are quite up-to-date. I am going to celebrate the anniversary of my wedding-day here—November 21—and it is so nice to have my husband with me. I have a pet dog at home, such a dear; he's a fine actor and has been with me in two plays. And . . . I don't know what else I can tell you except that I *am* so happy to be here."

CARRIE.

"THE CHINESE PUZZLE."

BEAUTIFUL FROCKS AND WONDERFUL COSTUMES AND STAGE SETTINGS.

IT was a tense moment on which the curtain descended at His Majesty's Theatre on Monday evening, the *première* of "The Chinese Puzzle." A large audience had followed breathlessly the action of the play from beginning to end, and one felt that the parting words and actions of the old Chinese diplomat were almost more than one could bear, there was such a strained feeling in the air, such deadly silence. And then . . . the applause broke loose in its volume, curtain after curtain was taken, Miss Renée Kelly was almost lost under a mountain of flowers, of roses and carnations, basket after basket, and still Johannesburg applauded.

FIFTEEN "BRILLIANT BUBBLES" FROM JAPAN.

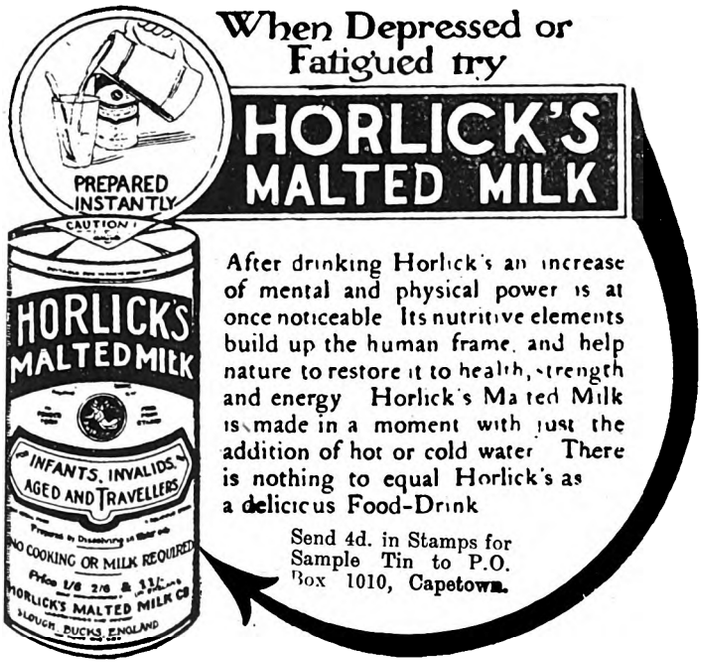
A group of Johannesburg girls who took part in "Brilliant Bubbles" at the Standard Theatre last week. They are pupils of Miiss Elsie Purvis, of the Conservatoire of Music.

Photo by O'Byrne.

"I am deeply grateful for the splendid, generous way in which you have received us," said Mr. Leon M. Lion. And Miss Kelly—well, she could only say "Thank you," but it meant worlds—one could see how the reception touched her.

We of Johannesburg may be critical, or hypercritical, as Mr. Lion said, but in that splendid performance we could find nothing to cavil at. Each minute detail was perfect, and the play was played by a wonderfully balanced cast. The gowns were very lovely, and one wanted to take a walk on the stage and look at the curios—such magnificent inlaid cabinets, such vases of the most delicate colours, draperies in the most magnificent shades entwined with gold thread, a life-size Buddha, carvings from the East! A cursory glance is not of the slightest use—you could spend hours there. For Mr. Lion is a collector and has shipped his *objets d'art* from England so that the setting on the stage at His Majesty's might be the same as the setting in London, and he must have been rewarded by the round of applause that greeted each set. The drop-curtain is magnificent—yellow ochre with large blue and gold dragons on it—and there were, among hundreds of other things, a marvellous pair of curtains in one act, of jade-green, with a deep frieze at the top, all scintillating colours, and on the jade large handsome butterflies.

But I must really tell you something of the frocks. Miss Renée Kelly is, as I told you, a fashion unto herself, and looks so fascinating and picturesque. First there was a straight-cut gown of pink with an overdress of fine laces, made with a low waist-line, piped with blue and falling in soft folds to just above the hem of the gown and opened down the front. And at the sleeve-holes and down the tunic-skirt and round the hem of the lace were bands of *ciel*-blue and rose ribbons. In front was a large pointed band of roses with a couple of blue ribbon ends, and for jewellery, just a necklace of turquoise. And now I find I must save the rest for next week.—CARRIE.



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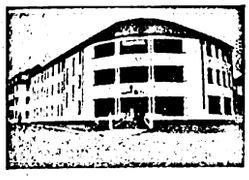

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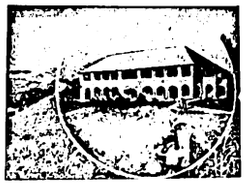

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GLOAMING'S GLORY.

New Record for a Colonial Stake-earner.

EPINARD'S "FAILURES."

By "ONLOOKER."

APART from holidays, the first Saturday in a month is the most favourable date from a club point of view for a race meeting. This was exemplified at the meeting at Auckland Park last Saturday (November 1). The attendance was the best drawn to the course since early in the year, and the totalisator turn-over reached over £14,000. Those present were provided with good fare. The competition was very keen in most of the events, and this brought about some thrilling finishes. In five of the races

A Head Only

separated the winner from the second, and no one could be sure as to the winner until the numbers were displayed. As usual there were disgruntled backers who cavilled at one or two of the judge's decisions. The cavilling was loudest when Lady Earlswood was given the award over Precept in the last race. Precept was a strong favourite, and had his jockey ridden him right out he would doubtless have prevailed. As it was, J. Brennan came out with a dash on Lady Earlswood and "pipped the favourite on the post." The man in the box made no mistake in the placings in this or the other events.

* * *

The finish for the chief event was not one of the close things. Back Answer won with a lot in hand, but Makein's gelding is not so much better than one or two of those he met as the result would imply. Back Answer started favourite for the race. Two of

The Other Winners

started at the shortest price: Elmo's Fire, who headed Antique at the end of six furlongs, and Wedding Ring, who took the fourth-division race, which was also over the "three-quarters" course. Several "hot-pots" were not only beaten, but beaten out of a place, and the ringmen should have had much the best of the dealings.

* * *

Far from coming up to expectations in last Saturday's big race at Cape Town, Flush of Dawn gave a very poor showing and was beaten a long way from home. The winner of the race, Musketeer Dan, did no good last season, but as a two-year-old was very much ahead of his contemporaries in the Peninsula. An attack of biliary fever laid

Musketeer Dan

aside for some considerable time, but he is now evidently quite himself again. For a colt of his credentials, the four-year-old son of Sir Daniel had a light weight, 7st. 6lbs., for Saturday's race, so it was no great achievement for him to win. He, however, pulled through with plenty to spare.

* * *

Narrow Gauge's race in the Metropolitan was in the nature of a trial for the Derby. Seeing that he beat all save the winner—and the winner was only allowing him 4lbs. for the difference of a year in age—the trial can be deemed

A Satisfactory One.

At all events, Narrow Gauge is to come to Turffontein. There is not much question as to Narrow Gauge being possessed of stamina, but he is not a big colt and the Derby impost, 8st. 12lbs., may be found burdensome for him.

* * *

As a rule the Cambridgeshire produces an exciting contest, and if the finish of this year's race, in which Twelve Pointer gained the verdict by a length, was not as close as in some recent years, the winner was probably all out when he passed the post. Twelve Pointer was

A Disappointing Runner

as a three-year-old, but this season, prior to last week, had registered some fine performances. The carrying of 8st. 12lbs. to victory in the Cambridgeshire stamps him as a sterling good horse over a middle distance. This is emphasised in that he beat Verdict (third), last year's winner, at evens, by two lengths; and that filly has proved herself one of the best in the land.

* * *

Spearfelt, third to Heroic and Nigger Minstrel, beaten two heads, in the Sydney Derby on October 4, landed the odds laid on him for

The Victorian Derby,

run last Saturday, by half-a-dozen lengths. Spearfelt, who is by a son of Spearmint, is regarded as a sound staying colt. With Heroic out of the way he should, all going well, win many races this season.

* * *

The great New Zealand-owned gelding Gloaming has fulfilled his mision, which was to eclipse Eurythmic as a stake-earner and take position as the horse to win the greatest amount in prize-money in the Australias. When he was last taken from New Zealand to Sydney the winnings of Gloaming were short of the then record-holder's by between £1,000 and £2,000. In his essays in September, at meetings preliminary to the big Spring gathering at Randwick, he was beaten a head over a mile and a quarter by Heroic, and in his second race was beaten a head at the end of a mile by Ballymena. These races were, of course, under weight-for-age conditions. Some people were disposed to think these defeats indicated that Gloaming was not as good as he once was. This notion would appear to be erroneous. There was really nothing between

The Old Warrior

and Heroic when the latter gained the verdict, and this fresh young three-year-old had been well-nigh invincible in his first season. And when the A.J.C. Derby-winner, Ballymena, was successful it was interference that cost Gloaming the race. After this, on the first day at Randwick, Gloaming won the rich weight-for-age Spring Stakes, one mile and a half. In previous years Gloaming had been twice second for this race, the distance for which is a little beyond his best course. The victory on October 4 would make his stake-earnings well ahead of those of Eurythmic, and the £40,000 mark is now well in sight for him. It has taken Gloaming a long time to get to the top of the tree, for he is now nine years old. His record is truly wonderful. The Spring Stakes win was his 50th success in 60 outings. He fell at the start of one race, and that was the only occasion when he failed to get a place.

* * *

The triumphs of Gloaming are in a more especial degree the triumphs of his trainer, R. J. Mason. It is altogether fitting that the *doyen* of Colonial winners should be the one to claim the preparation of the horse that had

Won the Greatest Amount

in stakes. Mason is as well known in Australia as in New Zealand. No more genuine tribute could be paid to the estimation in which he is held by his fellow-trainers than the way he was once summed up to the writer by Richard

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Wootton: "We take off our hats to Dick Mason." There is probably no trainer the world over who has turned out so many successes as R. J. Mason.

* * *

Gloaming's earnings in stakes will probably stand as a record for many years. Yet in these days the prize-money is so colossal in Australia that it would be unwise to make such a prediction. Had he not been ruled out in connection with the Purser disqualification, Heroic was in a fair way of being included among the very big stake-earners before even the end of his three-year-old career. The colt annexed over £17,000 in prize-money as a two-year-old. After getting the better of Gloaming, Heroic won

The Sydney Derby.

In this classic he only beat the New Zealander Nigger Minstrel by a head, but that was all sufficient to add some £7,000 to his earnings, and this was supplemented by his taking the valuable Caulfield Guineas. Heroic would have had no Nigger Minstrel to oppose him in the Victorian Derby: that race looked good for him. But Heroic has to rest on his laurels. Success in the classic at Flemington with his three other wins this season would have made his total earnings over £30,000, which is more than Carbine accumulated in all his races.

* * *

It transpires that Epinard did not have fair play in his races in America; in the first two of them at all events. The report in *The New York Herald-Tribune* on the second race has it: "It was not Epinard's fault that he did not redeem himself for his defeat at the hoofs of Wise Counsellor in the first special of six furlongs at Belmont Park last Labour Day. Wise Counsellor beat him then, and Wise Counsellor beat him yesterday. On Labour Day, Wise Counsellor had come around the field to victory after Zev, with Laverne Fator up, had piled the invader up on the fence as the leaders swung round the turn into the stretch. For Ladkin yesterday afternoon Wise Counsellor

Returned the Compliment

that had been his in the earlier race. Just outside the first quarter Wise Counsellor cut off and herded in the French horse so that Everett Haynes had to take up sharply to avoid possible calamity. The check knocked Epinard off his stride, beside costing many valuable lengths. Meanwhile Ladkin, which had the speed to shake off the outsiders, rushed up on the outside of these two and took command. Steve O'Donnell had the leg up on Wise Counsellor. It was he who was directly responsible for a sad reflection on American sportsmanship." O'Donnell was called before the stewards, but whether he was punished or not did not transpire.

* * *

Competent critics consider the French colt pounds ahead of any American horse. Had Epinard only to take on a single opponent—and that was the idea when the colt was taken across the Atlantic—there is little doubt he would have been triumphant.

* * *

Racing this Saturday is at Benoni. Selections:

12.30 p.m.—Galloway Handicap, "A," 1 mile.
Myers' selected 1, Lettie 2, Mifanwy 3.

1.5 p.m.—Maiden Handicap, 7 furlongs.
Simpson's selected 1, King's Pet 2, Contempt 3.

1.45 p.m.—Boksburg Handicap, "C," 7 furlongs.
Permintor 1, Smithy 2, Wold 3.

2.25 p.m.—Galloway Handicap, "B," 6 furlongs.
Royal Dawn 1, Edelgeboran 2, Little Sunshine 3.

3.5 p.m.—Boksburg Handicap, "A," 9 furlongs.
Lady Daniel 1, Back Answer 2, Crumpet 3.

3.45 p.m.—Boksburg Handicap, "B," 1¼ miles.
Father Christmas 1, Butt's selected 2, Blue Dye 3.

4.25 p.m.—Boksburg Handicap, "D," 6 furlongs.
Fiction 1, Woodland 2, The Pick 3.

5.5 p.m.—Galloway Handicap, "C," 5 furlongs.
Hood 1, Hussy 2, Sybil M., 3.

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8 RACES 8

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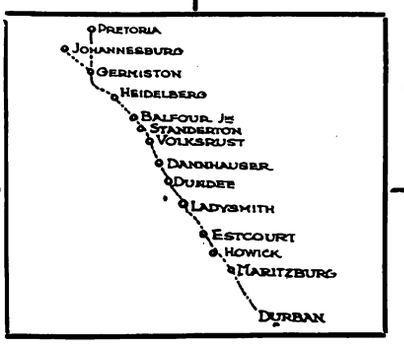

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Opera House, Cape Town.—Till November 14: Thurston Hall and Company in "Bluebeard's Eighth Wife."

Empire, Johannesburg.—Teddy Stream, Les Trombettas, Mewse and Singer, J. H. Scotland, Les Rogers, Theda Sisters, Mello and Nello, Moore and Stewart.

His Majesty's, Johannesburg.—Leon M. Lion and Renée Kelly in "The Chinese Puzzle."

Orpheum, Johannesburg.—Jen Latona, The Original Dewars.

Grand, Pretoria.—The Birchalls, Les Uniques.

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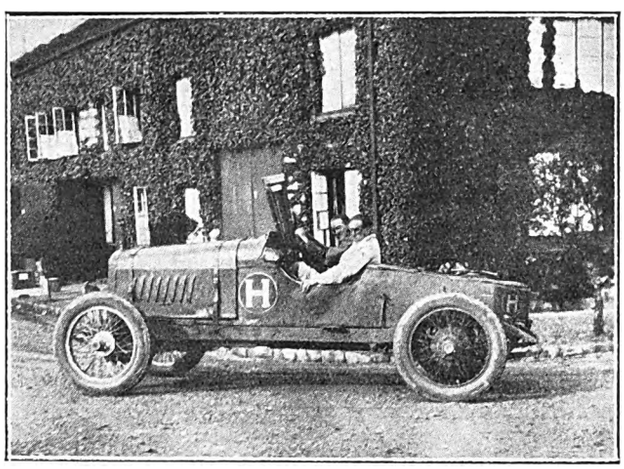
MOTORING AND MOTOR-CYCLING.

By "WIRE WHEEL."

Christmas Motor Outing for Poor Children.

At the last meeting of the General Committee of the Rand Motor-cycling Club it was unanimously decided that a Christmas motor outing should be given to the poor children whom the Rand Aid Society have under their wing. In the course of a few days members of the club will receive their notices requesting them to reserve Sunday, December 28, for the purpose of transporting the children to the Victoria Lake (Germiston), where sports will be held and Christmas fare distributed. Members who own cars are also asked to remember the date, and I have been asked to appeal to all motorists (car and cycle) to lend their aid and vehicles on the date mentioned. As many as can do so are kindly requested to communicate with the Hon. Secretary, R.M.C.C. (Mr. J. W. F. Hoffmann), P. O. Box 4976, Johannesburg, as early as possible, and so enable the organisation of the transport to be fixed. The more vehicles there are, the more children can be taken, and it is the earnest desire of the club that not one poor child shall be left out of the Christmas Cheer festivities. A special appeal is made to all motorists to assist in this worthy object. Will you?



OFF TO THE SCENE OF DISASTER.

Mr. H. P. Rose at the wheel of his racing Hupp, with a cameraman of the African Film Productions, Ltd., whom he rushed to the scene of the train-wreck at Fo[illegible], fifty miles from Johannesburg, in less than an hour. The car is shown at the scene of the smash on another page in this issue. In this photograph it is shown about to leave the studios of the African Film Productions, Ltd., at Killarney, Johannesburg.

Photo by African Film Productions, Ltd.

Successful Hill Climb.

Last Sunday the Pretoria Motor Club ran off one of the most successful hill-climb competitions ever staged on the well-known Zilakat's Nek course, some 20 miles from Pretoria. Intense interest had been created by the announcement that many new cars and famous drivers would take part, and the large gathering of motorists testified to the popularity of the event. Mr. T. B. Adair and Mr. H. P. Rose, both record-breakers over South African roads, were seen in competition for the first time for many years. Mr. Dave Owen, another record-holder (Chevrolet) was also present, but took part only as a mechanic observer, and Mr. H. Widdowson, of Maxwell fame, was there. Cars with famous names and doughty deeds to their credit were assembled—Mr. Adair's Vauxhall, Mr. H. P. Rose's Hupp, Ansaldo, Maxwell, Buick and Essex cars being among the entries. The newcomers included the famous Chrysler "Six," the Baby Austin, the Salmson and the Citroën. The Chrysler created a vast amount of interest, and during the day it was critically examined by the crowd. When it was put through its paces, one realised that the reports which have been circulated about this newcomer were not exaggerated. In strict touring trim and with scarcely 500 miles under her wheels, which were fitted with balloon tyres, the Chrysler with her load romped up the gradient in 53 seconds—the second fastest time of the day. This conclusively proved that balloon tyres have not the slowing effect which opinion favours. The car was admirably handled by Mr. A. Kay. The most outstanding performance, however, was that made by the Baby Austin "7." This little mite transported 1,130 lbs over the half-mile climb in 1 minute, 10 2/5th seconds, driven by Mr. Rex Evans. There were two classes—for cars up to 1,500 c.c. and over 1,500 c.c. Twenty-four entries were received in the latter class and seven in the former. Mr. T. B. ("Paddy") Adair made fastest time, beating the gradient on the Vauxhall in 47 seconds. The results will not be known until after these notes have gone to press.

South African T. T. Races.

Mortor-cyclists are reminded that the venue for the 1925 South African Tourists Trophy races is Port Elizabeth, and the dates, January 1 and 2, 1925. Even though the majority may not enter for these races, any motor-cyclist who is thinking of taking a holiday over Christmas and the New Year could not do better than make for Port Elizabeth. Cars and motor-cycles bearing Transvaal numbers would lend additional interest if seen out on the Kragga Kama course. It has been suggested that a party of motor-cyclists should make up a team to travel down to Port Elizabeth. No doubt, if this happens, the powers that be may feel disposed to grant special facilities for the machines travelling with the party. The idea appeals, and if it could be arranged it would materially assist the M.C.U.S.A. and the promoting club (Eastern Province M.C.C.) and moral support from a distance would be greatly appreciated. Last year the same club ran the first S.A. T.T. races.

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STAGE & CINEMA.

VOL. XIX. No. 485.] SATURDAY, NOVEMBER 15TH, 1924. (Registered at G.P.O. as a Newspaper.) PRICE 6D.

"YOUTH" SAYS FAREWELL TO "LOVE."

In "Experience," a Paramount photoplay to be screened at the Johannesburg Orpheum next week, Richard Barthelmess and Marjorie Daw (shown here) appear respectively as Youth *and* Love. Youth *goes to the city at the behest of* Ambition. *There he encounters* Pleasure, *who introduces him to* Beauty, Wealth, Fashion *and* Temptation. *(Lillian Tashman as* Pleasure *and Nita Naldi as* Temptation *are shown on page 9.) Finally* Youth *finds* Experience *with whom he returns to* Love.

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JAZZING ROUND THE WORLD.

By JENKYN.

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CALCUTTA.

THE Anglo-Indian manages to get a bit of fun out of life, even in Calcutta in the hot weather, as the following letter to a lady will amply testify:

Form of Acceptance of Invitation No. 123,456,789, B.¾, H.12, B.F.

5, Clive Row, Calcutta
(If out, try Bristol Grill Bar).

Cecil H. Moss (a) accepts with eagerness and avidity
(b) rejects with scorn
(c) respectfully declines the kindly invitation of Mrs. Smith to (a) Dinner
(b) Tiffin
(c) Mixed Bathing on Sunday.
(d) Walk in Park
(e) Roll on Grass

He will bring his (a) Uncle
(b) Aunt
(c) Wife
(d) Spare parts
(e) Little boy with him and trusts that the occasion will, as anticipated, abound with (a) Enjoyment.
(b) Good fellowship.
(c) Fried Hilse.
(d) Asparagus.
(e) Booze.
(f) Love. He begs to assure Mrs. Smith that she is the most adorable being (a) in Alipore,
(b) in Calcutta,
(c) in Durrumtolla,
(d) on earth,
(e) available,

and to tender his escort and company, should she at any time contemplate taking (a) a walk in the country.
(b) poison.
(c) another husband.
(d) a short holiday in Mussorie.
(e) to drink.

He will wear (a) Shorts and shirt,
(b) Gent's S.B. lounge,
(c) Morning-coat,
(d) Evening dress,
(e) Reg. bathing 2-pce. suiting,
(f) Pyjama top, and will leave (a) at hmp. p.m.
(b) when fed up.
(c) when intoxicated.

Strike out sentences when inapplicable.
S.R.O.D. (subject to return of *dhoby*.)

It was the day after the first of the big Labour riots in Johannesburg, and I was walking with Leonard Rayne around the parts where most of the trouble had occurred. We gazed, fascinated, at the blood stains on the pavement, which had become a rusty brick-red by exposure to the light. Stroll with me down Chowringee, Calcutta, and

You Will Think There Has Been a Revolution,

with fearful bloodshed, for the broad pavement is spattered all over with just such stains. You will be wrong. The apparent "gouts of blood"—as the descriptive writer loves to phrase it—are just salivated essence of betel-nut, expectorated by the coloured proletariat of these parts. Truly, the Hindus are the *spittingest* people in the world.

* * *

I was talking to two young friends of mine this evening about the difficulty of getting "copy" in Calcutta that would be suitable to South African readers, and one of them said: "We can take you to lots of places where you can get good 'copy.'" I said, "Yes! but I don't want the ordinary tourist-journalist stuff—I want 'copy' with colour in it." One of them replied, "Oh! we'll guarantee the 'colour'—and the 'atmosphere' too!" But withal life in Calcutta is never acually dull—even in the hot weather. Our mosquitoes are always with us—and

The Calcutta Mosquito has Bulging Eyes,

and a long drooping moustache like *Old Bill*, and he eats you in the daytime as well as at night. Also, we have our prickly heat, and our *dhoby* itch—a pretty thing, this—and our dengue, and over thirty-five other varieties of Calcutta fever. On my table as I write I am flanked by one tin Zambuk, one pot Ek-dum, one bot. lotion (poison), another bot. lotion (poison), one tin talcum powder, one tin carbolic soap, one bot. citronella, one nondescript bot. (to be shaken), one pot zinc ointment, one bot. corn-solvent, one tin shaving soap, one packet safety-blades—post-War quality, very poor—and a few other nondescript items. Is it any wonder that, not only in Calcutta but throughout India, the chemists all make fortunes!

* * *

The servants in an Indian hotel are not unworthy of a certain amount of study. There seem to be, in this place at any rate, hundreds of them, all very busy doing very little. First in importance come the small army of bearers and *khitmutgars*; headed by an elderly butler. One of these afforded me some amusement. After I had been at the Grand Hotel about a month, I suddenly decided to shift to another table. At the end of the first week in my new position, it struck me that I had not, so far, tipped the waiter. So, forgetting that this was a new man, I

Gave Him a Couple of Chips

—a little more than half-a-crown. Now in the off-season most of the guests are residents *en pension* who are naturally not over lavish with *bakshcesh*; and this man evidently mistook me for Henry Ford. He literally ran to serve me. He leapt at me, rearranged the table service, put my table-napkin on my lap, hovered round ready with the next course before its predecessor was finished, and behaved generally like a faithful dog welcoming an adored master. In fact he almost wagged his tail. Came the following Saturday—and no tip. His enthusiasm didn't wane; it simply flopped; and now that he understands that he gets a weekly chip and no more, he has carefully graded his service to that standard.

* * *

My dining-room bearer brings my food only. Water is supplied by the *pani-wallah*, whose sole duty it is to keep the glasses replenished with refreshing ice-water. He gets no tip at present, but will be well on the mat when we leave. As I have, personally, no private servant, I have to depend on the room-bearer. He is round, short person,

Like a Barrel With a Moustache.

His duties are to make the beds and clean the boots, and as we don't go out much the latter job is practically a sinecure; but he religiously appears at the same hour each

(Continued on page 16.)

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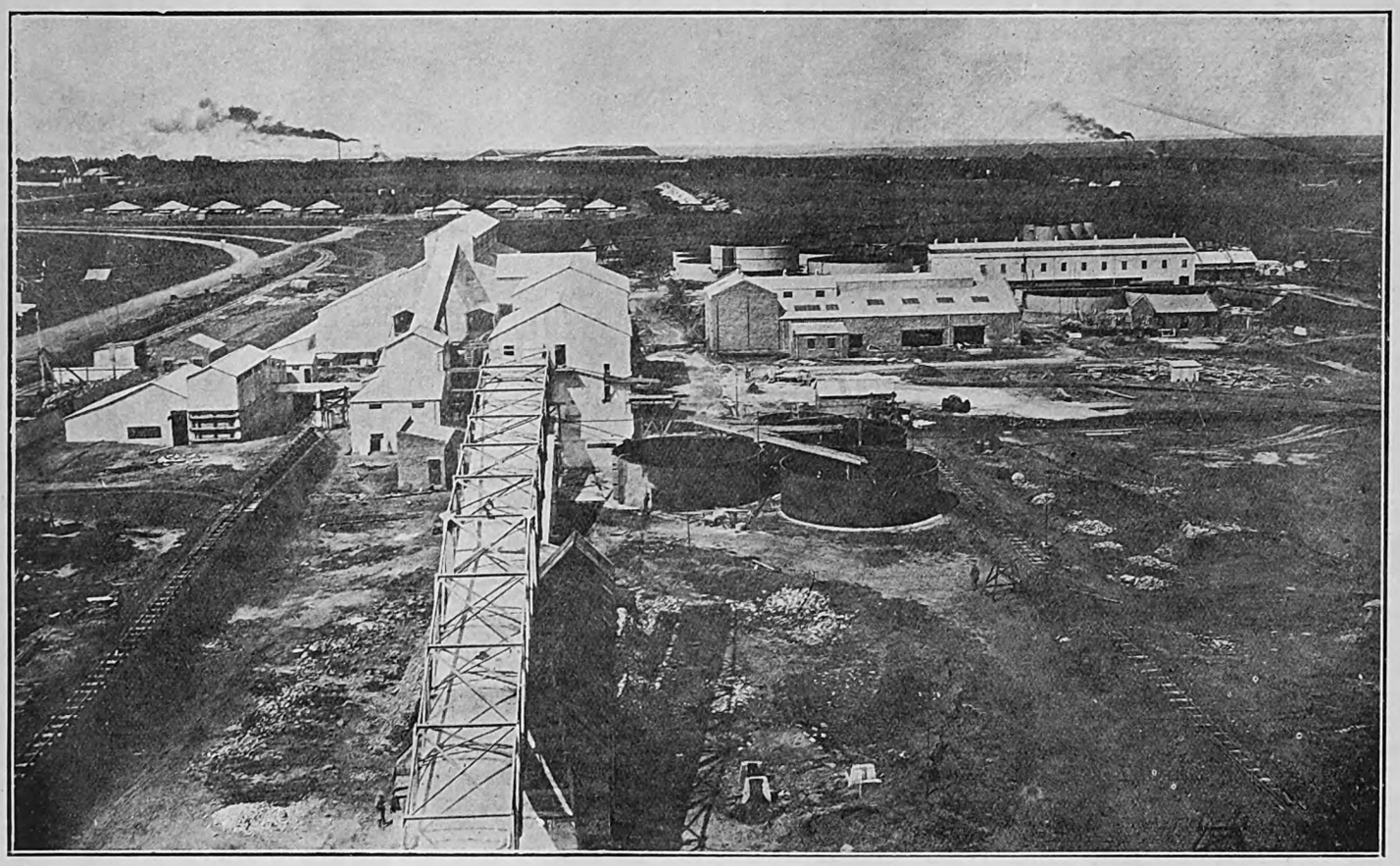
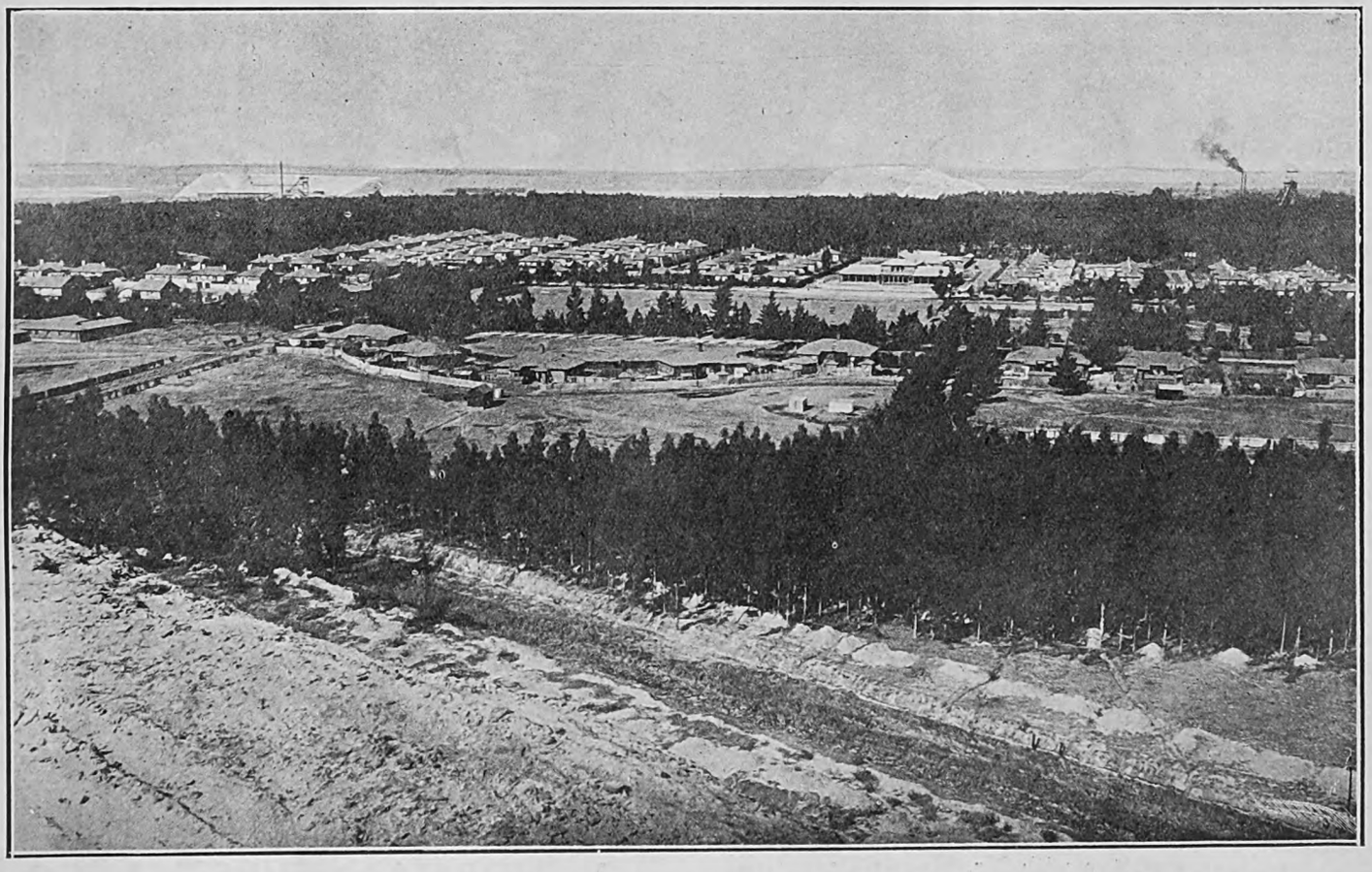
OPENING UP THE WORLD'S RICHEST MINES.



DEVELOPMENT ON THE GREAT EAST RAND: THE WEST SPRINGS GOLD MINE AS IT IS TO-DAY.



WHERE MODEL VILLAGES GROW LIKE MUSHROOMS: THE NEW MODDERFONTEIN GOLD MINE.

Photos by G. A. Watson.

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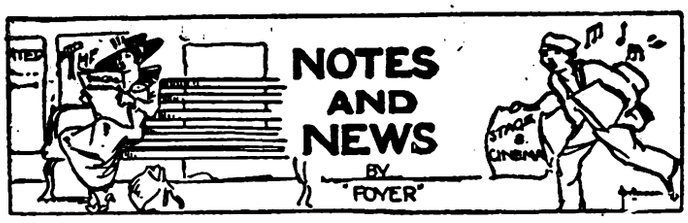

A Lunatic at Large.

Since she last visited South Africa in 1912, Miss Ethel Ramsay, of the Leon M. Lion and Renée Kelly company, who is playing *Mrs. Melsham*, the adventuress, in "The Chinese Puzzle" at His Majesty's Theatre, Johannesburg, has met with a number of tellable experiences, but none quite so strange as that which befell her in this country. With some fellow-members of her company—she was with the late Charles Howitt—she was taken motoring one day by a man whose strange conduct caused enquiries, which led to his subsequent identification as a criminal lunatic who had served sentences for being in possesion of stolen motor-cars. His avowed delight in giving others a "good time" ended in him "doing time."

Minus Her Costume.

During a recent tour of the south coast of England, Miss Ramsay, who is an expert swimmer, went swimming off the coast from a small boat. When far out, she found that the boat had dragged its anchor, and, failing in her attempts to climb back into the drifting boat, she was finally forced to abandon it and to swim for the shore. It took her an hour and a quarter to reach dry land, which she did amid great public excitement (not unnatural in the circumstances) minus her swimming-costume!

No Stropping.

Once, while she was playing in a blood-and-thunder melodrama, the hero rushed up to Miss Ramsay at the crucial moment and completely convulsed everyone on the stage as well as in the audience by exclaiming, "*Rosa*, I have come to *shave* you!" "His name, however, was *not* William Gillette!" added Miss Ramsay, with quiet Scottish humour.

Back Again.

Upon returning to England from South Africa with the Horace Hodges company early in 1922, Miss Margaret Damer (who is now back again, playing *Lady de la Haye* in "The Chinese Puzzle" with Mr. Leon M. Lion and Miss Renée Kelly) rejoined Matheson Lang to play *Encarnacion* in what was then Mr. Lang's latest success at the New Theatre, London, "Blood and Sand." After visiting the principal towns with him, she took up her original part in the revival of "Carnival" at the New Theatre, London. This was followed by the creation of *Dolly Vane* in Beatrice Kelston's comedy, "Love in a Mist," and later she created the part of *Monna Lafa* in Phyllis Neilson-Terry's big spring production, "Stigmata."

The Producing Side.

In private life Miss Damer is the wife of Mr. Jackson Wilcox, who was also here with Mr. Horace Hodges and who has returned with Mr. Leon M. Lion and Miss Renée Kelly. While he was out here with Mr. Hodges he produced "Grumpy," "Skittles" and "Lightnin'" and appeared as *Ruddock* in "Grumpy" and as *Rodney Harper* in "Lightnin'." He is now stage-director for Mr. Lion and is playing *Sir Aylmer Brent* in "The Chinese Puzzle." Upon returning to England with Mr. Hodges, Mr. Wilcox produced for the Lena Ashwell Players in London, and afterwards added another pantomime to his record at Portsmouth. Since then he has been with Sir Frank Benson looking after the business side of things as general manager and subsequently taking over the stage direction and reorganising the settings of Sir Frank's extensive *répertoire*, which he increased by fresh productions of "The Tempest," "A Midsummer Night's Dream," "Richard II.," "She Stoops to Conquer" and "The School for Scandal." Mr. and Mrs. Wilcox and Miss Ramsay are the only English members of the Leon M. Lion and Renée Kelly company who have been to South Africa before.

MR. AMBROSE FLOWER,

Of the Leon M. Lion and Renée Kelly Company, whose playing of the part of *Armand de Rochecorbon* is one of the features of "The Chinese Puzzle" at His Majesty's Theatre, Johannesburg.

"Too Refained."

A London writer on theatrical topics, after enunciating the truism that an actor's first duty is to be audible, declares there is something as irritating as being inaudible, and that is the habit some of our younger actors have acquired of speaking in tones so terrifyingly refined that the poor English language is twisted almost out of recognition. It is all, he thinks, part of an anxiety so excessive to impress on everybody the fact that they are gentlemen that they forget that their job is to be actors. If a man has naturally that particular accent known in the profession, aptly if vulgarly, as "county," the best thing he can do is to rid himself of it, unless he intends to play only what used to be known as "dude" parts. If (what is far more common) he laboriously adopts it under the mistaken idea that it is the correct thing, it is up to the producer to tell him not to be such an ass, and to threaten the sack for a continuation of the offence. Our best actors speak neither vulgarly nor affectedly. Henry Ainley, Gerald du Maurier, and Seymour Hicks, for instance, are perfectly natural in their intonation. It is quite possible to steer a middle course between the (supposed) Brigade of Guards speech and the "gor-blimey," and the man who is a true artist (and, incidentally, a gentleman) doesn't have to worry about steering a course at all.

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HIS MAJESTY'S: LEON M. LION AND RENEE KELLY IN "THE CHINESE PUZZLE."

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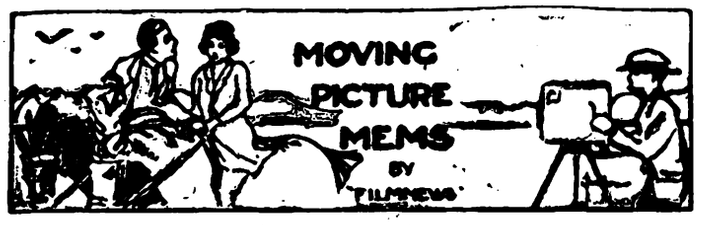

A Hollywood Romance.

Miss Edna Purviance, the woman star in many Chaplin films, has been secretly married at Denver, Colorado, to Mr. Courtland Dines, the oil millionaire. The wedding is a sequel to the shooting of Mr. Dines in his flat at Hollywood, on New Year's night, when Miss Purviance and Miss Mabel Normand were present. Horace Greer, Miss Normand's *chauffeur*, was acquitted of the charge of assault with intent to murder. At the time of the shooting it was reported that Miss Purviance and Mr. Dines were engaged.

Valentino's First Wife.

Mrs. Jean Acker Valentino, the first wife of Rudolph Valentino, who is paying her first visit to Paris, and will leave for London to take up film work in a few weeks' time, has applied for first citizenship papers in America on account of passport difficulties she experienced on leaving New York. She states that she was born in Trenton, New Jersey, in 1896, but when she married Mr. Valentino she became an Italian under American law. "I am a woman without a country at present," she told an interviewer, "as when we were divorced I did not regain my American citizenship. As the matter now stands I am technically an Italian, but under Italian law I lost my Italian citizenship in that country when the divorce was granted." Speaking of former husbands, Mrs. Valentino said she was not averse from marrying again. "I am quite ready to marry provided the right man comes along," she said, "but he must be the right one. Of course, there is only one qualification—we must love each other."

"THIS LITTLE PIG WENT TO MARKET!"

Florence Vidor as *Judith Beresford* and a very young cinema hero in "Hail the Woman!" a First National photoplay which will be shown at the Johannesburg Bijou next week.

A Naval Epic.

"Zeebrugge," an authentic screen-reconstruction of "the only completely successful blockship operation in history," was presented in mail-week at the Marble Arch Pavilion, in place of the ordinary programme. The "silent" service attended in force (writes the cinema correspondent of *The Daily Express*) to see its official *début* on the silent screen. Vice-Admiral Sir Roger Keyes, who commanded the expedition, and Captain A. F. B. Carpenter, V.C., of the *Vindictive*, were there, in addition to Sergeant Finch, V.C., who was in the foretop of the vessel when it was shattered by a shell, and struggled out of the shambles to fight his gun single-handed. There was the actual gun for the audience to see. All the principal "Victoria Cross" episodes have been reproduced, under Admiralty supervision, with exact fidelity. The splendid reticence and dignity of the film emphasise rather than conceal the devoted courage of those who were awarded the distinction by the vote of the survivors. The heroes thus "featured," much against their will, include Lieutenant Sandford, who exploded a submarine loaded with dynamite under the Mole viaduct, and Lieutenant Deane, who rescued 101 of the blockship crews in a launch constructed to carry 40.

Posthumous V.C.'s.

There are also three posthumous V.C.'s, Lieut.-Commander Harrison and Captain Bamford, who were killed as they led a charge of seamen and marines, and Lieut.-Commander Bradford, who was killed while attempting to attach the ferry-boat *Iris* to the Mole, immediately after he had seen Lieutenant Hawkins killed in trying to do the same thing. The story becomes an epic of heroism, in which one episode caps another in sublime exaltation. Danger is a jest throughout, but a dignified jest. It peeps out in a reminder from the Admiral of the Fleet that the occasion is the eve of St. George's Day, and an answering Nelsonian promise from the Fleet to "give the dragon's tail a damned good twist." The jest turns up again when the surplus crews, who should have withdrawn after working the blockship across, cannot be found on board, and go into action after all!

An Immortal Film.

Pictures of peaceful Bruges before the War are contrasted with the shattering hell of the Mole bombardment, but the dramatic peak of this wonderful story is the series of films captured from a submarine, on its way to America, which show the destruction and sinking of a number of British merchant vessels. These are heartrending in their terriffic realism. The apt comment on them is supplied by an infuriated British skipper, set adrift in a small boat, who threatens the commander of the submarine as he drifts past; but, alas for the silent screen! his remarks cannot be heard. "Zebrugge," produced by Mr. H. Bruce Woolfe and Mr. A. V. Bramble, on behalf of the New Era Company, is truly an immortal film, the greatest treasure which cinematography has yet contributed to our national history.

Films That Dim Stars.

Are our screen stars becoming dimmed? A leading London exhibitor asserts that, apart from Chaplin and a few other front-rank artists, the only players who still retain a marked personal following at his house are Gloria Swanson, Pola Negri and Thomas Meighan. The author and even the producer are taking the place of the star in public interest, he declares, the reason being that well-known players have too often been exploited in indifferent pictures. "It takes three good films to reinstate a star who has appeared in a failure."

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BIJOU, MONDAY: FLORENCE VIDOR AND THEODORE ROBERTS IN "HAIL THE WOMAN!"

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Pritchard Benefit Concert.

As was expected, the musical community of the Rand seems unanimously of the opinion that the Benefit Concert to Mr. Robert A. Pritchard will be a tribute that is richly deserved. The committee has already received a number of letters from prominent musicians offering their heartiest support, and all agree that the work done by the Musical Director of the Johannesburg Musical Society merits every possible recognition. The nature of the position which Mr. Pritchard has occupied with such conspicuous success for the past five years imposes upon the occupier certain responsibilities, among them that of programme arrangements and the selection of artists. In this respect Mr. Pritchard has gained the esteem of a wide circle of executive musicians. His programmes have been models of effective arrangement and musical discrimination. His work in this direction is by no means a negligible factor in the health influence which the Society exercises over musical activity in Johannesburg. Two performances have been arranged, for the evenings of Tuesday and Wednesday, December 2 and 3, in the concert hall of the Conservatoire of Music, Catherine Avenue, Hillbrow. It is hoped that the financial result will be a fitting recognition of Mr. Pritchard's services to the cause of local music.

Miss Burchmore's Recital.

A finely-selected programme of vocal music will be presented by Miss Noël Burchmore at her vocal recital in the Grand National Hotel on Thursday evening, November 20. Miss Burchmore, who comes from Mr. Burns-Walker's Studio, will sing some old English Songs, Haydn's "My Mother Bids me Bind my Hair," an *aria* by Gomez, "*C'era una volta un princep,*" two Schubert *Lieder*, "*Wohin,*" and "*Du bist die Ruh,*" Grieg's "*Ein Schwan,*" Tauberh's "*In der Marznacht,*" Meyerbeer's *Aria* "*O Vago Suol della Turrena,*" Sapio's "Spring," Offenbach's "Thou Art Flown" from "The Tales of Hoffman," and the "Gavotte" from Massenet's "Manon." There is nothing hackneyed in this programme, nor is there in the selections of Mrs. G. H. Beatty, who will assist Miss Burchmore as solo-pianist. Mrs. Beatty will play Paderewski's "*Theme Varie*" in A, Three Studies by Roger Quilter and Dohnanyi's Fourth *Rhapsodic*. The vocal accompaniments will be played by Mr. Burns-Walker.

Musical Society.

The committee of the Musical Society has arranged a programme of Chamber music for the concert on Tuesday evening, November 18, in the Selborne Hall. The artists will be Miss Nancy Aiken, Mrs. J. Meiring, Mrs. H. Durell and Mrs. Harold Ketelby, and included in the programme are Beethoven's Quartet in E flat, *op.* 16, Frank Bridge's Phantasy for piano, violin, viola and 'cello, and Brahm's Quartet in G minor, *op.* 25. In addition to these, Miss Aiken will be responsible for the first local performance of the first part of B. J. Dale's pianoforte Sonata in D minor. The programme for the concert on Friday, December 5, will include Mozart's Quartet for Flute and Strings and Beethoven's Trio for Flute, Violin and Viola, the artists being Mrs. H. Durell, Mrs. J. Meiring, Mrs. Weyhausen, Miss Violet Rowland, Miss Margaret Schoen and Professor P. R. Kirby.

The Smallest Record.

The smallest gramophone record in existence has just been produced by His Master's Voice Company. The disc measures less than 1½ inches in diameter. It is a perfect record of the National Anthem, and is complete in its jacket. It was manufactured for the Queen's Doll's House, and is said to be as accurate in detail as is everything else that appertains to that famous mansion.

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The grounds, 35 acres in extent, take the form of a lovely natural park, and lend themselves to all the usual outdoor amusements: Tennis, Croquet, Shooting, etc.

Boating here is excellent, and the resort is specially noted for fishing and safe surf bathing.

A Golf Course is in course of construction, and guests may be fully assured of every comfort, attention and amusement being provided for them.

A Record Festival.

At the recent musical festival, held in Blackpool, the entries for the various competitions represented nearly nine thousand competitors. During the festival week one hundred and sixty-four choirs were heard, and among the twenty-one adjudicators were Plunkett Greene, Harvey Grace, Hamilton Harty, Julius Harrison, Irene Scharrer and Sir Richard Terry. In the Blackpool syllabus you can find the names of sixty-three composers and the titles of one hundred and three test pieces. There were competitions for folk-dancing, for orchestras, for string quartets; competitions for vocal solos, duets, trios, quartets, quintets; for choirs of male voices, choirs of female voices, of mixed voices; for church choirs and children's choirs; for piano-playing—four hundred and thirteen soloists of all classes entered—violin-playing, and for certain wind instruments. In the operatic section there were two hundred and twenty-seven competitors, and thirty teams competed in the folk-dancing section. For the Rose Bowl four hundred and thirty-seven singers competed (including one hundred and twenty-one contraltos). One hundred and fifteen competitors came forward to compete for the Festival Scholarship, worth £150 a year for three years. This scholarship is open to all vocal and instrumental soloists over eighteen years of age and under twenty-five, and the recipient of the scholarship need not necessarily be a prize-winner at the festival.

Miss Isobel McLaren.

At a recent recital given in the Æolian Hall, London, Miss Isobel McLaren presented a programme which included songs by Wolff, Brahms, Liszt, Massenet and Borodine.

Sousa's 70th Birthday.

Sousa, the famous conductor of a famous band, celebrated his seventieth birthday on November 6. Many in this country will remember Sousa and his band, and the extraordinary precision and rhythmic vitality of the band's playing. Sousa's marches, as played by himself, were always something to be remembered for the qualities mentioned.

A PORTRAIT BY JANE PLOTZ IS GOOD. ART STUDIOS, THRUPP'S BUILDINGS.

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In the Bright Lights.

HIS MAJESTY'S THEATRE.

PLAYGOERS CHOOSE FOR THEMSELVES: "THE MASK AND THE FACE" AND "OUTWARD BOUND."

FOR the first time in the history of the South African stage Johannesburg playgoers have been asked by a visiting actor-manager what play they would like him to put on next; and Mr. Leon M. Lion has announced that "as the greatest demand seems to be for 'The Mask and the Face' and 'Outward Bound,'" he is going to make up his mind this week which of those two plays shall follow "The Chinese Puzzle."

The wishes of playgoers were expressed in the form of letters to *The Rand Daily Mail*, which opened its columns to a correspondence on the subject. Among the plays asked for were: "St. Joan," "Outward Bound," "The Mask and the Face," "Windows," "Tiger Cats," "The Silver Box," "Justice," "The Devil's Disciple" and "Daddy Long-Legs."

It had previously been announced that Mr. Lion would, in all probability, do "Outward Bound" in South Africa, so that, for immediate requirements, it remained for him only to choose one other play from amongst those asked for. The case for "The Mask and the Face" was strongly put by several correspondents. One of them thought it "extremely doubtful whether Bernard Shaw's plays would appeal to more than (at a generous estimate) 20 per cent. of the playgoers of Johannesburg; and the playgoers of Johannesburg (I am not speaking of picture-goers) are themselves only a comparatively small percentage of the total population.

"Among recent London successes (the letter proceeded) is a play called 'The Mask and the Face'—an adaptation from the Italian of C. B. Fernald. It was first staged at the Everyman Theatre, Hampstead, last February, and it promised so well there that in May it was given a West-end production at the Criterion (where, I believe it is still running). Now, I have read 'The Mask and the Face,' and, so far as a person unskilled in such matters may judge, it seems to me to be just the play, not only for all classes of playgoer in Johannesburg, but just the play for Mr. Leon M. Lion and his company to perform. (I mean by this that the company has the people to fit the parts.)"

After declaring that "The Mask and the Face" is neither "rubbish" nor "highbrow" the correspondent outlined the theme of the play as being "that of a man who fears ridicule more than murder. Having declared that any husband whose wife deceives him has no other course open to him than to kill her *Count Mario Grazia* finds himself in a dilemma. He finds his wife, who is innocent, in a compromising situation and cannot bring himself to kill her, so he banishes her from Italy."

Other correspondents who had either read or who knew of the play also wrote and asked for it, and finally "Returned Wanderer" wrote:

"As one who has recently returned from England and a round of theatre-going in London, may I endorse the letters of several of your correspondents who have asked Mr. Leon M. Lion to put on 'The Mask and the Face' in Johannesburg? I saw this play in London—with, incidentally, an old friend of South Africa, Mr. Frank Cellier, in the leading part—and it is quite one of the most enjoyable and entertaining shows which I saw there. I have seen Mr. Lion's company in 'The Chinese Puzzle,' and am of the opinion that they would give a performance of 'The Mask and the Face' quite equal to, if not in some respects better than, that of the London cast."

At the time of going to press it is not certain whether Mr. Lion intends to do "The Mask and the Face" or "Outward Bound" next. Apparently there is no immediate hurry for a decision to be made, for "The Chinese Puzzle" is such a success that it is likely to run for some time to come.

PARADINE.

EMPIRE PALACE.

THIS week's programme at the Empire includes a dancing "turn" by a very fascinating young lady, Senorita Emilia Monserrat, a Spanish dancer who has just completed a successful tour of other parts of the world. There is more of the langour and seduction of the South than of its fire in her dancing, but that is nothing to cavil at; it shows us the "something different" that we have not seen here before in any Spanish dancer—quiet seductive grace, a flash of the eye, a turn of the head, and the rhythm of the dance accompanied by the castanets. A very fascinating lady indeed! And to the feminine eye the way in which she manipulates her long gown, with its frilly train, in the country dances, is a matter for sheer wonder. At the close of her act, with its many encores, there was still a large proportion of the audience who wanted more, and applauded to the echo when the dancer received a lovely basket of roses.

Teddy Stream, the Characterising Comedian, gave three numbers, each more successful than the last. In the first he was an old man chuckling over present-day manners, in the second an out-at-heels actor, and finally a pantomine dame in a wonderful jumper.

The Theda Sisters opened the programme with two catchy numbers. J. H. Scotland sang several numbers and was in excellent voice, but his act would not suffer if he left out his jokes and stories; his voice is sufficient passport to public favour. Mernita Stewart and Reginald Moore put on a new act for their third week which was exceedingly well received, and the lady looked very pretty in her white *crêpe-de-chine* bed-suit.

Les Trombettas also give us fresh songs and new ideas, but had to respond as well with the old favourites. The male partner is one of the funniest comedians we have had on the Empire stage. Dolly Mewse and Harry Singer continue to dance into everyone's favour and with Les Rogers and Mello and Nello complete a good programme. ELAINE.

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"PLEASURE" AND "TEMPTATION" POINT TO "EXPERIENCE."

LILLIAN TASHMAN and NITA NALDI.
(See page one)

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LEICESTER SQUARE, October 16.

The Third Time of Asking.

For the third year in succession the opening of the winter season finds us plunged in a general election, with its welter of declamatory orators, avalanche of literature from each party, and the inevitable set-back to business in general. Needless to say, we are heartily tired of it all, a fact the would-be M.P.'s and their cronies seem to recognise, judging from the unusually impassioned appeals they are making for our suffrages.

A Trip to Paris.

When the dissolution came I was over in Paris, where interest in our political status is, if anything, even keener than in most circles here. The Parisian may be hide-bound and even narrow in many of his ways, but in matters political he is a cosmopolitan of cosmopolitans, ever ready to spend no end of time in argumentative dissertations to enforce his opinion of how the world should be run.

The Paris Motor Show.

Still, as it happened, our electoral worries of last week had to take a back place amongst the topics of the hour over there; at the Grand Palais was being held the "Salon de l'Automobile," and somehow or other the spell of the auto over all classes of people is now more potent than ever. As before, the city was overcrowded for the event, hotels everywhere being forced to turn away large numbers of clients (I really think *ces pauvres hôteliers* were on the point of buying *crêpe* bands for the mourning of their misfortunes!). The one I stayed at stuck a "*complet*" board outside just as the buses on the *boulevards* do at midday and six p.m. when shops and offices disgorge their occupants. I did just manage to get in to the Show, but that's all. The crush was so great that the only possible means of getting an unjostled and passably rapid view was by climbing up to the balcony and seeing it *à la* bird's-eye, leaving those with a full day at their disposal to scrimmage their way round the stalls and collect the barrow-loads of brochures and lists that are always an integral part of these affairs. The stands have to conform to a uniform design, thus depriving exhibitors of many a chance of presenting their wares in novel settings. Our own Motor Show at Olympia (the private view takes place to-day) makes no such restrictions, and the resultant effect is far more impressive. Of light cars, monocars and cycles fitted with small motors, there was an abundance—the French must have a great affection for these frail-looking contraptions—and in spite of price-cutting and exchange differences, the British cars evidently hold their own.

The Gay City at Her Best.

Paris is seen at her best about Easter-time and again in mid-Autumn. The Champs Elysées, owing to the chestnuts baring themselves so early, look almost wintry already, but other parts of the town were still quite summery in their luxuriance of leaf and flower, more especially about noon when the haze had been hustled off by a decidedly warm sun. The air was mild enough to allow both luncheon and dinner to be taken on the *terrasses* of the restaurants—always a delightful experience, these hours devoted to the enjoyment of the offerings from *cuisine* and *cave*, and at present they are doubly so, since Paris is indulging in orgies of road and pavement mending even more severe than our own. Circulation is necessarily much impeded, so that one was afforded far better chances than usual of quizzing the passing crowds and savouring to the full the expletives of the wild and woolly taxi-drivers held up in their vertiginous courses by the white *bâton* of the law. When their verbiage is exhausted, or before, they add point to their madrigals by vigorously tooting their klaxons; the clamour in the Place de l'Opera on these occasions, with ten to fifteen hundred vehicles vocalising, is indescribable.

Crowds, Noise, Shops, Fashions, Perfumes.

Never was there a city more difficult to move about in or so noisy; along the main *boulevards* it was invariably quicker to walk than to take a taxi or bus, and the Metro's only trump card is its cheapness; otherwise it cannot be said to be either expeditious, well managed or particularly clean. Shops appeared more luxurious than ever; goods set out in careless lightness and profusion with little or none of the solid severity of most of our West-end establishments. We went over the new Printemps store (replacing the wing burnt down a year or two ago), and found it a magnificent building, carried out on the lines of the newest of the New York stores. For the nonce the Parisienne has discarded her *penchant* for brilliant and clashing colour schemes; the present fashions are carried out in plain dark cloths with an occasional touch of vivid colour in the trimming (dyed furs, silks or wools). Numbers of ladies, I noticed, have followed a fad for winter coats cut from checked travelling rugs—fact, I assure you—the fringed edges forming the collar and cuffs. Face-powders are still eccentric, the violet, blue and orange sorts—extensively used—being as a rule particularly hideous. To the numbers of perfume shops, which were always legion, is now added an infinity of little *boutiques* where frugal, middle-class femininity buys its perfumes, powders, unguents and lotions by weight, in plain bottles and packets—same quality as the proprietary brands but at quarter the price. Whether this new departure is responsible for it I wot not, but the old odours of asphalt, caporal tobacco and coffee along the *boulevards* are now hardly to be detected through the billowing waves of chypre, amber, origan and their countless relatives.

French Books.

French publishers have not yet started with their winter output—their seasons, however, are not so distinctly marked as ours—and there were no notable new books on sale. All the stalls were making a feature of Anatole France's works, taking advantage, of course, of the publicity accorded the grand old sage in his last lingering days. The new edition of Joyce's "Ulysses," at 60 *frs.*, is on sale at all bookshops, and there are plenty of new British and American titles in the "Tauchnitz" edition, but I was told that since the price advanced to 8 *frs.* a volume the demand is not keen. At present rates this equals 2s., and for that amount Paris offers a passable meal (including wine) or a couple of long taxi-drives!

French Theatres.

Of amusements I saw plenty, though of the lighter sort. The new "Empire," Avenue de Wagram, near the Etoile, is a grandiose structure claimed by its owners to be the equivalent of the Hippodrome, New York. Opinions on that point may differ, but it certainly is the only popular theatre in Paris offering "tub" seats and other comforts we are

(Continued on page 16.)

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A TOPICAL BUDGET FROM OVERSEAS.

PHOTOGRAPHED IN THE SKY.

Quartermaster Wittetmann, Captain Lehmann and Assistant Quartermaster Von Schiller, photographed in the chart-room of ZR3 on their flight from Europe to America.

MOTHER APPEARS FOR DAUGHTER.

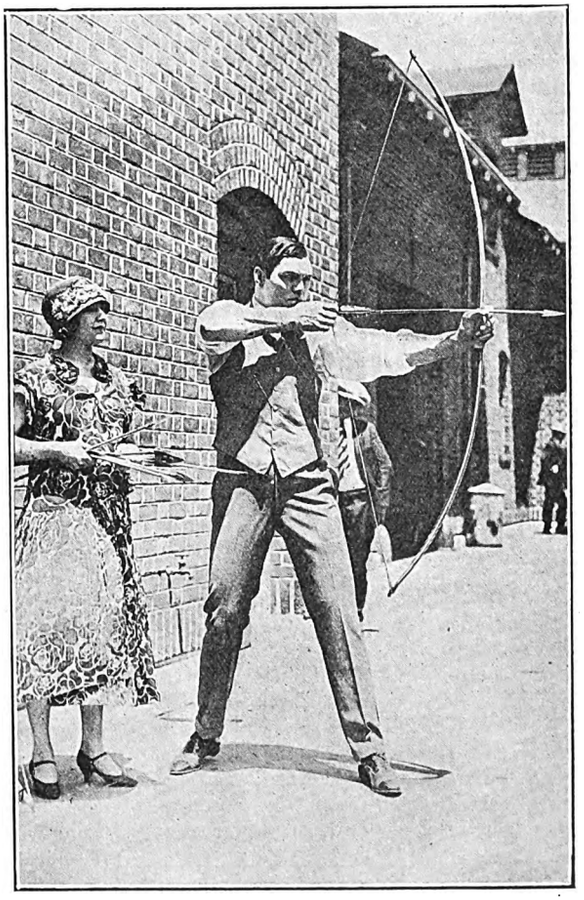
Miss Winifred Ward making up to appear with "The Five O'Clock Follies," London, in place of her daughter, Polly Ward, who had injured her foot.

ENGLAND vs. SOUTH AFRICA AT SOUTHAMPTON.

O. P. S. Gibbons scores England's first goal with his head.

THE PRINCE ON HIS RANCH.

The Prince of Wales on his ranch at Calgary, Alberta, Canada, chatting to Mr. George Hoadley, the Alberta Minister of Agriculture.



DEMPSEY TAKES TO ARCHERY.

Jack Dempsey, the world's champion heavy-weight boxer, learning to use the bow and arrows.

Topical Press photos.

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JOHANNESBURG, Tuesday afternoon.

THE feeling of stability engendered by the return of the Conservative party in Britain, its majority ensuring continuance in office for five years or so, as far as one can see, has improved the value of sterling. From $4·45 to the sovereign at the end of September, the exchange has improved to $4·63. This means that the price of gold is now only 90s. 2d. per ounce in London. With the higher bank exchange between London and South Africa, it is now costing 3s. 9d. to realise an ounce of gold, so the net price is only about 86s. 5d. or only 1s. 5d. per ounce more than you would get if you presented the bars at the doors of the Pretoria Mint and asked them to coin it into " golden " sovereigns for you, or to issue gold certificates for it.

This decline in currency premium probably has had a good deal to do with making Kaffirs " dull " in London. Yesterday there were transactions in the shares of 16 companies on High 'Change here, but this increased to 28 this morning, with many sales taking place at yesterday's buying quotations. Thus, City Deeps are 68s. 9d., Springs 54s., Government Areas 150s. 6d., and so on.

Modder East keep just below par, with the debentures at £115. At this price the latter must be attractive, on account of the long option to convert into shares. I see from the report of the Inspector of Mining Leases that in the September quarter the company was still over-mining to the extent of nearly half a dwt. Sir Evelyn Wallers, who presided at the annual meeting, was not to be drawn by an inquisitive and pertinacious shareholder who enquired what the saving in costs would be when the company had its own plant, and said that he " never gave figures of that description." Costs in the September quarter were 27s. As New States ' and West Springs' costs range between a sovereign and a guinea, there is ample margin for reduction when Modder East starts its new plant.

Tin is up to £258, but the improvement has scarcely effected the shares, Leeuwpoorts being steady at 7s., and Zaaiplaats 5s. 9d. middle.

There have been very extensive dealings in Transvaal Consolidated Lands round about 24s. 9d.—25s., on reports of discoveries of alluvial platinum, near to certain of the company's farms, which are now being investigated. Monteleo Diamonds have improved to 14s. 9d.—15s. 9d. I hear that Mr. Owen Letcher, M.I.M.M., has been appointed to report on the recent discoveries.

The output for October was not quite a record, the total of 827,583 ounces being exceeded by a narrow margin of 1,854 ounces in July. For current month's production these figures are in reality the highest in the history of the industry, closely approaching the largest actual declaration of a dozen years ago, when a number of companies wiped out their secret reserves. The ten months' output is nearly ten per cent. greater than that for the corresponding period of 1923. Government Areas made the magnificent profit of £210,000. Returns of the Anglo-American Group reveal the remarkable coincidental feature that Brakpan and West Springs costs were identical at 20/3·5, though the former crushed double the tonnage of the latter, while Springs Mines' costs were only a penny higher.

" Mother," said the knowing little lad, " father must have had a bad day at the races yesterday." " Why do you think that? " asked the fond mother in surprise. " Well," said the boy with simple logic, " my money-box won't rattle this morning."

BY REQUEST.

It was one of those restaurants where the food was as good as the music was bad. You know the kind of place I mean! A diner, tired of the incessant whining of the fiddles, rose from his table and walked up to the conductor. " Pardon me," he said courteously, " do you play certain things by request? " " But certainly, monsieur," said the *chef d'orchestre* with gratification. " Very well, then, you might be good enough to take your fellows away and play a game of snooker while I finish my dinner! "

Two young gentlemen who had been dining rather frequently presented themselves at the box office of a theatre. " Two shtalls pleash," said one. " Sorry, no stalls left," replied the lady behind the grille. " Two dressh shircle then." " Sorry, no dress circle, sir." " Two upper shircle, then." " No upper circles left either, I'm sorry." " Two pitch, then." " No pit, sir . . . Nothing at all left except boxes." " Oh, all ri' . . . two boxshes."

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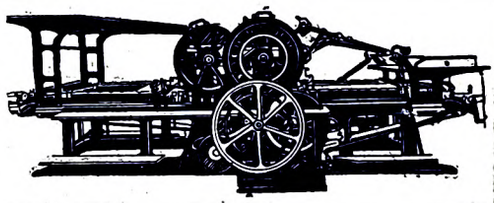

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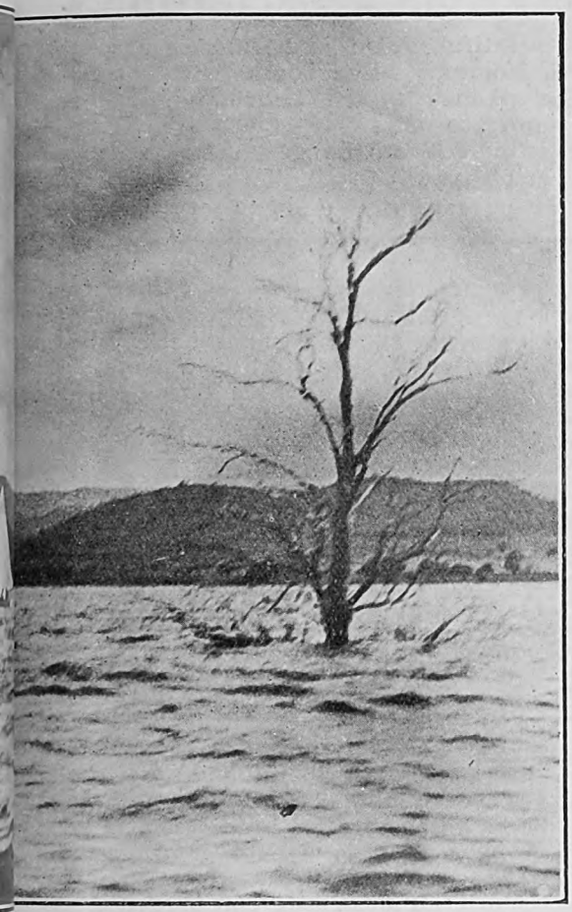
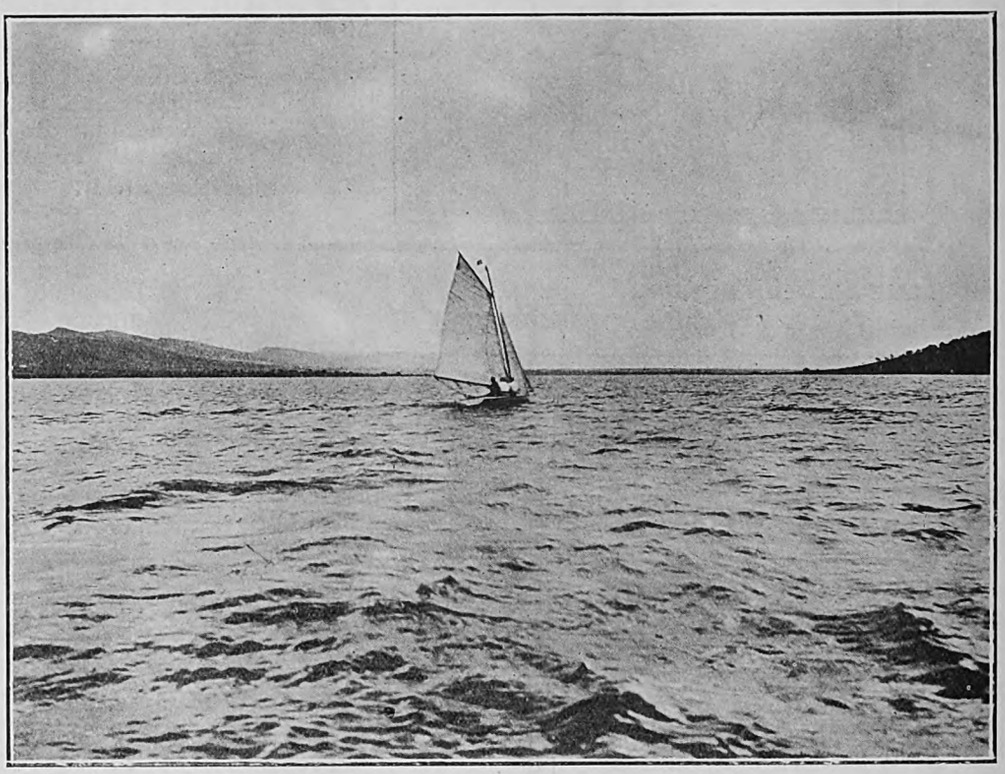
AND STORM ON HARTEBEESTPOORT LAKE.



THE STORM.



INTO THE EYE OF THE SUNSET.

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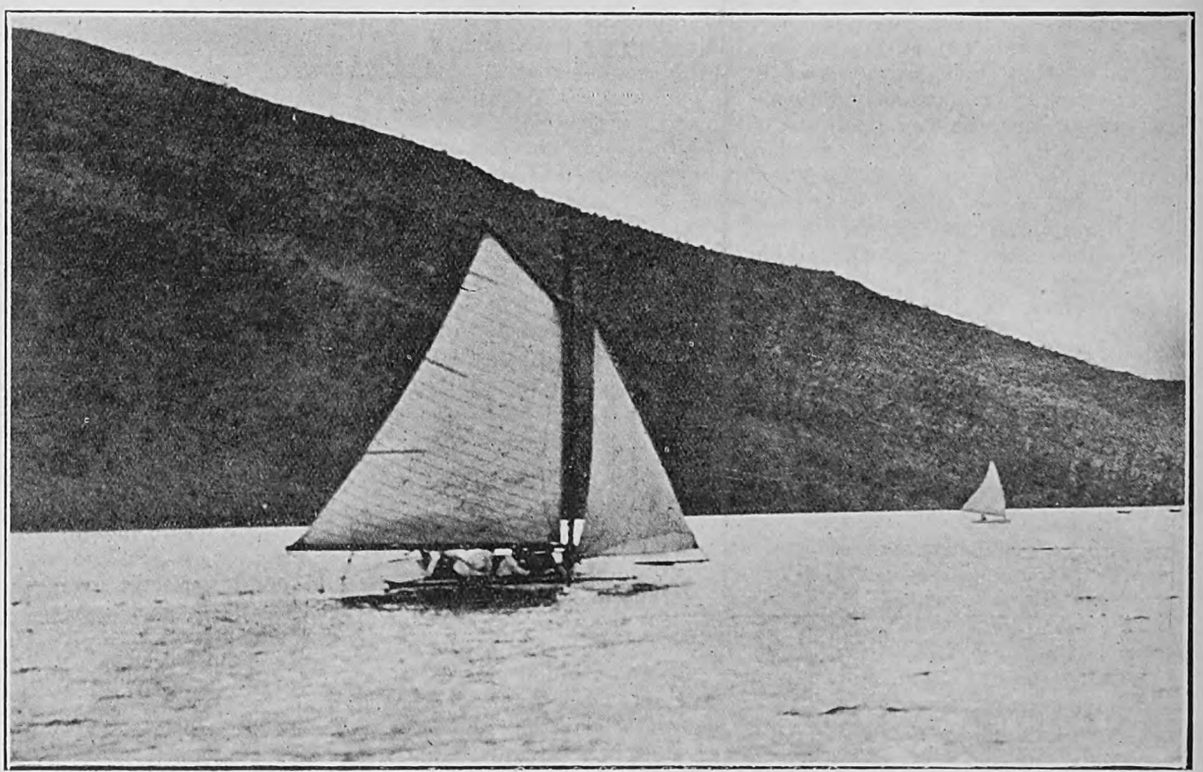

THE HOME STRETCH.

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MOTORS MEET ALL STEAMERS.

MAIL-WEEK IN LONDON.

(*Continued from page 10.*)

accustomed to in our West-end halls; also a programme of star acts comparable to ours and a *promenoir* free from the advances of tentacular *demi-mondaines*. To expect relief from the rapacity of programme-sellers proclaiming that their wares cost them 1 *fr.* 50., and the *ouvreuses* who usually put you in the wrong seat, cock their stiff caps in your eye and tread on your pet corn, was naturally out of the question—and only by leaving all sticks and umbrellas at the hotel did we avoid the customary scrimmage at the *vestiaire*. The programme was made up of equal proportions of circus acts and music-hall turns, the "*clou*" of the latter being Yvette Guilbert who, despite advancing years and adipose tissue, dons the sea-green silk gown and long black gloves, and sings a number of her successes of forty years ago, including "*le Fiacre*," "*Idylle Normande*" and "*Bouton-Boudin.*" She is still unequalled in her capacity for switching from snatches of *grivois* farce to the depths of tragedy—all in a line or two of a *chanson* and without any aid from costume or make-up.

Circuses in Favour.

The circuses, after years of neglect, have suddenly returned to the full noontide of popularity. I visited three of the four and found large crowds at them all, although, truth to tell, there was little in the programmes offered that was original or thrilling. The famous Fratellini trio of clowns, with the assistance of their numerous progeny, are a big attraction at the Cirque d'Hiver; their burlesque of a Russian choir, as presented by the Moscow *Cabaret* companies, is tremendously funny. At Olympia, the only place where business was at all slack, they had a rather mediocre company to support a comedian whose name is now almost a legend—Mayol, of the blonde, upstanding curl and seraphic smile. Apart from a decided increase of avoirdupois and a thinning on the cranium, he is the Mayol of yore, and sang quite a score of songs with all his old vim and charm. Those thronging Russian, American and (just a few) French *cabarets*, night-restaurants and *bals*, along the Rue Fontaine and up at Montmartre, were all open, but not yet in their winter stride. Harry Pilcer, Raquel Meller, Maurice and Lenora Hughes, the Dolly Sisters and the other big stars have not yet made their *rentrée*.

Back to London.

After five days of the whirl, noise and jostle of Paris, I returned to London on Saturday just a wee bit limp. Past the pageant of yellows, red-browns and oranges of the woods around Chantilly, through Amiens and the Somme country, its patched up war-scars still very visible, on to Abbeville, then Etaples, where one of those rattling old trams was filling up with golfers for Paris Plage, a moment afterwards whirling past the British War cemetery in the peace of the dunes and looking far more dignified now the wooden crosses have been replaced by headstones and the towering memorial arches added. Boulogne, Wimereux and Calais lop along and, with the accelerated train and boat services (capital to capital in less than seven hours) you seem to be steaming into Dover and debarking at Victoria in almost a jiffy.

The Galli-Curci Boom.

The Galli-Curci boom has been very intense here for some weeks past. On Sunday morning, passing the Albert Hall quite early, I saw the tremendous crowds waiting for the unreserved seats they had bought tickets for nine months ago. From what I hear privately, the excitement and bustle prior to the *prima-donna's* first appearance here militated against the effect her singing had on the overcrowded audience on Sunday afternoon. There were even irreverent spirits who remained true to former idols—Patti, Tetrazzini, Melba *et al.!* No doubt in due course this hysterical atmosphere will disperse and we of the ordinary, unemotional public will be able to buy seats in the usual way, instead of being expected to answer adverts. offering 5s. 9d. tickets for two guineas.

PAUL PRY.

JAZZING ROUND THE WORLD.

(*Continued from page 2.*)

morning, takes out of the room two perfectly clean pairs of shoes and brings them back again within the space of one minute. That also is about the time it takes him to make the beds. He expects a tip every few weeks, and if he doesn't get it, salutes and waits until you disgorge.

* * *

Then there is the *mela*—I don't know how to spell it—or cleaner. He is lavishly attired in a dirty *dhoti* and a ditto turban; and nothing else. Much of the cleaning is done by a primitive sort of broom, which is actually a thick rope with a lot of other ropes at its end and is spread fanwise over the stone floors, and it really cleans them astonishingly well. Obviously

The Inspiration

for the O-Cedar Mop. My cleaner has, so far, received no tip, because I gave him a discarded wardrobe of boots, clothing and other odds and ends, which he has sold—and I believe has with the proceeds purchased a handsome annuity. Signs, however, are not wanting that he expects cash as well as kind, so I suppose it will have to be done sooner or later.

* * *

Then there is the *mistri!* If anything wants repairing, or the electric light fails, the *mistri* pops up serenely like a chocolate jack-in-the-box and puts it right in a brace of shakes. *Mistri*—and *almirah*—which means wardrobe—are two of the Hindustani words that have stuck in my memory. I must know at least a dozen by now!

THE AITCHLESS VOID.

There was a big super-film on view at a London cinema and a great rush at the box-office window, so they asked the old commissionaire to deputise at the telephone. "You can 'ave," he said, in answer to an insistent enquirer, "two seats in Row 'A'—'A' for 'Arry—numbers 23 and 24." "A case in which the aitch is silent, as in 'Ackney," said the enquirer as he hung up the receiver.

A negro was enlisted by a party of sportsmen to act as a beater. At the sound of the first shot which whistled close to his head Sam ran and he did not return until the day's shooting was over. "Where on earth have you been, Sam?" asked one of the guns. "Well, suh," said Sam, "I only heard one shot . . and I heard it twice . . . once when it passed me and the nex' time when I passed it."

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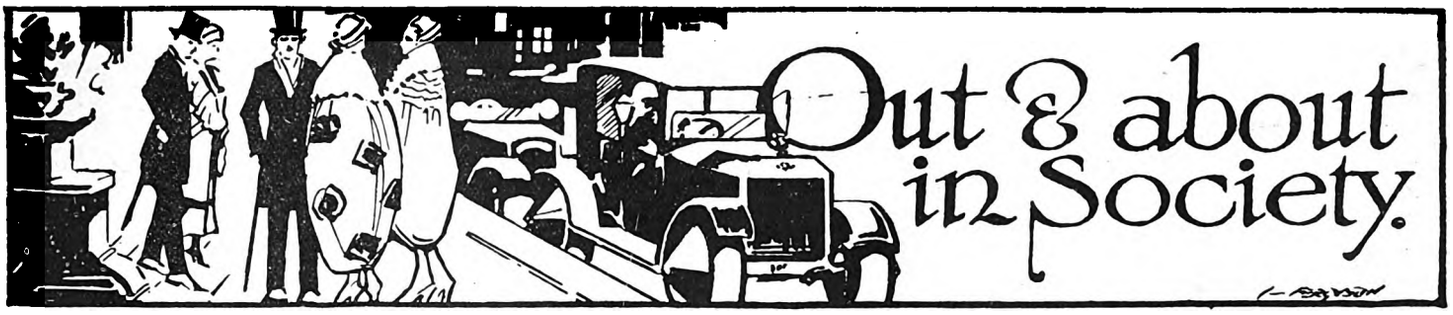

[*All invitations for dances, weddings, and other social functions, and all communications intended for these pages, should be addressed to The Lady Correspondent,* THE SOUTH AFRICAN PICTORIAL, *P.O. Box 1574, Johannesburg.*]

Miss Renee Kelly's Frocks.

It *was* so annoying! Last week, just as I was telling you all about "The Chinese Puzzle" I came to the end of the page, and with the utmost persuasion it refused to be stretched any further, so I had to finish without telling you of all the wonderful gowns in the play. Miss Renée Kelly, who is sweetness personified, wears a straight-fitting gown, one mass of shining crystal beads. It has bands of bugle-beads round the neck and sleeves and down the sides of the square, long side-panel of the skirt. A fan of rose-pink ostrich-feathers and a rose-pink feather ornament at one side complete a charming *toilette*. Then canary colour, a morning suit, with white cuffs and collars and a narrow band of the material round the waist tied in a loose knot at the back of the gown and falling to the over-tunic. A real "Renée Kelly" gown, taffetas in soft lavender that is now and again shot with silver, taffetas worn over a lace skirt that has three flat flounces edged with blue and pink. The taffetas sleeves of the straight corsage come to mid-way between shoulder and elbow, and then become lace, a puff tied with blue and rose and ending in flowing laces. The neck is square and outlined in front in blue and pink, and at the waist is an early-Victorian bouquet of coloured flowers with long ends of deep rose ribbons. Strings of pearls are laid against the whiteness of her throat. Lastly comes a "tube" frock of Chinese red sprinkled with gold and here and there a suggestion of colours, and made with tight-fitting long cuffs and a deep hem of black *charmeuse*. There is a scarf to the neck, and the long ends banded in black fall gracefully to one side. Her hat is of black *charmeuse* turned up front and back with coloured flowers, and it has a golden tassel as a meeting place on top for the narrow gold thread lines that dissect it.

INSURED AGAINST MARRIAGE. This is Miss Hilda Ferguson, a popular American dancer, for whom her manager has taken out a policy of £10,000 against her marrying for the next five years. He says he is tired of developing dancers and then losing them in marriage. *Topical Press photo.*

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Wonderful Gowns.

And I wish I had the pen of the East to tell you of the wonderful robes worn by Mr. Lion! The magnificent pieces of jade and of coral he wears; the blues, the greens, the rose; the yellow and the jade slashed with gold and silver; to tell you of his peacock feather, his nail-protectors (worn by all Chinese of the highest caste) and the thousand and one details, each so perfect, that go to make a perfect whole.

After the first-night there was an informal reception at the Carlton Hotel, when Mr. Lion and Miss Kelly greeted a few of the friends they had made during their stay here. Miss Kelly wore an exquisite georgette gown beautifully beaded and looked very charming and very sweet. Among those present were Mr. Lewis Rose McLeod, Mrs. McLeod and Miss McLeod, Mr. and Mrs. Percy Sherwell, Mr. and Mrs. Percy Leon, Mrs. C. A. Hadley, Mrs. Davis, Mr. and Mrs. Lindbergh, and Mr. and Mrs. Salomon. In the theatre I noticed Sir William and Lady Dalrymple, Miss Albu, Mr. Lui Ngai with his wife, daughter and son (he is the Chinese Consul-General and the *doyen* of the Consular Service here), Mr. and Mrs. Ted Marks, Mr. L. Marks, Mr. A. Atkins (the *ex*-Deputy Mayor of Johannesburg), Dr. and Mrs. de Cottens, Mr. and Mrs. Wartenweiler, Mr. and Mrs. E. L. Bateman, Mr. and Mrs. Edgar Hyman, Mr. S. Alexander, Mr. and Mrs. Mitchell, and oh, lots of others. And we all thoroughly enjoyed ourselves.

The Rand Hunt Club Ball.

Last week's biggest success was undoubtedly the Rand Hunt Club Ball. It was late when I got there, but everyone told me it had gone with a swing from the word "go." There had been many dinner-parties in the Carlton Hotel Restaurant beforehand, given by well-known people, and among them the Master of the Hunt, Mr. C. A. Hadley, gave an enjoyable party in a private room. Mrs. Hadley, who was the chair of the ball, received her guests wearing a very lovely mauve georgette gown banded at the low waist-line with a girdle of *diamanté*. The panels at the hips were

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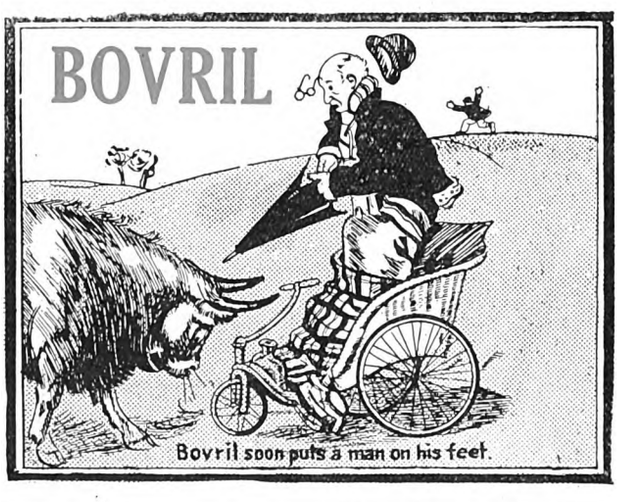

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wired and edged with deep bands of marabout in the same shade, and there was a tracery of *diamanté* on the corsage to match the belt. Among the guests were Mr. and Mrs. Percy Sherwell, Mr. and Mrs. Percy Leon, Miss Charlotte Albu, Miss Joan Henley, Miss Tulloch, Miss Archer, Miss Pauline Blow, Colonel Godley, and Major Alexander, Lieut. Hawkins, R.N., and Captain Weldon Forester (of the Governor-General's staff), Captain and Mrs. Gwatkin and Mr. and Mrs. Le Sueur (also of Pretoria), Mr. Chapman (a visitor from Australia), Mr. and Mrs. Douglas Clark, Mr. E. L. R. Kelsey and Mr. Rozanko. Mrs. Hadley was assisted by a committee of very well-known ladies, and they had all worked hard to make the ball the social event of the month. It was a long time since I had seen such lovely gowns. Everyone seemed to have indulged in the luxury of a new frock, and one felt tempted at every turn to break a well-known commandment. I want to tell you of a few of the dresses. Mrs. Gwatkin wore a very pretty gown. It had a tight-fitting corsage of shot-silver tissue and a skirt of cream laces made with full pannier effect. Mrs. Percy Leon had on a *chic* satin gown of silver and mauve, the skirt having the new wide flounce, and an ostrich-feather spray at one side being the only trimming. Mrs. Le Sueur wore a deep-rose gown embroidered in beads. Miss Charlotte Albu had on a charming black gown of pleated georgette with a deep hem of fine black laces and a cape *en suite* to throw over the shoulders. Mrs. Percy Sherwell wore an elegant pink frock beautifully embroidered in beads. Mrs. Llewellyn Edwards looked very smart in pale pink veiled in ivory georgette and beaded in lovely designs. Miss Marjorie Juta, who was the hon. secretary of the Ball, wore an elegant black gown. Mrs. Chas. Marx, junior, who is just back from Europe, had on a very charming white gown embroidered in crystals. Miss Gloria Kincaid Smith, whose engagement has just been announced, wore a pretty rust-coloured gown under black and silver laces. There were so many delightful *toilettes* worn by young girls. Miss Margaret Bateman wore a pretty blue frock with raised flowers on the net hem. Miss Joyce Raleigh had on nut-brown with orange *motifs* outlined in beads. Miss Fifi Otto had on silver tissue and silver laces. I could take several pages to tell you of all the gowns, but that will have to do.

THE FAIRY QUEEN,

In "The Moon and the Earth Goblins," a fairy play that is being given at the Standard Theatre, Johannesburg, on Wednesday and Saturday this week as part of the entertainment by the children of the South African Jewish Orphanage.

Photo by Charlotte.

Fancy-dress at Modder B.

Before going to the Hunt Ball I had been to Modder B, where the Sons of England held a very delightful dance. Fancy-dress for children was the order of the evening, and I have never—and this is a very sweeping statement to make—seen so many original and good costumes, even at big balls in the Johannesburg Town Hall. The judges were Mr. and Mrs. Dahomney (he is Resident Magistrate of Benoni), Mrs. Hobkirk, and myself, and we had a difficult task. The first prize for the most original went to "Horsey, keep your tail up!" (Jack Gurry), a really remarkable costume, the horse's head being very good. The second prize was won by Leslie Graham as a "Flue." There was the red brick chimney and the accessories (I am not very well up in chimneys myself), and it was really wonderfully done. The best-dressed was "Folly" (Fraser Fewster), a lad in purple and white, complete to the smallest detail, and a sweet little Early Victorian (Beryl Thwaites) in palest pink. Then a Chimney Sweep (G. O. Cooper), such a tiny chap with his barrow and brushes complete, was the most humorous, and there were specials—"An American Novelty Doll" (Mary Barnes), a very excellent costume beautifully carried out; a wee silver butterfly (Maureen Adlam); another tiny fair mite, in bathing-costume and cap and towel (Pat Sheldrake); a "Pearl" (Betty Perkins); and a "Harem Lady" (Ginty Perkins). There were lots and lots one would have loved to give prizes to, but it was impossible. The Wor. President, Mr. G. A. Taylor, and Wor. Bro. Gaul, the hon. secretary and Past President, worked very hard for the success of the affair. They were assisted by Wor. Bros. T. E. Gurry, W. Charnley, and Dr. G. Perkins, all Past Presidents, and by Bros. A. E. Weaver, L. Dennigon, G. B. Cooper, E. A. Berry, T. W. Weaver, C. Jennings and G. Mabley. Mr. E. S. Mills, Grand President of the S.O.E., was present during the evening, also Wor. Bro. Hobkirk and A. E. Howarth, and the Red Ensign Lodge are to be congratulated on a very successful evening. There was a very delightful exhibition of dancing by the pupils of Miss Waller—such dainty children—among them Hortense Gilchrist, Phyllis Hanson, Pat McCurg, R. Perkins, B. Thwaites, M. Barnes, M. Ogilvie, M. Gurry and

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M. Hawarden; and then Miss Waller danced a Russian dance with great vim and *éclat*.

The Veterans at Durban.

From Durban comes cheery news of the Veterans of Variety in a letter from Jake Friedman. He tells me that the River Dam' is still in full flow, and that everyone has been very good to them. They have had such success at the Criterion Theatre that they have been booked to stay a week longer than was at first intended at the coast-port, and they wish to be remembered to all the friends who were so kind to them in Johannesburg.

At the Empire.

At the Empire this week is a very charming lady, Senorita Emilia Monserrat, who is a Spanish dancer. Black-eyed and black-haired is she, a veritable daughter of the South, and the pity of it is that she speaks no language but her own, which makes matters rather difficult, for even to go armed with a "Spanish-as-she-is-Spoke" text-book would not be of much use when there are so many things they do not include in text-books that you would like to know. So we have to be content with the fact that she is a very fascinating young lady (yes, her hair is bobbed, oh, ye scoffers!) and dances with wonderful grace. Her gowns? Well, I was slightly disappointed that one did not see wonderful flowered shawls, but they may be reserved for next week. First we see the dancer in black, a flounced skirt of taffetas with orange flowers appliqued on each flounce that are edged with velvet, and side-falls of gold-embossed laces that swathe tight round the waist; a tight-fitting black velvet jacket heavily embossed with gold, long tight sleeves to it with just the right *soupçon* of lace at the wrist; hair bound with a diamond fillet under her black mantilla that is draped over a high comb, and diamond drop ear-rings. Castanets, *et voila* La Senorita! Again comes a white-frilled skirt from the hips with a snake-like train. Scarlet fringes go round the corsage, which is cut lower at the back and is sleeveless. A black hat, such as you see in all pictures of Spain, flat with a square crown, of hatter's-plush. Later, a dress with a black background had flowers in *beige* and autumn tints, and with it was worn a small black apron and a powder-blue silk shawl with long fringes clasped round the figure. The sleeves are again long and fringed with laces. For the last, again white, with a *frou-frou* of frills and a low *décolleté* outlined in tiny flowers. A ribbon sash, and as a final touch of coquetry a single large flower at the waist. Everyone on the Empire bill has delightful clothes. One dress of Madame Trombetta's is of deep powder-blue with a jacket effect outlined in gold that goes down one side to the hem.

SINGERS OF SONGS GRAVE AND GAY.

Miss Mernita Stewart and Mr. Reginald Moore who are at the Johannesburg Empire singing excerpts from musical comedy and grand opera.

Photos by Bernard Sterner.

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At the Standard.

Next week I want to give you a lot of details about coming events. This Wednesday and Saturday there is a show in the Standard Theatre in aid of the South African Jewish Orphanage. The wonderful part of the concert is that it is entirely run by the children themselves. There is drill for the babies, and there are two plays in Yiddish ("A Mother" and a Bible scene) and an English fairy play, "The Moon and the Earth Goblins." Miss Pearl Adler has taught all the dances, and it must be remembered that not one of the children had any idea before of how to dance, and now, well, you will see for yourself how well they do it. And now there is so much else I want to tell you that I am afraid if we gossip here any longer I shall have no chance, so I will close with love (as the children say).

CARRIE.

TREASURES OF THE EAST.

SOME OF THE MARQUIS CHI LUNG'S "VALUABLES" IN "THE CHINESE PUZZLE."

THE Chinese nobleman bowed gravely.

"May I see some of your treasures?" I begged.

And so I had audience of His Excellency the Marquis Chi Lung, a very courteous, very charming elderly diplomat who put aside the affairs of State for a few minutes in order to entertain his visitor. At a nearer glance one found food for fresh marvel in his magnificent costumes embroidered in dragons and lotus flowers in rich hues, in the gold buttons that fastened them and in the thousand and one perfect details. It is not considered polite even in our Western world to make remarks about a person's appearance, but feminine curiosity got the better of me and I asked for a closer view of the finger sheaths that protected the nails on the small fingers of the Marquis.

"They came from the loot of Peking," he explained courteously; "from the Summer Palace."

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Of beaten gold, they had marvellous tracery on them, and old-world jewels were inset with a design of forget-me-nots in dull blue. Wonderful cloudy mauves were the stones, mysterious-looking, as if trying to hide their history from the inquisitive gaze of the Western woman.

The Marquis opened a drawer and showed me some of his treasures. A fan of tinted parchment, beautifully painted with the soft hues that only the Chinese craftsman knows, the sticks of ivory carved delicately with a design painted in rose flowers. It was over 300 years old, I was told by His Excellency. Then came a fan-case, long and narrow, that is worn at the girdle. Of black silk, it had lotus flowers appliqued on it in painted silk. A pipe-case of black leather next met my fascinated eye, and attached was a tinder-box with Chinese characters engraved in heavy letters on the lid, and a fine piece of steel inset at the bottom.

"Everything has a wish engraved on it," said the Marquis. "That is the meaning of the Chinese characters you see on each fan and trinket."

But I was busy examining the pipe in the case, with its mouth-piece of pure white jade. A spectacle-case next intrigued me, white with embossed flowers in gold and green thread most finely worked, with a tassel of gold and green silk at the end. Then came a fan of carved sandal-wood with what appeared to be a Chinese story told on it, for there were dozens of wee characters, each busy in its own way, and each little man was wonderfully dressed in painted clothes and each tiny face was ivory with beautifully painted features. Both sides of the fan were the same; or rather, the story appeared to be continued from one side to the other. I saw a fan of black silk with bold characters in gold, a wish for good luck. Another black fan had tiny warriors and horses and ships on it, all exquisitely painted and twined in it—a wish for victory, it may be.

Then I was taken into the wonderful Chinese room and shown the small shrine with its carved figures lit with a rose and gold light from the interior. I revelled in cabinets of price. I saw chairs inlaid with mother-of-pearl, and handled rare rugs. Over all sat a life-sized Buddha with long flowing whiskers on a chair of state, guardian of the East in a Western country. I was shown the wonderful sleeping Buddha, a very valuable piece, that should be enshrined in a museum. I saw the kylinos, marvellous green dragons. And beads of all colours, Chinese jade, ivory, pure amber, and the mascot of His Excellency the Marquis Chi Lung, an elephant in blue jade sent by a Chinese friend. This the Marquis always wears on first nights, for His Excellency is superstitious with the superstition of the East. . .

And on the wall by the mirror I saw "Felix," the Western superstition of Mr. Leon M. Lion.

CARRIE.

THE ARMISTICE BALL.

THE Armistice Ball certainly ranks as one of the finest we have had in Johannesburg and was an enormous social success. Coming into the Town Hall vestibule, the sight was really a magnificent one, bowers of roses having been erected where the Flanders poppy was sold (one was worn by nearly everyone present). Greenery and coloured lights hung in festoons in the big hall, and outside was a guard of honour of the Wit. Rifles under Capt. van Mentz, while the Transvaal Scottish supplied the sentries.

His Excellency the Governor-General and Princess Alice arrived about nine, having been the guests of Sir William and Lady Dalrymple, at whose lovely home, "Glenshiel," they spent the night. Princess Alice wore a very elegant gown of white georgette embroidered in tiny black jet beads. It had soft draperies hung from shoulder to shoulder at the back and caught there with diamond clasps, and at the side of the skirt was a bow of rose ribbon which ended in a narrow train lined with black and in which a posy of poppies was stuck. A diamond coronet was worn by Her Royal Highness, and over her gown she had a magnificent cloak of white ostrich feathers, a copy of the one made for the Queen.

Lady May Cambridge wore a girlish gown of soft pink trimmed with silk braid tabs in the same shade and a blue and silver cloak with a white fox-fur collar.

Mademoiselle de la Panouse and Miss Goldney were in the Royal party, the former in a rose gown trimmed with crystal beads and the latter in a handsome silver frock shading to black, trimmed with jet and silver in a bold pattern.

Lady Dalrymple came in a charming white georgette gown with a low-placed girdle of pearls, and at one side, holding the draperies in place, a *diamanté plastron*. Strings of pearls were held on each shoulder with clasps of *diamanté*, and she wore a rope of pearls and diamonds.

The organizers of the ball were Lady Dalrymple, Lady Andersson, who wore a *chic* green gown with crystal bead trimmings, and Mrs. Joe. Cohen, who had on a lovely primrose georgette frock embroidered in primrose bugle beads and crystals.

Major Alexander, Lieut. Hawkins, R.N., Captain Hargreaves and Captain Weld Forester were in attendance on Their Excellencies. The reception committee awaited them in the Louis Quinzé drawing-room of the Mayoress' apartments, the Mayor, Councillor Chas. Walters, being present with his daughter, Mrs. F. V. Peterson, who wore a becoming black *charmeuse* gown with a posy of ostrich-feathers at the side. The Mayoress is unfortunately unable at present to attend any functions, having only just recovered from an operation.

Invited to supper with the Royal party were Sir William and Lady Dalrymple, the Mayor and Mrs. Peterson, Sir Llewellyn and Lady Andersson, Sir Evelyn Wallers, Colonel and Mrs. Thackeray, Mr. and Mrs. Gemmill, Mr. and Mrs. Frank Raleigh, Mr. and Mrs. Hobkirk, (Mrs. Hobkirk being the chair of the Women's Auxiliary of the B.E.S.L.), Mr. and Mrs. Isaacs (Mrs. Isaacs being the vice-chair), and Mr. and Mrs. Joe Cohen. A special table had been arranged in another room for Lady May Cambridge, among those invited to it being Mlle. de la Panouse, Miss Raleigh, Miss Bateman, Mr. W. Dalrymple, Captain and Mrs. Simson, Sir Harry Graumann, K.B.E., Miss McPherson, Mr. L. Andersson, Miss Albu, Major Wilkinson, Mrs. Wilkinson, Col. and Mrs. Rowland, Col. Leslie Brown, Miss Juta, Captain Hargreaves and Mr. R. Stratford.

I should like to tell you of the many beautiful gowns, but fear I shall have to stop for this week.

CARRIE.

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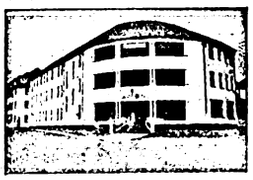

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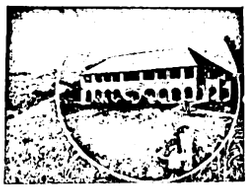

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CRUMPET TAKES HONOURS.

The Melbourne Cup Won By An Imported Horse.

CAPE'S STRONG DERBY HAND.

By "ONLOOKER."

BIG fields—too big, in some instances—were the order of the day at Benoni last Saturday. The smallest lots of runners were for the opening item, the top-class Galloway race, and the chief race of the day. In each of these there were 10 contestants. For a start

Backers Were Very Much at Fault,

the fancied goods in the Galloway event being all out of place behind Maggie's Hoop at the end of the mile course. Barnett's imported mare had only a head advantage from Evergreen, but won more easily than such a margin indicated.

* * *

As for the top-class horse race, the course being nine furlongs, this fell to the favourite, Crumpet, but the under-sized daughter of Pastry only gained the award owing to Back Answer, who beat her home by half a length, being

Pegged Back to Second Place

on account of his being adjudged the aggressor in some bumping that occurred about a furlong from the winning-post. It was Crumpet's first success in open company. Like her dam, Crumpet is good for her inches and stays well.

* * *

Mr. Makein had not long to wait for some recompense for the Back Answer reverse. In the very next race, over the longest course of the day, his Make Believe did the trick in

A Close Finish

with Magnificans and General Love. Beatrice II. went out favourite here, but on this occasion the English-bred mare never flattered. It was the third successive win for Make Believe, a very genuine and sweet-tempered old fellow.

* * *

Done Brown, the "hot-pot" for the Maiden Handicap, pulled through with plenty to spare; and two other warm favourites, Roman Girl, in the second division of the Pony and Galloway Handicap, and Paperdilla, in the six-furlongs Boksburg Handicap, also made good. The Woods was perhaps

Somewhat Unlucky to be Beaten

a head by Koh-i-nor II. in the seven-furlongs race; all the same, that colt is not as good as many supposed, seeing that Auditory, conceding 20 lbs., was at his girths at the finish of the race. In the final event, the third division of the measured classes, Relief in good style beat the shorter-priced Hood and 24 others.

* * *

When Loch Quoich landed in the country he was regarded as a top-notcher, and changed hands at 1,000 gns. He, however, invariably failed when most expected, and only gave his true running on odd occasions. He won one race last season, and also a single race in the previous season. And now he has

Won a Race

for the current season by taking the principal event on the third day (last Saturday) at Kenilworth. As was to be expected, Loch Quoich started a rank outsider, albeit he was only weighted with 6 st. 7 lbs. Flush of Dawn, Clare Clan and Narrow Gauge were among the "also ran" in the race, Primus being the one to get closest to the Sunday horse.

* * *

It is over two years since Flush of Dawn has been first past the post, but during this time she has been placed on many occasions. Indeed, until the Metropolitan meeting at Cape Town, just over, the little mare, at every gathering in which she took part during her blank time, has figured prominently. Are we to take it from her very poor showing at Cape Town that

Flush of Dawn

is at length a spent force! Though Flush of Dawn failed, Mr. de Meillon does not leave the Peninsula empty-handed. His sound-staying mare, The Pearl, won the w.f.a. King's Plate from two others. When it is borne in mind that The Pearl on her dam's side belongs to a sprinting family, her stamina must be inherited from her sire, who belongs to the good old Hampton line; and a very stout line it is.

* * *

Liverpool is the racing centre closest to the family seat of the Stanleys, and in his own domains Lord Derby is particularly keen to win and particularly hard to beat. Last week the Stanley colours were again to the fore in the Liverpool Autumn Cup, Sierra Leone being the bearer.

* * *

Cape Town, with Narrow Gauge, Arrowsmith and Royal Attendant engaged, would appear to hold a strong hand for the Derby. The last-named is generally regarded as no more than a sprinter, and his breeding suggests speed rather than stamina. His dam, Maid of Honour, was very brilliant, but like most of the Pearl Diver stock was a short-distance winner. Though thrice beaten when taken to Durban, Royal Attendant has been undefeated on Cape courses, and only last week, with a big weight up, won over seven furlongs. It would hardly do, then, summarily to dismiss his Derby pretensions on the supposition that he will not "get" the course. There

Cannot be Much Question

as to the staying ability of Narrow Gauge. Prior to acting as runner-up in the Metropolitan Handicap, he twice won at a mile, on the first occasion at the expense of Arrowsmith when the latter was conceding 4 lbs. In that race Narrow Gauge got the better of the other three-year-old by such a wide margin that the running can hardly be taken as conclusive. At all events after this, on his last outing, Arrowsmith won from a fairly good field at a mile. Arrowsmith, who is already located at Turffontein, can claim stout blood, being out of a Uniform mare. The opposition from the Peninsula will greatly add to the interest in the chief classic.

* * *

It was an imported horse, Backwood, by Bachelor's Double—Lady of Grace, by St. Frusquin, that won the Melbourne Cup this year. Imported horses had hitherto

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failed to run up to expectations over the two-miles course at Flemington. The only imported one before Backwood to win the Cup was Comedy King. Comedy King landed in Australia as a foal at the side of his dam, Tragedy Queen. But the sires of many of the more recent winners of the Melbourne Cup have been English-bred, and this year, while the winner himself raced in the Old Country, the second, Stand By, and third, Spearfelt, are by imported sires. The Derby-winners on the Saturday—the classic is invariably decided on the Saturday previous to the big handicap—frequently figure prominently in the Cup. This time the V.R.C. Derby-winner did well, for he was

Only Beaten a Head

and a neck, and on the weight-for-age scale he was conceding poundage to both first and second. Under the conditions of the Melbourne Cup, Derby-winners, if handicapped below weight for age, are penalised to the extent of having to carry such weight. Spearfelt was originally handicapped at 7st. 5 lbs. and put up 1 lb. extra, 7 st. 6 lbs. being the w.f.a. for three-year-old colts. The Sydney Derby-winner was handicapped at 7 st. 7 lbs. There was really nothing between Heroic and Spearfelt in the classic at Randwick, and one questions whether, had Heroic taken part, he would have done any better than, if as well as, Spearfelt, in the Cup. Backwood had fairly good form in England, and is evidently a horse of merit. The winner's performance was, however, not so good as that of the runner-up, for Stand By, a four-year-old with 8 st. 8 lbs., was allowing his conqueror, a six-year-old, 6 lbs.

* * *

Acceptances in, 24 remain engaged in the Derby. Among those standing ground are the fillies False Pride and Naples. Thirteen have been paid up for for the Oaks, including the two just named. Of the 27 accepted for for

The S.A. Nursery Plate,

half-a-dozen are in Sir Abe Bailey's name, four are in G. S. Weale's stable, while Dr. Kanin has two in his name and so has Mr. F. W. Murray. Mr. Murray holds a strong hand with Noble Peerless and Illustrious.

* * *

It was stated in last week's issue that in going to the head of the list of big stake earners in Australia the £40,000 mark was well in sight for Gloaming. Gloaming won a second race at

The Big Sydney Meeting,

and was then taken to Melbourne for the weight-for-age events at the Cup meeting. The gelding could hardly miss winning one of these, and in that case he will now have accumulated over £40,000 in prize-money during his racing career.

* * *

The following are selections for the Johannesburg Pony and Galloway Club's meeting this Saturday:—

1.5 p.m.—Trial Plate, 5 furlongs.
Edelgeboren 1, Cry Baby 2, Browse's selected 3.

1.55 p.m.—Galloway Handicap, "C," 1 mile.
Royal Dawn 1, Sandglass 2, Sybil M. 3.

2.35 p.m.—Pony Handicap, "A," 1 mile.
Lettie 1, Summertime 2, Lady Galway 3.

3.20 p.m.—Galloway Handicap, "A," 5 furlongs.
Mr. Myers' selected 1, Duke of Theunissen 2, Crafty Maid 3.

4.0 p.m.—Pony Handicap, "C," 7 furlongs.
Bonny Bud 1, Repeater 2, Brownie 3.

4.40 p.m.—Pony Handicap, "B," 5 furlongs.
Hussy 1, Hood 2, Cornstalk 3.

5.20 p.m.—Galloway Handicap, "B," 1 mile.
Roman Girl 1, Verbury 2, Corallie 3.

"How is your friend Smith's motor tour progressing?" "Oh, rather well, I should think. I have had two letters from him. One was from a police station and the other from a hospital."

KILLED MOTORING.

Mr. Roland J. Fisher, the London representative of Australasian Films, Ltd., was killed at Wymondham, Norfolk, recently, while motoring from London to Yarmouth. He was alone in his car, and was making the journey to bring back his wife and son, the boy having spent his school holidays at Yarmouth. The accident was caused through the bursting of a tyre, and the car struck a bank and turned over.

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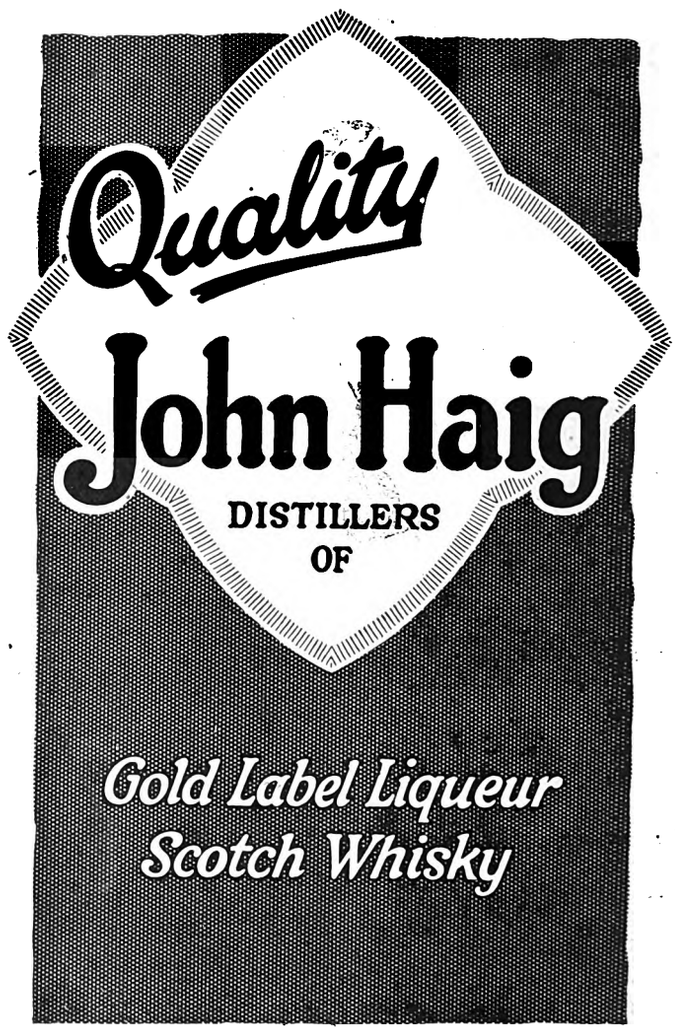

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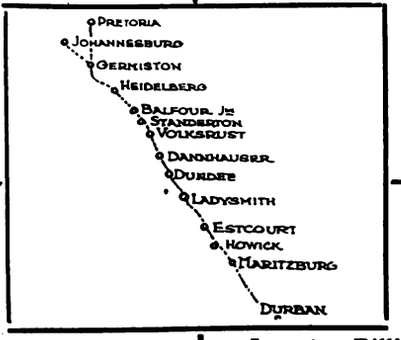

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His Majesty's, Johannesburg.—Leon M. Lion and Renée Kelly in "The Chinese Puzzle."

Orpheum, Johannesburg.—Mewse and Singer, Theda Sisters.

Grand, Pretoria.—Jen Latona, Chris. Charlton.

Rinko, Maritzburg.—The Veterans of Variety.

Criterion, Durban.—Foster and Ninon, Addison and Mitrenga, Belle Mora, R. & W. Roberts.

Gaiety, Oudtshoorn.—November 17: The Australian Newcastle Steel Works Brass Band.

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The Australian Newcastle Steel Works Brass Band, winners of the Empire Brass Band Championship at Wembley Exhibition, gave their first concert in South Africa on the Pier at Cape Town on November 7. They leave Cape Town this Thursday, November 13, and will visit the following towns: Mossel Bay, November 15 and 16: Oudtshoorn, November 17; Port Elizabeth, November 19 to 22; Uitenhage, November 23; Cradock, November 25; Kingwilliamstown, November 27; East London, November 28, 29 and 30; Queenstown, December 1; Burghersdorp, December 2; Aliwal North, December 3; Maritzburg, December 6; Durban, December 7 to 13; Ladysmith, December 15; Newcastle, December 16; Ladysmith, December 17; Harrismith, December 18; Bethlehem December 19; Kroonstad, December 20 and 21; Johannesburg, December 22 to 28; Pretoria, December 29 and 30; Benoni, December 31; Potchefstroom, January 1 and 2; Kimberley, January 3 and 4; Bloemfontein, January 5 and 6; Cape Town, open return visit, January 8. The Band will leave for Australia by the P. & O. liner *Barabool* about January 14.

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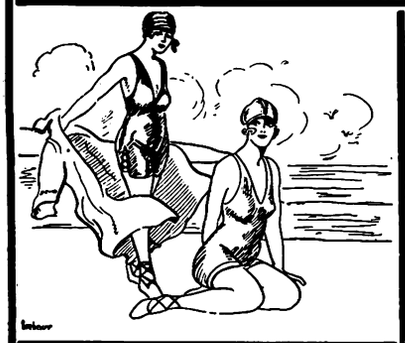

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Unequalled for comfort and convenience. Superior accommodation. Moderate charges.

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CAPE TOWN

Visitors are reminded of the Up-to-date Cafe and Tea Room.

THE LOUNGE

14, Lower St. George's St. (Opp. Garlick's.)
Proprietress: Mrs. LEVY (late of Fountain Cafe, Cape Town

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MOTORING AND MOTOR-CYCLING.

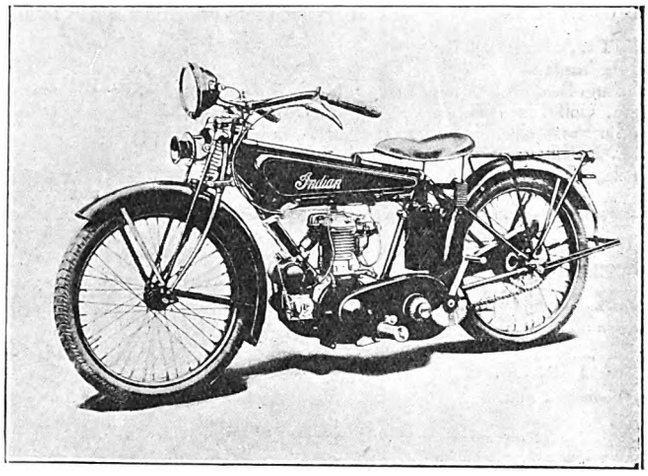
By "WIRE WHEEL."

Result of Competition No. 8.

The first letter opened containing the correct description of the locality in the picture in Competition No. 8 (published in our issue of November 1) came from:

RUDOLF ASHBY,
220, Donnelly Street,
Kenilworth,
Johannesburg,

who receives the prize of a motor accessory valued at half-a-guinea, presented by WIRE WHEEL. The picture was of a drift on "The Spruit" at Vaalbank, near Hartley's Tobacco Factory, Magaliesberg, Transvaal. Many competitors named the right locality, but their letters were not lucky enough to be the first to be opened. Other competitors were completely out of their bearings. Two thought the picture was of a small wooden bridge in Wepener Street, Booysens, Johannesburg, and one thought it was a drift



JUST ARRIVED: THE NEW INDIAN PRINCE.

The new 2¾-h.p. (348.26 c.c.) lightweight motor-cycle, the latest production of the Indian Motocycle Co., the first model of which has just arrived in Johannesburg.

near Stutterheim, C.P. The locality was correctly named by competitors in distant country towns of the Cape Province—Cradock, Grahamstown, and Willowmore. Transvaal competitors, on the other hand, and particularly Johannesburg competitors, were often very wide of the mark.

The Zilakat's Nek Hill-climb.

The Pretoria Motor Club's hill-climb at Zilakat's Nek proved a veritable triumph for the Ansaldo car. The first five places in the award list, 1.500 c.c. and over, were occupied by this car, headed by Mr. S. J. Rosenberg, who drove Mr. Verseput's Ansaldo. Carrying a weight of 3,300 lbs., Mr. Rosenberg covered the distance (half-a-mile) in 1 min. 5 1-5 secs., gaining the first award with a figure of merit of 638 points. Mr. G. Tomaselli, Ansaldo, was second, carrying 3,210 lbs., in 1 min. 5 secs., and Mr. S. J. Rosenberg, with 2,790 lbs., was third, in 1 min. 4-5 of a second. In the under 1,500 c.c. class, the Baby Austin "7," which made such a remarkable showing, proved to be the winner. Its total weight of 1,005 lbs. was transported up the hill in 70 2-5 secs. and it secured a figure of merit of 844 points.

The Diamond Cup.

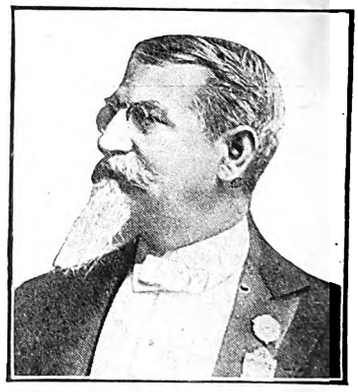
Last Sunday, in spite of the inclement weather, nearly a score of motorists attended the R.M.C.C.'s Flexibility Trial for the Diamond Cup, at Edenvale. In this event there were three classes—one each for solo motor-cycles, sidecar combinations, and cars. In the last class the "sixes" had the advantage, the best time and performance being recorded on a Buick "6" driven by Mr. P. H. Mathers. In the solo-machine class Mr. R. E. Green on the A.J.S. headed the list, whilst in the sidecar class Mr. E. G. Murray on the Harley-Davidson outfit had no competition against him, but nevertheless made two good runs.

The Prince Arrives.

Last Saturday there arrived in Johannesburg the latest addition to the Indian Motocycle models. This was the new 1925 2¾-h.p. Indian Prince. Formerly Indians have been known in the big twin class, and it is a sign of the times when such a large manufacturing concern as the Indian Motocycle Manufacturing Company, of Springfield, Mass., U.S.A., turn their energies and activities to the single-cylinder machine which is captivating the world today. The Indian Prince has been critically examined by hundreds of people who accepted the invitation of the agents, Messrs. Williams, Hunt & Co., to inspect the model at 45, Eloff Street, where it is now on exhibition. Whilst following the English lines of lightweights of similar capacity, the Indian Prince has "Indian" stamped all over it. Many novel features are incorporated, and it is claimed that the rider cannot skid on the Prince. The balance has been beautifully set out, and the lines are pleasing. It is claimed for the Indian Prince that from 90 to 100 miles per gallon can be obtained, and 1,200 miles to a gallon of oil. Speed on top is in the region of 50 to 55 m.p.h. The price it is selling at and the attractive terms which can be obtained suggest that the Indian Prince will be very popular; almost as popular as the Prince of Wales himself!

Mr. M. W. Curtis, hon. secretary of the Motor-cycle Union of South Africa, paid a flying visit to the Rand from Durban over the week-end. He was a keenly interested spectator at the Rand Motor-cycling Club Flexibility Trial on Sunday at Edenvale.

HE WAS BALD



His Hair Grew

The merchant, Mr. John Hart Brittain, who was almost completely bald for several years, learned the secret of a wonderfully efficacious hair-growing compound. In a very short time the large spot, hitherto bald, was completely covered with luxuriant growth, which Mr. Brittain retained (as shown in the photo above). Think of it—he was bald for years.

The mixture, called Kotalko, is prepared according to the genuine formula, and contains potent ingredients from Three Kingdoms of Nature. Kotalko proved itself a quick and reliable hair-grower. It stops hair from falling out, it eliminates scurf as well. Either sex may use it. Legions of persons report new growth.

A PROOF BOX FOR YOU.

Any reader of this notice who would like a proof box of Kotalko may obtain one post-paid by sending sixpence in stamps or a 6d. postal order to John Hart Brittain, 2, Percy Street (314W), London, W.1. After using the proof box, when you observe that your hair is beginning to grow—even if you have been bald for years—you may obtain a further supply from your chemist.

KOTALKO
TRUE HAIR GROWER

Kotalko for hair growth may be obtained at most busy Chemists, or in wholesale quantities from Gardner & Co., Ltd., Port Elizabeth; Heynes, Mathew, Ltd., and Petersen, Ltd., Cape Town; Fleming's Chemists, Ltd., The Transvaal Drug Co., Ltd., and Macdonald, Adams & Co., Ltd., Johannesburg; Sive Bros., Karnovsky, Johannesburg and Durban; Turner & Co., Pietermaritzburg; Stranack & Williams and S.A. Drug Houses, Durban; or Lennon, Ltd., Cape Town, etc. etc.

"RED DAISY" TEA IS THE BEST—TRY IT.

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S.A. PICTORIAL
STAGE & CINEMA.

VOL. XIX. No. 486.] SATURDAY, NOVEMBER 22ND, 1924. (Registered at G.P.O. as a Newspaper.) PRICE 6D.

MRS. A. J. ORENSTEIN,

The well-known Johannesburg singer, who has announced her intention of producing another musical comedy very soon.

Jocelyn Leigh Hunt portrait.

MISS MARGARET ALBU, L.T.C.L.,

The clever pianist, who has been again recommended to compete for the Overseas Scholarship in 1925.

Jocelyn Leigh Hunt portrait.

MISS MADGE SAUNDERS,

Who returned from England this week. She describes her impressions of London on page 8.

LADY DALRYMPLE,

The popular Johannesburg hostess, who was joint organiser, with Lady Anderson, of the Armistice Ball.

Jocelyn Leigh Hunt portait.

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Africa Anticipated.

Off Cape Verde, October.—Away in New Zealand, where we dig for gold and fatten stock much as you do, we know far too little of Africa. We know of the Springboks, both two legged and four; we know that Stanley and Livingstone once met somewhere in the middle of Africa and shook hands. We read Rider Haggard, when we are either seventeen or seventy, never in between, and we have seen postcards of Table Mountain and Victoria Falls. But there it ends.

Sometimes we know of somebody who had a great uncle who went big game shooting in Africa. But that's all too vague, and is not sound knowledge. So, when you have been living in London and suddenly find that you are bound for Africa, you naturally rush round the boat for handbooks. For days and days I have sat on this sunny deck (and doesn't one bless the sun after dismal, misty London) learning about the gold mines, the ostrich feather industry, the land development schemes, the railways and the landscape itself.

What does one expect of Africa?

I know New Zealand and Australia well. I expect it to be rather like Australia, as far as the scenery is concerned, and like New Zealand in the spirit and ambitions of its people. You know that there has always been great antagonism between Australia and New Zealand. In the north they say that all good Americans go to Paris when they die. In the south we believe that only bad New Zealanders go to Sydney when they die. That for our narrow-minded pride!

A colonial of the third generation, I have a colonial heart. My great-grandmother went to New Zealand when the Maoris were converting the Anglican missionaries into stews, mixing herbs with them to give them flavour, as the Anglicans always had the reputation in the South Pacific of being particularly tasteless eating.

And my colonial heart leaps with joy to be free of London! London has its standards, and one aspires towards them. One knows that it is a greater honour to have a long dirge in the *Saturday Review* than it is to publish a sheaf of books in Waipukurau. But they are standards that never grow. England is a country of change, not of development. She moves from one mood to another, but does not grow. In this great broad south towards which the bows of the ship are pointing (I can see the sunshine turning the sea into a floor of silver as I write) all is development and progress. And if one has been born, as I was, in a land which has stepped from pagan cannibal cutlets to pork and beans and sweet corn in sixty years, one naturally wants to "get south" and feel the spirit of growth and development again.

So one approaches Africa with a feeling of rather childish enthusiasm, as when embarking upon an adventure. We never actually lose that old gleam of anticipation which we had when we first played truant and discovered the world over the other side of the hill for ourselves. We got severely spanked when we arrived home. But we *did* see something new. We *had* discovered the world.

That little spark comes back in a sort of echo now. (I cannot see any land. It's just that immaculate circle of sky meeting sea. In the evening they are wedded with a vast ring of gold.) Of the spark! It says, "You are going to a new land. You are going to test the solidity of your mind and the worth of your honesty." I don't mean the silly honesty that makes you give a penny back to the tram conductor because he gave you too much change. It's only a little bit dishonest to fleece the butcher's boy for sixpence. It's tragically dishonest to be untrue to yourself. And that is the little shred of reward that may come out of an adventure. You may be true to yourself and throw vitriol in the eyes of *dishonesty* and *hypocrisy*.

Downstairs, on this grand ship with its mauve belly cutting its way through the sea, there are some children laughing and playing. Their laughter is not the laughter of London children—smoked and tired. They are African youngsters, and their laugh has the same ring in it as I heard a few years ago when I went through New Zealand with the Prince of Wales. There, hundreds of thousands of children laughed and sang to him, and *their* voices had something new in them. It was the note of the South. They were the children born of the sunshine and the pioneer fortitude which has awakened these southern places from their uncivilised slumber. Those African children downstairs have it. There is the conquest of two generations in their voices—the hope of a third. They are honest youngsters. You can see it in their eyes. They don't look down their noses like those smudgy little elves of Wardour Street and the Haymarket.

And all sorts of things happen—even a trumpet sounds and you know that there is a meal downstairs, all ready to be eaten. And you know that every hour brings the ship nearer to the land, the new place, the new adventure.

You know that it is to be less adventure and more work than it seems. Of work, well, you know about the pot of gold at the foot of the rainbow, if you toil and struggle and travel far enough to find it! *Hector Bolitho.*

Songs That Go Down The Plughole.

The bathroom singer is an institution. You may have your opera singers but leave me the singer of the soapsuds, the man who rubs his back with Puccini, soaps his hair with Verdi and splashes the whole chastely-white bathroom with "One Fine Day" or, in lighter mood "Horsey, keep your Tail up."

If you are a flat dweller, you will know how important the bathroom singer can become in the scheme of things. The girl in the next flat sings "Burlington Bertie." The man upstairs sings some blustering, senseless song about a bandelero, and you feel that it all fits in with the fact that the very building trembles when he walks about his rooms. The ethereal lad across the way, but when he does it is a pale ballad about Rosemary or a scrap of Mascagni, a little out of tune.

There is so much to note when you listen to the mysterious early-morning song. It is quiet and placid, a delicate, subtle tune at first. That is when the singer is sitting in the warm water. Then fresh vigour comes, the throat opens and the song intrudes into your very scullery. He has turned on the cold shower. Then the song wavers, and there is over-much vibrato. He is drying his back.

So don't rap angrily on your wall when you hear your neighbour singing "I Love you" or "Pasedena." It comes from the heart. The early-morning songster is really a god-send. He fills the building with noise and brightness and while you are happy you are growing fat. And think of the opposing condition!

If you worry and growl about his song you might emulate Mary. You know what happened to her don't you?

She grew so thin, did Mary McDugall
That one day in spring she fell down the "plugall."

And there's nothing very pleasant about that! *H.B.*

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A Social Note Book.

By "Carrie."

Daughter of Pioneer of 1889.

Miss Kathleen Meara Lewis, daughter of Mr. and Mrs. W. E. S. Lewis, of Johannesburg, last Saturday was married to Mr. John Ely. Mr. W. E. Lewis is very well known in Johannesburg as the townships manager for the Transvaal Consolidated Lands. He is the son of the late Chas. Lewis, and ex-Mayor and ex-M.L.A. for Namaqualand. Mr. Lewis came to Johannesburg in 1889, and went to Pretoria in the next year. He was one of the elected Town Councillors in Pretoria, and was elected to the Johannesburg Town Council in 1917. His daughter was married at St. Francis in the Forest Wesleyan Church, Forest Town, to Mr. John Eley, son of Mrs. M. A. Eley, of Briton Ferry, Glamorganshire, Wales, and the late Mr. Eley. She wore a pretty gown of white georgette, made with a tunic of handkerchief points to the skirt, the whole embroidered in crystal beads. Her train was of silver brocade lined with ruched blue georgette and a silver band held the veil. She carried a sheaf of white lillies, and was attended by the Misses Rose Spencer, Gwladys Lewis, Kathleen O'Hara and Gwenneth Lewis, two of whom wore primrose yellow and two pale mauve gowns. The Rev. William Meara, godfather of the bride, performed the ceremony, and was assisted by the Rev. A. Binns and the Rev. J. Glyndwr Davies, Miss Sarah Erasmus singing the solos in the church. A reception was held in the grounds of the residence of the bride's parents, "Tan-y-Bryn," Forest Town.

No More Glass Bracelets.

At the dance given by Messrs. Joseph Liddle & Co., in the Johnstone Hall, on Friday, I saw one of the younger girls with quantities of glass bracelets on her arm. At Home, platinum wire bracelets have quite taken their place, so please let us be up-to-date. Personally, I like the platinum ones better; they are worn in just the same manner, but do not make that jingling noise which is rather a test for the nerves.

Of Bobbed Hair.

From Paris comes news that the smartest women are those with hair that is cut straight, lying flat against the head. Thus curly hair is an unmixed blessing, for Dame Fashion decrees that the waves must be ironed out. Of course, if this fashion spreads, we shall all become very tailor-made, and frilly, flouncy clothes will be a thing of the past. The Rat Tail Bob is another popular style of hair-cut, and is just what it sounds.

Scottish Visitors.

Sir John and Lady Irvin, of "Bayview," Aberdeen, Scotland, who arrived in Cape Town by the *Windsor Castle*, are due in Johannesburg this week, and will be the guests of Mr. and Mrs. Peter Kaplan, of Valley Road, Parktown.

For the Little People.

Everyone knows how interested Princess Alice is in everything and anything that is for the good of the children, and she displayed that sympathy by allowing herself to be re-elected president of the Johannesburg Children's Aid Society, and by specially coming over from Pretoria last week to attend the annual meeting. Her Royal Highness was attended by Mademoiselle de la Panouse. In the reception committee I noticed Mrs. Thurlow, Mrs. T. A. R. Purchas, Mr. F. W. Mills (the chairman), Mr. Walter Webber, Mr. Lewis Rose McLeod (editor of the *Rand Daily Mail*),whose paper is making an appeal for the Society; Mr. Ashburnham (the Chief Magistrate), and Miss Bain (the secretary of the Society). The Mayor (Mr. Charles Walters) was present, of course, and described the great work that was being done for the children.

A FEATHER SUNSHADE.

Messrs. Reville, Ltd., the famous London firm, send this photograph to show South Africa how her ostrich feathers are used to adorn the English woman.

Carlton Hotel.

As ever, the Carlton Hotel was bright and busy on Friday night at the supper dance, and the Palm Court and Restaurant were crowded. London visitors to the hotel were very enthusiastic about the decorations. Among these were Mr. and Mrs. W. L. Chance, who were entertaining Miss Renée Kelly and her husband, Mr. Hylton Allen. Mr. Ambrose Flower, wearing a white gardenia in his buttonhole, was with them, also Mrs. Colin Clarke, in a gown shading from silver to gold. Miss Kelly's frocks have already pleased everybody who has an eye for such things, and this time her frock was a white background made splendid with coloured flowers and a tracery of crystal beads.

Councillor and Mrs. Japhet were among the dancers, and I liked Mrs. Japhet's gown immensely. It was black with strands of black ostrich feathers. There were many large parties in the ball-room, and among the hosts was Mr. H. P. Rudd, of Kimberley, who was entertaining some friends because of his daughter's twenty-first birthday. Miss Rudd herself wore a gold lace gown trimmed with coral, with a narrow coral belt. The colour scheme was more than pleasant.

Monsieur Emile Levy, who has just returned from England, was also of the party. He told me that his wife will be coming out in a few weeks, and that he has taken a house in view of her arrival. Among other guests was Miss Gundry, a visitor from America, one of the smartest women in the room. She wore almond green georgette with a handkerchief skirt and turban. Mr. and Mrs. Gordon Douglas and Miss Weatherby, of Kimberley, in jade green adorned by a bright cabochon of flowers; Mrs. Jack Ferguson, in gold and bronze lace; her husband and Mr. T. B. Clapham were among the dancers in the same party.

At the Technical Club.

Here also there were very many pretty gowns and a jolly crowd of the younger folk. Mr. N. P. Everitt was the master spirit of the dance. His wife wore a pretty rose pink gown. At one table sat Mrs. T. A. R. Purchas, head of the Merrythought Club, in a golden brown georgette frock, and Mrs. Burt Andrews, of the Sesame Club.

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A London Letter.

Garda Hall—Politics—The Shingle—Hats, and Other Such.

108, *New Bond Street, W.1.*

South Africans, I greet you in this, my first letter from London.

Were I an American I should say, "Glad to have you know me!" but as I am British I just say that I am very glad to know *you*, and if I can manage to send my little voice across the sea to tell you about the latest doings of this London, then I shall be more than glad.

Of course, the greatest event in the last fortnight has been the taking of the Vote of Censure and the dissolution of Parliament. On the night when the vote was taken I hied me through the streets of London on the top of a bus and went to Westminster hoping that my card would admit me to the great conference. Alack and well-a-day! The great courtyard was brimming over with thousands like me, all apparently trusting to their personal cards which projected from different pockets of their coats or from their clenched hands. Policemen punctuated the crowd like stern black exclamation marks. They all of them had the same answer to my question, "Do you think I could get in, Constable?"

It was "See the Sergeant-at-arms, lady!" So the lady went from exclamation mark to exclamation mark, on and on, until at last she arrived in the great outer hall of the House, where her steps rang hollowly, and where a few unhappy-looking mortals waited drooping. Up the steps and into the inner hall where the Sergeant-at-arms stood like a rock that is battered by great waves of people.

"Ho, Sergeant-at-arms, may I enter?"

He looked at me long and silently. Then heavily and with peculiar impress upon each word—

"Miss—God himself couldn't get in to-night!" he said.

I was beaten. If the Almighty couldn't effect an entrance, how should I dare to try? I realised what a worm I was in the eyes of the Sergeant, at least. And I withdrew as gracefully as possible to wait for the morning and *The Times*.

So the vote of censure was taken and the papers came out in a crash of controversy the next morning. Was Socialism tumbling? Or did it stand on the firm rock of public opinion? Who was for Liberalism, and why? What would happen to Mr. Ramsay Macdonald now? (All these important questions were settled for good and all on 8th November.—ED., *S.A.P.*)

Prominent women took part in the canvassing campaign. Mrs. Asquith directed and dictated and advised her husband; Lady Diana Duff-Cooper hurried back from New York to assist Mr. Duff-Cooper, the Conservative nominee; and she found a vivacious rival in Lady Grigg, whose husband, Sir Edward Grigg, is contesting the same seat.

Rag Portraits.

My dear women, this is for you alone—it will be of no moment to the people—males—who write to the papers and sign their letters "Pro Bono Publico," or "Pater Familias." But for you it is essential you should be in the swim of things fashionable. Well, be it known that portraits in oils or watercolours are no longer hung on the walls of the best people's houses. Nay, all that old foolishness is being done away with as prehistoric. You must now be immortalized in bronze, plaster, stone, or china, or—bear up—rag! Yes, rag! The very latest thing is to have a facsimilie of yourself made of rag; you must be imitated in the likeness of a rag doll. Then you must seat yourself—your rag self—in some awfully prominent place in your drawing-room, preferably the mantelpiece, or, failing that, in the middle of the middlemost table. Then your friends will pick you, the rag, up in their arms and murmur, "Oh, but how quaint, my dear! How perfectly mid-Futurian! Who did it?"

Then with simulated reluctance you will name the famous artist in rag-doll portraiture, and the next time you go to their house to tea you will see their own rag selves sitting on their own mantelpiece, but you will always have the pleasure (every woman has) of noticing how much better you look in rag than they do, and that does make one bear up wonderfully, doesn't it?

The Theatres.

There have been new doings in the theatrical world in London. The season has opened—not with much blare of trumpets, however, and most of the plays are too dreadful for words. But I believe your theatre people have purchased the rights of "The Mask and the Face" for Mr. Lion's play. In it you will have one of the most popular shows running in London.

Oscar Asche's latest show, "The Royal Visitor," ran a whole week and then died with painful breaths. It had the immortal George Grossmith heading the cast, and the great man has been very put out at the failure of the play.

Galli Curci.

Last Sunday Galli Curci came and was seen, and some say conquered, and some say, well, things that mean quite the opposite. But then there are always doubting Thomases and people who will not give credit where credit is due. The Albert Hall was packed to overflowing. One felt that if one breathed deeply it would burst. What would have happened had anybody coughed one hardly likes to imagine.

The singer's reception was tumultuous. The crowd clapped for ten minutes before she even sang her first song. There semed to be a general feeling of dissatisfaction at her choice of songs; objections were made to her choice of so many ballads and so few operatic songs, though her mad scene from "Lucia" was splendidly received. Melba herself has never roused greater enthusiasm. For weeks past the papers have been printing columns about Galli Curci's career, and her past—what she liked for luncheon and why she preferred red rather than blue. And of course the question arose about her nationality. Was she Spanish or Italian? Some were for Spain and wild, fierce blood, others for Italy and the soft caressing winds of that land, and still others averred sniffily that she had been born in the Bowery, New York. But whatever nation mothered her, Galli Curci has now become a possession of the world. She has strongly established herself as one of the greatest singers of the day, and London has acclaimed her—has, so to speak, set the seal of approbation on her future.

The Shingle: Furs.

Time and lack of space prevent me from giving you the latest Court circular and the detailed account of the very newest murder. But I must just tell you that the little darling hats we have worn for so long are still being worn—nobody has any ears nowadays—that the shingle is *not* going out of fashion in spite of many head-shaking old ladies and the fact that Miss Gladys Cooper has forsaken hers and allowed her hair to grow. Fur is worn in every conceivable place—on coats and hats and frocks, and it is essential if you want to cut any sort of figure in the fashionable world which walks down Bond Street in the mornings.

The London season is over for another year. All the official functions have come and lived their little hour and gone away. Everybody who has a border of lobelias and two hydrangeas in a tub has given a garden party for the overseas visitors, and now I think that London feels she has done her duty to her far-away children and wants to rest a little after the revels.

Among the passengers I saw on the decks of the *Kildonan Castle* were Dr. C. Lindsay Bonnar, Mr. Geo. Brown, Mr. and Mrs. P. S. Conyers, Mrs. Brandon Davis, Mr. and Mrs. Delcourt, Miss Douglas, Lieut.-Colonel and Mrs. du Port, the Rev. Dr. Fisher, Major and Mrs. Fraser and the Bishop of Kimberley. They'll all be with you by now.

Mr. and Mrs. E. M. Oliver arrived in London lately from South Africa in the S.S. *Norman*.

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The Earl and Countess of Buxton have returned to Newtimber, Hassocks, from Argyllshire.

I believe Mr. Victor Martens, son and scion of the Marten family, who live at Greytown, Natal, has arrived in England *en route* to New York, where he will study engineering.

And that is all!

Seven o'clock, mail-time, is looming very close, so I must put this in an envelope and post it immediately, otherwise I dare not think what the editor would do to me.

Till next week, you fortunate people who have none of the cold and wet which is outside my window even now!

Pamela Travers.

Cricketers and Clerics at Cape Town.

It has been a cricketing week in Cape Town, with what can only be described as football weather. Spectators—there were a few—shivered in the stands. "Why, it's just like an English summer," said Mr. Archie Maclaren to me as we sat in the pavilion at Newlands and tried to distinguish what was happening in the field.

Archie Maclaren.

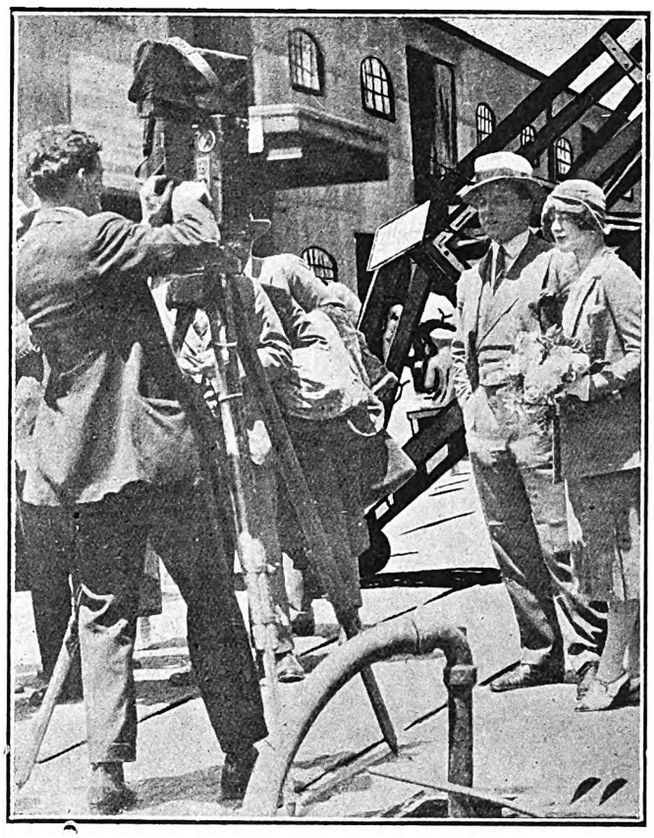
Archie Maclaren is one of the grand old men of cricket with his silvery grey hair, his grey moustache and a healthy face tanned by many days in the sun. One remembers the time when Archie Maclaren, as captain of the Lancashire team, was one of those gods that boys with a few stones for wickets sought to emulate. The last time I met him was in Calcutta, for the lure of cricket has taken him to every place where cricket is played. He welcomed me warmly when we met in Cape Town, and introduced me to his wife who is making the tour with him. He intends to lecture during the present tour on cricket and its stylists, and he tells me that in his baggage are several slow motion cinema films to illustrate his lectures.

The Captain.

Among the players, perhaps the most interesting is the captain, the Hon. Lionel Tennyson. He is of the big and burly type, but with the unmistakable stamp in his face of the English gentleman who is playing the finest English game—cricket. I would say that his sweaters and flannels are the most ample in the team—they are, in fact, big enough for any two others. And he loves bright, vivid colours. To see him as he sat in the pavilion at Newlands smoking a straight English pipe is to see something over which a modern painter would rave. He wears a bright coloured silk scarf round his neck—an affair of vivid purple, claret and green, reminiscent of the batik scarves affected by our women nowadays. His blazer is also braided with vivid colours, and when he removes this to go out and bat at the wicket you are confronted with an overwhelming sweater which comes down to the knees and has a flaming orange and red border. He was a figure to be held in great awe as he strolled forth at Newlands, the wide flannels flapping in the breeze. With calm assurance he regarded the field around him, and settled down with his bat. Even the Western Province team must have been awed, with one exception, the bowler, Bolton, who bowled him cleanly with the second ball.

A Welcome for Kennedy.

Mr. A. Kennedy is regarded very warmly by South African cricketers. "He knows all about playing on matting," said one of the Western Province men to me, and unfortunately he knows all about the Newlands ground. He was coach here for two years, you know, and I think you will find that everyone who came under him will tell you that he was the most conscientious coach we ever had in South Africa. He did not come here merely to play cricket like some coaches, but really taught us the game." "Jolly good man," said Maclaren, who was sitting next to me. "There's no finer all-round cricketer in England to-day. He is equally at home in bowling, batting and fielding. And he manages to get through more work than any other cricketer to-day, and, what is more, he revels in it."



The Hon. and Mrs. Tennyson arrive in Capetown. The African Mirror photographer is seen taking a "close-up" of the cricket champion and his wife.

Clerical Cape Town.

Capetown has been deluged by hundreds of clerics. They are either Dutch Reformed clerics or Anglican clergy from all parts of Africa, attending their respective Synods in the city. The other evening the Mayor of Cape Town and Mrs. Verster held a reception in the City Hall in honour of these delegates. The large numbers of the Dutch Reformed Church appeared in their long black coats and small white ties. But the Anglican clerics were more varied in appearance, being in purple evening dress. And there were white cassocks and black girdles worn by members of the Society of St. John the Evangelist, and black cassocks and red girdles worn by the members of the Community of the Resurrection. Such an array of clerics was rather terrifying, and there seemed to be some doubt as to how they should be amused. Then someone was seized with the brilliant idea of introducing a brass band to play to the bishops. The Australian Newcastle Steelworks Band was just finishing its programme on the Pier, and a telephone message asked them to come on to the City Hall and play. Without hesitation they did so, and the crowd of clerics thoroughly enjoyed their performance. *Beachcomber.*

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Music and Musicians.

Miss Maryla Wulffahrt. *By C.A.O.D.*

The nature of the programme submitted by Miss Maryla Wulffahrt at her violin recital in the Selborne Hall last week did not indicate a performer of high technical attainment. The actual performance revealed a player who has much natural ability, a good deal of musical sincerity, but executive equipment that needs much development. Miss Wulffahrts work exhibited considerable promise, and I hold the opinion that further study might some day justify her in inviting serious attention as a concert player.

She was well advised in selecting an assisting artist. Mr. Sydney Rosenbloom played with his usual mastery, particularly the Schumann "Papillons," which was inimitably done. The ever-changing mood pictures are the delight of the imaginative artist, and Mr. Rosenbloom realised all the possibilities of the succession of movements.

Mr. Sydney Schragger.

Last week there returned to Johannesburg Mr. Sydney Schragger, who went to Italy some four years ago to continue his vocal studies. He and Mr. Butow travelled together and were studying together in Italy until about eighteen months ago, when Mr. Schragger decided to go to London.

Mr. Schragger is enthusiastic over the instruction and help available in Italy, "but," he said, "you must know what you want and then you must search until you find it."

In London, also, he managed to do good work under efficient guidance, and he was fortunate enough to get also a good deal of experience in concert singing, in opera and in singing for the Broadcasting companies. Although opportunities for touring in the provinces came his way, Mr. Schragger expressed no enthusiasm for engagements which necessitated his leaving the metropolis, hence his public singing was done mainly in London.

It is probable that he will give a recital in the immediate future.

A New Sonata.

One of the latest additions to pianoforte literature is a new Sonata by Frederick Deluis. Like the concerto by the same composer it is an example of the modern tendency towards compression, following the example of Liszt, who first evolved the symphonic poem, then writing the E flat concerto without any break, followed by the Sonata in one continuous movement. But the latter work needs about twenty-eight minutes' performance and the new Deluis Sonata only ten. Those who are familiar with the Deluis Concerto will find much of interest in the Sonata, especially the composer's decision to say all he wanted in the space of ten minutes.

Beethoven and Bridge.

I found the performance of the Beethoven Quartet in E flat at the Musical Society's concert last Tuesday evening just a little disturbing. I mean this in the sense that the subjects seem to sing themselves into the mind, and just when one is thoroughly impregnated with the fascinating tunes you are called on to listen to a first performance of things like Frank Bridge's Phantasy for violin, viola and violoncello. There are not many works in the literature of modern Chamber music that can survive this proximity to the inspirations of the past. However much Beethoven may have juggled with the setting of what we heard on Tuesday, the music stood the test of rearrangement without any apparent loss of either dignity, beauty or directness. Beethoven, jovial, light-hearted, optimistic, sings only of joy in the quartet, but it is the strength of his themes that make some modern things sound laboured. The Frank Bridge Phantasy is almost diabolically clever, the English composer knows how to write; resource in the handling of instrumental material is like nothing to him, and he can contrive some curious complexities in the way of rhythmical combination. The Phantasy is the result of sheer brain power, but I was unable to detect anything approaching inspiration in its several parts. It embodied some beautiful moments, but mostly they proved elusive and melted away almost as soon as heard.

Fine Tonal Balance.

There is ample justification for a genuinely felt enthusiasm for the performance given to the concerted numbers. An outstanding feature was the fine tonal balance that was maintained throughout, and to this Miss Nancy Aiken contributed much. It is easy enough to convert such music into a piano concerto with string accompaniment, but on Tuesday night the players were splendidly successful in presenting a homogeneity in ensemble that reached real distinction. Beautiful and finely graded tone from the piano found its counterpart in almost perfectly graded tone from the strings, so that the result was impressively beautiful. The string department was in the hands of Mrs. J. Meiring, Mrs. H. Durell and Mr. Harold Ketelby.

B. J. Dale's Sonata.

Another feature of the concert was the first performance in Johannesburg of a movement from B. J. Dale's pianoforte Sonata in D minor by Miss Aiken. A first impression of the music is that the composer could have delivered his message in less space. The movement seems too long and discursive, but there was no mistake about its vitality and its appropriateness of setting. Miss Aiken gave the music adequate and virile treatment.

The Next Concert.

The Society announces that the next concert will be given in the Selborne Hall on Friday evening, December 5, when the programme will include Mozart's Quartet for flute and strings, and Beethoven's Trio for flute, violin and viola, the performers being Mrs. H. Durell, Mrs. J. Meiring, Miss Violet Rowland, Miss Margaret Schoen and Professor P. R. Kirby. Mrs. Weyhausen will be the vocalist.

Dorothy Clark at Albert Hall.

Dorothy Clark, an excellent contralto and a South African, is at last being recognised in England. I see that she is engaged to sing with the Leeds Choral Union in Beethoven's "Mass in D," and in the same work with the Sheffield Musical Union, while the Hull Vocal Society and the Huddersfield Choral Society have engaged her for the "Messiah." All the societies rank very high in English choral life. What is more, she has had her Albert Hall baptism, on October 8, in a very fine performance of the "Elijah," by the Royal Choral Society, a body, by the way, which ranks highest amongst mixed choirs in England. To sing in that huge building, accommodating an audience of over 10,000, and acoustically not good, is no light test.

Allegro.

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The grounds, 35 acres in extent, take the form of a lovely natural park, and lend themselves to all the usual outdoor amusements: Tennis, Croquet, Shooting, etc.

Boating here is excellent, and the resort is specially noted for fishing and safe surf bathing.

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"The Mask and the Face."

"'The Mask and the Face,'" said Mr. Leon M. Lion, in discussing his next production at His Majesty's Theatre, Johannesburg, "is what might be called a *sparkling* play. The plot is strikingly original, and the dialogue is informed with a rare distinction. Easy, polished epigrams are scattered through the piece, and the pleasantly witty situations are all contrived with great cleverness.

"It is a play of modern Italy; but although the story and setting are of the present-day, the theme might have been invented by Boccaccio.

"Count Mario Grazia, the central figure, has one apprehension in life—that he may appear ridiculous in the eyes of his fellows. He and his Countess live and move in a rather decadent atmosphere that is heavy with the intrigues of passion. There is, for instance, a charming old philosopher Signor Zanotti, whose dashing young wife is, to say the least, not exactly a model of domesticity; and there is Franco Spina, a young lawyer who, while officially engaged to the fair Delia Fambra, is doing his best to urge the Countess to tread the primrose path of silken—Exactly!

"In the course of a lively conversation on the subject of feminine constancy, the Count solemnly declares that he would unhesitatingly slay with his own good right hand the wife who had proved unfaithful to him. Nobody believes that the Count would carry out such a threat, and the Countess, who knows him best, is mildly amused at the idea.

"At length the Count's resolution is put to the test through Franco Spina's importunate pursuit of the Countess. The Count believes the worst of his wife, and although he would never have the nerve to kill her, the fear of ridicule makes him as desperate as a man of his quality can be. He sends his wife away into France, and forbids her ever to return; and then he gives himself up to the authorities as her murderer. His simple story is that finding his wife false to him he performed an act of elemental justice by strangling her and throwing her body into the lake outside his villa.

"And so he is tried for murder—and I do not think," Mr. Lion went on, "that we need go any further into the story at this stage. I can tell you, however, that the situation is treated with great skill and adroitness and a lively sense of humour. I am glad that Johannesburg playgoers chose this play, and I feel sure they will like it.

"The cast? Well, I am to play Count Maria Grazia—a character who is, of course, most contrastive in every way to the Marquis Chi Lung in "The Chinese Puzzle—and Miss René Kelly will be Savina the Countess—who, as a matter of fact, disobeys her husband's order never to return and comes back to 'haunt' him even before his trial.

"'The Mask and the Face,'" said Mr. Lion finally, "is going to be staged here in a manner even better than the London production. That is not an idle exaggeration, but a fact; of this I solemnly assure you."

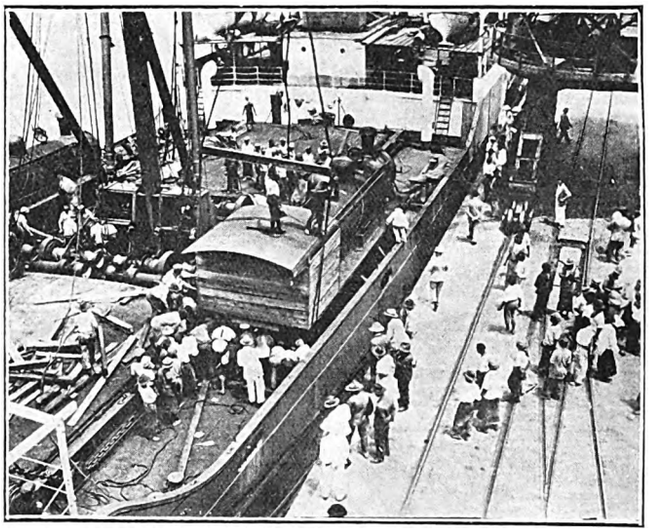
Byron and Byron at the Empire.

Byron and Byron do not come here as strangers. Not so very long ago when they travelled as Guest and Newlyn they toured the Southern Hemisphere and were a tremendous success in Australia, Africa and New Zealand. Why they have changed their name is described in an amusing letter which has just come to hand from Mr. Byron, who is with his partner at the Empire, Johannesburg.

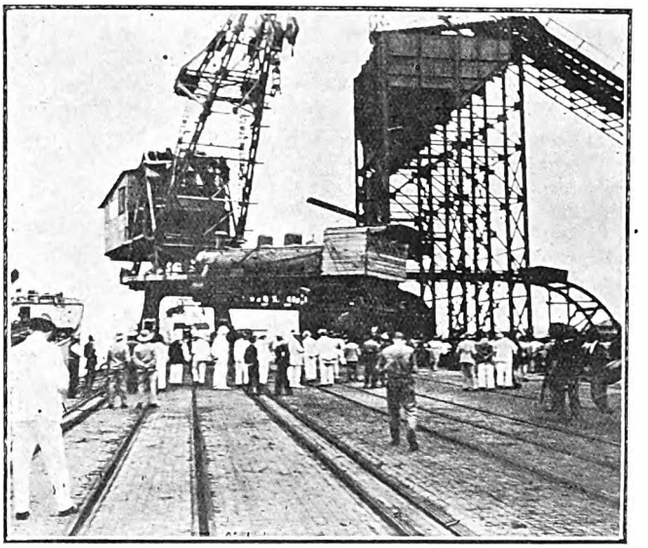
"Not so very long ago, when we finished our tour in Africa we returned to the smoke and smiles of London. Our agents sat back and told us that while we had been away in the South for a number of years the vaudeville business was looking for new names and new faces. We were forced to keep the same old faces, so we gave them new names, and that is why Guest and Newlyn come to you as Byron and Byron. I am sorry we cannot be true to the picture by bringing our "Childe Harold."

Byron and Byron have a sparkling new act which has already proved itself in Capetown.

Landing Complete Locomotives.



The 65-ton Locomotive on the deck of the "Tartar Prince."



One of the four Locomotives in the air.

Four complete locomotives, each weighing 65 short tons, were landed at the port of Delagoa Bay (Lourenço Marques) last week.

They were built by the Baldwin Locomotive Works of Philadelphia, Pennsylvania, for the Caminhos de Ferro de Lourenço Marques. It is the first time that such heavy lifts have been effected on the wharves of the port. The locomotives were brought as deck cargo on the *Tartar Prince*, and were landed through the agency of the port's 60 metric ton crane.

Great credit is due to our Portuguese neighbours, firstly for supplying such splendid equipment at the port, and secondly for their ability to handle it. The work was under the supervision of the Acting Director of Railways, Mr. Marcial Simoes de Freitas E. Costa. The agents of the steamship, the local manager of the Baldwin Locomotive Works, and also one of their engineers, the American Consul and important officials and residents of Lourenço Marques watched the landing of the giant locomotives, and the officials announce that this is the first time that virtually completely erected locomotives have been delivered at an African port. The locomotives are intended for goods service, and are known as "*Mikado*" type 2-8-2.

The representative of the African Films, Ltd., took motion pictures of the unloading, which are a feature of the *African Mirror*.

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Back to the Veld from London.

By Madge Saunders.

Miss Madge Saunders, the famous London musical-comedy star, has arrived back in South Africa—not to bow to us across the footlights, but to see her mother, Mrs. Bell, and her brother, Mr. Ralph Saunders, who live in Johannesburg. She arrived by the Walmer Castle *at Cape-town on Monday, and travelled notrh by train. She writes her impressions of the home-coming in the following article, which is exclusive to the "S.A.P."*—EDITOR.

At last I realise my ambition—long deferred—to return to South Africa! I've not been back since the war. But now I have the opportunity I longed for during all the two years' run of "Tons of Money." (I refer to the run of the play, not to the run of the horse, though that was almost as long!)

My earlier impressions and interests in South Africa seem somehow to be more compelling than all the kaleidoscope of London life, and it is these impressions and interests I want to renew and strengthen; and with my mother and elder brother living in Johannesburg my four months' trip has all the excitement of a real holiday: one which I may prolong. I only wish a complete family reunion were possible, but my other brother, Guy, is now understudying one of the leading parts at the Winter Garden Theatre. Only the other week I went to see "Primrose," and saw him perform, and may I be forgiven when I say that I think he did it exceedingly well; anyhow, I had rather to jostle in a crowd of people who were bent on congratulating him, for it was his first opportunity of making good. It reminded me of similar times when I had to jostle to get near him after golfing competitions which he had won. Perhaps in saying this I ought to apologise for family pride, but I think that is both natural and decent, and, besides, my enthusiasm is explained by the fact that I was instrumental in starting the Ladies' Stage Golfing Society, and Guy, in the game of golf, has been my only instructor.

Golf Among the Famous.

Perhaps missing the matches concerned with this Society this season is one of my few regrets in leaving England. Lady du Maurier is now president, Gladys Cooper vice-president, and Winifred Barnes captain, while other friends of mine are active members, particularly Heather Thatcher, Fay Compton and Edith Leitch, sister of the ex-golfing champion (though this is not necessarily a criterion of *our* golfing merits).

Another club, the meetings of which I shall miss is the "Tuesday Lunch Club." It was started by Mr. Bevil Rudd, in conjunction with Mr. Sinclair Lewis, the famous American novelist (author of "Main Street" and "Babbit," and now "Professor Arrow Smith, Ph.D.", which will be published in March, and which he considers to be his best book). I act as hostess, and we meet every Thursday up to the number of about twenty, distinguished by a quaintness of rules and colours. Included in our respective literary and theatrical friends (though they are not necessarily mutually exclusive) are Mr. Michael Arlen, of "The Green Hat" fame; Mr. A. P. Herbert ("A.P.H." of *Punch*); and Mr. Nevinson, the painter, who are well known, and many others who might be better known in this community of charming people! Yvonne Arnaud, George Grossmith, Fay Compton and Heather Thatcher best represent the stage. There are others, too, who are not decisively literary nor theatrical, but none the less interesting: Lady Eleanor Smith, daughter of Lord Birkenhead, and his personal secretary in the election again (and there have been many agains!); Mr. Bevil Rudd, Sir Theodore Cook (editor of *The Field*), Princess Kropotkin, daughter of Karl Marx, of the Tsarist *regime* in Russia; Mr. Harold Abrahams, the sprinter, and other athletes and many other delightful people who refuse to admit celebrity.

The following is an extract from the *Manchester Guardian*." It was written by Mr. Karl Capek, the author of "The Insect Play" and "R.U.R.":—

> *"There were politicians, athletes, and authors, and pretty women, oak tables and a clay floor. It was a place like the palm of one's hand, a fantastic and terrible den; I thought they would kill me there. But they gave me food on earthenware plates, and were nice and kind; then I was entertained by a South African running champion, and I still remember a pretty girl who learnt Czech from me."*

Mr. Bevil Rudd was the running champion, while I was the alleged "pretty girl!"

As we are both South Africans we have naturally collected a number of visitors over There from South Africa. Mrs. Sandilands, Lady Bourne, Mrs. Gielgud (formerly Violet Harris, of Kimberley), Iris Taylor, Jeanne de Casilis (now playing the leading part in "Fata Morgana"), Captain "Pat" Hakewell Smith, Dolores and Jack Rudd have often lunched, and we also had some of the South African Olympic Team when they were available.

I saw and thoroughly enjoyed the Olympic Games in Paris. I appreciated them all the more as I had previously known most of the S.A.O.T. when they were training at Oxford, as well as many of the Oxford track team which visited South Africa; Bill Milligan, Roy Dickinson and Bobs Miller. So I was quite an accomplished track "fan," as the Americans say, when I got to Paris. We had a delightful party or two over there, including Atkinson, Steyn, Kinsman and Oldfield; Miss Beck (daughter of the Solicitor-General of the United States) and another charming American girl and her brother were with me, so we had a tiny League of Nations on our own. The final of the Hurdles was thrilling, if disappointing, though the American who won said he would gladly exchange his own knowledge and experience for Sydney Atkinson's ability. I saw Catterall make his second Test Match century, but otherwise I was unfortunate (or should I say fortunate!) in being out of town whenever the South African team was in London.

I suppose I shall often miss many things I have grown accustomed to over There in London. Leaving behind my adorable Chow (for the quarantine laws are most unsympathetic) was very sad for me. However, Yvonne Arnaud, my best friend, is going to take care of him. I have rather obviously named him "Pong," although I know there is not another like him, let alone two more of his kind. He is quite an individualist.

And yet, when all is said and done, there is a swift untroubled delight in returning, and I am reminded again of a poem which was given to me by a South African—a poem written in France during the war:—

Somewhere the sun beats warmly on the veld,
Though here cold gusts go shivering through the camp.
The North wind and the sleet, with icy pelt,
Strike on the face: and all the ground is damp.
Could I but see again the pepper tree,
And touch the cluster of its hard red beads,
Or fondle hot blue gravel lovingly,
And wonder where the hazy mirage leads.
Khorhaan are calling far away to-night,
The beetle sets vast silence into song;
The lowering blue pink-tinted bank of night
Is rising in the east, where kopjes throng.
But many mornings cold and grey shall pass
Until, again, I canter o'er brown grass.

This is what I have often felt, and feel more keenly now: visions renewed, that through time tend to grow dim; and, perhaps, best of all, the warmth, the security, the friendliness, and the enchantment of the South African veld—my home of yesterday—my home again to-day.

The Australian Band.

Since the Australian Steel Works Band has been in Cape Town they have been praised everywhere and have attracted bigger crowds than the Cape Town Orchestra can boast. Their wonderful playing of tox-trots, and their realistic interpretation of the "William Tell" overture is still a subject of discussion in tram-cars and on the beach. Their playing, in fact, has rather pointedly shown the neglect of brass bands in South Africa. *Beachcomber.*

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"The Voice from the Minaret."

MISS NORMA TALMADGE.

This film is to be screened at the Bijou, Johannesburg, every evening next week. Every picture one sees has at least one virture. This film has every virtue, for it is well acted, the story is intensely thrilling and the tale is told against a background of great beauty. The theme is old—Love! But the producer has dressed it up in a dazzling new form.

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Africa Remembered.

An Interview With Lady Forbes Robertson.

By Pamela Travers.

I found her looking younger than ever and showing no sign of having recently spent two years in arduous travel, two weeks in shopping among the little streets in Paris, and a busy day giving away her eldest daughter in marriage at one of the most crowded weddings of the season.

"You know," she said smiling, "it's no joke dashing to Paris and buying a trousseau for a daughter, but it's still less humorous seeing her married and growing suddenly from the little girl I knew into a strange woman whom I must learn to know."

But to me the most humorous thing of all is that Lady Forbes-Robertson should have a daughter old enough to be marriageable. She looks more like the sister of her daughters than their mother, and she retains always that pearly fresh look—the same look a young red carnation has when its stands up in the early morning. She always, if possible, has red carnations in her drawing-room. They make brilliant splashes of colour among the tender greys and whites of her sunny room which overlooks the lovely reds and golds of Bedford Square Gardens. This slim dark woman with the night-soft voice knows well how to harmonise colour. Her room is like the soft nest of some small homing wind-wise bird, well feathered, full of well-remembered pictures and friendly things to which she has been always faithful. There is no ultra-modern attempt at exaggerated simplicity and yet no hint of mid-Victorian stodginess. It is a lived-in-room which has taken on the colours of every year which has tripped through it. There are four portraits—all hung in kindly-lit spaces on the walls—portraits of her four daughters—(extravagant woman!) painted when they were all (at various times) eight years old. Old prints are hung unobstrusively in lesser places, many photographs of her husband, Sir Johnston Forbes-Robertson, are scattered about, but the whole room, until she herself enters it, is dominated by the red carnations. They, of course, surrender their supremacy when she comes in, they are merely forerunners, small John-the-Baptists.

"What do I remember of Africa? Well, what an absurd question! Of course I know you must ask me that—but it is horrid of you, all the same, because I simply must give the same answer that everybody else gives, and I did so want to say something different. Of course, the first thing I remember about it is the sun—the sun, and then the sun! After that the kindness and the courage and the eternal lively cheerfulness of the South African people. I'll never forget my visits to South Africa. I feel as if I had drunk deep gallons of sunlight, that it is in my veins and in my eyes and ears—yes, I can almost hear your sunlight, so strong it is. I feel that I have enough sunlight inside me to last me easily through twenty murky English winters; that no snowy days can ever have power to hurt me again because I have such a stalwart fortress of warmth within me. And South African audiences—you know, they are very gratifying. They do appreciate the theatre so. And yet, theirs is a critical appreciation. They demand the best of one. They do not go to the theatre merely to see any old play acted in any old way. One feels so surely that only the best will do for them—one's very best—one wants, somehow, to give them of one's very utmost, to know oneself a good actress in their eyes. There is a feeling of good-fellowship that comes to one over the footlights from a South African audience, an encouragement that makes one suddenly want to put out one's hand to all those hands behind that row of lights and say 'thanks awfully!' You know what I mean?

"You know, since I was in South Africa I have been in Australia. Their sun matches yours—it is the dominant thing in their lives, they live with it and are part of it just as you are. But it is a far call to Australia. There one feels so very far away from England. Australia is somehow separate and entire—like a sturdy youth which, though he dearly loves his mother, still determines on going his own way serenely and confidently.

"But in South Africa one feels—how shall I put it—as if one is not reallyaway from home, as if one is living in an arm of England made beautiful and sunny and warm by the kindly south.

"Of course we had our most trying time in South Africa as far as hard work went. You see, we did most of our rehearsing there. We played "Woman to Woman" for the first time in Johannesburg. It was there that I had funk—oh, breathe it not!—it was there that I had funk—oh, yes, I funked most dreadfully.

"Suddenly, about a week before we opened, I found that I could not memorise my part. I walked my room day and night trying to drum the words into my head. I thought I was going mad. They simply would not stay fixed in my brain. As fast as I mastered one scene, the one I had just learnt would hop into the limbo of forgotten things and I had to begin all over again. How I ever got through the first night I do not know—I must have done it somehow because the play was tremendously received, but it was a very long time before I was sure of myself. I told a doctor about my memory's fall from grace and asked him if there was any fear of my losing it altogether. He laughed and explained to me that the brain is always languid and lazy and lacking in force when one lives at a great height. Evidently the high, rarefied air of Johannesburg was too pure for me and I was glad to get down to more natural altitudes when I had to study my next part.

"But if I may become domestic for a moment, I will tell you that I envy you your freedom from the servant problem. I did enjoy having a "boy" to perform every office in the house—I felt like a princess when I was waited on by all those servants. You have only to live in England and keep house for six months in London to realise the langourous joy of leaving things undone and knowing they will be done for you—and the joy of being free from those dreadful columns wherein one searches for some name which looks as if it might belong to some women who is willing to condescend to do the minimum of domestic work for the maximum wage. Ah, you lucky housewives over there!

"Shall I go back to South Africa? Why, of course—some day. I do not like to think I shall never see Africa again. But for the present—well, I have only just got home, you see, and I am revelling in the lovely autumn in England, in meeting my friends and superintending the spring cleaning of my house. Then I must give up the next few months to my husband and my children, find a new play and settle down to work again in England.

"But some day—when I feel this warm sunniness inside me fading a little I shall pack my trunks again and be off to the South—I shall set out with the swallows at the beginning of some winter and I shall not come back until I have reached up again to touch the sun which bends so very low over South Africa."

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"The Wedding Robe."

The merry company of the merry show to be produced at the Standard Theatre, Johannesburg, on Saturday evening next.
O'Bryne photograph.

Theatres and Films.

The Voice from the Minaret.

The theme is old. It is a love tale that the Bijou, Johannesburg, has chosen for its feature next week, but the old theme somehow takes on new colour and form. One wonders on seeing Miss Norma Talmadge in this story whether there isn't a new aspect to love after all. The story starts in India, and then the woman of the tale goes to Damascus on a pilgrimage, leaving her husband in India. She meets another man and they love each other. You say that millions have done that before! Maybe. But the extraordinary beauty of this story and the extraordinary beauty of the scenery have an almost mesmeric effect on you. I saw the film at a private showing, and realised that the producer had introduced an almost magic quality into the film. The story, as you know, is by Robert Hitchens, who still stands supreme as a writer of good novels. No matter how old or matter-of-fact we may be, we must respond to the Voice of the Minaret, which strays across the desert where the woman learns to love. The word "thrilling" has been used so often that one almost trembles to use it again. But I can think of no other word to describe the story. I can think of no other word but "beauty" to describe the manner in which the story is filmed. *Critic.*

Chu Chin Chow.

On December 22, "Chu Chin Chow" will be screened at the Bijou, Johannesburg, and, when its season there is over, the great film will go to Capetown. The acted play was the sensation of the British stage. The film is no less the sensation of the bioscope world, and that is why it is being presented here under such special circumstances. "Kissing Time" and the ever-charming "Cobbler's Song," and other songs from the lightsome opera will be sung, and the producers are wooing a little of the spirit of the East into the theatre to accentuate the theme of the story. For richness, extravagant beauty and dignity this film has never had an equal.

Addison and Mitrenga.

Errol Addison and Mdlle. Mitrenga, who are to present their English dancing act at the Empire on Monday, come with the best of dances and the best of reputations from London. Errol Addison, an English lad who has quickly gained fame, has some interesting theories on dancing. He says:—"I believe that a male dancer has as much to learn of his art in the sea and in the country as in the practice room. The trouble with most men who dance is that they don't convey the feeling of strength and virility which contrasts so effectively with the grace and delicacy of a female dancer. I think a dancer should swim and walk and play games and fill his mind with the healthy atmosphere of an out-of-doors life. Then he can fill his work with the same spirit. One's work cannot mirror anything that is not in one's mind. A dancer cannot hope to convey the impression of strength and manliness and vigour in his dancing if he doesn't feel them in his mind and heart."

Orpheum and Carlton.

The Orpheum Theatre, Johannesburg, is featuring "The Rough Diamond" this week, and the Carlton is showing "Daughter of Luxury." Tom Mix, who can never appear too often, is the star in "The Rough Diamond," and the story is full of the strength and humour that we have learned to expect from this popular star. "The Daughter of Luxury" reveals most of its character in the title. It is a good modern film, which should prove to be a very effective magnet at the Carlton.

"The Wedding Robe."

Miss Audrey Grose is to produce a dance-play, called "The Wedding Robe," at the Standard Theatre, Johannesburg, on Saturday. The theatre is already almost booked out. The public has been quick to realise that this entertainment, with seventy children taking part, must be seen. Mr. E. R. Gill is in charge of the orchestra. Mr. Alfred Bertwistle and Mr. R. Smith are taking part. The virtues of the entertainment are not confined entirely to the stage, for the profits are to go to the Sons of England Cottage Home, Rosebank.

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On the Rialto.

By Antonio.

JOHANNESBURG, Tuesday afternoon.

Considering the decline in the currency price of gold to under 90s.—the last quotation I heard was about 89s. 6d.—the market keeps remarkably steady.

The Chamber of Mines has sent a "trial shipment," as it were, of 600 ounces of gold to the Pretoria Mint for conversion into "golden" sovereigns—no longer a tautological phrase in these days of paper money. The actuaries and statisticians of the Chamber of Mines are presumably kept busy with the problem whether it is more advantageous to send the output to be minted at Pretoria, or to dispose of it to India, risking it that when it was actually sold the price may have gone back to par; but the banks would still have to be paid about half-a-crown an ounce for bringing the proceeds back from London (where settlement always takes place). I can only suggest that the mines quote a price in commercial phrase "F.O.B. net cash Durban."

The memorandum of the E.R.P.M. Shareholders' Protection Committee made its long-expected appearance during the week, but failed ta attract any great attention. There was a good deal of chaff about its "39 articles," and the hope was expressed that the Board's reply would be more concise. Perhaps "14 points" might suffice! Meantime it is officially stated that the allegations "are entirely devoid of foundation and the statements adduced to support them grossly misleading."

Modder Easts keep below par, and slipped back to 17s. 9d. this morning. Incidentally, this shows the soundness of my argument of some months ago that there was no need to buy the old shares at a price which brought the new out at over par. The "debs.", on which you at least get interest, are down to £110½; not very good business for the controlling house, which offered to relieve sub-guarantors at £115 a few weeks ago.

Government Areas are in less demand, and the price is accordingly lower at 105s. middle; but "big" Modders are as steady as a rock at 81s. 6d.—82s. 6d. Both Brakpan at 74s.—74s. 3d. and Geduldes at 65s. are somewhat higher.

At the influential gathering at the "Johnnies" meeting this morning, over which Mr. Walter Webber presided, it was announced that the New State Areas plant would shortly be placed on a 67,000 tons per month basis, by means of some minor additions to the slimes treatment section. Though designed for 50,000 tons, an average of 61,800 tons monthly has actually been dealt with. An "average," you may remember, is "what hens lay eggs on."

Crushing at Langlaagte is about to be concentrated at the "Consolidated" plant, now doubly consolidated as it were. There will be a valuable clean-up of the old Langlaagte plant which has been hammering out gold for over thirty years, constituting a welcome offset against recent heavy capital expenditure. Randfontein is doing development at the rate of a hundred thousand feet a year, which "must be a record for any mine." Nothing very definite was said of development values in the western section of the Van Ryn Deep, though they are encouraging and should provide a large quantity of payable ore which will add considerably to the life of the concern. The share were 76s. 6d. this morning.

A S. A. Pianist.

Our London music critic writes: "At a social evening held by the Dominion Artists' Club (London), on October 26th, Miss Virginia McLean played the C sharp minor Concerto by Chopin. This young South African, a student at the Royal Academy of Music, showed greatest promise. Her technique is good, her touch sympathetic or robust as the occasion requires, and the interpretation was worthy of a finished artist. She was greatly applauded, and in response played two encores. *Allegro.*

Miss Hannah Joel, of Atherton, Mitchell Park, Durban, has returned after her journey to England and France, and is living at the Marine Hotel. Miss Joel went Home with her mother about eight months ago, and everybody in Durban will be pleased to know that Mrs. Joel is feeling much better after her three months in France. Miss Phyllis Joel, who went to England a few weeks ago, will stay with her mother until early next year, when they are expected to return to Durban.

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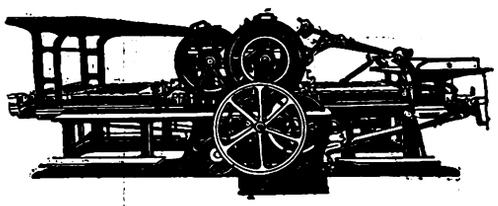

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Of the clever duo at the Empire, Johannesburg.

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Paragraphed and Photographed

Without offence to friends or foes
I sketch your world exactly as
it goes.

GARDA HALL,
The S.A. singer in London. See letterpress below.

Isobel McLaren Recital.

Our London musical critic writes:—"Isobel McLaren is a very fine musician. From her first phrase onward she shows that she has a full grasp of the songs which she sings. She has a keen sense of rhythm. Her phrasing is excellent. Her mezzo-soprano voice is even throughout. Her diction is clear. All these essential qualities would make her a great singer if she had been trained to give her voice more than the one colour, and if the volume of her voice were bigger. At her recital at the Æolian Hall, London, on October 13th, the more contemplative songs were sung exceedingly well. Hugo Wolf's "Zur Ruh," Liszt's "Ueber Allen Gipfeln," and Holmes' "La Montagne Noire" were things of sheer beauty. She was ill-advised to attempt such a colossal dramatic song as Borodine's "La Mer," depicting the fury of a gale and the wreck of a boat. Even a Marguerite d'Alvarez could hardly do it justice; it needs a Chadiapin to interpret it adequately.

Yet Isobel McLaren showed that she understood even these very difficult songs, and when she develops a variety of colour, enabling her to convey through her voice *all* she feels, we may expect great things of her, in the place of the very good and sometimes beautiful things which she gives us at present. *Allegro.*

"Comin' Thro' the Rye."

I see that the film "Comin' Thro' the Rye" is shortly to be shown in South Africa. I think I saw it under the most luxurious conditions possible in London the day after it was finished.

Mr. Hepworth, the producer, has a little film theatre of his own, with enormous armchairs and chesterfields, a waiter to serve you whiskies and sodas, or tea, and a log fire to keep you warm. And it holds no more than ten people.

There were three in the audience: Mr. Hepworth, who, by the way, was the first film producer in England, Mr. Shayle Gardner, who is the male star in the film story, and myself. By the way, it is interesting to note that Shayle Gardner is a colonial, for he was born in Auckland, New Zealand.

The rye field used in the picture was specially planted a few miles out of London, and I went there many times while the film was being produced. It is one of the most delicately beautiful English films I have ever seen. *H.H.B.*

A London Note.

When I was in Eastbourne in the summer (one went through that last English summer with one's umbrella up) I heard Miss Muriel Clark singing with the De Beer concert party. I have followed her work closely ever since, partly because she is a South African and partly because her voice is above the monotonous average of the usual touring concert party of the English summer season. I learn she has been selected by Mr. Julius Harrison, of the Royal Academy of Music, to study the parts of *Pamina* and *Queen of Night* in "The Magic Flute." Miss Clark was born in Durban, and her people still live there at 123, Bulwer Road. She went to England in 1922, and now she is living at St. John's Wood. Durban people have not forgotten her singing for various war charities. She gained a bronze and a silver medal at the Royal Academy in London, and has appeared as solo soprano at the Steinway and Kingsway Halls, where they give those exclusive afternoon concerts where the smartest of London audiences do their best to keep the flag of dear Orpheus flying in the rather unheeding metropolis.

Miss Garda Hall.

If you leave Baker Street, that dear, jangling straight thoroughfare of motor buses and flower sellers, you will come to Marylebone Road, and there you may find the Three Arts Club. If you choose such an afternoon as I chose, when London is dark and dismal and only fools and journalists are out, you may find a Miss Garda Hall in the club, and, if you don't terrify her with a note-book and pencil, you may be able to induce her to talk. She'll tell you that she was born in Durban, and that her people still live at Winkelspruit on the South Coast line of Natal; that she was educated at Pietermaritzburg, and that she came to England in September, 1920.

Of course these are only dull facts compared with the fact that she is a truly remarkable singer, with A.R.A.M. and L.A.R.M. and Royal Academy gold medals to prove the fact to those silly people who like everything written on paper. But you have only to hear her sing at the Queen's Hall or the Æolian Hall to know that she has one of the most charming voices that Africa has sent to this side of the world.

The London papers have been very kind to her—and yet perhaps one should call it justice and not kindness. The *Daily Telegraph* says she has a "good voice intelligently used"; and *The Times*, the dear gracious grandmother of English journalism, said: "Singing finished technically and musical in feeling." Most of the other papers have praised her, and, for myself, I would like to say that her soprano voice is far above most soprano voices. I am not very fond of vocalists, because most of them seem to have plenty of production and technique and very little real feeling behind it. I may sound very sentimental and all that, but I do think a singer should have a message as well as a method. It is this intelligence and freedom from affectation that makes Miss Garda Hall one of the most charming South Africans who have pitched their tents and voices in London.

Miss Garda Hall is receiving plenty of engagements, and I see by the concert announcements that she is at present singing in Scotland.

I am sending a recent photograph to show you that four years of London have not lessened her charm; rather have they increased it. *Oliver Bent.*

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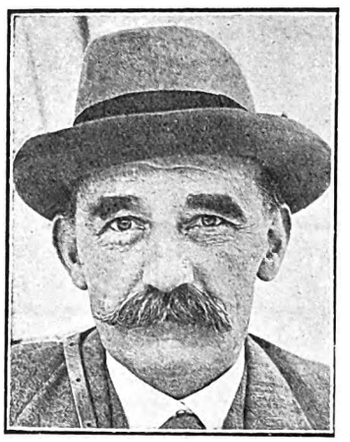
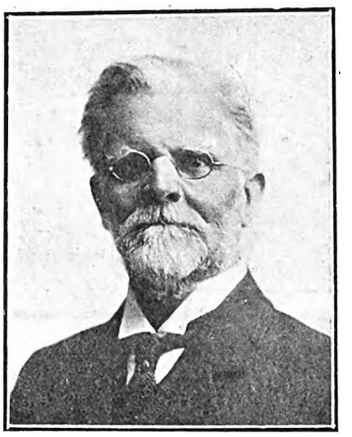
NEW HIGH COMMISSIONER
For Mozambique. See letterpress below.



DR. M. J. RENDALL,
In South Africa on behalf of Rhodes' Trustees. See letterpress below.



MR. STEPHEN SUGDEN,
One of the Union's best known Pioneers, was 70 years old last Sunday.

MR. W. ELSDON-DEW,
Of Central Mining Corporation, returning this week from his tour abroad.

Portugal in Cape Town.

The arrival of a passenger steamer at Capetown is always a fairly British affair, but when the mailboat came in last week with the sound of excited Portuguese conversations all over the deck, people were a little surprised. Senhor Victor Hugo Assevendo Coutinho, the new High Commissioner for Mozanmbique, had arrived, with his wife and suite, and every loyal Portuguese in Capetown had turned out to greet him. So English and Dutch were drowned under the sound of these good people of Portugal who struck a rather romantic note in the crowd. When they arrived in Johannesburg, some of the High Commissioner's suite appeared in splendid uniforms and upset the usual monotony of serge and tweed at the Carlton. A photograph of Senhor Coutinho appears at the top of this page.

An Echo of Winchester.

If there are any Winchester boys digging honest spades into the South African earth, they will be pleased to see at the top of this page a photograph of Doctor Montague John Rendall, late headmaster of Winchester College, who has arrived in the Union on behalf of the Rhodes Trustees, to visit every place where there are Rhodes Scholar's Foundations. He goes to Australia, Canada and the West Indies from here. In this whirl world in which we live we are inclined to overlook schools and universities and forget their importance. Perhaps Doctor Rendall's visit will help to remind us that the foundations of to-morrow are found in the schools of to-day.

Olive Schreiner.

In Matjesfontein in November of 1890, Olive Schreiner signed the introductory note to her book of "Dreams." Since then no less than twenty-three editions of the book have been published. Now comes a twenty-fourth edition, from the press of Messrs. T. Fisher Unwin. This is an excellent reprint, compact, solidly and simply bound and sold in England at 3s. 6d. These "Dreams," written when Cape Colony was still in the swaddling clothes of her civilisation, have not lost their wonder in the thirty-four years which have passed since they were first published.

The Countess of Cathcart.

The Countess of Cathcart has written a novel. It is only to be hoped that her written romance will have as wide publicity as the one she has lived. Mr. John Long is to be the publisher and we expect the book here in a week or two. I had an afternoon talk with Mr. Long before I sailed from London and he said that we can expect a sensational novel from the Countess. We do. It is called "The Woman Tempted" and is supposed to be a sensational attack on Rhodesian society. Mr. Long's announcement of the novel says it is a story about a "siren engaging in a series of amorous adventures." *O.P.*

New Songs.

In case the gramophones are growing tired of "Horsey keep your tail up" and "Pasadena," there are new songs by the last mail. The Lawrence Wright Company has sent us copies of "You're in Kentucky sure as you're born," to which South African feet have already tripped a measure. It is an excellent song in its way, and is reminiscent of Miss Nora Bayes, whom I heard singing it at the Empire before I left London. Other new songs include "Josephine," "Why did you creep into my Heart" (Ella Shields), "In Between the Showers," "Hard Hearted Hannah," and "I Wonder what's become of Sally." The two last are the best, excepting, of course, "Kentucky," which is one of the brightest of the light numbers we've heard for some months. *O.P.*

Royal Garden Party.

Wednesday's Royal Garden Party at Pretoria was a success in spite of the rain. The actual reception was held inside the house. Her Royal Highness Princess Alice wore a most exquisite gown of pink Nottingham lace draped with a cape effect and having a long sash of pastel blue charmeuse. Her toque harmonised with the gown. Lady May Cambridge and Mademoiselle de la Panouse were of the Royal party, Lady Barbara Bingham being in attendance on her Royal Highness, while in the suite of the Governor-General were Captain Lord Bingham, Major J. U. F. C. Alexander, O.B.E., Lieut. Hawkins, R.N., Captain R. C. Hargreaves and Captain Weldon Forester. The Administrator of the Transvaal was unfortunately unable to be present, but his mother, Mrs. Hofmeyr, was there wearing a smart blue gown and champagne-coloured hat embroidered in beads. The Mayor of Pretoria, Councillor G. H. Brink, was present with the Mayoress, who was dressed in green marocaine with fawn design in stripes, the skirt being flounced and designed in the new umbrella shape. Her hat was fawn with a green ostrich feather.

His Worship the Mayor of Johannesburg, Councillor Charles Walters, motored over with his daughter, Mrs. F. V. Petersen, who is acting Mayoress until her mother has recovered from her operation.

Chamber of Industries.

At the Empire on Monday evening, where by the way there is a very excellent programme this week, I met Mr. M. Kramer, president of the South African Federated Chamber of Industries, who is visiting Johannesburg on his presidential tour. Mr. Kramer is touring the country in the interests of the Chamber to gain a general idea of the industrial development and potentialities, and hopes to visit many of the factories throughout the country. He will be pleased to meet any manufacturers, and is staying at the Carlton Hotel.

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Of Office Boys.

I make the confession now.

With twenty murders to my credit, I feel it is time I made some record of them.

All through the months I have hugged my secret. . . I have murdered twenty office boys and not even the typist suspects. She thinks they merely "left."

Office boys are like the good in only one way. They should die young. I first thought out the idea when Angus, a lanky importation, ate meat pies near my table and filled my card index with greasy crumbs.

So I killed him.

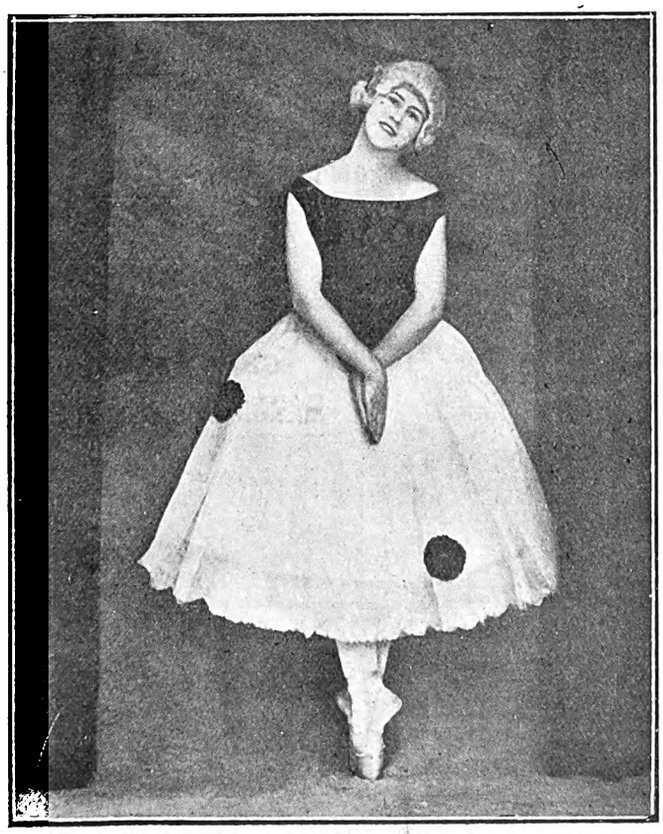
His crossed-eyes and the spectacle of his pie-eating unhinged me. I stabbed him with the paper knife one lunch hour, and dragged his corpse to the disused strong-room.

Then came a very alert boy named Horace. "HORACE" —the name itself hurt me. He whistled "Yes, We have no Bananas" until I could stand it no longer. So I put his head in the letter-press and crushed him to death. I gave his body to Angus for company. Then Mick came. He sneered when I asked him questions, and once, when I reprimanded him, he winked at the typist. I couldn't stand it. I put strychnine in his lunch sandwiches when he was not looking. I put the body in the strong room that night.

Then a thin, pallid lad named Bertie came. One day I caught him drawing faces on my blotting paper. They were strange faces; drawn all over the place: on my blotter, on my memorandum pad, on the desk itself. They seemed to be caricatures of myself. I couldn't stand him so I hit him on the head with the typewriter.

In this way I have killed them, one by one, for months past.

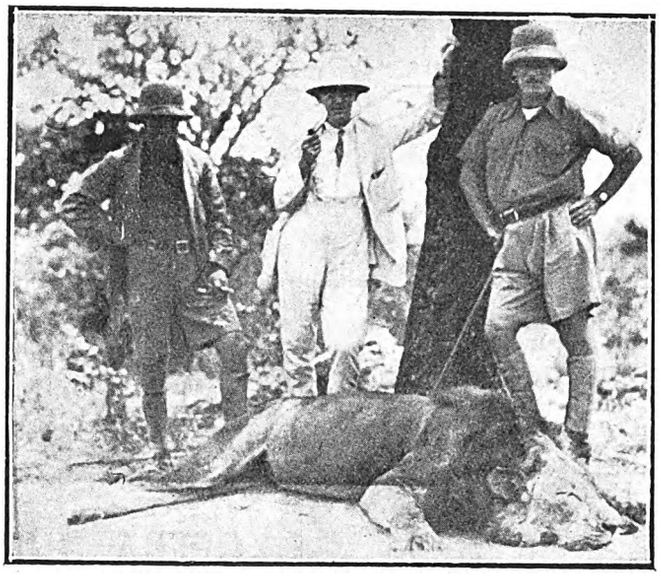
Office boys annoy me—they drive me mad. They make strange noises with their throats, and they "answer me back." They wear soiled collars and their hands are always filthy. They read wretched little books about murderers and cowboys, and they never do what they are told. They bet on racehorses before they have lost the cradle marks from their backs, and they "phone" girls.



MISS AUDREY GROSE.

Producer of the Wedding Robe," which is to be staged at the Standard Theatre on Saturday evening.

Jocelyn Leigh-Hunt photograph.



SHOT AFTER KILLING SIX OXEN.

This lion was shot at Mulungushi Camp, Northern Rhodesia, after killing six oxen. The party in the photograph include Mr. L. B. Woodworth (centre) of the General Mining-Rand Mines group, Mr. Perrow (left) and Mr. Douglas (right).

Their only way to salvation is through death. I have killed twenty of them and the strong-room is almost full. There is room for four more. Perhaps, if I engage thin office boys, I'll be able to crowd five or fix in before the room is actually full.

And while I write this, the little fiend on the chair is tapping the table with his ruler. He keeps on tapping . . . tapping. Heavens! I cannot stand it. Why won't the little wretch stop?

To-morrow, when the typist goes to her lunch, I'll call him over to see the procession go past. And while he's looking, I'll push him through the window.

We are on the sixth floor. *H.B.*

A Cheery Novel.

The latest mail brings me a copy of "Blessed are the Rich" by James Agate, who is, by the way, dramatic critic for the *Sunday Times* at home. Personally, I think he's the only dramatic critic in London, but I may be narrow minded. This new book, rippling with fun and impudent wisdom, is far better than most novels, although it is not as good as most of the books Mr. Agate has written. If you are seeking an entertaining, humorous novel, better than the average, buy this. Mr. Agate is a very human person. I knew him as a serious looking critic standing in the back of the stalls in those merry days when I was a first nighter in London. But, this book throws all that seriousness away and we have the humourist . . . and yet that is hardly the word. He is a sort of echo of the "Naughty nineties," but a very cheery echo. Leonard Parsons published the book and, since I am sure you are human enough to wish to be amused, you should buy it. *O.P.*

A Handkerchief Tea.

The love of handkerchief and trousseau teas has not gone out yet, and Mrs. Gordon Lowe adopted the charming form at the Marine Hotel, Durban, for Miss A. Storm. Mrs. Lowe wore a smart red accordion-pleated marocaine gown and hand-embroidered hat, and Miss Storm a beige georgette gown with Paisley and a black hat. Mrs. George Dougall, Miss Burford and Miss Beulah Storm sang during the afternoon.

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Dead Man's Tree at Durban.

In the whirl of Durban's business area, right outside the Post Office, there stands one of the most romantic trees in South Africa. This is Dead Man's Tree, upon which all funeral and death notices were nailed in the merry old days when there were no newspapers. The practice still survives among older residents who announce funeral arrangements on cards as shown in the photograph. The trunk of the tree is hardly visible behind thousands of tacks and nails, left there during the years in which Durban has grown from a romantic little settlement to one of the leading business centres of the Union.

Snakes.

I went to the Port Elizabeth snake park a few days ago, and the great lazy pythons reminded me of the strange use to which snakes (some of them twelve feet long) are put by some of the merchants and warehousemen in Sydney, N.S.W. Non-poisonous species of snakes are brought from the bush and kept in the vast stores as rat catchers. Sydney has a sub-tropical climate and because it is subject to occasional outbreaks of plague, the merchants have to conduct a never-ending war on rats, usually the original distributors of the disease. So it is a common thing to enter one of the vast grain stores in Sydney and see an enormous reptile slumbering among the rafters, with the storeman working peacefully below. The snake does his work at night time and he catches far more rats than a staff of cats could do. *I.C.B.*

Visited 50 Different Countries.

Mr. Frederick Stubbs, F.R.G.S., who arrived in Johannesburg this week, is touring South Africa in the interests of a chain of English journals, is believed to be the most travelled man in the world. He has been continuously travelling for over twenty years, and has visited fifty different countries. He was one of the special correspondents at the Coronation in India, and has been the guest of many princes and statesmen. He will be in South Africa seven months, studying the problems before the South African people, and he hopes to be of some service to this country in making its attractions and possibilities for the tourist and settler better known. It is expected that Mr. Stubbs will give one, if not two, lectures during the time he is in Johannesburg.

Sir Pieter Stewart-Bam.

Sir Pieter Stewart-Bam intended to sail from England by the *Balmoral Castle* on the 21st of this month, and he is assured of a generous welcome when he returns to the land of his birth. Sir Pieter was knighted for his work in 1907 when he was responsible for the remarkably successful South African Exhibition in London. He was partly concerned in the idea which grew into the British Empire Exhibition at Wembley. During the war Sir Pieter was Chief Recruiting Officer in London, and he also commanded the Reserve Battalion of the 7th London Regiment. Many South Africans served as officers under him. We understand that while he is in Johannesburg Sir Pieter will be the guest of Sir William and Lady Dalrymple.

Cape Town National Council.

The National Councils of Women Workers all over the world are a very real power of good and interest women in many things that in their home life would never touch them. Cape Town held its twelfth annual meeting the other day, when they re-elected Mrs. Charles Molteno, president. Mrs. Solly, Mrs. Bennie and Mrs. Newton Thompson are the three vice-presidents, with Mrs. Saphra as the new hon. secretary. Mrs. Colton was re-elected hon. treasurer.

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A WEDDING GOWN.

Messrs. Reville, Limited, of London, have created this simple but charming gown, which should appeal to any who are turning their steps towards the altar. It is actually a Venetian design and its sheath-like effect is carried out in ivory satin radium, woven in such a way as to give an effect of minute blister pearls. A beautiful ceinture of pearls and rhinestones adorns the gown, from the side of which hang long trails of the same pearls. The full length wedding train is of hand-woven gold and silver cloth, bordered with fine lace. The veil is of old family lace.

Johannesburg, ever loyal to old favourites, will enjoy the Empire programme next week ,for, in addition to Byron and Byron, Foster and Ninon are paying their second visit to this country. Their act is " at the piano," and they have a budget of excellent songs, new and amusing. R. and W. Roberts make their first appearance in Johannesburg, but they have already played in Capetown. Theirs is an exceptional act. They perform great feats and tricks, in full evening dress, and with a simplicity and rhythm which set most other acts of the kind in the shadows.

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The Midnight Shop.

A Tale for the Young and the Young-Old.

By H.B.

Jean was not afraid of the dark.

When her mother switched off the light, Jean immediately curled her knees up so that they'd be as far away as possible from the South Pole. She always called the foot of the bed the South Pole because it was so cold. Then she drew the extra pillow down next to her and played shop underneath it.

It was great fun. You arched the pillow so that the customers could come in on the other side, and you held bright conversations with them.

"Good morning, Mrs. Rattlebones, and what can I do for you?"

"I'll have a pound of the best tea, and two sticks of celery, please." And you imagined you were pulling a piece of string down from the ceiling. You wrapped them, saying, "My, how the days do stay cold, Mrs. Rattlebones." Then you changed your voice to be Mrs. Rattlebones, and said, "Yes, don't they?"

It was a good game, this game of shop in the dark. Then Jean would close up her imaginary shop and lie awake, looking at the moon. One night it was big and round and silver. It hung like a balloon outside in the garden. She thought it was tied on to the top of the cypress tree, it was so still. Then she grew very sleepy, but still watched the silver circle.

Yes, it was like a great big two-shilling piece!

A great big two-shilling piece! You could see the King's head on it if you looked long enough, and if you looked long enough you went off to sleep.

Jean still saw the two-shilling piece, after she went to sleep. The moon had turned into a two-shilling piece. What fun!

And suddenly, in her dream, she was raced away to the funniest shop you ever saw. It was divided into two parts, the Night Department and the Day Department, and Old Father Time was behind the counter, putting new sand into his hour-glass. Night sat in front of the counter. He'd just come in from duty and he put his hand-bag of dreams on the counter, folded up his black coat, emptied all his stars into a box, and said, "Well, that's another job ended." Then he saw Father Time measuring out the sand into his hour-glass. "Hello," he said, "may I have some of that sand to put in the bottom of my bird cage?"

"Don't be so ill-bred!" said Father Time.

Presently, as Jean was standing near the door, the World came in. He was a wonderful chap. For travelling purposes he had shrivelled up until North America was just his face and he was wearing Italy for a boot on one foot.

"Hullo, Father Time," said the World. "I want you to change two shillings for me."

And would you believe it, the World took the moon out of his pocket, and it was just like a silver florin again. He threw it on to the counter and said, "It's done its duty for the night and I want it changed."

Father Time opened the cash drawer and took out a glittering golden sovereign. "Goodness, surely he isn't going to give the World all that for two shillings. He can't have learned much arithmetic," thought Jean.

But Father Time winked at Night, and called out through a little side door, "Come on, Day, it's time you started work." Out of the little room came Day, in an amber dress. She carried a silver lamp in one hand and one of her fingers was very long so that she could put it through windows and touch the eyes of children and wake them up.

Father Time winked again, at Jean this time, and he threw the golden sovereign on to the counter, and took the moon florin up and put it in the cash drawer.

The World bowed very graciously to the Day. "He mayn't be much good at sums, but he has got good manners," thought Jean.

The World took up the golden sovereign and flew out of Father Time's shop.

* * *

And do you know that when Jean woke up in the morning she looked out of the window and the golden sovereign was hanging near the cypress tree.

"See, the sun is up," said Ruth, her grown-up sister. But Jean said "Yes," only half-heartedly, because she knew that the sun was really the golden sovereign Old Father Time had slipped across the counter in her dreams.

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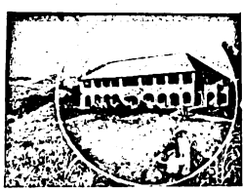

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Racing Notes.

Among the Ponies at Turffontein.

Coming Events.

In view of the fact that four of the seven winners at Turffontein on Saturday last started at the shortest price the impression might be gained that backers had the best of matters in the betting transactions. Such an impression would be hardly correct. Several runners in every instance were extensively supported, and it is fairly safe to say the majority of punters would be losers on the day. There certainly appeared to be more money in the ring than at meetings for some time past; and as the volume of totalisator investments keeps creeping up at Rand gatherings (the turnover at the machine on Saturday approached £15,000) the clubs are to be congratulated.

In the big field for the maiden event there was no hesitation in making Weale's filly Edelgeboran first choice. At one stage the fielders sought odds in regard to the Sugar Plum filly, but backing for others brought the trading to 5 to 4 against at flagfall. In the race Edelgeboran confirmed the goodness she exhibited when unbacked she finished second in a race at Benoni. Once fairly balanced, the filly went to the front and scored in ready style, and there seemed a few useful ones behind her.

A Promising Sort.

At the opening of the market on the mile Galloway and Pony Handicap, Royal Dawn was at the shortest price. Weight of money, however, caused Wiletta, whose record had shown not the slightest merit, to be placed on top of the boards in double quick time. Wiletta was supported with great confidence. No wonder! The race proved that Chalmers' filly quite outclassed the opposition. Wiletta is by Wilfrid. Forouletta by Uniform.

* * *

Evergreen, winner of the principal race confined to ponies, was appropriately named. In his early days the gelding now in his tenth year was decidedly useful over a distance of ground. The old fellow recently indicated he had struck a bit of form and he had many to support him to beat Summertime and the others on Saturday, the race being as a rule his best course. The Evergreen had the race in hand a long way from home, and it was Taramis and not Summertime that was closest at the finish.

Show Up for "C" and "D" horses.

Five furlongs was the course for the chief event, and as Miss Unicorn was unlucky to be beaten at the distance when carrying a big weight in the second division at the previous meeting she was with 7st. 4lbs. elected favourite. The top weights did not look to be "in the pink," so it might be said Mr. Rowe's filly was rightly accorded preference. On the strength of having won a "C" division five furlongs horse race on the 1st of the month Marico was backed by many to beat Miss Unicorn. Marico had only 6st. 9lbs. to put up, yet finished nowhere, which unmistakably points to the very poor class of the lower divisions of the full-sized horses now in commission. Miss Unicorn duly won; she had however nothing to spare from Cherry Stick, ridden by little A. Passmore, the youngest of apprentices.

One of the winners at Turffontein, Mr. Mike Browse's Our Princess, is very small, being little more than 13 hands. The midget is among the last of the stock of Greatorex. The Princess is an own sister to Stately, a delicate sort that could go a bit. Hood, another of Mr. Browse's, gave a stylish performance in taking the sprint following the race of her stable companion. Hood's easy success enhances the merits of Relief, who readily accounted for Hood at Benoni.

A Sorrowful Finale.

The proceedings at Turffontein ended in a sensational set-back to those punters who cheerfully laid the odds up to 7 to 2 on the English bred filly Havana as against Curfew after a dead heat over a mile for the second division of the Galloway and Pony Handicap. It being the last race, the pair, after the scales had been passed, were immediately resaddled and sent back to the starting post. It was from the fact of it having been Havana that made the dead heat, coming with a fine run to get to the other, coupled with the idea that the English nag was more fitted for a second race that made the rash brigade eager to get what they regarded as "easy money" over Havana. The ringmen were rather loath to do business, yet had to stand to their guns. They profited by doing so. It was the more seasoned Curfew that proved the fitter for the second gallop. Consternation prevailed when the non-favourite, after losing lengths at the outset, went up to and passed the struggling Havana, flooring the odds by a wide margin.

* * *

Dittany, a winner at Cape Town last Saturday, will be remembered by many as the horse over whom the record Germiston totalisator dividend was paid. At that time Dittany was unsound. After a long spell he was put into training about a couple of months back.

"The Guineas"

The first of the classics, the Benoni Guineas, comes up for decision on December 6. With the final payment made a baker's dozen remain engaged. In recent years the Guineas had been a foregone conclusion long before the decisive day; was merely a matter of health for the ultimate winners. Take, for instance, the last four: Colesberg, Dignitary, Antoneo and Red Ronald—each of whom went on to be enrolled on the Derby scroll—there were no opponents to really extend these high-class ones. But the forthcoming Guineas gives promise of being a most interesting contest. There is no one or two standing out from the others over the mile course. The invading force for the race is a strong one. Cape Town can be represented by Royal Attendant, Narrow Gauge and Arrowsmith, and this trio has superior public form to any of the Transvaal lot, the best of whom, with Royal Dance not in the race, may turn out to be Marten, and the selected of the Booysens stable Catalan or Naples.

The weights for the Johannesburg Summer Handicap were not available at the time of going to press. Seeing the list of those engaged include horses from the Cape and Natal, the entry is of a more representative character, more representative of the whole Union, than for the more recent big events at Turffontein. This being so, the race is pretty sure to create greater prior interest, and bring about greater speculation than has been usual for several years.

The Park Meeting.

The Auckland Park Club secured a bumper entry for its chief race at Saturday's meeting. All the available cracks are engaged, and it is said Fabaris (9st. 12lb.), Wonder (9st. 3lbs.) and others of the heavy weights are pretty sure to put in an appearance. If such be the case, the race will be in the nature of a try-out for the Summer Handicap. In any case, Saturday's contest will throw some light on the big race. The allotments for the race at the Park make it apparent the Transvaal three-year-olds are not highly regarded. The actual favourite for the Derby, Royal Dance, is given only 6st. to carry. Mr. Passmore intends to start his colt (he has not yet sported silk as a three-year-old), and

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his running will add interest to an interesting race. Probably the top-notchers will hardly be wound up, and the winner may come from among the middle division, several of whom can be said to be at their top. Without going into the pros and cons, my anticipation of the result places

KING'S DAISY	...	...	1
Lady Daniel	...	...	2
Crumpet	...	...	3

Selections for the minor events:—

12.40.—Galloway and Pony Handicap, "A," 1 mile.
Deceiver 1, Taramis 2, Infanta 3.

1.20.—Galloway and Pony Handicap, "B," 7 furlongs.
Wiletta 1, Relief 2, Lancer 3.

2.0.—Maiden Handicap, 5 furlongs.
Diplomacy 1, Mr. Gard's selected 2, Loved One 3.

2.40.—Brixton Handicap, "D," 6 furlongs.
Done Brown 1, Fiction 2, Sir Frederick 3.

4.0—Brixton Handicap, "A," 1½ miles.
View Holloa 1, Prudens 2, Father Christmas 3.

4.40.—Brixton Handicap, "C," 7 furlongs.
The Woods 1, Corespondent 2, Enrico 3.

5.20.—Brixton Handicap, "B," 1 mile.
Lord Bronte 1, Hamlet 2, Melford 3.

When The Gas Stove Blew Out.

By O. P.

Last night, our gas-stove blew up.

No; it was not the first time that mother and father went out together for years.

Last night our gas-stove blew up.

My mother fell back—was blown back—and she looked like a mixed grill, as she lay insensible on the floor.

My father, a quiet man in the main, dropped his newspaper and rushed into the kitchen.

Mother, stiff and cold, lay on the linoleum.

Father picked her up and carried her to a horse-hair sofa.

Water was dashed in her face—but she was stiff and unmoved.

"My darling Muriel," he cried. "Speak to me—oh, speak to me. My wife—my love, speak to me for Heaven's sake."

But mother lay cold and stiff.

"You have been the most wonderful woman in the world to me, my Muriel, my darling wife. Oh, speak to me. Are you dead?"

Then slowly mother "came to." "Harold," she called to father, "what has happened?"

"You're a damn fool," he answered. "You held the match near the stove—idiots, you women. I've no patience with you."

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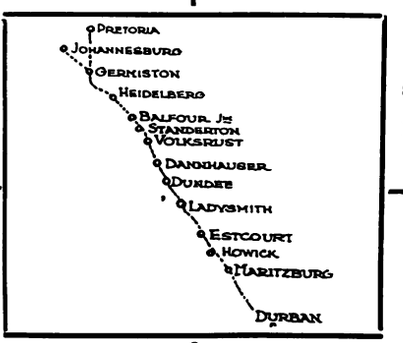

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Opera House, Capetown.—"Little Nellie Kelly."

Empire, Johannesburg.—Nereide, Addison and Mitrenga, R. & W. Roberts, Foster and Ninon, Byron and Byron, The Birchalls, Bilton and Max, Teddy Stream.

His Majesty's, Johannesburg.—Leon M. Lion and Renée Kelly in "The Chinese Puzzle."

Orpheum, Johannesburg.—J. H. Scotland, Les Rogers.

Grand, Pretoria.—The Veterans of Cariety.

Criterion, Benoni.—Les Trombettas, Mello and Nello.

Apollo, Germiston.—November 24, 25 and 26: Theda Sisters, Belle Mora.

Vaudette, Krugersdorp.—November 27, 28 and 29: Theda Sisters, Belle Mora.

Rinko, Maritzburg.—C. H. Charlton, Mewse and Singer.

Criterion, Durban.—The Vagabonds, Key and Keyworth, Ted Marcel.

Town Hall, Vitenhage.—November 23: Australian Newcastle Steel Works Brass Band.

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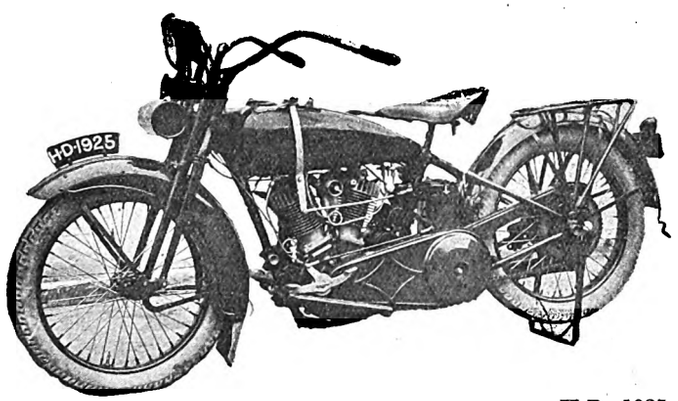
By "Wire Wheel."

The Children's Outing.

I am requested by the chairman of the Entertainments Committee of the Rand Motor Cycling Club to remind all motorists of the picnic for the poor children of the Rand Aid Society and to ask those who will help to send along their names to Mr. H. C. Leon, c.o. Messrs. Fisher & Simmons, Ltd., corner Marshall and Rissik Streets. The outing will take place on Sunday, December 28th, and will be held at the Victoria Lake, Germiston. It should not be necessary to point out the need for such outings. Johannesburg motorists have never been selfish with their cars: nor are they likely to be in this instance.



H.D. 1925.

FIRST OF THE NEW HEAVYWEIGHTS.

The 1925 "Streamline" 7/9 h.p. Harley-Davidson motor-cycle, in which are incorporated 27 new improvements. Notice the massive dropped forged head lug and the neat tool box carried in front of machine.

New Cars.

A new comer to the ranks of the 1925 models has just arrived in the four-cylinder Rollin, with four wheel brakes and balloon tyres fitted as standard equipment. A four bearing crankshaft and forced feed lubrication to all rotating motor bearings are some of the many improvements in a car selling below £400.

Two others to arrive early this month are the "Beau 14," an English car of repute, and stated to be a very fine vehicle with many exclusive features; and another four-wheel brake, balloon tyre model, the 1925 Nash, with countless refinements, will be here about the end of the month.

New Motor-cycles.

The girder framed Francis-Barnett of 147 c.c. has distinguished itself here on the Rand and has become very popular. The latest example of this make has arrived, fitted with an engine of 172 c.c., large tank and all-chain drive, with three speed gear box, and styled "Sports Model," a strikingly attractive mount which should appeal to lady riders.

Last Tuesday the first model of the new 1925 heavy-weights was unpacked. In the "Streamline" 1925 Harley-Davidson, the designers have endeavoured to encompass within a frame of solid strength an engine of power fit for all occasions and loads, whether solo or sidecar. There are twenty-seven improvements over previous models, whilst 27 x 3½ tyres make for comfort over the worst possible roads at all speeds. The "Streamline" Harley-Davidson has a pleasing appearance, and a noticeable feature about it is the "clear" handle-bar, which is not fitted with "gadgets." Another feature which catches the eye immediately is the sensible exhaust tube. This is 46 inches long by 2½ inches in diameter, and is fitted with baffle plates. The model at present on view is the 7-9 h.p. (989 c.c.) engine.

Car Competitions.

On Sunday, Nove[illegible]ne Rand Motor Cycling Club will hold a hill cli[illegible]b on the Edenvale gradient, which should appeal to owner drivers. This is a competition where neat gear changing counts and [illegible]t[illegible]e owner driver will have as much chance of winnir[illegible]he specialist competition driver. The conditions [illegible] cars are to be driven over the course with three cl[illegible] from top gear at sp[illegible], change down to second at a [illegible]pot, and further on [illegible] low gear, finishing with a cha[illegible]into second. Additional interest will be attached to [illegible]tition, which is open to lady drivers, and for which a [illegible]l prize valued at five guineas will be awarded.

Notes.

Whilst on the subject of car co[illegible]itions, it is gratifying to note that at last the Transvaal [illegible]utomobile Club are about to make a move in competition events. I hear they intend to run off a hill climb on Mulder's [illegible]Drift on Sunday. December 14th.

The A.J.S. cup will be put up for co[illegible]etition to-morrow by the Rand Motor Cycling Club. Th[illegible]ompetition is open to machines up to 600 c.c., and will be contested over four laps of the Alberton course, approximately 176 miles, starting at 10 a.m.

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S.A. PICTORIAL.

"The Union's National Weekly."

VOL. XIX. No. 48 SATURDAY, NOVEMBER 29TH, 1924. (Registered at G.P.O. as a Newspaper.) PRICE 6D.

Mr. Claude Dicey and Miss Gloria Kincaid-Smith whose engagement was announced a few days ago. Miss Kincaid-Smith is the daughter of Mr. and Mrs. V. Kincaid-Smith of "Klooflands," Johannesburg, and Mr. Claude E. Dicey is the eldest son of Mr. and Mrs. E. C. Dicey of Consort Mines, Barberton.

Photographs by Leon Levson.

MISS DOROTHY CULLINAN,

Daughter of Sir Thomas and Lady Cullinan, whose engagement to Mr. Fred Glenton was announced recently.

Photograph by Jocelyn Leigh Hunt.

MISS ESTHER WOLFOWITZ,

Who gave a pianoforte recital, assisted by Miss Dorothea Griffith (Violin), at the Johannesburg Conservatoire of Music on Wednesday last.

Photograph by Jocelyn Leigh Hunt.

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Merely Notes in a Train.

En Route to Johannesburg from Durban.

Railway stations—they're all the same—all dismal with the smoke of of a thousand trains and the prolonged, depressing business of saying good-bye. They're all the same, whether it is a sleepy little station in the Australian desert or Euston itself with those great black monsters bringing in the people from the provinces. There are only two places I know to be traitors to the rule; they are Naples and Paris. In Naples they steal the luggage from under your very nose, and the dullest American millionaire may enjoy the thrill of arriving in the train to find that all his pockets have been ripped out and that all but his good name has been filched from him. In Paris, too, there is some change. First you find that your treasured knowledge of French is so puny when put to the test, that when you ask for platform six, they direct you to the ladies' cloak-room. But still, if you have the good sense to come from Paris in the early morning, when the streets are wet and streaked with silver light, you find Paris to be a chaste and delicate place—not that either her chastity or her delicacy are extended beyond the dawn. You have only to ask any good South African who has come back from Paris with "Folies Bergère" programmes scattered throughout his luggage.

Excepting these, all railway stations are the same, and Durban does not escape. You see, that river of flowers outside the post office, and the almost Neapolitan curve of the bay can't be seen from the station, and all you have to do is to bother and bustle and bemoan the fact that after you have carried your wardrobe trunk through seven countries, this is the first where they charge you excess.

Most railway journeys are a necessity. Some of them are a pleasure and I think the journey from Durban to Johannesburg is one of these. You suddenly leap out from the world of concrete into the green hills, and you cannot imagine what a joy they are after a life where one lived like a sardine. Some of the land is what the sentimentalists call "reminiscent." Those lofty hills, richly green, might be the Rimutakas in New Zealand where the grade is so steep that you crawl up three rails at a time with cog wheels gripping the centre line; where the speed is such that during the war the soldiers used to jump out of the carriages, climb the mountain on foot, and wait at the top for the train. It is an established truth that people can jump out of New Zealand trains while they are going and pick up a bunch of wild flowers, jumping back in perfect comfort.

Of course, it is very silly of me, but I half expected jungles, with elephants and tigers glaring at us as the train rushed past. But no! there were green fields, peaceful as those that England boasts, and valleys, green and undulating, with contented herds, streams and native houses, which looked like the property mushrooms in a pantomime. But of all, I loved those long-tailed birds the best (I can't be expected to know their names yet). Their tails seem to get the better of them, but I suppose it's all part of the milliners' monopoly; Milady demands feathers and Nature has to come up to scratch.

But one is not in the valleys all the time—we stopped at a little town to take water and watch Mr. J. Sinclair sitting on the green seat outside his store, and see, on the green near by, a little galvanised-iron church—tinned Christianity; it must be an American idea. After that, more hills and fields, Pietermaritzburg, and then the scene, spread at your feet when you have climbed the hills. The town, with all its harsh lines lost in evening shadows, that bold table mountain and foreground of green, smeared with purple, and, where the green was broken, rich red earth. There was a jacaranda tree near by—and I have never been able to find adjectives for a jacaranda.

It is a very cosmopolitan bush, with weeping willows that might be dropping their leaves on you at Henley, and wattles (they are mimosa in this land, aren't they?) that remind you of Australia. In some places there were arum lilies for which I have seen musical comedy stars pay as much as three shillings a bloom, in one of those rich and wonderful flower shops in Bond Street, when it's spring, and you feel so bucked you trip down the Burlington Arcade and buy a pair of mauve pyjamas, a red and green and yellow tie, anything—all because it's spring.

It is a charming land through which this line has been cut, and, since trains are always criticised, might one say that this seems a better system than I've found in any other dominion or colony. It was a pleasant journey—especially when evening came. We were only as far as Cedara then, but I shall never forget the green fields, the kaffir huts with their long spires of smoke rising into still air, a long red road, platoons of carefully planted trees, and the sunset. How can one describe a sunset? Popoff, in "The Merry Widow," says it's like a blood-shot eye—crude. But it is the moment after the sunset that is wonderful, when the clouds lose their blatant crimson and are just grey elephants in colonies about the mountain tops; when pools are still. The road is empty, except for a native woman in a red skirt and a yellow blouse, and she's so far away she might be a giant coloured beetle out of a fairy tale, keeping a tryst with that smudgy brown kaffir beetle, smoking his pipe and rolling his eyes down there against the fence. His back is towards where the sunset was before the great Sun himself slithered over the brow of the hill.

Hector Bolitho.

A SOUTH AFRICAN IN LONDON.

Here is a recent photograph of Miss Eleonare Badenhorst of Riversdale, now living in St. John's Wood, London, and studying strenuously at The Royal Academy under Mr. Frederick King. She has been in England about eighteen months now, and in the letter which she sent with her photograph she said she was working very hard for her L.R.A.M. Miss Badenhorst is a daughter of Mr. J. F. Badenhorst, ex-M.P.

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What We Have Gained From Wembley.

By A. Canham, S. A. Trade Commissioner in London.

Exclusive to S. A. Pictorial.

South Africa spent many thousands of pounds in creating her miniature—her Pavilion at Wembley. I saw that Pavilion grow out of the mud and become one of the most beautiful and one of the richest Dominion Pavilions in the vast 250-acre Exhibition; and I saw with what tremendous success Mr. A. Canham, the South African Trade Commissioner, organised this excellent show. Thus his letter to me should be of interest to people in South Africa, since it is the first semi-official report which has come to Africa to give it some idea of the fruits of its representation at Wembley—the Empire shop window. In his letter, Mr. Canham writes!—

Dear Mr. Bolitho,

In saying *au revoir* and wishing you the best of luck in the Transvaal, I should like to thank you for all the assistance you have rendered us in the matter of publicity during the Exhibition. We have nearly reached the last lap, and are now busy preparing our scheme for dismantling and disposing of exhibits. The Exhibition closes on the 1st November and on the following Monday our packers will commence their work, and I hope to be well away from Wembley and back in my office at Trafalgar Square early in December. At the close of so strenuous a period as we have had during the last eighteen months, there is bound to be some slight reaction. Enthusiasm which kept us going in the early days for 12 and 14 hours at a stretch, robbed us of our natural rest, and led us to risk our health and comfort, has evaporated, and if we do not watch it there will, I fear, be a tendency to allow things to drift back into the old ruts, and to fail to follow up the results which have undoubtedly been achieved. This if it happens will be a tragedy. We must keep up the Exhibition spirit, and although Wembley may become a shadow of the past, the reality of South Africa's position in the world of trade and commerce must be kept ever to the front.

The organisation and carrying on of the Exhibition has been the greatest task of my life, and now that it is shortly to close I have no single regret in connection with it. We have accomplished everything we set out to attain, and we have done it at a minimum of expense. In saying this I do not wish to imply that with greater funds we could not have put up a much more attractive display, but as practical people we recognised the limitation of our resources, and much as we might regret it we refused to embark on any scheme the cost of which would carry us beyond the limit set. The result has been that our estimates of expenditure on this side and in the Union have proved remarkably accurate. Roughly speaking the cost of the Exhibition has been about £100,000, towards which the Government contributed a cash amount of £50,000. This was supplemented by subscriptions, rents, etc., to the extent of an additional £50,000. We hope to be in a position at the close of the Exhibition to say that our revenue from all sources has more than met the expenditure, with probably a little over, which can remain as the nucleus of a fund for future Exhibitions.

The ostriches, which have proved a great attraction, are being distributed amongst the various British Zoological collections under conditions which ensure their safe and proper custody. As regards the Merino sheep and Angora goats, these, it is hoped, with two or three exceptions, to dispose of to good advantage.

But these matters of administration are perhaps of less interest to you than are the results which have followed on the Exhibition. These, I am satisfied, are in the highest degree satisfactory. It was never expected that any business of any magnitude would be transacted at the Exhibition itself, but it was here that the foundation of new business was laid. Many agents of South African trade in London have informed me that customers are repeatedly referring in their correspondence to our display at Wembley, and at a recent meeting of our Hide and Skin Committee members gave extremely gratifying evidence of the direct results of the Exhibition.

We claim that the improvement in the ostrich feather market has been materially accelerated by the advertisement we have given the industry in our Pavilion. At our stand we have already sold single feathers to the extent of considerably over £1,000, and public interest in this plumage has undoubtedly been accentuated by the fine collection of birds which we have had on view.

No trade stands to gain a bigger advantage from the Exhibition than that of Cape wine. It is computed that at least 12,000 people have actually passed through the stand during the Exhibition. A large percentage of these were actually unaware that South Africa produces wines; this exhibit therefore, together with the restaurant wine lists, have undoubtedly made South African wines very largely known throughout the country and have laid a good foundation for creating and establishing a demand. Messrs. Burgoyne very generously undertook the management of this stand, largely at their own expense, and every mark of wine sent by merchants to the Exhibition has been available for tasting purposes. A considerable quantity of wine has been sold as the result of the direct sampling, but I should like to add that the selling of wine has been made secondary to the policy of propaganda in association with the importance of this Empire industry. Many important visitors, including Her Majesty the Queen, have honoured the wine exhibit with their presence, and very great interest has been shown by some of the foremost people in the land in the wines of the Union. It has been acknowledged on many occasions that the South African wines were of far better value than could be obtained at similar prices from other countries. To have created this impression is of the greatest importance to the industry, and every effort should be made to retain it.

The important industry of fruit has naturally filled a big space in our scheme of exhibition, and the fact that as many as 3,000 to 4,000 boxes of oranges have been sold in ones and twos at the Pavilion shows that we have not been neglectful of growers' interests. We have also disposed of great quantities of orange syrup in the form of a beverage and latterly a brisk retail trade has been done from a stand of every possible South African edible product. We have also done something to bring back into popularity the calabash pipe, numerous sales of which have been effected.

It is perhaps in the matter of wool and mohair that we have gained the most decisive and enduring results. By means of this Exhibition we have demonstrated the great improvement which has been effected in our wool of recent years, and have removed prejudices which were a great hindrance to the complete success of our product in the world's market. The exhibit has been visited by buyers and manufacturers from all parts of the world and most of them expressed surprise at the high quality of the wools exhibited. A large French buyer of South African wool stated that if we continued on the present lines his firm would not look elsewhere for a single pound of wool.

I should like to add in closing that the private exhibitors in the Pavilion have expressed to me their absolute satisfaction at the results achieved by them individually, and the Rhodesian representatives especially are more than pleased with the splendid advertisement which their country has secured in co-operation with ourselves.

I have no objection to you publishing this letter should you desire.

With every good wish,

Yours sincerely,

(Signed) *A. Canham.*

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Should Girls Shingle Their Hair?

Johannesburg's Answer.

Should girls shingle their hair?"

You look upon this as a superficial question . . . a matter for laughter. But there is such a serious question involved that the *South African Pictorial* has put the matter to the vote. We have telephoned a dozen of Johannesburg's chief citizens for opinions on this grave matter.

There are arguments for and against. We think that the shingled hair is charming to look upon. We are not serious enough in our outlook upon life to care whether it is healthy or not . . . hygienic or not. But there is certainly something charming in that deliberate line of the nape of the neck, the definite, arresting shock of hair that frames a face in two definite lines . . . not in a fuzzy, meaningless chaos of hair.

Of course there are various attitudes towards this shingling business. There is the mental attitude. You realise in your mind that it is unfeminine for a woman to "mar the corners of her" hair. Then there is the sentimental attitude and then the emotional attitude. But we are sure all our readers are far too respectable to have emotions . . . they only lead you to the divorce courts . . . so we won't care about that.

Gladys Cooper was among the first women in England to have her hair shingled. But she has announced herself as tired of the innovation, and her hair is growing down and down again. Miss Madge Saunders, who is home with us for a month or two, has her hair shingled . . . quite a recent change for her.

Many South African girls come back here with their hair a mere bobbed mass, whereas they went away with the long flowing locks to which we are more accustomed.

However, let us read what the great and wise and charming peoplet hink of it all.

The Rev. Dr. Landau, Chief Rabbi of South Africa, took the question very seriously, and answered: "While fully appreciating the effort of the modern woman to emancipate herself from financial dependence upon man, by which she regains both dignity and self-respect; and while admiring her effort to give her mental faculties full scope, competing with men in all fields of intellectual activity, I must emphatically state that the ever-growing, absurd, vain and self-humiliating tendency of women to ape men's habits, even in hair dressing, fill me with feelings of pity and disgust. With pity, because some of those bad habits are only calculated to detract from her natural grace, and with disgust, because of consequences which Bernard Shaw has already discussed in one of his unpleasant plays."

Mrs. A. J. Orenstein said she really hadn't thought very seriously about the matter. "But I do think," she said, "that a woman's chief beauty is her hair . . . she should wear it long and it is a shame to cut it off."

Mr. Leon M. Lion was waylaid in his dressing room where he was preparing the masterly make-up of the Marquis Chi Lung, with one eyebrow on and the other still on the tip of the paint stick. "Certainly . . . I admire the shingled hair. It is delightful, for it shows the shape of the head, the ears and the line of the neck, and these I want to see. I have placed myself so much in the limelight as a judge of ankles in Johannesburg that I tremble to criticise. But, for anybody who has a flare for the feminine, the shingle must be approved. But my attitude towards the fair sex is not a flare . . . it is the result of long and careful study."

Mr. Norman Oswald Currey, a prominent member of the Rand Club, when telephoned for his opinion, laughed heartily and said: "No, I have so many friends who are shingled and so many who are not, that I haven't the courage to express an opinion on the matter."

Lady Dalrymple laughed when she was asked what she thought of shingled hair. "I think every woman is entitled to make herself as beautiful as she chooses, and I think shingled hair is healthy and charming for girls, although I do not think it is suited to middle-aged women. A girl has every right to shingle her hair if she wishes, so long as she does not do anything to make herself unpresentable. It is also to be remembered that shingled hair saves a good deal of time."

Major Trigger, Chief of the Criminal Investigation Department, said: "It is a controversy into which I shall not be dragged."

Miss Temperley, Headmistress of the Girls' High School, Barnato Park, said she thought it a shame that girls should sacrifice their hair. "It may be healthy for little girls, in preparatory schools, but I always tell the girls that it is a great pity for them to cut their hair off."

Dr. E. P. Baumann, perhaps our wisest authority upon health among our young people, said: "From the medical point of view, it does not matter whether a girl wears her hair short or long . . . whether it is shingled or not. In fact it matters as little as whether her skirt is long or short, whether it is blue or green." So the doctor dismisses any fond illusion you may have had about the advantages of the shingle to one's health.

At the University.—We felt that we should make a journey among the learned and see just how shingling is affecting the University, so Miss Swansbourne was telephoned. She is the lady warden at the University and is among the moderns who have shingled hair. But Miss Swansbourne was "out," and we asked Mrs. Aldred, the Matron, just what she thought about it all. "I think that from the point of view of health, it is a decided advantage," said Mrs. Aldred, "but from the point of view of appearances I do not favour the shingle. I have been here for two years and must admit that the shingle is an advantage, as far as hygiene is concerned."

Mrs. Vivian Otto, of Boksburg, mother of Miss Fifi Otto, one of the most charming of the younger set, said: "I think it is very healthy and very charming to look upon. Most certainly I am in favour of the shingle . . . I think it very becoming. My daughter has had her haid shingled for some time now."

And that's that!

There are more in favour than there are against, and the "Aye's" have it.

"*The Wedding Robe.*"

Miss Audrey Grose, Miss Muriel Alexander and about fifty little children were responsible for "The Wedding Robe," a fanciful dance play, at the Standard Theatre, Johannesburg, on November 22. The money went to the Sons of England Cottage Home at Rosebank. The outstanding performance was that of Ruth Kemp, eight years old, and possessed of an uncanny sense of the theatre for one so young. She played a little elfin part and it was a joy to watch her. Patricia Wood will become a good dancer, because she has a sense of rhythm. Miss Grose danced at the end of the first act. Although her elevations were uncertain, her toe work was good, and she displayed the technical knowledge which is responsible for her success as a teacher. Jean McLaren spoke her lines well, and Cecily Thatcher, as "Tony," was very good.—*H.B.*

RUTH KEMP.

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The Dominions Artists' Club

London.

It is refreshing to hear, in our days of competition and rivalry, that practically all the South African, Australian, New Zealand and Canadian artists living in London, have united and formed a Dominion Artists' Club. All the branches of Art—music, stage, ballet, painting, sculpture and writing (including journalism) are represented.

The principal aim of the Club is to help and advise young artists and students at the outset of their career, and the opinion of those who have "gone through the mill and made good" is undoubtedly of the highest value to the younger generation.

Each Dominion is represented on the General Committee by ten members, those for South Africa being: Mr. J. Amshewitz, painter; Miss Dorothy Black, actress; Miss Dorothy Clark, vocalist; Dr. Otto Elias, author; Miss Flora Fairbairn, dancing instructress; Mr. Joseph Kaye, journalist; Mr. Adolph Hallis, pianist; Miss Isobel McLaren, vocalist; Madame Kate Opperman, vocalist; Mr. John Van Zyl, vocalist.

Mr. G. A. Pfister, M.A., Lit.D., music and dramatic critic (Australia), is Chairman; Mr. Shayle Gardner, actor (New Zealand), and Madame Mabel Manson, soprano (New Zealand), are Vice-Chairmen. The President is Dame Nellie Melba, the greatest Dominion artist.

At present there are 170 members, including many artists of world fame, and every week brings new applications for membership.

The Club is particularly anxious that artists intending to sail for Europe, either for training or to make a career, should be informed of the situation and the conditions existing here, before they leave their native land. To this end Overseas Representatives have been appointed who, being in constant touch with the Club, are able to give reliable details to all interested, and direct them to the Club, so that on arrival in London they are not strangers in a strange land.

The honorary representative of the Dominions Artists' Club (London) for Johannesburg is Mr. Hector Bolitho, editor of the *South African Pictorial*.

It is the intention of the Club to organize a hostel, where artists from the Dominions could live in congenial conditions at a moderate cost, and where newcomers would be sure to find accommodation, if not permanent, then at least until they have settled down and found their bearings. Of course, such a plan cannot be realized without very considerable capital, and the Club appeals to all interested in the movement—whether they be in England or Overseas—to help them in this noble and necessary work.

The beginning of an artistic career in England or on the Continent is now exceedingly difficult, and there are numerous cases of highly talented young artists from Overseas who, in spite of excellent qualifications, have tried in vain, have suffered and starved, ailed and returned to their home country, or gone under. As an instance, we can quote the case of a South African baritone, who, possessing a beautiful voice and a very stout heart, worked his passage to England on a merchant ship, in the hope of "making a start, getting engagements and establishing himself"! But his light purse did not allow him to do it.

This man would have been spared much hard work and bitter disappointment had he applied for information to the Club, directly or through its representative, before leaving his home.

To remedy, as far as possible, this state of affairs, is the aim of the Club, and undoubtedly it will appeal to all those who have at heart the artistic as well as the commercial advancement of their Dominion.

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Music and Musicians.

By "C. A. O. D."

Chamber Music.

The Committee of the Johannesburg Musical Society has evidently decided to encourage research in the fields of Chamber Music. At a recent concert examples of chamber music by Beethoven, Frank Bridge and Brahms, were presented, and the event served to illustrate in a practical manner the trend of modern thought in ensemble music. The value of the concert was found in the opportunity offered of making acquaintance with works that, in the nature of things, cannot often be heard. For the concert on Friday evening, December 5th, the Society has arranged another highly attractive programme, which is to include further little known examples of chamber music. For instance, very few concert-goers can claim acquaintance with Mozart's Quartette in D, for flute, violin, viola and 'cello, or with Beethoven's Serenade, for flute, violin and viola. Both these works will be heard at the December concert, and, in addition, Miss Margarete Schoen will appear as solo pianiste. She will play Bach's Chromatic Fantasia and Fugue in D Minor, some smaller pieces by Couperin, and Chopin's G Minor Ballade and Third Study from Op. 10. The vocalist will be Miss Betsy De la Porte, this year's winner of the University of South Africa Overseas Scholarship. Her programme includes Ireland's "Remember," Mallenson's "Slow, Horses Slow," Thomas' "A Memory," "The Ships of Arcady" by Michael Head, and Elgar's "Queen Mary's Song" and "Like to a Damask Rose." Professor P. R. Kirby, Miss Violet Rowland, Mrs. J. Meiring and Mrs. H. Durell will be associated in the ensemble performance.

Oratorios.

I was interested in the views recently expressed by a Durban writer on the subject of Oratorio. He says, "From the listeners' point of view, all oratorios are dull, and some are very dull. People sit through the 'Messiah,' because it is so very familiar and is a kind of habit. Those who know it, love "The Dream of Gerontius," because it is genuinely great and inspiring music; for the rest, oratorio is as bad as ditch water. It is all very well for the singers, they have a fine time of it. As vocal exercises, Handel is perfect. If you are anything of a singer, you try it in your bath, and many people do who are not. But while it would be of much interest to hear a Busoni or a Paderewski practising scales upon a piano, in the case of almost anyone else it is worth a good journey to avoid the experience. It is quite time that 'Samson' and the 'Messiah,' and 'Elijah' and 'Stabat Mater' and all the rest of them were consigned to a museum as interesting relics."

However much one's own opinion might coincide with that of the Durban writer, there is always the point of view of the Choral Society. What would happen to the majority of such societies without such tried and faithful stalking horses as the "Messiah" and "Elijah"? For generations the more progressive societies have endeavoured to supersede the old-time favourites by modern works, in the hope of finding something that can replace the universally loved oratorios, not only in the esteem of choralists, but also in the esteem of the concert-going public.

I have yet to hear that any choral society has succeeded in finding for any new work the same kind of audience as is usually commanded by either the "Messiah" or "Elijah." The public loves what it knows, and the two works mentioned have through the years created for themselves a very definite kind of tradition that has a firm hold on the affections of the public. The question is admittedly a difficult one. Any choral society would welcome with both hands any modern work that will do for them what the old-time favourites will always do. Let any society find its finances dwindling, its audiences becoming smaller and smaller, and what do they invariably do to remedy matters and to create a fresh interest in choral singing? Perform the "Messiah" is usually the safest policy. So long as the public will regard Handel's work as something to love—reverently and piously—so long will choral societies find themselves compelled to meet the wishes of their patrons. No choral society can afford to experiment with new works that the concert-going public will not come to hear. But as there is always less risk at a "Messiah" performance of any lack of audience, the societies cannot be blamed for wanting progressiveness. They are only giving the oratorio lovers what the oratorio lovers want. I agree with my Durban colleague that most of the oratorios are dull, but evidently some oratorio supporters do not think so, and the result is that Handel and Mendelssohn will continue to dominate the programmes of the average Choral Society.

KARRIDENE HOTEL

SOUTH COAST, NATAL.

This delightful, select and altogether restful resort is situated at the mouth of the Karridene River, 23 miles from Durban by rail, and within 70 minutes by car.

It occupies a unique position, almost abutting the Ocean Front in such a manner as strongly to suggest to the visitor when promenading the fine and extensive balconies the pleasant hours spent aboard a well-appointed steamship.

The Karridene Hotel is an extensive Brick Building, equipped with the most modern conveniences: Hot and Cold Baths, Electric Light, Bells to each of the forty-five Bedrooms, Dance Hall, Billiard Room, Lounges, Open-air Gardens, etc.

The grounds, 35 acres in extent, take the form of a lovely natural park, and lend themselves to all the usual outdoor amusements: Tennis, Croquet, Shooting, etc.

Boating here is excellent, and the resort is specially noted for fishing and safe surf bathing.

A Golf Course is in course of construction, and guests may be fully assured of every comfort, attention and amusement being provided for them.

Social Notes.

It is always a great pleasure to go down to Simonstown to a dance, the drive along the sea front from Capetown being, to my mind, one of the most beautiful in the world. So we thoroughly enjoyed the dance in the Sale Yard given by the Simonstown Dockyard, with Captain and Mrs. Gordon Campbell as host and hostess. The Captain had, of course, only just returned from Johannesburg, where he had, with Mrs. Campbell, been the guests of the Federal Vice-President of the Navy League and Mrs. Izod. Mrs. Campbell wore a lovely mauve brocaded gown. The band of H.M.S. Birmingham was responsible for the music, and through the wide open windows of the Sail Loft, the moon shone on a silvered sea. Lady Bentinck wore an elegant grey charmeuse toilette, and brought her daughter in apricot georgette. Mrs. Marks came in eau de nil, and among the dancers were Mrs. Marais, Mrs. Gilchrist, Mrs. Cooper and Mrs. Rae.

The Three Arts Ball will be held in Capetown just too late for me to tell you about it this week. It will be fancy dress de luxe, and great fun is expected for no one is allowed on the floor unless completely disguised. There is to be an Oriental scene and all sorts of novel ideas will be carried out. Talking of dances—a new dance club has been started by Miss Eileen Briggs in her spacious studio at Jardines Building. It is to be very exclusive and will be called the Junior Fifty Club with the idea of raising the standard of dancing behind it all. All success to Miss Briggs and the young people of the Peninsula.

The 5th Mounted Rifles (Imperial Light Horse) are to give a Cinderella dance at the Johannesburg Drill Hall on Saturday evening. The Keal Taylor Orchestra will play.

A PORTRAIT BY JANE PLOTZ IS GOOD. ART STUDIOS, THRUPP'S BUILDINGS.

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A Social Note Book.

By "Carrie."

Dancing.

Nowadays one just sleeps and eats and dances. One awakens in the morning to hear the people next door playing "You're in Kentucky sure as you're born," and you rub your eyes and think it is all perfectly silly, seeing that you are only in Parktown. You go to your bath and you do the "Bathroom Blues" as you stand under the shower. You jazz from one leg to the other while dictating letters in the office, and maybe in the afternoon you take tea and dance at the Queens if you are in Capetown, at the Marine if you are in Durban, at the Carlton if you are halfway towards Heaven—Johannesburg. You dance at dinner until the menu is—Hors d'oeuvre-Jazz, Soup-Blues, Beef Olives-One-step, Chicken-Blues, Ice-Jazz, Coffee-Blues, Jazz, One-step—and then you wonder why, when you awaken next morning, you don't feel well.

All this leads up to the fact that Johannesburg is to have Dancing Championships—they are to be called the Transvaal Dancing Championships, and will be under the auspices of the South African Dancing Teachers' Association. They are going to find out who are the best Ballroom Dancers of the Transvaal, and there are to be four competitions—Fox Trot, Waltz, Blues, and a special competition for Professional Exhibition Dancers. One of the preliminary competitions opens at the Carlton Hotel supper dance on Friday night.

Although London is fanning itself with feathers as it did last season, our younger people are using gold and silver lamè fans of embroidery. Some of them are embroidering their fans with the initials of their dancing partners. But there are obvious drawbacks to this, as lamè is not a strong material, and won't stand having the initials changed every week.

Pearl earrings seem to be very popular and, between ourselves, they give we poor advanced souls a certain girlishness which the longer earrings deny. And, after all, there is one thing even the boldest woman loves to hide, and that is her years.

I was at the Standard Theatre on Friday and saw that Mrs. R. P. McKenzie, who has so few years to hide, was wearing pearls—a wonderful pair she has just brought from England. She is the wife of Dr. McKenzie, Superintendent of the General Hospital.

S. A. Party Club.

I have never been so mangled and crushed as I was at the laying of the foundation stone of the new South African Party Club on Saturday. I was punctuated all over by elbows, and really, although the ceremony was very charming and everybody was happy, I do think the arrangements could have been a little more comfortable. I met Mrs. Elsdon Dew, who has just returned from England; she was being greeted right and left, by War workers, headed by Lady Dalrymple, who is President of the Women's South African Party. It was just too wonderful seeing General Smuts lay the foundation stone, with Mr. Emile Nathan, M.L.A., assisting him. They looked at the stone with a very professional expression to see if it was plumb (I think that's the word).

Cape Horticultural Show.

The Horticultural Show in Capetown was a tremendous success and, if the rivalry for summer flowers between Capetown and Durban still exists, the Empress of Natal shall have to look to her laurels this year. Talking of the Cape, my mind flies to a London paper I was reading yesterday. Somebody in England is making a fuss about new wardrobes with lights inside, which automatically switch on and off when you open and close the door. Capetown has these

A FROCK OF NOTTINGHAM LACE.

Messrs. Reville, Limited, of Hanover Square, London have created this gown of Nottingham Lace. Princess Alice wore Nottingham Lace at the Garden Party at Pretoria, and thus echoed London's latest mood.

wardrobes in the Mount Nelson Hotel, so the idea is not new by any means. Mount Nelson, that particularly respectable old lady among hotels, can feel very satisfied and pleased with herself.

Swat That Fly.

You are all to take down your swatters and rush round the house after those wretched little flies, because it is Health Week and Sir Evelyn Wallers, K.B.E., is President of the movement, which will include lectures and demonstrations. Although I am the most kindly soul in the world, I do think that we women must be brutes this week at least, because, seriously, the insects are a nuisance.

One almost hesitates to use the word flea—the highbrows say it's vulgar—but really one must take down one's tin of Keatings and do one's duty like an Anzac. One is reminded of what Mrs. Murphy said about the flea. She remarked, "It's not what they eat that matters; it's the trampin' about that they do."

Loyal Women.

The stupid male who happens to be sitting near me while I am writing said that he had never met anybody who could come under this heading. He cannot know anything of the Cecil Hall and the Guild of Loyal Women who work there. I went to a monthly meeting a day or two ago, and met theretiring president, Mrs. Byrne, who was presented with a life membership card and a purse. Mrs. Anderson, M.B.E., the General President, and Mrs. Huneberg made the presentation. Mrs. Byrne is very well known in Pretoria, and has been a member of the Guild ever since it was first formed.

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Cape Town.

The Fairhaven Work Party celebrated their tenth birthday in Capetown a few days ago. They are a strange and beautiful echo of those war days when we faced life far less peacefully and contentedly than we do to-day. Mrs. Dichmont is leader of the Work Party, and they have four cottages for disabled soldiers, as well as many other channels in which they are working effectively.

Huguenot University.

Dr. Bliss, of the Huguenot University, Wellington, has two birthdays this year. One of them was celebrated last week—the anniversary of the beginning of her work in South Africa, 51 years ago—the second birthday is on January 14th, when Dr. Bliss will be 82 years of age.

Carlton Notes.

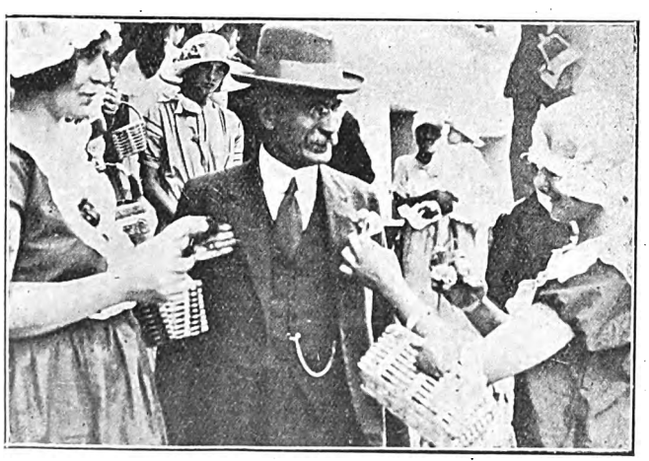
Sir John and Lady Irvine, who left for Victoria Falls early in the week, were entertained at the supper dance at the Carlton Hotel on Friday by Mr. and Mrs. Peter Kaplan. Mr. Alexander Aiken, Miss Nancy Aiken and Mr. L. Marks were among the guests. Lady Irvine wore a black georgette gown, and Mrs. Kaplan wore ciel blue charmeuse. Mr. and Mrs. Carl Malcomess, of East London, were with Mr. and Mrs. H. A. Malcomess, Miss Burton and Miss Malcomess. Mrs. Charles Marx, jun., just back from England, was among the dancers, and Mrs. C. A. Hadley wore a white gown with black relief.

Art in Cape Town.

Mrs. Douglas Tennant exhibited landscapes and studies of South African flora in Ashbey's Galleries, Capetown, last week. Mrs. Carter, O.B.E., opened the show, features of which were beautiful screens, cushions, a plan of a bedroom and another of a nursery filled with sunshine. Lady Hugh Levick, who has such a lovely home at Wynberg, Lady Lukin, Mrs. Bairnsfather, Mrs. Robert Struben, Mr. and Mrs. Charles Struben and Sir Leicester Beaufort were present at the opening.

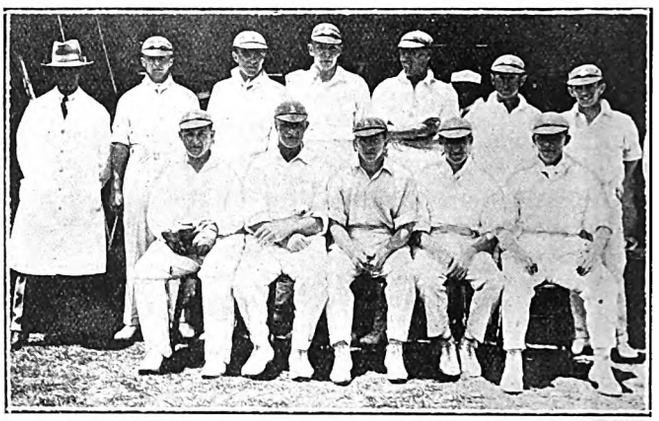
Now in Durban.

Among arrivals in Durban is Mr. Morris Kramer, of Kingwilliamstown, who is making his tour as President of the Federated Chamber of Industries. Prior to his leaving Johannesburg he was the guest at a garden party given by Mr. and Mrs. J. S. Hancock, at Observatory. Mr. Hancock is Chairman of the South African National Union and Vice-President of the Federated Chamber of Industries. Mrs. Hancock received her guests wearing a blue charmeuse gown with cream lace chemisette. Among those present were Miss Marjorie Cohen, Mr. and Mrs. W. Seals Wood, Mrs. A. J. V. Lockie, of Florida, who looked very charming in a white hat and gown, Mr. and Mrs. Friede, Mr. A. H. L. Burmester and Mr. and Mrs. J. A. Durie.

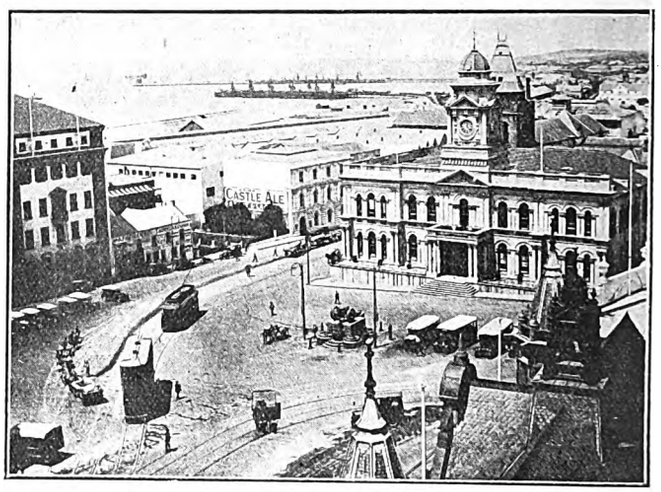


GENERAL HERTZOG

Bombarded by flower sellers at the Johannesburg Town Hall. African Film Productions photograph.



The team which represented Natal against England at Durban last Saturday. Back row, left to right: E. L. Dalton, L. J. Siedle, W. J. Lea, A. F. Borland, A. P. Murray. Seated, left to right: Dr. H. Mengershausen, Dave Nourse, Herby Taylor, D. P. Coningham, V. C. Robbins.



PORT ELIZABETH TO-DAY.

That latest photograph of Market Square, Port Elizabeth. Photograph by W. L. Shanagan.

Miss Bertha Hagart.

Miss Bertha Hagart, L.A.R.M., has just been appointed Sub-Professor of Harmony at the Royal Academy of Music. She was born in Durban, but her people are now living at Selborne, East London. She has been particularly fortunate since she sailed for England in March in 1922. She won the gold medal for pianoforte playing at the Croydon Musical Festival in 1923, and the Chappell piano at the London Musical Festival in Easter of this year. Her appointment as Sub-Professor at the Royal Academy is an excellent tribute, for, after all, the standards on the other side of the world do not admit of mediocre.

Human Heads for Sale.

New Zealand's earliest commercial history is rather vague, but it is practically definite that the first business deal was for a number of preserved human heads sold by the Maoris to traders, who resold them to British and Continental museums. Vague stories which have filtered down through the years from the wild forties tell us that the first heads, tattooed and preserved after death by a secret process, were sold by the Maoris near the coast of Wanganui, which to-day exports millions of pounds worth of frozen meat. Thus the Dominion has made some important commercial strides since eighty years or more ago, when the Maoris only adventure into the world of commerce was with the preserved heads of his dead relations as his stock trade.—*O.P.*

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"To Have and To Hold."

Betty Compson and Bert Lytell are the stars of this excellent film which is going on at the Bijou on Monday. The story is stirring and thrilling, and you cannot ask more of a film than this . . . . except that it must have beauty also. "To Have and To Hold" is filled with beautiful scenes, and the story is as it was when Mary Johnston wrote the novel some years ago—excellent.

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A London Letter.

Wembley—Dancing—S. A. Visitors—The Prince.

108, *New Bond Street, Nov.* 6, 1924.

Hail, people of the South!

Though you cannot hear my greeting, at least you can read it. There will come a time, however (so the scientist who lives below me and spends all day fiddling with wires and tacks and small perishable bits of string tells me), when I shall be able to speak my weekly letter to you instead of laboriously tapping it out on a typewriter. I am awaiting that day with considerable impatience, I assure you. Life will be so much easier then.

Salaams to Wembley.

Well, Wembley has closed down with so much ceremony and blare of trumpets. In spite of the fact that rivers of rain streamed in the places where the paths once ran, the Exhibition was packed last Saturday. Every booth reduced its prices to a minimum. Needless to say, these emporiums were so widely patronised that before the end of the afternoon all the contents were sold.

The closing ceremony took place at three o'clock. Under a sea of umbrellas the crowd passed through the narrow entrances and made a wall of human faces for the Stadium. The massed bands of the Royal Brigade Guards made the air sweet with old British songs and marches. Through the mist the white gloves of the band conductor waved like small signals two immaculate white flags that danced madly and inconsequently in the distance. Next came the massed Pipers, their kilts skirling about their knees, the old plaintive Scotch music skirling from their pipes. And then the Prince came. Just back from America, this was his first public appearance. To the accompaniment of furious cheering, he drove up to the dais and then, with the Duke of Devonshire, went to inspect the guard of honour—his own regiment. Microphones were placed near the dais to transmit his address, not only all over the Stadium, but into the wireless receivers of thousands of listeners-in who were unable to be at Wembley for the cremony.

Well, we are all very thankful that it is over—if not for ever, at least until next year has stepped well over the rim of the world and winter is flying to the south. Yet even that last is a gamble. It seems to me that winter is here for good; we shall never be able to oust her from her firm throne among us.

Brighter London.

Several people here are devoting themselves to the arduous task of brightening up London. It is a mission that would surely strike terror into the strongest heart. Grey London to be spotted with red and purple patches . . . impossible, surely! And yet they try and try and try. The threat has been issued that if the clubs and dance-restaurants do not put some pep into dancing the cabarets will usurp all the dancing public. Some of the more timidly daring of the clubs are trying to liven things up by organising ball-room games. Of course, guessing competitions went out of fashion when Queen Victoria died, and book evenings and charades are absolutely déclassé. No, the thing to do at the moment is to inaugurate doll dances and number dances. In the latter you dance on a floor divided into numbered squares and the couple standing on a certain square when the band stops gets a prize.

The doll dances can only be performed by the gilded scions of families who can afford to be seen with such people as Rockefeller. They are very expensive, *vous savez*. Large, long-limbed dolls, elaborately dressed, are stored in huge quantities at the end of the dancing floors. Couples compete for them, or the toys are distributed to the women, who dance clinging to their new mascots. I saw Lady Louis Mountbatten and Lady Brecknock among a crowd of women competing for dolls in a club the other night, but neither managed to win one, all the dolls being carried off by people with more ability but no titles.

AN OSTRICH FEATHER CAPE.

This is the ostrich feather cape, created by Messrs. Reville, Limited, from whom our photograph comes, for Her Majesty the Queen. An exact copy of the cape was worn by Princess Alice recently. Similar capes are fashionable in London at the moment.

Olive Schreiner.

The "Letters of Olive Schreiner" are selling like the proverbial hot cakes. Her books, "The Story of a South African Farm" and "Dreams," created a stir in the literary world when they first appeared on the horizon, and still young writers eager to delve deep into the silent things of the heart hold them up as models and cry the name of the author from the house-tops. Her "Letters" have lately been reprinted, also the "Life of Olive Schreiner," by her son.

The Duke, The Duchess and Others.

The Duke and Duchess of York hope to leave on their East African tour on December 4th. They are a keen globe-trotting couple and love travelling. There is some talk of their going later on to Australia and to the East, but at the moment Africa is the limit of their horizon.

Among those who have just arrived in England on the *Durham* are Dr. and Mrs. James Henderson, Mr. and Mrs. W. S. Hone and family, and Mr. and Mrs. W. J. Barrett.

Sir Pieter Stewart-Bam and Mr. and Mrs. A. M. Campbell are amongst the passengers who sail for South Africa by the *Balmoral Castle* on November 21.

Mr. M. M. van der Bent, of the Potchefstroom Municipal Council, is on his way to England for a four months' holiday.

Sir Otto Beit and his family have returned to London from their trip to the United States.

VISIT JANE PLOTZ PORTRAIT GALLERY, ART STUDIOS, THRUPP'S BUILDINGS.

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The cult of the "Delightful Continent," as the English calls South Africa, grows. I have seen no less than six new books about it in the last two weeks. Each of them praises the country and its spacious life, and every author turns down our older civilization with a sniff of contempt. They seem very sorry for us unfortunate sunless English, even though it only takes us ten minutes to get to Leicester Square or unforgettable Piccadilly, and would not change with us for much heavy bullion. The Prairie has beaten Piccadilly, at least according to these new authors. Martin Johnson says, in "Camera Trails in Africa," "If there ever was a place that could be called God's Country, that place is Africa." He is not original there, however. Every geographical writer in every colony claims his own land as God's Own Country. It has been done in Australia and countless times in New Zealand. God must have a busy time looking after all his very own countries.

Passengers by the R.M.S. *Briton*, which leaves Southampton to-morrow, include:—Mr. W. Atkinson, Mrs. Bankhart, Major F. S. Berrington, Mrs. Biden, Mr. P. Freeland, Mr. and Mrs. Musgrave and Miss E. Musgrave, Dr. and Mrs. MacBaish, Mrs. J. Waldie Peirson, Dr. Ying Lain Pim, Mr. and Mrs. A. S. Rome and Col. Sir P. Waechter.

Mr. S. B. Joel's cricket team, which left last week by the *Edinburgh Castle*, had a riotous impromptu send-off at Waterloo. Bats and balls and gloves were mixed up with flowers and books and paper ribbons. At Southampton the farewelling crowd was even denser. Mr. Joel saw the team off at the station and the cricket fraternity was represented by Mr. H. D. Leveson-Gower, Mr. and Mrs. Gilligan, Mr. P. Fender, Mr. S. Pegler (South African player), Mr. G. Weigall and Mr. A. E. Street. Mrs. Gilligan distributed sprigs of white heather, which the team wore proudly in caps and buttonholes.

Merely Fashions.

The present fashion in slang tends towards Americanisms. The Prince started it, of course, and everybody else is following suit. His first words on arriving in England after his American tour were, "Gee, I'm glad to be back!" And now eager reporters and flunkeys are hanging on his lips waiting for him to say, "Snow again, kid, I didn't get your drift!" or "Put it there, Bo!"

As for other fashions, they are pretty much as usual, though they say a certain furore has been created in Paris over the fact that a designer of frocks was caught trimming gowns and wraps with human hair sold to him by a shingler of fair tresses. I will not, of course, vouch for the truth of this story. *Pamela Travers.*

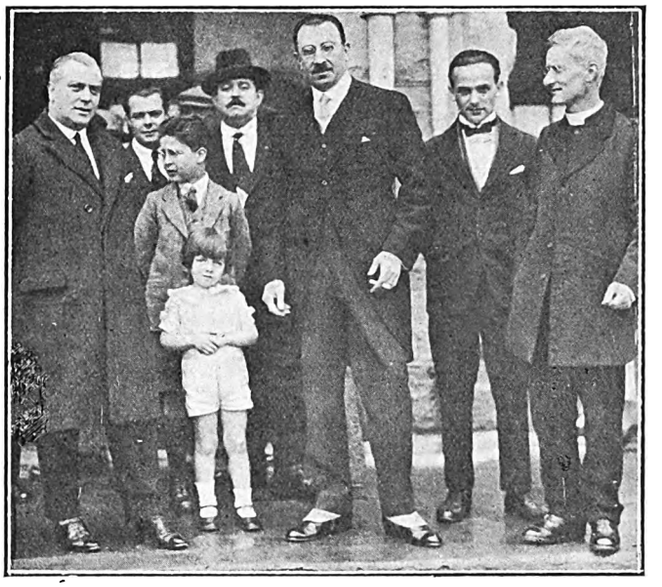
To Have and to Hold.

This film, which is to be the attraction at the Bijou next week, is taken from the novel by Mary Johnston. Actually, little more need be said, because, in a deluge of inferior fiction, "To Have and to Hold" stood out, when it was published, as a work bordering on genius. The production on the film is a remarkable success. The story is full of excitement and charm, and somehow the more swashbuckling element in the tale is very skilfully intermingled with the more romantic theme. The season at the Bijou should be a great success as far as the audience is concerned. The success of the entertainment as far as the screen is concerned is already more than assured.

Miss Bayliss Speaks.

The Daily Telegraph, London, quotes Miss Lilian Bayliss, who has just returned from her African journey, as follows:—"All patrons of the Old Vic. will rejoice to hear that Miss Lilian Bayliss arrived home from her South African 'holiday' safe and sound on Monday last, and at once donned harness in the direction of the theatre so well beloved by all who know it. Incidentally Miss Bayliss' 'holiday' took the form of propagandising in the cause of British opera. South Africa, it seems, is wofully ignorant of opera, since no company has visited it from the Old Country for thirteen years! The orchestral playing in Capetown and Durban she found excellent."

Italy in Cape Town.



Last week the Italians celebrated the King's Birthday. Count Labia, the Italian Consul, visited the Salician Institute, and was photographed with a number of prominent Italian residents. In this photograph are seen Dr. Del Ponte on the left, Mr. S. Bisogno, Count Labia himself in the centre, and near him the Reverend Father Jozzi.

DANIEL JUNIOR.

Perhaps the story of Daniel in the lion's den is not quite as wonderful as we've been induced to believe. This youthful Daniel finds nothing to fear in four specimens of big game, although the "big game" measure their age in weeks.

Topical Press photograph.

Miss Poppins Saloman and Miss Audrey Grose, who dance at the Carlton Hotel on Saturday in aid of the Children's Home.

Photograph by Jocelyn Leigh Hunt.

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When The Doctor Called.

By O. P.

The house of the Trifles was built above and at the side of a small shop, from which Maggie's mother sold stale licorice allsorts, lemonade, and jelly beans, to the passing school children.

When Mrs. Trifle sat down she resembled a half-filled balloon. Her body was a series of bulges, fettered by inefficient corsets and usually hidden by a neckless velvet dress, more expansive than beautiful. Her coarse hands were weighted by ruby and paste rings, and on one wrist was a bangle which had tired of being gold.

The shop front to which Maggie returned each night from her work at the factory had shed most of its blistered paint, and the verandah was bent beneath a heap of moss and wind-carried rotten leaves.

The spout served only to send unexpected jets of water through its rusted holes on to the heads and umbrellas of those who sheltered there on rainy days.

Faded cigarette packets and aerated water bottles stood on the crinkled paper floor of the window. Fat and lazy blowflies were the only disturbers of the window, except in one corner, where a crafty black spider had set up web communication between an old theatrical poster and a ginger beer bottle.

It was in such a place that the pathetic figure of Maggie Trifle had grown from being a bare-legged, screeching urchin to an over-dressed, under-educated slip of a girl, with just enough sense to realise that it is entertaining to play with fire but foolish to become singed by it.

With the aid of magazines, drapers' advertisements, and a nail file, Maggie had modified that screaming bare-legged street urchin until it was a rather presentable strip of girlhood that was blessed with exquisite ankles and a colour that was independent of artificial aid.

One day while Mrs. Trifle was sitting in the shop wondering "what that hussy of a girl was taking such a time to dress," and suspiciously supposing that "she was after painting up her lips again," a thud, a scream, and a groan disturbed the respectable silence of the house and shop.

"Great 'eavens! What 'as that girl gone and done?"

Mrs. Trifle gathered the folds of her magenta dress and, loose shoed, tramped up the little staircase which divided the house from the shop.

At the bottom of the second flight of the staircase there was a helpless heap of limp arms, tangled hair, and primrose silk.

These were Maggie, fallen in descending the staircase and moaning fretfully from between those perfect lips which suggested the rich colour of a pomegranate.

But Mrs. Trifle had no time to construct similies about her daughter's beauty. She lifted her head and cried: "Maggie, Maggie, little Maggie! Say something—what is it—Maggie?"

The eyes opened and Maggie whispered: "Me foot!—it's broke. Oh! it's hurtin' terrible."

The great efficient body of Mrs. Trifle soon mastered the situation, and Maggie was carried to a couch and left to her pain, while the mother ran for a doctor.

For five minutes the pain-strained face lay against a background of tousled golden hair. Maggie's eyes moved as if they had not seen the room before. Unhappy with her agony, she took a distorted interest in the details of the room which she had known for so many years. She counted the photographs stuck in the frame of the great bevel mirror. She looked at the old, silk-fronted piano and remembered that a note somewhere in the treble would not play unless you struck it a second time.

And then the doctor arrived. Practised hands determined that an ankle was broken, and while Maggie's tear-stained face wrinkled and her eyes closed with the pain, the stocking was removed and, after a display of splints and bandages, Maggie suddenly realised that the doctor was bending over her and saying: "You must keep very still and you mustn't move your foot at all."

* * *

When Maggie had opened her eyes properly she saw a sudden picture of a young, swarthy face, dark eyes, and strong lips which, when he spoke, showed that the doctor's teeth were as pearl-like as any she had read about. And with her ankle still torturing her, Maggie found enough breath to whisper to herself: "Gawd, what a beau!—what a thrill!"

* * *

"I'll come in to-morrow and see how you are."

She had closed her eyes again when he said this. And before she could take another deep breath and see those long eye-lashes once again, the doctor had disappeared down the steps into the shop.

'Oh, mother, wasn't he 'ansome!"

"Don't be silly, Maggie," the mother answered. "You just lie still and don't talk none of yer rot.

"'Ansome, indeed!—it'll be an 'ansome expense, with a broken wash-basin on the stairs and a broken ankle on the couch, and yer father working only two days out of the seven. I always said you were a clumsy girl. But there, never mind, just lie you still and don't go talking about 'ansome doctors and the like."

But all through the night, when her father was filling the room with towers of tobacco smoke, and while her mother was washing the dishes and, when the shop bell rang, wiping her hands and rushing down the little flight of steps, Maggie lay awake on the improvised bed and, in the little minutes when the pain from her ankle was least terrible, she thought of the smiling, young swarthy face and the lips that had told her to lie still. So she stayed still, with every muscle tense, because of the pleasure it gave her to obey him.

Maggie was unfortunate. In the words of her bench-mate at the jam factory, she was "man-struck, and that badly." Anything between the school and beard stages made her stupid, sensitive heart beat wildly, and her mind picture the blessed married state in a nine-roomed house, with a staff of servants, and electric light and hot water "throughout."

* * *

Three times during the days which followed the doctor came to see her. One day he drew a chair up to the bed and talked to her for ten minutes.

"Well, Miss Trifle, how is the little foot to-day?"

"Gettin' along nicely, thanks."

"I suppose you'll be glad to be up and about when all this is over?"

"Yes."

She was not bold enough to tell him that she'd willingly break an ankle a week to have him there, so close that his knee touched the bed; so close that—was it his hot breath she could feel on her hand!

You mustn't suppose that Maggie looked any fright in bed. White sheets, manicured nails, a pale face and golden hair can be very effectively displayed when you have Maggie's aptitude for making the best of things.

"I suppose you dance, Miss Trifle?"

"Oh, yes."

"I'm afraid I am too clumsy for these things." Perhaps some kind little sprite in his mind made him add: "Well, you won't be seeing anything more of me after Thursday. This little foot will be able to get along without me by then."

The doctor smiled, his moustache, which Maggie longed to feel pressed against her mouth (hadn't she heard that kissing a man without a moustache was like eating an egg without salt), seemed to be part of the smile, and Maggie felt that she was sinking through the bed with ecstacy.

He took her pale, thin, little hand, and rose to say good-bye.

KODAK SNAPS ENLARGED AND PAINTED BY JANE PLOTZ, ART STUDIOS, THRUPP'S BUILDINGS.

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The last day of his visit excited Maggie. From the very first hour when she awakened to remember that within a few hours he would come for the last time.

Did he care twopence about her?

Did those smiles mean anything?

Would he ask her to see him again?

Would he think her bold if she said something nice to him?

Could he bother about a poor little strip of a girl like her?

She picked up an antimony backed mirror and decided, with its help, that she had seen plenty worse faces riding about in motor cars and poised above furs that could be bought only by a doctor's wife.

He had certainly been very nice to her.

There was no need for him to sit down as he had if he hadn't meant to be nice.

And while her baby mind was browsing on these things, the doctor came in, placed his bag on a chair, and came across to her.

"And how is Miss Trifle to-day?"

"Oh—I'm fine, doctor, thanks!"

(Why did mother hang around as she did, buttin' in?)

"I suppose you'll be dancing on it before long," he said, with a smile.

"Not if I know it, doctor," Mrs. Trifle answered.

The doctor looked at the ankle. Maggie could feel his warm hand on her foot, and she closed her eyes to keep the heaven of it to herself.

"Yes, Miss Trifle, it's all right without my help now."

He stood over her for a minute, silently, as if he wanted to say something.

Was it because her mother was there?

Did he really want to see her again?

Had he some little message for her—a message her mother was not to hear?

Why didn't her mother take that magenta dress out of the way for a while?

The shop bell tinkled the promise of business and Mrs. Trifle disappeared.

"Well, I must be away, Miss Trifle." I hope you'll be well soon," he said.

"Is that all?" Maggie thought.

But her mother returned and ended the chance of further conversation.

Maggie wished she'd been born an orphan for the moment.

His hand was in his pocket!—the pocket away from her mother.

It drew out an envelope—a blue envelope. So he had thought of her. He was prepared, even if her mother did stay in the room.

The envelope was slipped under a book on the table next to the bed, and the doctor smiled down at her with an unwinked wink in his eye.

Yes, Maggie was sure that his eyelid flickered.

"Well, good-bye, Miss Trifle," he said and, with the same friendly smile, he went out of the room, followed by the mother.

* * *

So he'd though of her.

She had made a hit after all.

A hand came out from under the clothes and, with trembling interest, Maggie opened the envelope. Yes—there was a note.

She opened it. Great hot tears came into her eyes.

It said, "To professional attendance, £2 2s."

In Passing.

A friend just arrived from England says that medical authorities have been trying to determine how it is that politicians talk so much. Somebody suggests that when they were vaccinated there was nothing handy except a gramophone needle.

On the Rialto.

By Antonio.

Johannesburg, Tuesday afternoon.

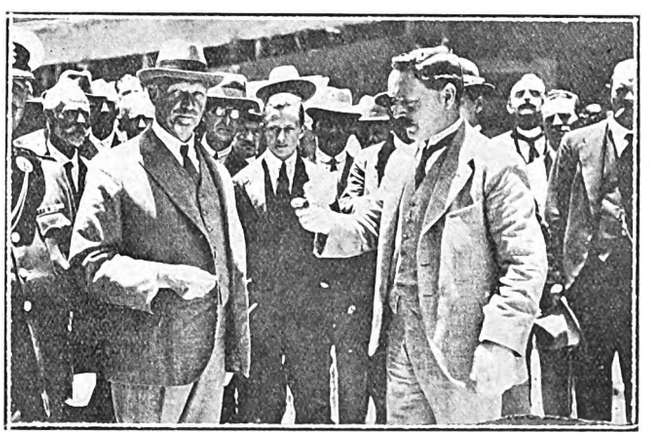
The market keep dull and quiet and largely professional. In view of the rather serious news from Egypt and the continued low price of gold, it may be characterised as remarkably steady. The latest price for the metal is 89s. 10d. per ounce which, after allowing 3s. 9d. for exchange and other realisation charges, leaves only a "humble shilling" of currency premium. But the average is probably nearer 89s. per ounce, a still smaller premium. This, and the fact that the short month of November contained the maximum of five week-ends (and the big modern mills do not run on the Sabbath) point to smaller profits, which may cause some dissatisfaction on their announcement towards the end of next week. Anglo-Americans have put on a shilling at 26s. in sympathy with Brakpan Mines (of which they have a considerable holding, oth direct and through the Rand Selection Corporation) which have improved to 75s. 9d., and also with Consolidated Diamonds which are better at 18s. 1½d.

"Lands" have been quieter with sales at 24s. Some disappointment has been expressed at there being no mention of rumoured discoveries in the report issued during the week, which, however, runs only to the end of September. Instead of confirmation of the reports of platinums in the Lydenberk district, there is only a reference to chromite, quite another matter.

Some steady buying of Randfonteins has taken place at a few pence above par. Robinson Deep "B" have been sold and now quoted at 38/-, 38/6. Wit. Deeps, of which there were sales at 19s. ten days ago, have receded to 18/3-18/6 on fairly heavy liquidation.

Of the "heavies," Modders at 82/6 buyers this morning look relatively stronged for the moment than do Government Areas, which are 149s. 6d. buyers. Van Ryn Deeps unchanged on the week at 76s., and Modder B.'s as steady as ever at 28s. 3d.

There has been considerable liquidation in Modder Easts, and at one time the price was down to as low as 16s. 9d., with some recovery later to 17s. 6d. Before the reconstruction, they were about 11s., and, as the scheme was on the basis of two new for five old that would bring them out at 27s. 6d., less the small profit in respect of the right to apply for £100 debentures for every hundred new shares. As readers will remember, I never could understand why the old shares should have been bought on a basis of over par for the new issue, and I furthermore advised exchange into Modder B., which are dividend-paying. Those who followed this advice would have done well, as they will have made four or five shillings rise on the "Bees," and have avoided a loss of as much as 9s. or 10s. per share on the Easts. This morning has seen a recovery to 18s. 6d. on influential support.



GENERAL SMUTS

Receiving the Silver Trowel before Laying the Foundation Stone of the S.A.P. Club in Johannesburg on Saturday.

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MISS DOROTRY CLARK
of Durban, recently engaged to Captain J. A. Johnstone. See letterpress below.

The Week.

Paragraphed and Photographed

Without offence to friends or foes
I sketch your world exactly as
it goes.

MISS CATHERINE FERGUSON
of Cape Province, who is singing in London. See leltterpress below.

Miss Dorothy Clark.

Miss Dorothy Clark, whose people are living in Durban, has been working very strenuously in London since her return after her tour of Africa last year. She undoubtedly has a very good contralto voice, and since London is much impoverished as far as contraltos are concerned, she is receiving plenty of engagements nowadays. She has become engaged to Captain J. A. Johnstone, M.C., of Tobias Farm, Naboomspruit. The latest news from London shows that she is one of the most popular broadcasting artists, and sitting in various places scattered over London I have often heard her myself, singing in the foggy evenings. She was engaged by The Royal Choral Society (Royal Albert Hall) and sang the principal alto part in "Elijah" on October 18th, and among her recent provincial engagements was one to sing in the "Beethoven Mass in D" for The Sheffield Choral Union and the Ladies' Choral Union.

Those who are interested in her singing will be pleased to hear that her voice is still more robust than when she was singing in Durban a little time ago. Miss Clark has wisely joined *The Dominion Artists' Club*, which is doing so much to further the Antipodean singers in London. She is at present living at The Three Arts Club, in Marylebone Road.

Miss Catherine Ferguson.

Another South African singer of whom we have heard by the last mail from London is Miss Catherine Ferguson, whose father, the Rev. A. P. Ferguson, is Congregational Union representative for South Africa. Miss Ferguson, who was born in Uitenhage, C.P., writes to say that she hopes to return to South Africa in July next year. She shares her time between her home in West Kensington and the Royal Academy of Music, where she gained a silver medal for singing in July of this year. People at the Huguenot College, Wellington, will remember when she took her B.A. degree in 1921, acting as singing teacher for six months, and later teaching at Paarl, until she sailed for London in September, 1922. Miss Ferguson's sister, Miss E. M. Ferguson, is a domestic science demonstrator for the Government, with headquarters at Elsenburg.—*O.P.*

A New Zealander Writes:—

In New Zealand we knfow too little of Africa. In Africa you learn too little of us. So perhaps you'll let me talk for a moment about the "England of the Antipodes, for no two countries of the Empire are as close in character and spirit as Maoriland and Africa.

If you had been there seventy years ago, you would have found a strange, solitary land, with dark-skinned Maories feasting on each other, birds twice as tall as men, volcanoes that sent columns of fire into the heavens and endless hills covered by virgin bush.

Now, you find the land as British as Great Britain itself, with friendly little farms scattered over the hills and throbbing manufactories turning raw material into merchandise for the markets of the world. The Maories are a strangely isolated people, possessing legends and myths as rich in beauty and vision as the legends of Greece.

About the time when William the Conqueror landed in England, a Hawaiian arrived, in a lonely canoe, near Wanganui, New Zealand. He ate one meal on a promonotory there, called the place "Windy Eating Place" and sailed away again. For three generations, his story of a far country was nursed and fed by the Hawaiians until one day three enormous canoes, manned by half-naked warriors, set out to find Aotea Roa (The long white cloud)—New Zealand. They found it when they were half dead and starving, and from their miserable genesis, sprang the magnificent Maori race.

The Maories have filled New Zealand with dignity. The highest mountain in the North Island, Ruapehu, nine thousand feet of ice and snow, is sacred to them. Only when the chieftain died was its chaste summit disturbed, for they carried the dead warrior over the glaciers and perilous valleys and hurled him into the boiling lake on the summit. The boiling lake at the summit, on the roof of New Zealand, is one of Nature's splendid paradoxes. It boils and steams vigorously, and yet its shores are made of snow. Here Nature boils and freezes within a few feet.

New Zealand is a land of beauty, traditions and modern industry. It is sending its produce to the markets of the world, just as Africa is doing, and its aims and ideals are much the same as they are in this land. Yet it is strange that the two countries know so little of each other. Perhaps the *South African Pictorial*, which seems to have great breadth of vision, will do something to let the left hand of the Empire know what the right hand is doing.

Notes.

Lieut.-Colonel Lord Dudley Gordon, D.S.O., second son of the first Marquis of Aberdeen, is at present in Durban. Lord Dudley Gordon came out on the *Windsor Castle* and has already visited Capetown and Johannesburg. He is here on business in connection with the manufacture of refrigerating plant.

The Hon. H. L. Currey, chairman of the Cape Cement Co., arrived in Johannesburg on Monday morning. He is the guest of Mr. and Mrs. E. G. Izod at "Sleepy Hollow," Valley Road, Parktown.

Mr. and Mrs. W. L. Chance are at the Marine Hotel, Durban, after visiting most of the main centres of the Union. Mr. Chance is head of England's greatest firm manufacturing lighthouses and glass. They sail for Suez and then Marseilles next week.

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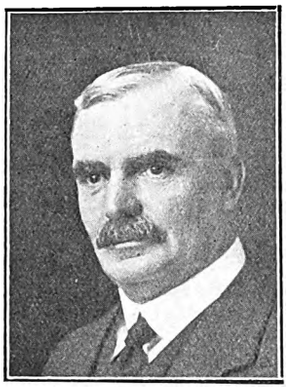
MR. A. CANHAM, S.A.

Trade Commissioner in London. His article on Wembley is on page 3.

MADAME BATEZAT,

wife of the French Consul at Delagoa Bay and one of the social leaders of Lourenço Marques.



MR WALTER GREENACRE, O.B.E.

who will preside at the Navy League Conference at Kimberley, on Friday. See letterpress below.

SIR EVELYN WALLERS, K.B.E.,

who opened the Health Week and Exhibition in Johannesburg on Saturday.

Jan Juta.

Of all the South African painters on this side of the world, Jan Juta is undoubtedly the most interesting. I am excluding those sentimental people who paint groups of kittens and Italian lakes at so much a gross.

Now Jan Juta counts for something. His exhibition at the Alpine Gallery in April made all the critics sit up and move their fountain pens enthusiastically. I have seen so much of his work lately, that I felt I must get into touch with him. So I wrote a letter (not knowing his address) and addressed it to:

Jan Juta, or any of his friends,
Cafe Du Dom,
Montparnasse,
Paris.

It found him. And he wrote back to tell me that he is at present living in the Rue de Bogueux, and that he is painting frescoes in a chateau near Monte Carlo.

He has illustrated a number of books, particularly on Sardinia, Corsica and Southern France, and he has exhibited in London, Paris, Rome and America. Now you dear people in South Africa must think of Jan Juta very seriously, for he has the stuff of which greatness is made. One seldom sees a paragraph about him in the newspapers, and too many people have already forgotten the fact that he exhibited regularly as a boy with the South African Society of Artists.

As everybody knows, he is the son of Sir Henry Juta, but, as far as Paris and London are concerned, he is not dependent upon his distinguished father for fame. The painting business—I use the phrase advisedly—is not all it should be in the old world, although, to counteract the million mediocre, there are a few painters who count; a few who have something to say. The others are merely echoes. One sighs over them and talks about the few. Jan Juta is of the few.

Isobel McLaren in Sheridan's "Duenna."

Our London music critic writes:—

Germany has at present its revival of Handel's operas. France brings to light again Monsigny's and Philidore's charming light operas. Italy does its share by giving Cimarosa and Paisiello renewed life. London has now followed the revival of the "Beggars' Opera" by that of Richard Sheridan's "Duenna," last staged at Covent Garden 150 years ago, when it had a "run" of 75 performances; for those times an extraordinary success.

The production, under Mr. Nigel Playfair, is splendid; every one of the cast does his or her part so well, that it would be difficult to improve upon it. If any distinction is to be made I would divide the first prize between Frank Cochrane, whose *Isaac Mendoza* is a masterpiece, Elsie French, an inimitable *Duenna*, and Isobel McLaren, who plays *Donna Clara*.

Miss McLaren is, as your readers know, a South African. There is no doubt whatever that her right place is the stage and not the concert platform. She looked her part, she played exceedingly well, without that overdose of by-play which is so common to-day. Her singing was also just what was called for. The melodious and graceful music of the time suits her voice, and she did it full justice. The public applauded her whenever she sang, and gave her an ovation in her principal scene.

I am certain that "The Duenna" has come to stay, and that Isobel McLaren has made good on the London stage. *Allegro.*

Gentlemen! The Navy!

Mr. Walter Greenacre, O.B.E., who for many years represented Natal in Parliament, will preside at the Conference on Navy matters called by the Federal Executive of the Navy League of South Africa, next Friday in Kimberley. Mr. Greenacre is Federal President of the League, and among others likely to be present will be Mr. E. G. Izod, of Johannesburg, the Vice-President; Captain Neale and Mr. W. Ellender, of East London; Brigadier-General J. S. Wylie, M.V.O., D.S.O., K.C., V.D., and Mr. H. L. Buzzard, of Durban; the Very Rev. Dean T. C. Robson, M.A., and Mr. John Orr, M.B.E., J.P., of Kimberley; Mr. E. M. O. Clough, C.M.G., from Capetown, and Mr. Murray Bisset, M.L.A., who will put certain views before the Conference from the Capetown district.

One of Death's Stings.

I was talking to my picture framer a day or two ago, and he unfolded a terrible aspect of human nature . . . new to me then. He has a whole room full of enlargements, framed, and never called for by the people who left them there. The method is thus:—

The grandmothers and aunts of the people die. In the rush of sorrow and depression, dear Aunt Agatha's enlargement is rushed into the framer, to be immortalised in three inch oak, with a gold slip. "Will you leave a deposit, madam," the assistant asks.

"A deposit . . . my . . . do you think I'd forget it. Why, it's poor Aunt Agatha. (She grabs the chair for support here.) I would not lose it for the world." A smudgy handkerchief appears . . . there is a sniffle and the framer is silent.

And Aunt Agatha is framed, with three inch oak and gold slip, but the tide of sorrow goes out and Aunt Agatha is forgotten and never called for. So my framer has a stock of rejected aunts and grandmothers. I have suggested that he should hold an "ancestor" sale and dispose of the enlargements as a respectable background to people of muddled descent who require ancestors. *H.B.*

Princess Beatrice, who is coming out to visit the Governor-General and Princess Alice, will be attended by Miss Bulteel as Lady in Waiting, and Mr. Victor Cockran, Comptroller of the Household.

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"The Mask and The Face."

By H. B.

When you have seen almost every play in the West End of London for the last three years; when you have met the stars of almost all the plays; when you have read plays in manuscript and, most terrible and guilty of all, when you have *written* plays, you have every right to be blase.

And yet (the Saints be praised) *I did* sit up and take notice when I read the script of "The Mask and the Face" the other night. I had been to see Mr. Leon M. Lion in his dressing-room. It is a strange thing among actors; even those whom I have liked best—and many of them have been my friends—they have been vain men. But Leon M. Lion has no vanity, although he has a delightful, childlike enthusiasm. I think he is a *great* actor, and I say that without reservation, because even in London there are few great actors, although there are many good ones. I hesitate to describe Mr. Lion as an intellectual because I instinctively know he will hate the word. Nevertheless he is. His acting of the part in "The Chinese Puzzle" was immaculate—like a piece of perfectly carved ivory or a piece of magnificent prose in which every word is perfectly chosen. He never deals in the rubbish of the sentimental actor who rants and raves, getting all his effects on the principle of a tornado. There is no perfume or delicacy in the tornado of the extremely melodramatic man, or even of the sentimental actor. Leon M. Lion has one of the most far-seeing, human, and (another word I know he will hate) cultured minds I came into contact with in England. And I have met many of them on my journeys!

Still, this is swerving away from "The Mask and the Face." I was talking to Mr. Lion in his dressing-room for quite a long time on that night and he was making up for the part of Chi Lung. I asked him about "The Mask and the Face." "My part," he said, "is that of a man who has no sense of humour." I looked into Mr. Lion's eye, and if ever you have seen that little silver elf who dances in the corner of his left eye, you will know how almost impossible it seems that he could play such a part. But I saw him master far more difficult things in that grave, dusty, solemn old London. "It is a wonderful play, you know," he continued. "I have *had* to play many parts, but I *want* to play this one; there is something deliciously humorous in the situations themselves, apart from the dialogue, which simply dances with humour. But if you want to know anything about the play, take this precious copy home with you, read it, but be sure to let me have it back by half-past ten to-morrow morning, in time for rehearsal."

So I took it home with me, read half of the first act on the Rosebank tram, the last of the first act over my virtuous cup of cocoa served by "Sixpence" (that is the name of the dusky boy up my way). Then I finished the play in bed.

I said when I started this rambling talk that because I had seen, read and even written plays, that I felt I had every right to be blase. But you couldn't be blase over "The Mask and the Face," even in the dull type-written form they use for rehearsals. The play is staged on the shores of Lake Como. How could you imagine a more perfect setting for a romance?

They say that some of the happiest divorces in the world originated on the shores of Como.

There is an Italian count who hath no humour in his veins. He vows that if ever his wife is unfaithful to him (how narrow-minded men can be!) he'll kill her. The cynics tell us that only plain and middle-aged women are faithful to their husbands, but the Countess was neither plain nor middle-aged. She was caught opening her bedroom door to a gallant who came in the dead of night. The Count, to support his brave announcement, realised that he would have to kill his wife to retain his dignity among his friends. But he compromised (you see, he was a real man after all) and sent her away secretly to France, announcing to everybody else that he had killed her. He stood his trial, and then, when it was over, his wife returned, veiled, and he was forced to hide her. More than this! The authorities had started to drag the lake for the body of the woman he was supposed to have murdered, so he was forced into all kinds of intrigues, and eventually he had to fake a funeral with a faked corpse. Thus the Countess, still veiled, was able to ride gaily to her own funeral. I cannot tell you any more of the story than this, except that it is just a glorious satire. I should like to sum it all up in one phrase—this play, Mr. Lion, and Monday night, which is the first night for "The Mask and the Face." The only phrase I can think of is "'The Mask and the Face'" will set a new standard of laughter for Johannesburg."

JOYCE COHEN,

a pupil of Miss Poppins Salomon, who will dance at the Carlton on Saturday afternoon in aid of the Johannesburg Children's Home.

Photograph by Jocelyn Leigh Hunt.

Beside a Fire.

Sleep . . . little lad.
There is no sound; no motion save
The measured movement of your baby breast.
You are my son. Those are my hands that played
With blocks and toys before the vivid fire.
These are my eyes that sleep. That errant hair
Is dark and curled as if it were my own.

Sleep . . . little lad.
She comes who owns your love as well:
Who pauses, quiet, to note your whispering breath.
Why must I share the harvest of your youth
With one grown cold? Why can't I keep
You close? . . . so soft against my cheek!

Sleep . . . little lad.
You are my son.
Those are my hands that lie
Tenderly upon that chastened sheet.
Those are my eyes that sleep.
That tousled hair
Is dark and curled as if it were my own.

H.B.

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Addison and Mitrenga.

When he was four—when still a lad in Manchester, Errol Addison danced nervously on to a stage and was an instantaneous success. The people recognised in him the divine spark talked of so much and met so seldom. Since then, he has danced himself to fame, and he is now one of the best known male dancers in England. At the Empire, Johannesburg, with his partner, Mdlle. Mitrenga, Errol Addison is unlike most Anglo-Saxons. He can dance with the fire and vigour of those Continental people, to whom dancing is a necessity, second only to eating. His father is a quiet Manchester business man, but, when Mr. Addison was a lad, his father recognised that the boy was destined for the footlights and not for the ledger. So he allowed him to develop along his own lines. Thus he knew none of the restraining influences that crush enthusiasm and art out of so many youngsters. The result is that we have a thoroughly English dancer, with a thoroughly English name, dancing with a temperament and fire rather foreign to the plodding sobriety of the average Anglo-Saxon.

A DECK PET.

The lion will lose his reputation for wildness very soon. This cub is a pet on a steamer which calls frequently at Durban.

A Woman Mason.

Mrs. M. J. Minshull, of New York, is now in Capetown. She studied under Rev. Dr. Murray, whose New Thought Church in the Waldorf Astoria Church is famous, and she is a member of the Eastern Star Order of Freemasons, I believe the only purely female Lodge in the world. Her father was a well-known Mason, and her son also belongs to the craft. So far her plan is to go to India from South Africa.

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Racing Notes.

Disasters at the Park Meeting.

Some Notes on Summer Handicap.

By "Onlooker."

The prospect of seeing a number of the Summer Handicap candidates in action was no doubt responsible for an increased attendance at the Auckland Park meeting on Saturday. No fewer than 16 engaged for the big event on December 20 were coloured on the card for the chief event at the Park. Fabaris was not one of those presented to run; nor was his stable companion Benedictine. Ten, however, of the 16 sported silk, including the much-discussed Wonder. The White Lodge stable had not serious interest in the Park race with the four-year-old son of Willonyx; the stable relied on Prince Orb for the Park race and, as the sequel proved, reliance was not misplaced.

Wonder has done next to no racing during the two years he has been in the country; he was started last week end in order to get him used to again galloping in company; and a race is calculated to bring a horse on. It will take Mr. Gard all his time to get Wonder in proper racing trim by Summer Handicap day. The colt has certainly fined down considerably since running in a sprint at the last meeting at headquarters, but he seems lacking in muscle. Wonder is a particularly nice horse; not a tall one but deep girthed and well moulded; a beautifully coloured bay.

Downfall of Jubilant II.

Strangely enough, it was not any one of the Summer Handicap horses that went out favourite for the Park race. That distinction went to the Booysens trainer's English-bred colt Jubilant II., carrying the minimum weight. Jubilant II. is a three-year-old by Gay Crusader and is a "good looker." There can be little doubt the colt was well tried. At the same time he has had practically no racing experience, and to make a "good thing" of such in a big field (there were 16 starters) was to say the least injudicious. The confidence of those connected with the stable was soon reflected in the market, for the betting public, with the stable lead, went bald headed for Jubilant II., and he actually started at odds on. With the opposition such as it was, the betting as regards Mr. Randall's colt was quite absurd. Jubilant II. was slow to get going and, as a matter of fact, was at no stage of the mile at all prominent.

The race produced a great finish as between Prince Orb and Duchess Trenton. Mr. Gard's horse put unwonted courage into his effort and just got the better of the mare, who was conceding 10 lbs., by a head. Cardinal's Guard created a surprise by cutting King's Daisy out of third place. Those who scoffed at Cardinal's Guard being engaged in Handicap company will have to amend their reckonings somewhat. The colt on Saturday's running has certainly no chance in the big handicap as against some of those he met, but he cannot be altogether disregarded for the Derby. The ruling favourite for the Derby, Royal Dance, was in the Auckland Park Handicap field, carrying, like Cardinal's Guard, the minimum. Granted Mr. Passmore's colt was not expected to run prominently on Saturday; neither for that matter was Cardinal's Guard, and improvement can be looked for in the latter as well as in Royal Dance.

Another Crushing Defeat.

The Booysens stable, prior to the Jubilant II. fiasco, had a minor reverse when Chloe, running in the livery of Mr. J. Neilson, was beaten out of place behind Pretoria-owned Euphrosyne in the Maiden Handicap. A small matter that compared with the losses over the Gay Crusader colt and the equally great, rather more so, losses over the stable's Derby candidate, Catalan, in the last race on the Park card: a second division race over a mile. There was certainly more justification for the backing of Sir Abe Bailey's gelding here than there was for the support accorded Jubilant II. All the same, the laying of 6 to 4 on Catalan in a field of 25 was rather a false price. It was, however, as said, the last race and punters had in a manner of speaking lost balance in their anxiety to "get out." But instead of getting out they got further in. Catalan was well enough placed from the start, but quite failed to act up to expectations, and missed a place, the winner turning up in the five-year-old Carry On.

It is very seldom the veteran trainer W. L. Randall has misjudged his goods as was the case on Saturday. It must have been a harvest day for the fielders.

The Summer Handicap.

With no more than 5 lbs. over the weight he succeeded under in the Spring Handicap, Fabaris, top weight for the big event on December 20, must be deemed to have a great chance of adding the Summer Handicap to his score. It was in the early days of October that Fabaris captured his first handicap. He had had a hurried preparation for the race, and there is little doubt there was room for considerable improvement in his condition. Of course, 9 st. 5 lb. is a hefty impost, but Fabaris is built to carry weight and, if all be well with him on the day, what is there in the opposition to beat him?

A surprise entry was that of Red Ronald. Being in the race, the champion colt could not very well be allotted less than the poundage dealt out to him—9 st. 2 lb. It is a widely held opinion that a horse once fired cannot afterwards reproduce his best form. Apart from this, Red Ronald has only very recently resumed work—his break down in the Gold Cup necessitated a long spell of idleness—and will be in trim to do himself justice this year. If Red Ronald can be got reasonably fit, the Champion Stakes on the first day of the New Year will presumably be the race selected for him at the Summer fixture.

Wonder has been so long on the shelf that one cannot fancy his chance. Allowing that his form as a two-year-old was good, it will surprise a lot of us should the top-weight not be found capable of conceding the required 9 lbs. It is a long time since Fordwych won a race, but there is no reason to suppose he is not as good as ever he was. Mr. Murray's gelding may give a good account of himself with 8 st. 5 lb. At the same weight, it looks as if Flush of Dawn could not be disregarded; and Mr. de Meillon cannot have much hope of success with either of the other two he has in the race, The Pearl and Glasgow.

The Hope of Durban.

No doubt the winner of the Durban July Handicap, Oriel, is a goodish horse; is a long way better than his looks would suggest. His merits will be fully tested in the Summer Handicap. The ten furlongs at Turffontein takes a lot more doing than the same distance on the circus course at Durban, and I question Oriel's ability to succeed carrying 8 st. 4 lb. The visitor from Capetown, Musketeer Dan,

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with 7st. 10 lb., receives 2 lbs. from Desert Gold. Major Cooper's gelding has done nothing since winning the Autumn Handicap, but that performance stamped him as a good one. It seems to me he should beat the Capetown colt; should indeed go close to winning.

Mr. E. Coutts' imported pair, Currency and Jungle Call, have not appeared in public since early last season, and the presumption is all was not well with them. The last-named won a couple of minor races since coming to the country, but Currency had the better form in England. Currency has been allotted 7 st. 1 lb. and Jungle Call 3 lbs. less. They are unknown quantities.

There is an acceptance for the race this week and further reference to the chances of those engaged, more especially the chances of the light weights, can be made next week.

The racing at Germiston on Saturday promises to be very interesting, for a large number of those engaged are also engaged at the Summer meeting at Turffontein.

Selections:—

12.30.—Stewards' Plate, 4 furlongs.
Fighting Fusilier 1, Prismatic 2, Blacksmith 3.

1.10.—Rose Deep Handicap, "B," 6 furlongs.
Butt's selected 1, Enrico 2, Popgun 3.

1.50.—November Handicap, "B," 1 mile 3 furlongs.
Carry On 1, Felicia 2, Cherry Blossom 3.

2.30.—Rose Deep Handicap, "A," 5 furlongs.
Plenty 1, Rara Avis 2, Treasurer 3.

3.10.—November Handicap, "A," 9 furlongs.
Norwood 1, Crumpet 2, Weale's selected 3.

3.50.—November Handicap, "C," 1¼ miles.
Done Brown 1, Fiction 2, Koh-I-Noor II. 3.

4.30.—Rose Deep Handicap, "D," 5 furlongs.
Romp 1, Lady Beauty 2, Betrothal 3.

5.10.—Rose Deep Handicap, "C," 7 furlongs.
The Woods 1, Brusque 2, Wedding Ring 3.

GERMISTON RACES

Saturday, November 29,

8 RACES 8

FIRST RACE AT 12.30 p.m. LAST RACE AT 5.10 p.m.
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Motoring and Motor-cycling.

By "Wire Wheel."

All Set for To-morrow.

Arrangements have been made and matters are now well in hand for the R.M.C.C. car competition on the Edenvale gradient to-morrow.

Provided the weather is on its best behaviour, this three-speed climbing competition will provide one of the very best car events ever staged on the Reef. It is reported that many drivers have been observed tutoring the lady drivers who are keen to try their hand at winning the 5-guinea ladies' prize.

Judging from the excellent crowd that attended the A.J.S. Cup trial at Alberton last Sunday, and the remarks passed by the motorists present, it would appear that the Rand Motor Cycling Club have struck the rich vein for car competition. A bumper entry, fair weather and a rattling good day's sport out in the open will be enjoyed by competitor, official and spectator alike.

A.J.S. Cup.

The crowd, estimated between two and three thousand people, who journeyed out to Alberton last Sunday were rewarded with an excellent bill of fare. Of 26 riders figuring on the programme for the R.M.C.C.'s A.J.S. Cup, approximately 176 miles (four laps), 23 faced the starter. The limit rider, Mr. H. C. Leon (Francis-Barnett, 172 c.c.), who won the event, was in receipt of two hours' start. He was sent away at 8.50 a.m., the last competitor being despatched at 10.42.

Shortly after 1.30 p.m. Leon crossed the line, winner of the A.J.S. Cup, eleven minutes ahead of his stable mate, J. A. Jackson, who rode an A.J.S. 349 c.c. and received 30 mins. start.

Mr. J. R. Berry, of Roodepoort, put up a remarkable performance in gaining third place from the 16 mins. mark, riding a 494 c.c. Triumph in complete touring trim, mudguards, carrier, lamps, etc., and also made the fastest time in the trial, 3 hours 24 mins. 56 secs.

The winner's time was 4 hours 47 mins. 13 secs.

Visitors to Motor Town.

During the latter part of last week Messrs. Williams, Hunt & Co. held a conference of their distributors, and were "at home" at Indian House.

Notable among the visitors were Messrs. H. J. Walsh, Durban; A. G. Brook, Port Elizabeth, also President, Eastern Province M.C.C., and Vice-President, South African Motor Traders' Association; C. S. Johnston, Capetown, and Mr. G. W. Hart, Captain of the Eastern Province M.C.C.

New Cars.

The Johannesburg Municipal registration shows that 1,678 new cars were registered in Johannesburg in the eight months ended August 31, 1924.

Pretoria Hill Climb.

To-morrow, at Klapper Kop, three miles outside Pretoria, the Pretoria Motor Club are holding a hill climb for solo and sidecar machines.

The event will commence at 10 a.m.. Visitors and competitors from the Rand are assured of a hearty welcome.

The Stuff Competitors Use.

In the competition over the week-end, seven riders who finished the course for the A.J.S. Cup, distance approximately 176 miles, all used Price's oils. Four out of the seven machines were shod with Hutchinson tyres, occupying 1st, 2nd, 4th and 6th positions; 3rd, 5th and 7th used Dunlop cord tyres. Fastest time was made by Mr. J. R. Berry, who used Atlantic balanced motor spirit.

Ford Picnic.

At Heidelberg Kloof, on Sunday, over 300 Ford cars accepted the invitation of the Ford Agencies (Witwatersrand), Ltd., and over 2,000 people all told enjoyed a most successful affair. From three points, Benoni, Germiston and Johannesburg, Fords left simultaneously at 9 a.m., arriving at Heidelberg by 10.30 a.m.

Refreshments were supplied and afterwards the time was taken up with gymkana events, the returns being made at 4.30 p.m.

In the car parade, Mr. Harry Towers was awarded the prize for the best Ford car, the prizes being presented to winners by the Mayor of Heidelberg, Mr. Le Mare.

Judges for the car parade were Mesdames H. King and W. R. Smith, assisted by Mr. J. G. W. Gordon, of *The Star*.

The whole arrangements were admirably organised by Mr. W. R. Smith, ex-champion cyclist, ably assisted by Mr. I. G. Emery.

Tinseltoes.

Another Story for the Young and the Young-Old.

Once I knew a pixie named Tinseltoes.

When first I met her, she was a simple little soul. She wore frocks of spun-thistledown, and tiny jacaranda shoes.

Then, suddenly, she went to the devil. She stained her cheeks with poppy-petals, wore dresses of scarlet hibiscus, and made her shoes of nettle-leaves.

The whole river bank rang with the tales of her wickedness.

Once she winked, openly, at a respectable middle-aged dormouse, and the matter nearly went to the divorce courts.

But the cruellest thing she ever did was to an exquisite goldfish that swam among the reeds of the river bank.

Every day Tinseltoes would splash her feet in the water, singing:

Whether he comes
From below or above,
All that I want
Is a young man's love.
Fish or fowl,
Bird of the air,
I don't mind which,
So long as he's fair.

And the splendid goldfish, flaunting his faery tale in the water, smiled up at Tinseltoes and told her that he loved her more than eating grubs or catching drowning flies from the eddies that wimpled by.

It was quite obvious that the goldfish's head was turned. Tinseltoes leant back against a purple iris and laughed uproariously. Then she splashed her feet in the water and told Goldgrin (that was the goldfish's name) that she loved him more than eating meringues. As she'd never tasted meringues and had only heard about them, Goldgrin should not have taken much notice of what she said.

But he pleaded and asked Tinseltoes to slip into the arms of the river and live with him, to wear water lilies in her hair, doublets made of frog-skin, and shoes of shells wished into the river from the neighbouring sea.

But Tinseltoes refused. Then Goldgrin asked her if he might come on to the land and live with her.

"Most certainly," she replied.

So Tinseltoes bent her head over the water. She could see her face, and, vain as Narcissus, she looked at the reflection for a moment, and almost forgot that Goldgrin was there.

Then she lowered her silver hair into the water and Goldgrin wound himself in its coils.

Tinseltoes whispered. "I love you, Goldgrin," and as she whispered she lifted him gently out of the water, while he clung to her sparkling hair with tail and fins.

She placed him on the river bank.

"I am choking, Tinseltoes! . . . I am choking, Tinseltoes!" he cried.

And in a minute or two Goldgrin lay dead upon the grass and Tinseltoes ran laughing into the forest.

Such a womanly wee woman the pixie Tinseltoes was.

H.B.

"RED DAISY" TEA IS THE BEST—TRY IT.

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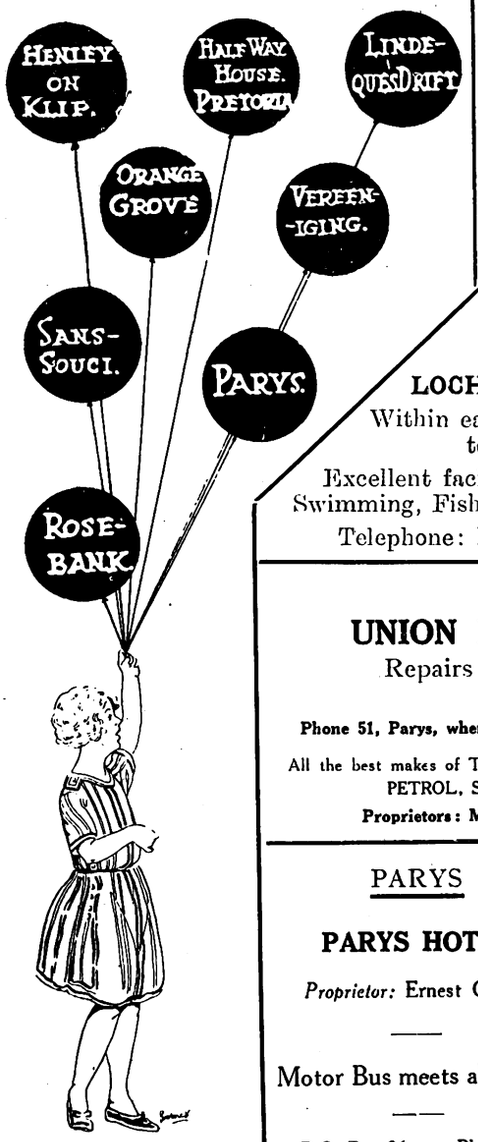

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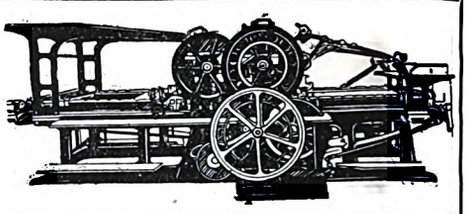

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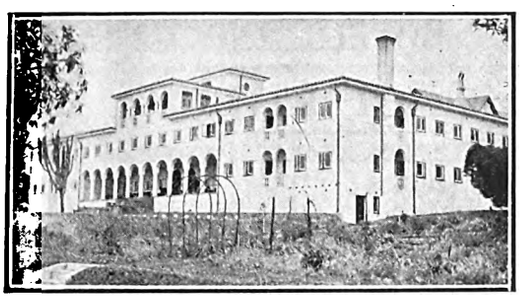

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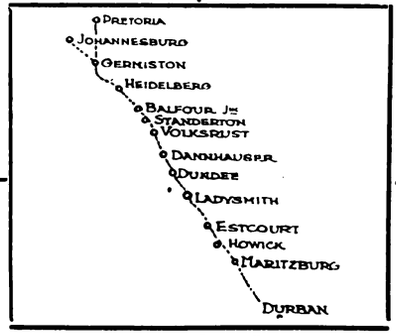

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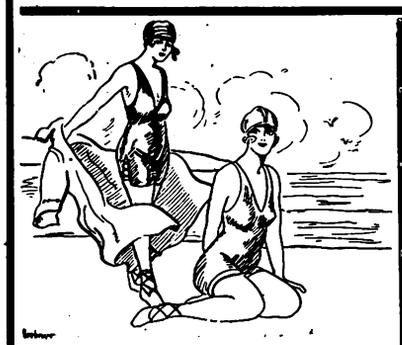

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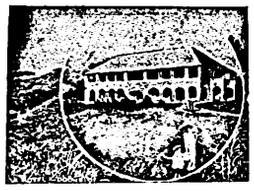

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Tivoli, Cape Town.—Till December 2: "The Rising Generation." Opening December 3: Mewse and Singer, Les Rogers, Ted Marcel, Frank Fay and the Lady from Dixie, Joe Brennan and Ida Newton, Scott Sanders, Two Vagabonds.

Opera House, Cape Town.—"Little Nellie Kelly."

Empire, Johannesburg.—The Veterans of Variety, Belle Mora, Nereide, Addison and Mitrenga, Foster and Ninon, R. and W. Roberts, Byron and Byron, The Birchalls.

His Majesty's, Johannesburg.—Leon M. Lion and Renée Kelly in "The Mask and the Face."

Orpheum, Johannesburg.—Les Trombettas, Mello and Nello.

Grand, Pretoria.—Teddy Stream, Key and Keyworth.

Criterion, Benoni.—Theda Sisters, Videau and Kirby.

Rinko, Maritzburg.—J. H. Scotland, Moss and Maachah.

Criterion, Durban.—Henri de Bray and Partner, C. H. Charlton, Bilton and Max.

Grand, Port Elizabeth.—December 4, 5 and 6: "The Rising Generation."

Town Hall, Queenstown.—December 1: The Australian Newcastle Steel Works Brass Band.

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Town Hall, Aliwal North.—December 3: The Australian Newcastle Steel Works Brass Band.

Scott's Theatre, Maritzburg.—December 6: The Australian Newcastle Steel Works Brass Band.

Some idea of the diversity of markets from which South Africa imports its goods can be gained from the show of stoep blinds at Messrs. Geen & Richards. These simple green blinds to which we are accustomed—one sees them swaying in the wind on most verandahs nowadays—are bought from China, France and America. It seems that even modern commerce retains an element of romance, when you realise that in a few square feet of one Johannesburg shop, there are blinds from the crowded, sultry markets of Hong-Kong, France and up-to-date America.

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"The Union's National Weekly."

VOL. X[illegible]X. [illegible]88.] SATURDAY, DECEMBER 6TH, 1924. (Registered at G.P.O. as a Newspaper.) PRICE 6D.

Two Conservatoire Pianists.

MR. SIDNEY ROSENBLOOM
Of the Hillbrow Conservatoire of Music, a pianist whom we have to thank for several excellent recitals.
[Photograph by Jocelyn Leigh Hunt.

MISS AUDREY SMITHERMAN
Of the Hillbrow Conservatoire of Music, a young pianist of whom we expect great success.
[Photograph by Jocelyn Leigh Hunt.

THE HON. MRS. TENNYSON,
Wife of the Captain of the English Cricket Team.

MRS. C. D. POMFRET, M.B.E.,
Secretary of the National Service Fund and of the Women's Reform Club, who organised the Christmas Party at the Johannesburg Town Hall on December 2.
[Photograph by Jocelyn Leigh Hunt.

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The Dancing Flapper.

Much—too much—has been written about the Flapper. She has been criticised, eulogised and ostracised by pen and pencil until she is the most important figure in 1924.

But there is an astonishing fault in the dancing flapper—a fault that makes me despair over the future of womanhood.

She has no conversation!

She does not read!

She has no views on anything but dress and dancing.

I admit she is charming. I am sufficiently decadent to appreciate those tiny little turned-up noses, dusted with powder until they are like marshmallows. But, when the dance is ended and you find yourself a normal male, up against the duty of entertaining this little stripling maiden with her laughing eyes and faultless, fine fingers, you are desperate.

She sits there and she may say something about men. She is scornful and she admits, in her eighteenth year, that love is a snare and a delusion, and that marriage should be a comfortable arrangement between people of the one class—people whose tastes are the same. She places mutual taste in cooking far above the old divine passion that stirred the poetry and affection of yesterday.

And sometimes I think it is the city flat life that is undermining the flapper world. They live in a totally artificial atmosphere. The very pavement on which they walk is man-made. The air they breathe is stale with the lies and laughter of the million. The food they eat has been prepared, preserved and cooked until it has lost all the freshness with which Nature endowed it. Their faces are remodelled until God's original creation is merely the canvas upon which the artist lays her colours.

This artificially delightful little creation sits next to you, with her knees crossed, a slender cigarette caressed delicately by still more slender fingers, and when you start a conversation, she starches her face into a bored, inane expression and says nothing. She is not quite sure of the difference between an etching and an engraving, and she thinks Gerald Cumberland's novel was "So silly" because the man was older than the girl he married. And, beyond these two points, she has no interest in anything. She thinks that Tutankhamen is an American dancing teacher who invented a new Tutankhamen crawl.

It is all tragic. This feminine philosopher is undermining our standards of thought and reason, and man, usually the guardian of human sanity, is bowing down to this charming, lightsome, bubble-minded little lady who catches your heart in the net of her unreality, making you sell old Wisdom for a shilling, and then asking you to buy her a cocktail with the money. She powders her pretty little nose in public, and outlines those exquisite lips with beastly red salve.

It's all wrong, and time alone can correct the error.

In the Victorian days, the married woman commanded the situation. It was only when she had the safety seal of a husband that men bothered to flirt with her. She fell violently in love with every men except the one to whom she was married.

Yesterday—the yesterday of this century, the woman in her twenties came into vogue and the "accomplished" daughter, backed by Chopin, Browning and Mrs. Beeton, surrounded herself with the men of the moment. The girl of seventeen was playing with her doll upstairs.

And now, in 1924, this seventeen-year-old girl is dominating the situation. Men, young and old, flock about her. Married women are forced to flirt with their own husbands, young women in their twenties are forced to become engaged, feeling that nothing but a contract will counteract this flapper invasion, and the young girl, with her vanity sense, her sleek silk stocking, her perfumed hair, her little pink ears, her exquisite finger nails, her—well—all the little details that make her charming—has been crowned Queen of 1924. *H.H.B.*

Woman.

She pulled up outside the tea-room just as I was lighting a cigarette.

"Oh, Oliver, I am almost dead with fright. I've just seen the most terrible accident—a smash with two cars. They crashed into each other as they rounded the corner. It was dreadful—they collided, and one car, the Broadbrest, was smashed terribly. The mud-guards were ripped off, the radiator was all bent, the wheels were all interlocked, the wind-screen was smashed to atoms, and the hood was hurled over to the back of the car. The steering wheel was broken, and part of it landed in my car."

She puffed frantically. "Do please, take me in to have a cup of tea, or something. I am almost dead with shock."

So Pixie stepped out, we tripped into the tea-room and she hung on to my arm with excitement.

"It must have been a terrible smash, Pix," I said, "but it is good luck nobody was hurt."

"Oh, I forgot. Now you mention it, I remember the driver *was* killed." *O.P.*

Bert Errol.

Our London correspondent writes:—

I drifted into the Coliseum last week and found that a complete Antipodean epidemic had set in. Alma Taylor was appearing, and in the stalls, clapping violently, was Shayle Gardner, the Aucklander, who co-starred with her in the Hepworth film, "Comin' thro' the Rye."

Mr. Shayle Gardner is now playing in the new Shaw play "Saint Joan," and although it is about eight years since he arrived in England, he confessed to me during the interval that a big lump of his heart is still with the South. On the same bill was Malcolm Scott, who made the Coliseum folk laugh vigorously. And there was Bert Errol, the only female impersonator I have ever liked. He is married to Jennie Hartley's sister, and this fact alone should arouse South Africa's interest in him. With his wife and daughter he is sailing for Africa very soon. He is England's greatest impersonator, and he does not do any of those stupid tricks with feathers and fans, nor does he mince up and down the stage in the objectionable manner which has made most female impersonators very unpopular. There is something virile and definite about his work. It is more characterisation than impersonation. His clothes are marvellous and he sings and acts with a touch of genius.

MR. JAPIE KRIGE (CAPETOWN),
a member of the famous 1906 Springbok team, finds Tennis less strenuous than Rugby.

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The Mask and the Face.

An Epigramaphone.

At Wembley, once upon a time (actually it was a year ago), I sat in a corner of the Ceylon Pavilion and played with one million pounds worth of jewels.

There was a sapphire valued at one thousand six hundred pounds, but most wonderful of all a leather bag with eight thousands pearls in it. I opened the throat of the bag and emptied them on the table. I sifted through my fingers—eight thousand of them. Some were pale like little globes of cream and some had the pinkness you find only on the tops of snow mountains when the sun is setting. Some were grey and some were pale green—the green you find in deep seapools with shafts of sunlight through them. The bag of pearls, the dainty exquisite pearls, at least the memory of them came back to me on Monday night when I saw "The Mask and the Face" produced at His Majesty's Theatre for the first time. Johannesburg must never belittle the hand that feeds it theatrically after this.

The play is just thousands of pearls, epigrams, points of light, anything that you can think of terrifically alive, and I have never laughed so much for many a long day. The play itself is a story; indeed, the story does not matter very much. It is merely the cloak upon which the thousands of pearls are sewn. Here is an International Conference of Humour, Laughter and Joy—they have never met so amicably before.

I don't want to say any more about the play than that, except possibly to state that the scene is on the shores of Lake Como in a villa. Well, you know what *can* happen in a villa, don't you? It does!

Of the acting—Mr. Lion always makes a part seem complete. You never come away from the theatre saying "He does this well and that not so well." He clothes the character with a sense of completeness and reality, and as Count Grazia his acting is a masterly performance because no part in a modern play is so easy to make ridiculous. I should class it as one of the soundest performances I have ever seen.

I have seen Miss Kelly act in London plays many times; in fact, I saw her in a play at the Savoy a few weeks before she sailed, and she was very good; but Johannesburg has seen her at her best—a best that London has never seen. Her work in "The Chinese Puzzle" was good, but in "The Mask and the Face" she had moments of greatness and moments of brightness I have never discovered before. "The Mask and the Face" is surely her best work to date.

Mr. Freeman's repose should be the envy of every juvenile of his type. He has not very much to do, but he does it well. For him the audience does not exist, and that is as it should be, although the managers, no doubt, take a very opposite view. For them it is most important that the audience *should* exist.

One of the most striking of pleasing performances was that of Miss Margaret Damer as Nina Zanotti. There were glimpses of Constance Collier in "Our Betters" in the way she played the role of the banker's wife who is ready to be immoral with every man except her own husband.

Mr. Jackson Wilcox was excellent and Mr. Ambrose Flower, who has more life and vigour than five average men, filled the stage with humour when it was his turn to step forward into the limelight. Mr. Hylton Allen was very amusing as the Mayor. There is something very refreshing and clear-cut about everything he does.

Here is a play quite up to the standard of the West End production which I saw at the Criterion in Piccadilly before I sailed. If there is laughter in you, "The Mask and the Face" will bring it out.

Only those who have forgotten how to laugh have the right to stay away from this rippling satire which is being played at His Majesty's every evening this and next week.

Hector Bolitho.

The Old Woman Passed.

By O. P.

The old woman, serene, wise and tired with years, was dying.

The sons and the daughters cried and moaned at the side of the bed, and, between the moaning, the serene mother heard them mutter, "My angel," "My wonderful mother."

And in the morning the old woman died.

. . . . .

After an emotional hour, the eldest son sifted the mother's jewellery through his fingers and said, "This ring should be mine because I am the eldest son. And I should have her watch and chain."

The third son said "No, it should come to me, because I am paying all the funeral expenses."

The youngest daughter claimed the little gold-bird brooch, "because I used to play with it when I was a baby."

"No, I should have that, because I bought it for her," said the eldest son. And, as they quarrelled, and as their voices grew louder and angered, the spirit of the old woman passed through the room, out into the garden, and there was a serene smile of understanding upon her face.

Ostriches at Wembley.

One of the star attractions on the Empire Shop Window at Wembley was the ostrich paddoc[illegible] in connec-

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Music and Musicians.

By "C. A. O. D."

The Organ Recitals.

It is announced that during the absence of Mr. John Connell, the ohannesburg Town Organist, Mr. Theo. Wendt will act for the Municipality and will arrange a continuance of the organ recitals. To those interested in this form of music the anncuncement will be received with gratification, for the first musician to fill the vacancy was Mr. Robert A. Pritchards, who gave the recital last Sunday. While these recitals probably have a direct appeal to a certain section of the community, it is certain that the influence of organ recitals on local musical activity is by no means important, and it has therefore been suggested (by R.A.N., in the evening contemporary) that the programmes should be widened in scope in the hope of widening the local appeal of the Municipal musical policy. I am in entire agreement with the suggestion, and feel that should greater variety be imported into the Sunday night programmes the result will probably be larger and more representative attendances. Should Mr. Wendt decide to adopt the course suggested, he can be sure of the general support of the musical community.

Musical Society.

Friday evening's programme of the Johannesburg Musical Society should attract a special audience to the Selborne Hall. The concert will afford the local public a final opportunity of hearing Miss Betsy Delaporte, who will leave Johannesburg shortly for London, where she will continue her vocal studies as a scholarship holder of the University of South Africa. Her programme numbers will include songs by John Ireland, Albert Mallinson, Goring Thomas, Michael Head and Elgar. Miss Margarete Schoen will be the pianist and will play solos by Pachelbel, Couperin, and an Etude and the first Ballade by Chopin, also Bach's Chromatic Fantasie and Fugue in D minor. A feature of Friday's concert will be the performance of Mozart's Quartet in D for flute, violin, viola and 'cello, and Beethoven's Serenade for flute, violin and viola, the artists in the two last-named works being Professor P. R. Kirby, Mrs. J. Meiring, Miss Violet Rowland and Mrs. H. Durell.

The Society announces that the next concert will be given on Tuesday, February 10th, when Miss Elsie Hall will make a welcome re-appearance in Johannesburg. Her delightfully clean and crisp playing will be well remembered by all those who heard her in the Selborne Hall some time ago. Chamber music will again figure on the programme, among the works set down for performance being a Beethoven Trio and the Schumann Piano Quartet, the players being Mrs. H. Durell, Mrs. J. Whitehouse, Mrs. J. Meiring and Miss Elsie Hall.

The Town Organist.

Mr. John Connell, the Johannesburg Town Organist, evidently does not intend to spend his time oversea in idleness. He has already announced that appearances have been arranged for him at a number of important churches, and a recent issue of an English journal contains the following:—"Mr. John Connell, the well-known organist of Johannesburg, will be in England for a short visit during December, and he will be open to play at a limited number of recitals. Mr. Connell has toured England, Scotland and South Africa as a pianist and organ recitalist, and his organ repertoire contains the works of Bach, Rheinberger, Widor and representative works of the greatest writers of pure organ music of all schools.

Gramophone Improvements.

The educational value of first-rate gramophone records, such as those now being produced by the leading companies, can no longer be doubted, especially in view of recent developments. Whole symphonies are now available, and gradually the whole field of orchestral music is being brought to the service of gramophone owners. Some notable achievements are the recording of the Ninth Symphony of Beethoven and the Cesar Franck Symphony. The only fault seems to be that created by the limitation of the discs. It is seldom possible for any single symphonic movement to be heard without turning over the record, fitting a new needle and re-winding the machine, and one wonders what has happened in regard to a recent invention which made possible the recording of a complete movement from any symphony on one side of a record.

It has recently been pointed out by one company that the trouble is not so much a mechanical one as an artistic one. It is stated that there is considerable strain in playing for recording purposes, and it seems that, on account of this, it is difficult to secure performances perfect enough, especially in the case of orchestral music. Normally the gramophone record divides a symphony movement into lengths of about four minutes, and an orchestra can often play for that length of time without a hitch. But it is pointed out that if it does not do so, the four minutes music-making can be repeated, even several times if necessary. On the other hand, make the orchestra play for twenty minutes to half-an-hour, and one badly blown note on the horn, or a premature drum entry, or lack of finish somewhere, may make it necessary to play the whole thing again. This, it is contended, would prove far too expensive a method, having in mind the present cost of orchestral performances, for there are no means of correcting a gramophone record, as there are of correcting pianola rolls. In this respect, one company only recently stated that "in the case of a certain great concert pianist no less than three hundred and sixty corrections had to be made on the rolls of a single piece."

I listened recently to a record of a Tchaikovsky symphony and, although the periods were well selected, the thing was disconnected owing to the limitations of the four minute rule. Many musicians would no doubt prefer a continuous performance with any slight imperfections to the present broken system, although the latter might otherwise be quite perfect.

The point directs attention also to another side of the recording business. It is obvious that recording companies are very fastidious with regard to records passed out to the public, and this may account for the fact that some singers are actually finer when heard through this medium than when heard on the concert stage.

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A Social Note Book.

By "Carrie."

It is so terribly hot that really one almost feels that the transfer has taken place. That we are *there* after all. You asks where *there* is? Well, my dears, I once knew a very vulgar woman who said it was where the lakes are so hot that the ducks lay hard boiled eggs. No the least bit funny . . . do you think?

I am writing this outside. A little while ago, I had an iced drink in a glass at my side, but "Roland" (my son, not my dog) was playing with Corot (my dog, not my son), and they knocked it over. The moral is have neither dogs nor sons—stick to your knitting.

It is growing hotter every minute. But gossip must be written. There is so little to tell this week. Really, I shall have to invent it all. Actually, there is a perfectly priceless scandal going the rounds of the drawing-rooms. I didn't start it, but I added my bit while it was passing. I added the bit about her throwing her wedding ring out of the train. So, when it comes your way, you must give me credit where credit is due. It is rather a nice touch to any scandal, don't you think. So few women have the courage to wear wedding rings now-a-days. That same vulgar woman, who said what she did about the ducks and the hard boiled eggs, says that wedding rings cramp your style. I don't know what she means do you?

Human Hair Trimmings.

My dears, never go to Paris. It is a terrible place so I'm told. You do there, remembering everything that Auntie told you and one of those liquers on a boulevard and, so I'm told, you shorten your skirts, paint your lips, read French comic papers and pose for an artist. That, of course, is the end of everything. I've just heard a perfect scandal from Paris—one of the three things they can produce: gowns, men and scandals. The latest is that the Parisian dressmakers are ornamenting the new frocks with human hair. Collars, muffs, frills and other such, are being made of human hair.

Safety First.

Wandering around in the wet, I arrived at the Scientific and Technical Club, on Saturday, to be warmly welcomed by Sister Morisse, the hostess, and to find that most of the guests had taken the Health Week so to heart that they had practised "Safety First" and stayed at home by the warm fire. I had just come away from the Wemmer Pan Drill Hall, where the lads in blue were getting ready for the Governor General's inspection on Saturday at the 'Wanderers.' Admiral Sir Rudolf Bentinck, will accompany the Duke of Athlone. I arrived at the Scientific and Technical Club just as Mr. E. W. Clarkson was singing, "The seas the very devil but a woman's just as bad." A nice thing to greet one with. However, it was a very jolly social and the musical programme was splendid. There were Mrs. Stanley Anderson, Mrs. J. Moorhouse, Mrs. Weightman, Mr. Arthur Torr, and Miss Biddy Milne, who recited splendidly. This was quite a surprise to a number of us who knew her only as a dancer.

More Dancing.

Her solos were exceedingly good in both the Operatic Number and as the Spirit of Carnival. The children who assisted her did wonders, and the Childs Aid Society, through the Mayor, Councillor Walters, who threw his hat on the floor in his enthusiasm, voiced its thanks suitably.

I went over to the Carton Hotel, where Miss Poppins Saloman was giving a display in aid of the Undenominational Home. It was a great success from every point of view, and among the enormous gathering, I noticed Lady Dalrymple in a smart navy blue gown and hat to match, trimmed with ospreys. Lady Milner was another, in a blue and white checked frock and black hat with a blue feather. Mrs. Paul Selby, the chair of the Home Committee, was present in a white gown, traced in blue and edged with royal blue. Mrs. Z. Marsh the Past President, just back from a long holiday trip, Mrs. Otto Lenz. Lady Hoy, Mrs. Harris, the late Mayoress, Mrs. Sims and many other well known women, enjoyed the show and the kiddies did splendidly. The entertainment with a scene from Anthony and Cleopatra, in which the title parts were taken by Mr. William Matthews and Miss saloman herself.

Capetown.

I noticed that the Bridge Evening arranged by the Capetown Lades Navy League committee in aid of the S.A.T.S. General Botha, was a great success. Among the players were Lady Maasdorp, Mr. and Mrs. Murray Bisset, Mrs. Murray Rawbone, Mr. and Mrs. Clough and many others, who are interested in the lads in blue. Mrs. Alec Dichmont and Mrs. Sloman won the prizes, and everyone was charmed with the Mayor and Mayoress, Councillor and Mrs. Verster, for lending their house for the entertainment.

A Smart Costume.

A Charming three-piece costume in Seaforth Tweed, created by Messrs. Reville, Ltd. (London), from whom the photograph comes.

The Empire and the Future.

When you enter the Empire and find that staid Johannesburg so far forgets itself as to sing lustily and whistle loudly—then you know that the Veterans of Variety have come back and that the enthusiastic scenes of a few short weeks ago are being repeated.. They had a royal welcome, for on Monday evening the Mayor and Town Councillors turned out in full force; they threw aside their civic dignity and sang as loudly as the merest ratepayer. The dancers, Addison and Mitrenga, stand out prominently. Mitrenga is one of the best dancers we have ever seen in South Africa. The management of the Empire have decided to give a matinee on Wednesday, 10th, for dancing teachers and their pupils. Dancing here will benefit tremendously from the stimulus of these two artists, who are arranging a special instructive programme for the matinee. Prices will be reduced, and I understand that the S.A. Dancing Teachers' Association is interested in making the afternoon a success.

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The Bankrupt Baroness.

By Angus Collins.

The Baroness Theresa Christina Halfhaven gave the mangle a last turn and, with the exclamation, "Thank goodness, that's done," folded the doublet in two. The house of Halfhaven had lost its glory; the old ancestral hall, which had been in the family for centuries, was mortgaged up to the weathercock; the Baron had thrown himself in the moat, and of the old staff of servants, only one remained: Egbert, the faithful butler, who had also been in the family for centuries. With tears in his eyes he had said, "No! I shall not desert the old home. I don't want money."

On this grey September morning, when the old sundial in the haunted grotto registered five o'clock, the Baroness picked up the clothes-basket with a scream!

Framed in the doorway was the figure of Melachrino, the Italian money-lender. He was fumbling an I.O.U. with the Halfhaven crest in one corner.

"Have you raised the wind?" he gurgled.

"Give me time! Give me time!" the Baroness cried.

"There is only one way," he whispered. "Refuse, and I shall foreclose herewith."

The Italian advanced slowly, like a snake, and whispered in her ear.

"No! No! It cannot be," cried the Baroness.

The Italian hissed like a snake in the grass and disappeared into the orange grove like a streak of lightning.

Time was when the Halfhavens were of the noblest blood in England. In the old haunted bedroom in the east wing, Queen Elizabeth and Sir Walter Raleigh had slept, on different occasions. From this ancestral glory the Halfhavens had sunk into ignominy. The fifth Baron had squandered his fortune at tiddlywinks, and the sixth Baron had invested his money in a patent potato peeling device. He lost heavily and committed suicide by swallowing the family seal. The eighth Baron had been eccentric, and he insisted upon being buried with his feet pointing one to the north and one to the south. And now the old Baroness, desolate and alone, was faced with the workhouse. Food had not passed her lips for weeks, and the old butler had cut watercress and leeks for her, saying, "Here, take these," but she had swooned against the pianola, saying, "They would choke me."

In the morning of December the 23rd a vassal rode along the high road with clanking spurs and waving plumes. He knocked at the Halfhaven door and presented a scroll, tied with black ribbon. When the Baroness opened it, she didn't swoon, as there was nothing to swoon against, but she gasped and hissed, "The cur," between her teeth. The scroll read:—

"You must pay or marry me. On Christmas Eve I come for my final answer."—Melachrino.

In the top left-hand corner was a skull and crossbones, and in the lower right-hand corner was a drop of blood the size of a threepenny piece. The Baroness was prostrate with grief, but Egbert came in silently andfi sweeping her up in his arms, carried her to the ancestral bedroom, which had been in the castle ever since it was built. He tenderly laid her on the embroidered coverlet.

Every article in the room was marked with the family crest. It was a simple design of a mandolin and a sparrow holding a twig in its mouth with the words, "Look before you leap" beneath it. The Baroness lay thus, mute and insensible for thirty-six hours. At nine o'clock on Christmas Eve she awakened with a start. She felt somehow that something was going to happen. The figure of St. Joseph in the stained-glass window seemed to move and a stream of moon light flooded the mosaic floor. The Baroness rose in the bed. From the sepulchral depths of the old castle the grandfather clock whirred and struck, 1, 2, 3, 4, 5, 6, 7, 8, 9. In three hours her time would be up. Her heart was like lead, and her head throbbed as with hammer blows.

St. Joseph moved again, and more moonlight streamed on the mosaic floor. All was silent.

From the far end of the corridor there was a rustle. The Baroness heard it and thought it was Egbert preparing for bed. It grew louder and nearer, and presently the clanking of chains was heard. A dull phosphorescent light filled the room and the door slowly opened. The Baroness was petrified with fear. The door opened still more, and a figure appeared. It was white from one end to the other, and in its left hand was a bird cage. It was the ghost of the fifth Baron of Halfhaven.

"Fear not, fair lady," said the ghost. "Methinks all will go well with thee if thou doest my bidding. Take you twenty paces with the left foot and five paces with the right towards the east, and there thou shalt find the heaped-up treasure of the Halfhavens behind the secret panel. I did not squander all my fortune at tiddlywinks, as rumour hath it, but kept a goodly portion against mishap. Only one condition do I make. It is that thou must take unto thyself a spouse and keep the name of Halfhaven for ever green in a son of our blood."

The Baroness put on her ancestral shawl and walked towards the door. Her twenty-stone weighed heavy with her, and she was no more young and sprightly. She took twenty paces with her left foot and five with her right, and found hrself in front of the gasmeter. What could it mean! Had the ghost deceived her? Tired and exhausted, she walked up to the wall and swooned against it. It moved! The panel swung back and revealed a treasure chamber, the ceiling of which was gold, the walls of silver and the floor of antimony. In each corner was a pile of pound notes and shillings, and there were three sacks of jewellery.

"I am saved," screamed the Baroness as she scooped up a handful of notes and rushed towards her bedroom. As she entered the room the grandfather clock struck, 1, 2, 3, 4, 5, 6, 7, 8, 9, 10, 11, 12.

The Baroness sat on the side of the bed and waited. There was a knock at the door, and she called out, "Come in."

Melachrino, wearing a black cloak, white socks and brogues, entered the room.

"Ha, ha!" he hissed. "I have come for the last time. Be mine or I drag you out by the hair of your head."

"How much do I owe you?" she asked with a voice like organ notes.

"A thousand pounds," re-hissed the Italian with his hand upon his trusty blade.

"Then take it and go," shouted the Baroness, casting the money at him. "The Halfhavens never, never shall be slaves."

The Baroness trembled like a leaf. She suddenly remembered her promise to the ghost. *She must marry.* The words sounded in her ear like the striking of a bell. The question was *who?* There was still more silence.

From the depths of the castle something stirred. Egbert, carrying a simple bath bun and a simpler glass of beer, slowly mounted the century-old staircase. He entered the Baroness's bedroom without knocking.

"Here's food for you," he simpered.

The Baroness looked at him and sighed. "I want no food, dear Egbert.."

"You called me dear," he simpered.

"My own poor bruised little flower," he cried, and together they sat on the edge of the bed and planned the future.

Presently they walked to the stained-glass window and looked out over the moonlit road.

"Look, look!" he shouted, and they both peered through the gloom.

The Italian was walking along the moonlit path with his head lowered. Suddenly, he tripped over a milk-can, carelessly left outside a gate, and fell. He lay there very silent, with every bone in his body broken.

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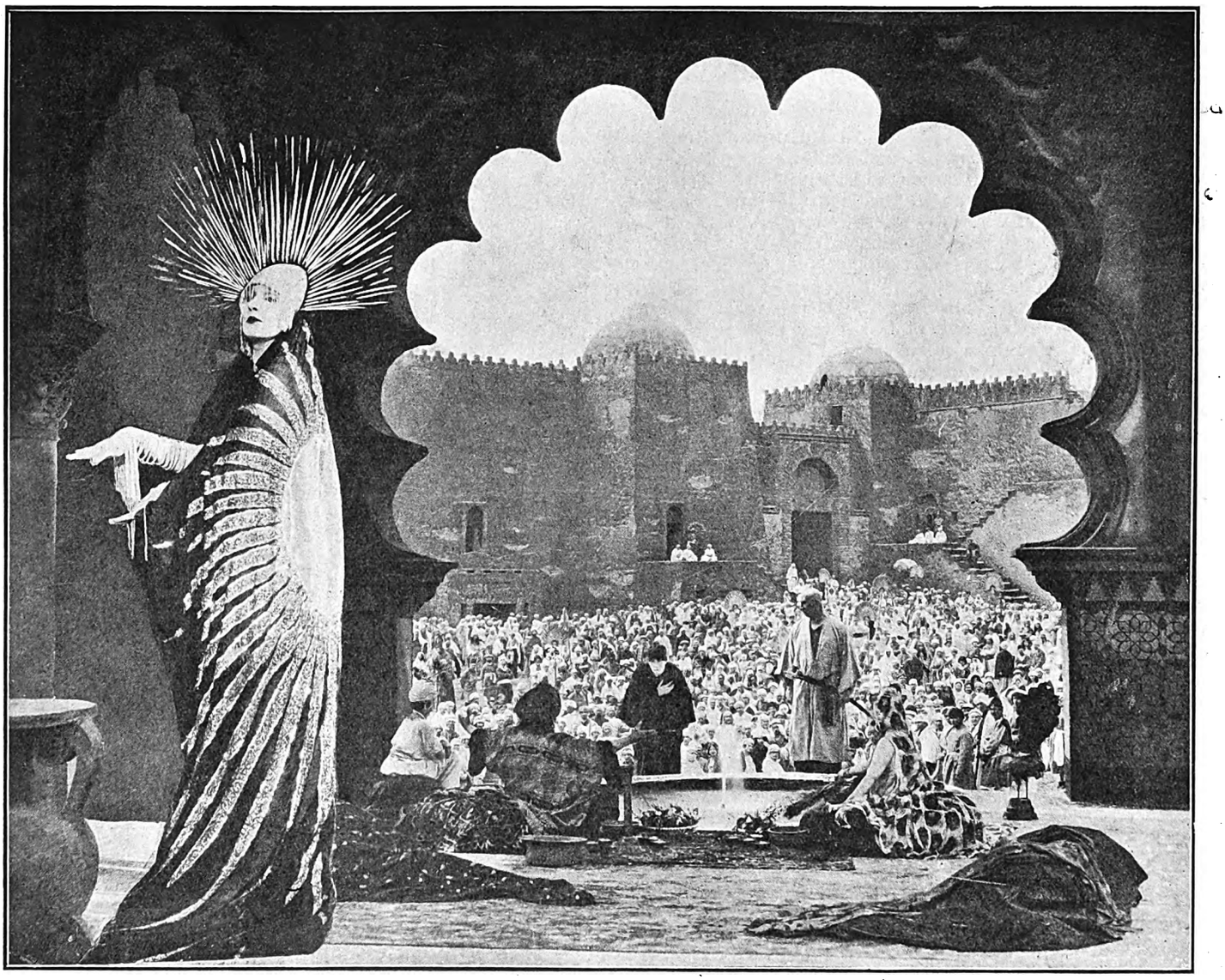
Chu Chin Chow.



The story of "Chu Chin Chow," the play, is one of the romances of the modern theatre. For years, war-weary London flocked to see the magnificent spectacle. The film version is no less splendid. The scenery is, of course, a banquet of colour and magnificence. Betty Blyth is the star. She is backed by a company of excellence. The delicate mosques on the banks of the Nile, Hassan's Cave, The Gates of Bagdad are milestones of glory along this road of beauty. The film is to be shown at the Bijou on Monday, and it is to be supported by a company of soloists, who will sing the songs of the light opera during the screening of the film.

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A London Letter.

Rhubarb—The Lord Mayor's Show—Flappers—Mothers-in-law.

108, *New Bond Street, Nov.* 6, 1924.

Well, my friends?

Shall I begin with amenities? I feel sure that that would be the right and proper thing to do. And yet, since I can only know you through the medium of newspaper and the clemency of the Editor, I feel it is rather silly to grasp your hands with genteel langour and entreat of you various informations as to your healths, hearts and general welfare.

So, in the vernacular most prevalent in England to-day—"Cheerio, my dear old sticks of rhubarb!"

But Why Rhubarb?

Truly, Idon't know. It is a horrid fruit and one that should never appear except at children's nursery lunches or in boarding-houses designed for the housing of rusty spinsters and bleak widows. Even in the latter instance it should not appear, I think. And yet, sowehow it does. It is a very favourite dish in boarding-schools, too. I can remember—dimly, of course, now that the corroding years eat up memory—I can remember praying against rhubarb with unholy fervour, going slowly through the roast beef and yorkshire still praying, and at last losing faith in the deity at the sight of rhubarb with that added insult, junket, being placed before me on a white plate.

Yet, the word rhubarb, in the latest vernacular here, means a term of endearment. And you must know that I used the word in its best sense when I greeted you a few moments ago.

The Lord Mayor's Show.

The two great events of this week have, of course, been the Lord Mayor's show and Armistice Day. Did I say the Lord Mayor's show? I was wrong, I meant the Lord Mayor's Nuisance. For it is a nuisance, and makes no attempt to come up to its splendid pretentions. The very words, Lord Mayor's Show, have grandeur in them, they are royalty touched with purple. One expects so much from them, some wonderful realisation of pageantry. And what does one find? The whole of London's traffic held up for four hours, so that the Lord Mayor may go in his sadly-in-need-of-gilding coach, with his retinue of many aldermen dressed in preposterous cloaks and hats which are a cross between a tam-o-shanter and a velvet toque, as worn by the ladies of Lower Tooting.

The Lord Mayor had a fine day for his, let me call it "gathering." And he should be congratulated upon it on the ground that if we cannot avoid a misfortune we should make the best of it. If a circus were coming to London one could understand, and yet it is too drab and uninteresting for a circus—one misses the white-faced clown with the red gash of a mouth in his face, hopes against hope that something exciting will come along soon. Alice, perhaps, out of Wonderland, or the White Rabbit and the Duchess's baby hand in hand. One hopes for Dick Whittington and his phenomenal feline attendant, for bells ringing out stirring words to him as he goes by. But there are none of these things—merely a dreary procession of posturing people looking very unhappy and ungainly in their borrowed habiliments, their tights sagging dreadfully at the knees, their wigs awry, and the sleeves of their satinette coats too baggy and absurd for their arms. True, the regiment of City Vintners had a slightly more cheery look, but that may have been given them by the fact that they represented old wines and the cups that cheer. Eight bands, no less, proceeded the Lord Mayor, eight bands that blew right lustily, but which were so far distant one from the other that their music was but a little scratch on the general surface of dulness. The Lord Mayor himself, gowned in scarlet and hatted in black with many feathers, wagged a large white hand in acknowledgement of the spasmodic, casual cheering. Fat and pompous aldermen leant back in their carriages, pulled at enormous cigars, and waved cov greeting to small children who shook flags at them from the streets.

Oh, a dull afair! It has been suggested that it would pay the City to buy exemption from this annual nuisance by subscribing a fund to put up a far better show in some other place—say in Hyde Park, where it could be seen in greater comfort by more people, and where, perhaps, one might see again the dear clown with the powdered face and the red gash of a mouth.

Armistice Day.

The other happening, of course, was Armistice Day. A memorable day in London with its poppies everywhere and its eleven o'clock services and its two-minutes silence as the clock struck. The city was packed with uniformed men, it was good to see the old khaki marching through the streets again.

A Mothers-in-Law Defence League has been formed, the idea being to protest with united strength against the way the mother-in-law is held up to ridicule in club-jokes and on the stage. Why mothers-in-law should ever be considered funny one cannot imagine, and yet the very word calls forth rollicking laughter from everybody. They remain impervious and grave, however, at the word father-in-law. That, at least, has no comic connection. But one fears that the new Defence League will be ineffectual, in spite of all its worthiness. There will always be mothers in-law and men will ridicule them until the day dawns and shadows

Exit—The Flapper.

Flapperism in England is on the wane, nay I think its sun is already below the horizon. Theatrical managers no longer want the short-skirted, curled beauty with wide vacant eyes and pert utterances on all matters that come within her ken. They divine that the public demands a new type that is entirely different from the flapper. Now, authors are giving their heroines Madonna-like faces, sleek, dark head and mysterious eyes with hollow secret caverns in them, brows like the wings of white pigeons, hands long and tapering off to nothing after much length. They are always clad in soft clinging velvets or heavy jade draperies. They choose noble backgrounds of black, and merge themselves insidiously and magically into the backgrounds. Oh, the new type of woman is waxing very close to the old idea of the Madonna—the only difference is that he new woman usually carries a bunch of rare orchids or a gilded artichoke in her hands instead of a child.

Yachting at Durban.

The picture shows that the yachts at Durban are in trim.

YOUR PHOTOGRAPH? JANE PLOTZ WILL ADVISE YOU. ART STUDIOS, THRUPP'S BUILDINGS.

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The Fascisti.

The British Fascisti grows and grows. Trafalgar Square last Sunday was packed by members, all wearing black and silver badges, some of them coming from far parts of the country, It was to ensure that the red flag would be banned from Trafalgar Square on Armistice Sunday that the sanction of the authorities for the use of the site was sought by the organisers, who determined that the Union Jack should hold sway on such a day. During the meeting only one disturbance occurred, when a short, Russian-looking man began shouting, "Long live the Red Flag!" and tried to wrest a Union Jack from the Fascist who held it. However, the poor little person was mobbed. I did not see whether there was anything left of him, but I imagine that the police took care of him.

The Mothers-in-law.

There has been yet another league inaugurated in London—a league strangely and utterly different to that of the defenceless Mother-in-law. They call themselves the "K.O.'s of Park Lane," and the headquarters are in a particularly dismal slum in the East End. The favoured few who are admitted to the committee rooms find that it is a disused coal-cellar, tastefully decorated, and the members of the league number thirty. The mystic letters K.O. stand for King's Own, and every one of the girls has enjoyed the King's hospitality at some period or other of her career. All of them are outcasts from their homes owing to their previous bad conduct, but all of them are now working manfully to live down their reputations, and even received a prominent magistrate the other day and gave him tea and cake.

H. M. The Baby.

On the first floor, looking south-east, are the most important quarters in Buckingham Palace at the moment. The royal nurseries, so long silent and empty, again ring with small voices and laughter, for Princess Mary's boys are staying there for three weeks while their mother and father go a-visiting. The Queen spends most of her time with them, and every day Herbert George is conducted with much ceremony to his grandfather's apartments, where the King and he play ball with so much abandon as if no burdensome affairs of State ever existed.

So this note on royalty's relaxations is a good finishing point; anything else would be anti-climax, and that would be agin my principles.

Greetings, salutations and a deep curtsey!

Pamela Travers.

Madame Ravodna, who was one of the judges at the dancing competitions held at the Carlton on Friday.
Charlotte Studios.

Footlights—Finance.

MR. ROBERTS,
Of Roberts and Roberts, the clever "strong men" at the Empire, Johannesburg.

MR. PATRICK JONES,
Receiver of Revenue for the Transvaal. His annual appetite is £4,500,000.

Execution.

Delicate and trembling,
Dressed like Coppelia,
The apple tree is wearing
Her first Spring's blossoms.
Gowned in milk-white beauty,
Standing in the long grass
Near the lofty poplar,
For the orchard wedding.
The adolescent East Wind,
With scent upon his ruffles,
Scent of rose and clover,
Woos the orchard virgin
In the fragrant morning
While the lark is singing,
While her snow-white mantle
Is rich with pearls of dew.

Fruit of April's romance,
Cool against her bosom,
She holds the rosy apple;
Mother of the orchard,
Dressed in jade and silver.

Then against the East Wind,
Nonchalantly passes,
Through the young orchard.

Now among the long grass,
Trembling with excitement,
The apple red has fallen.

A laughing, roving school-boy
Executes the apple
In a guillotine of pearls.

Gaunt with winter sorrow,
Her dress of brown and amber,
Glittering with tears,
She lifts her boughs to Heaven,
Praying for the axeman.

This is why you'll find there,
Deep within the orchard,
A tree that never blossoms
In the carnival of Spring.

Hector Bolitho.

Chelsea, November 25th, 1923.

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The Fear of Fat.

By O. P.

There were some things that Felix Dean loathed. He hated onions, bagpipes, gramophones, and his relations. But, more than these he hated fat women.

When he passed them in the street, he shuddered. Once, when a fat woman fainted next to him in a tram, he had to lift her on the seat again. The contact with her superfluous flesh, and the "giving" qualities of her arms, nauseated him so much that he left the tram at the next stopping-place in case she fainted again.

Even at twenty-five, Felix Dean was firmly convinced that he could never marry—not that women failed to fascinate him! Several times he had sighed romantically at the prospect of passion, and the comfortable monotony of marriage, but after seeing a sister-in-law grow ridiculously fat after her wedding, he decided that a precarious love existence with many women was preferable to the established certainty of one woman, who might grow fat, and still be able to shake her marriage-lines defiantly in his face.

So Felix Dean decided against marriage, and middle-age found him still a lonely bachelor, with nobody but an old housekeeper to care whether he lived or died. As she expressed her affection merely through darned socks and carefully-prepared grills, Felix found his manhood going to waste for want of a friendly hand. But he would close his eyes, and imagine the friendly hand grown to fat and terrible proportions, and then he would shudder and close the doors of matrimony against all-comers.

His hatred of fat women increased.

He saw them spreading themselves in trams; he saw them, ponderous and perspiring, rolling along with their arms full of parcels, or leading dribbling children, who, in turn, would grow as fat and terrible as their mothers. He saw enormous women, their waists gone, and rolls of fat quivering behind silk blouses; he saw them run for ferries, like cumbersome elephants, and he shuddered and winced behind his evening paper.

* * *

Then he met Doris Dryden. She served in a tobacco shop and was obviously disinclined to plumpness. He saw the normally covered arms, the straight bony figure that looked capable of anything but fatness.

Doris Dryden, a shrewd vixen, made moderate eyes at Felix Dean and gave every evidence of a regard for his middle-aged attractions. She hadn't much imagination, so she judged him by his gold watch chain and a roll of notes which he extracted from his pocket when he wanted a tin of "the usual."

After long weeks of sullen contemplation, he summed up courage to talk to her on the subject of fatness. She agreed that a fat woman was an abomination . . . so much so that she could forgive a man for demanding a divorce if his wife developed absurdly liberal proportions. This sounded very encouraging to Felix.

After quiet thought, and a week-end of deliberation, he decided that such a sylph-like body could not possibly develop uncomfortable proportions, and he felt capable of taking the risk. So, one bright Monday morning, he cheerfully went into the little tobacco shop and asked Doris to marry him. He had hardly expressed his wishes in the matter when she gave him an experienced kiss on the mouth, sending him back to his office with a feeling that he had been kissed by an angel or kissed by the devil . . . he couldn't quite decide which. But, even in the exalted pleasure of the moment, Felix was firm enough to make a stipulation. A clause in the marriage agreement must allow that if the wife exceeded a certain weight the union was to be null and void. Doris pouted and said it was "utterly ridiculous," but she decided that a man with an income and a stipulation was worth twenty men with neither, and she consented to the weight limitation clause being introduced.

So, without fuss or flourish of anything but a registrar's fee and a double railway ticket, Doris Dryden gave up her work in the tobacco shop and settled down to adorn the flat of Felix Dean. Happiness came into the flat with the little expensive lady, and everything went well during the first months of the marriage.

* * *

The tragedy came one splendid morning, when the vivid summer dawn called Felix up earlier than usual. He sat up in bed to wrestle with the morning paper. When he had read a few paragraphs, he turned around and looked at Doris, sleeping soundly beside him. One naked arm lay out, limply upon the coverlet. He looked at it.

It seemed to be unusually plump.

Then he looked at her cheek. . . It seemed to be fatter than before. But perhaps the pillow, pressing against her cheek, made it seem plumper than usual.

Felix touched her arm . . . it was "givey" soft, fat—ugh . . .

He jumped from the bed and, forlorn and distracted, he ran to his study, where he groaned audibly and sunk into a chesterfield.

This was terrible—hideous—nauseating. The frail litle woman whom he had loved and cared for had grown fat under his very eye. The little tendril-like fingers that had played with his ears, had lost their charm. The cheeks that had first learned to blush under his kisses, were bulging with fat.

He dreaded the approach of breakfast. He went without food, and rushed away to the office.

For days he was morose and silent. He could see that she was growing fatter and fatter.

"What is it, Felix?" she would plead.

But he only pointed to her ankles, shuddered, and fled from the room.

"Tell me, my love," she cried.

But he just pointed to her liberal hips, and insisted upon sleeping alone.

"Oh, for my freedom!" he sighed.

One day he heard Doris puffing and complaining about the climb up the stairs, so he took the situation firmly in hand, pushed her into a taxi, and drove for the first street weighing machine.

"Get on to it," he shouted, as he fumbled in his pocket for a penny. Doris, almost fainting from the shock, climbed on to the weighing machine and registered two stone over the weight mentioned in the marriage agreement.

Felix made the chauffeur help her into the taxi again . . . he could not bear to touch her himself. Then he drove to his club and drowned his horror in whisky and snooker. He drank heavily and played badly, and went to sleep, only to face a torment . . . a nightmare . . . He saw hundreds of fat women dance in front of him. Their ponderous bodies lurched and floundered. He saw Doris, fatter than the rest, dancing and growing fatter and fatter every step. She grew so fat that she hid the sunlight from him. Yes . . . it was Doris . . . growing so fat that she was like a mountain. Then he woke up and faced the terrible day. He did not see her again. All the business was done through the lawyer. The clause in the marriage agreement made it impossible for Doris to hold him and within a few weeks he was a free man. All that he knew was that Doris had gone away to Caledon for a rest.

Ten months passed.

Felix was a lonely bachelor again. His flat lacked the sparkle of Doris' eyes and the touch which her taste and fingers gave to the sombre little place. He was hungry for feminine company, and he turned to the great world for consolation. Consolation came in the thin shape of Margaret Little. He found her at a beach, and they were friends within ten minutes.

Within two weeks they had made wonderful progress. Felix, not daunted, decided that here at least was a girl who was sure to escape that dread development. He enquired into her ancestry, and found that her mother and grandparents had all been thin before her. Thinness was almost an hereditary failing, and he seemed fairly safe.

So he decided to propose to the stripling little lady who seemed so interested in the little flat where he had dined and wined with her on two or three occasions.

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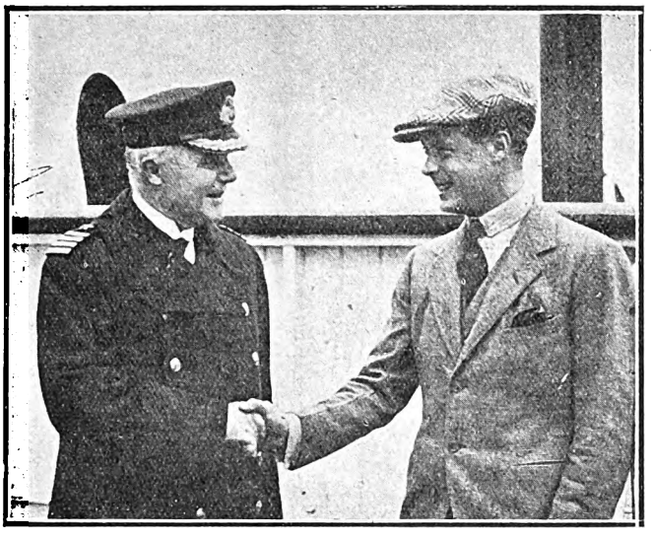

The Greatest Young Man in the World saying Good-bye to Captain Howarth when the ship arrived at Southampton.
Central News photograph.

He left her one night, after the theatre. He had intended asking her then, but his courage failed him. So he decided to write a letter before he went to bed.

He threw open the French window that led on to the balcony. The splendid night, with stars in her hair, shrouded the outside world in a black-blue haze. Felix sat at the desk and wrote the note.

Dearest Margaret,

I wanted to say it to-night, but I thought I should write it quietly, so that you would have time to think it over. I want you to marry me and share my quiet life. More than this I cannot say. Please, little one, say that you'll come to me soon, and brighten the life and home of

Yours ever fondly,

Felix Dean.

He read it and re-read it. Then he put it into an envelope and went across the room to find a stamp. On the mantlepiece were two letters that had come by the morning post. He picked them up. One he opened.

Dear Sir,

Acting on behalf of Mrs. Dean, we wish to point out that although your agreement provided that your marriage should be null and void if your wife exceeded the weight of 10 stone, no provision was made for a permanent annulling of the marriage. Mrs. Dean informs us that the extreme anxiety and unhappiness of the recent months have seriously weakened her physical condition, and she now weighs 1½ stone less than the weight provided for in the agreement. In this case, she is entitled to the full advantage of her position as your wife, and wishes to inform you that she will return to your address on March 6, by which time she trusts that you will make the necessary preparations for her to take up her duties as your wife.

Yours faithfully,

Solicitors.

Felix Dean read the letter again.

Then he opened the second envelope. It held a letter from Doris . . . just a brief note explaining how unhappy she was, and the fact that her weight had decreased week by week. She also pointed out the flaw in the agreement . . . the flaw by which she was entitled to stay with him so long as she did not exceed the ten stone mark.

So Felix Dean took up the letter he had written to Margaret, tore it into pieces, walked out on to the balcony, scattered the torn paper, like snow upon the ground, and sighed sadly and deeply to the great, silent night.

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MRS. ANNE McMURRAY
Organising Secretary of S.A. National Council for Child Welfare, meeting in Johanesburg next week.

The Week.

Paragraphed and Photographed

Without offence to friends or foes
I sketch your world exactly as
it goes.

MISS PEARL ADLER,
one of the Judges at the Dancing Competitions at the Carlton Hotel on Friday.
Charlotte Studios.

Madam.

I think *madam* is one of the most pathetic words in our language. The fact came to me on a recent night when I sat in a circus-tent. The ponderous elephants had done their parts, and, in the centre of the room, a dusty, tired man appeared to announce, "*Madam* ——" who would read the date on your train-ticket or the initials on your cigarette-case. And *Madam* came from between the curtains. In a tired voice, she told us inconsiderable truths about our watches and our cigarette-cases, and then retired. Most Madams seem to be like this! You find little, pinch-faced seamstresses in little narrow shops. Some wistful ambition, some little pretence has caused them to have "Madam" painted on the anaemic window glass. You find sour, disappointed music teachers who have counted "one, two, three, four" over unsympathetic child fingers for half a century. Once they dreamed of careers, of pianoforte recitals and fame. So they called themselves "Madam," but sank into the monotony of crotchets and quavers and tiresome scales. You may laugh at the wish to do away with the plain, homely *Mrs.* But the ambition to be "Madam" is very pardonable... it is the pathetic vanity of little people who would be great... and even the desire to be great is beautiful. *H.B.*

The Gentle Giant.

The members of the Staff have described the Manager as "heartless," "boorish," "unsympathetic," "soulless," and "piggish." The talcum typist says he is "utterly bovine." He is physically mountainous, financially enormous, and mentally stupendous. He is a stickler for efficiency, duty, punctuality and silence.

When you wish him "Good morning," he grunts with a peculiar stomach noise.

When you do something for him—hand him a paper or open a door, he says "ugrugrugr" and passes on.

The typists hate him.

He never smiles and refuses to see or help beggars who amble in with shuffling feet and tired faces. He suggests card-indexes, efficiency, stock exchanges, annual reports.

And yet I discovered the weakness in his armour, the gentleness in the giant.

A day or two ago I went into his office.

He was diving into the ink-well with his pen, and he didn't notice that I was standing behind him.

He dived once more and brought out a half-drowned moth. He lifted it carefully and placed it on the blotting-paper to dry. When the ink had been soaked away from its wings, he lifted the blotter and carried it to the open window, where the sun revived the moth and gave it the will and strength to fly away.

Then the Manager turned around, saw me and said, "Umphgrgrumph! What is it you want?" *O.P.*

Lord Jellicoe.

I see that Lord Jellicoe has sailed from New Zealand; that his term as Governor is over. I knew him slightly in New Zealand. Time was when I wrote a book about him, but he is a brave man and he forgave me. It was marvellous how he passed from the drama of Jutland to the placid content of life in Maoriland, living in that strange old wooden Government House where the Prince of Wales had been a guest before him. One of the first things he did was to build a second "Iron Duke." But this was only fourteen feet long. He sailed about in it and he won races with it; he played cricket matches and he entertained more lavishly than any other Governor had done, and he laid foundation stones and opened bazaars right and left. Now he goes back to London where there is no sunshine; no fishing, no foundation stones and no bazaars. *H.B.*

S. A. Annual.

Neither Australia, Canada or New Zealand produce an Annual so splendidly representative as the *British South African Annual*, of which a new number has just been published.

South Africa is rich in material for the photographer; the calm, mellow beauty of the earlier Dutch buildings, the gaunt mountains, the massed concrete of the cities, the dignity of the sea-coast, the dramatic possibilities of big-game hunting and native life, are all photographed and described in this excellent book and may certainly carry a very real vision of life and conditions here to the Old World and such other places as you may choose to send the book. Mr. H. F. Knapp, F.R.G.S., is in sympathy with the country of which this publication is the expression and with the people among whom it is to circulate, and the letterpress and photographs are filled with beauty and interest.

The Shameless Innocent.

Here is a modern novel, as modern as it can be in that it is light and nothing more than entertaining. But you ask no more for your hammock or your cane chair on the verandah these hot days. It is the story of an ingenuous girl... ah! you say that she is unique. This one certainly is. She has a habit of casting off her clothing at the sight of a cool pool and bathing in it. Nothing could be more ingenuous than that. She does it once too often; she is attacked by gypsies and her lover, who arrives on the scene, is fatally injured. The ending is sad but idealistic, and shows really that it doesn't exactly pay to be too ingenuous. Messrs. T. Werner Laurie publish the novel and it is entertaining in the lightest and most worthy sense of the word.

Another excellent novel from the same publishers is "Towards the Stars," by H. Dennis Bradley. The theme is spiritualism and at last the theme is entertaining. The book is more than entertaining. It is a study as well as a readable novel.

KODAK SNAPS ENLARGED AND PAINTED BY JANE PLOTZ, ART STUDIOS, THRUPP'S BUILDINGS.

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MISS GRACE STURMAN, *Eldest daughter of Lieut.-Col. and Mrs. Sturman. Engaged to Mr. Robert Duthie.*

MR. JOHN TYRRELL, *The New Mayor of Springs.*

REV. WM. McCULLOCH, *Past Mayor of Springs.*

MR. CHARLES R. STAINER, *Chairman of the Kroonstad Agricultural Society, which will hold its first Show since 1914 in August of next year.*

A Romance of Africa.

When you are away from Africa, it is a land of mystery and adventure. When you arrive here, the mystery lessens a little and it feels rather like any other place. Your gold mines are at the back door and the once brave and wonderful Kaffir is a kitchen boy who breaks saucers and eats the scraps from your plates with his hands. Romance is like that. Seeing is disbelieving. But that fact does not prevent the novelists looking upon Africa as the best inspiration ground for good, readable stories. "The Trail of Pharaoh's Treasure" is hardly a local story. Rupert Challoner comes upon a man, dying after being attacked by a buffalo. The old man tells him the secret of the trail of Pharaoh's treasure. So Rupert Challoner finds the treasure and find what we are told to call "love." All this happens as a mere fragment of the story, for it is in the descriptions of life, of adventures, of triumphs and setbacks that one is carried on over the pages by the almost hypnotic charm of good narrative. This is more or less a man's novel. It is a good novel as novels go, and it happens that novels go very well, because we are all too concerned with the business of life to take down Gibbon or Bacon or Dryden or any of those chaps, when our day here is ended. Read "The Trail of Pharaoh's Treasure" for a good novel. It is published by Messrs. T. Fisher Unwin, who never produce inferior novels, although there are some big publishers in London who do nothing else.

Byron and Byron.

Vaudeville acts can have varying effects on one. They may make you laugh, they may interest you because of their cleverness; now and again there is an act that makes you want to know the players personally. Byron and Byron have that characteristic. They are so perfectly natural that stage and footlights disappear. They give the theatre the intimacy of a room. They will be at The Empire in Johannesburg for another week. There is something deliciously fresh about everything they do. I have seen them play in four countries now—England, Australia, New Zealand, and now Africa. I still want to see them again. They are never too theatrical to be real, and always their humour is new and spontaneous. Foster and Ninon will also be on the bill again next week. Their songs and humour centre around a piano, which Foster plays with more than ordinary skill. *O.P.*

Artist-Actor.

Mr. Ambrose Flower, with Mr. Lion in "The Mask and the Face," is an artist of the canvas as well as the stage. He has been too busy with rehearsals to do much painting in South Africa. He says: "Actually, I don't feel I should paint your country after seeing Mr. Goodman's landscapes in Birmingham. It would be presumption on my part. I think he has done some very fine work. You should be proud of him."

The Delight of Being Dead.

Although Mr. Frank Freeman is the romantic juvenile in "The Mask and the Face," he has nowhere near so much to do as in "The Chinese Puzzle" and other plays in England and Australia. "It is really a rest for me," he said the other night. "But I never seem to strike easy parts as a rule. It has always been my ambition to play one of those marvellous parts where you are murdered in the first act and yet talked about all the way through the play. You just do twenty minutes' work, drop dead when the revolver goes off and you are out of the theatre again by half-past eight or a quarter to nine. Yes, it is *still* my ambition to be the murdered man in a melodrama. But it has always been my luck to be the romantic, virtuous young hero who never dies. But seriously, I do enjoy playing in 'The Mask and the Face' tremendously. The part is very different from my next play, 'Outward Bound.' In this piece, Johannesburg is to see what I consider to be one of the finest modern plays I saw in London. The season of a week in this town will, I am sure, be all too little."

Addison and Mitrenga.

Mr. Addison came into my office a few days ago. I had seen him at the Empire as a dancer with all the aid of clothes and light and scenery and paint. When he came into the office, he suggested everything but the theatre; he might have come straight from a swimming bath or cricket field. It was hard to believe as he sat in the chair, his healthy Lancashire face beaming with good health, that he was a classical dancer. Yet, I most solemnly declare he is one of the best classical dancers I have ever seen. All the more wonder since he is an Anglo-Saxon! I asked him what he thought of dancing here. "It is not very good and it is not very bad," he answered. "The open air life here makes people naturally graceful and, when I was at Miss Salomon's entertainment on Saturday last, I realized on seeing the children, that dancing is almost natural to the South Africans. I have not seen much of Johannesburg since I have been here. I just sleep, eat, swim and work, and that seems to fill my day. My partner! she has not been dancing very long, but she also loves to swim, and she is a crack revolver shot. I love dancing, because it is the means of expressing the health and happiness that are within me, and I love swimming because it gives me that health and happiness." *I.C.B.*

Notes.

East Africa has attracted another famous settler, Captain the Hon Bruce Ogilvie, who was equerry to the Prince of Wales, and who is heir presumptive to the Earldom of Airlie, has taken a ranch, following the enthusiasm of H.R.H.

FOR A PORTRAIT OF YOURSELF OR YOUR BABY—JANE PLOTZ, ART STUDIOS, THRUPP'S BUILDINGS.

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Bound for Kendrew.

A party of Scottish settlers bound for the Kendrew Estate where they are taking up a six month's option under the African Irrigated Land scheme. This photograph was taken on the wharf when they landed at Port Elizabeth.

[Photo. by R. L. Shanagan.

Beauty in Ugliness.

By Elizabeth Drew.

Men very seldom realise the monotony, the drudgery of housework. Unchanging, definite, unending, the life of the wife who does her own housework has very little beauty—unless she has practised the pursuit of beauty which relieves life of much that is depressing and ugly. It is possible, in the meanest household work, to introduce an optimism and a pursuit of colour that will relieve the day of many of its clouds. Take the art of washing dishes! In normal households, it happens three, four, or even five times a day. The same basin comes out, the same kettle boils, and the same dishes come forward for their bath. It is a depressing routine. But the happy nature may discover that there is a great deal of beauty in clean dishes, in seeing sunlight shining with vivid colours on the soap-bubble in the basin—if you wash near an open window—in the comfortable, friendly feel of water, the eventual shine of cleanliness that comes to the dishes when they are wiped. There is something chaste and beautiful about clean, shining plates. In scrubbing, I doubt if you could discover anything beautiful, because a scrubbing brush is a scrubbing brush, and a bucket is a bucket, and a dirty floor is a dirty floor. But in washing clothes I always feel that there are little adventures and discoveries which, if you pursue them, will minimise the squalor of your labour. The copper fire, flowing and warm, the clean smell of soap, the added pleasure of a sunny day, and the eventual sight of a platoon of white clothes, flying against the morning sky—there is beauty in it if you help yourself to find it. And there is nothing so delightful as the smell of newly-dried sheets, especially if they have been dried somewhere near a field, where they can woo a little perfume from the clean air that comes, laden with the smells of the earth and its flowers, in from the open country.

Clean deal tables, with that whiteness that gives them a superiority over more elaborate woods, shining brass, the disciplined array of clean pots and pans, if they are aluminium, the happy note struck by perfectly clean windows, a well polished mirror, a shining stove, a shining door-nob or tap and then, the final arrangement of a bowl of fresh flowers in the centre of the room that has known an hour of morning chaos—these things have their reward if you seek it. Ugliness is a reflective quantity. If we don't allow ourselves to see ugliness, ugliness would not exist. One might almost say that ugliness existed only in our own eyes. It may sound "preachy," this urging you to pursue beauty. But life has so much that is drab in it that it is our duty to crush out the shadows and feed the sunshine.

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"Outward Bound."

The Wonder Play.

It is sad when a modern play does nothing but amuse you. You feel you want something more. But it is far sadder when it does nothing but inform you—we all have a natural antipathy for grim learning. Thus, it is good to find a play that does both; entertain, and, at the same time, give you just a little mental food. "Outward Bound," to be produced at His Majesty's by Mr. Lion, is such a play. It is almost daring and certainly a stroke of genius for the writer to have set such a story down within the requirements of the modern theatre.

The story is shrouded in mystery when it opens. The entire action takes place on a ship. We imagine the passengers are normal passengers and suddenly, half way through the first act, we find that the ship is the ship of death and that the passengers are making the inevitable journey into the world to come. But the playwright has painted them with such human colouring that the mysticism of the thing is not terrifying. He has anchored the religious, almost spiritual theme of the tale to such a human, normal, every-day collection of people that one's sense of the religious is not offended; nor is one terrified by the sudden knowledge that the stage has been turned into the ship carrying our kind from this world to the next.

I always think it fatal as well as futile to tell the story of a play in a newspaper article. One only confuses, attempting to compress two-and-a-half hours' action into six inches of print. So we'll leave the tale to unfold itself on the stage before you. But, sufficient it is to let you know that this play will set you thinking—not unpleasantly. It has one of life's most fundamental truths, happily sugar-coated with the art of the playwright and the player, and that is comforting. Truth can be very nude and startling.

The main theme in the story is written around the "half-ways" of two young people on the ship who died by suicide. Because their lives ended unnaturally, they are not able to step straight into the next world. So they are destined to an unending journey in the ship which travels "between."

Out of all this solemn tale comes a happy conclusion.

But you mustn't suppose that this serious theme is gruesome or deep. The play, strangely enough, ripples with comedy. The character of an unimaginative, selfish and rather soulless woman is introduced and she is truly one of the strangest and most amusing people I have encountered in a modern play. Her cynicism and her self-assurance, expressed in some gloriously funny lines, keep one from feeling that the play is overpowering. It isn't that in the least. "Outward Bound" made London sit up and think and talk. And you may not know that anybody who can do that is a genius, for London half thinks that it is heaven and doesn't stop, very often, to realise that the road through life is not entirely banked with cabarets and suede-upholstered motor cars. "Outward Bound" made unthinking London put on its thinking cap. It should have a far greater effect on Africa where people live a little nearer the realities of life and where they do take an interest in its problems—especially when they are presented in the guise of a thoroughly entertaining play.

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Racing Notes.

Coming Events — Germiston Meeting.

By "Onlooker."

The J. T. C. Summer Meeting.

The forthcoming "quarterly" at racing headquarters gives promise of providing extra good sport. We have at present very few what can be termed swell horses in commission; but what few there are—including the best from the Cape and Durban—will be showing their paces during the holiday time at Turffontein. The very fact that there is no outstanding three-year-old, colt or filly, invests the Derby and Oaks with unusual interest. There is no "going by the book" certainty for either of these events, as was the case in most recent previous years.

Little is known as yet as to the merits or demerits of the two-year-olds. In the very few races the juveniles have had, one or two have shown promise. At the same time first outings are apt to be misleading. Any seeming superiority of those that have gained brackets might be accountable to the fact that they were more educated to the business of racing than the majority of the others. The South African Nursery Plate is likely to bring about a keen struggle.

"The Guineas."

One is reminded that the Benoni Guineas, which is to be run for on Saturday, will doubtless throw light on the Derby. Capetown holds a particularly strong hand for both races—with, of course, the same representatives. One of the visitors, Royal Attendant, is pretty sure to start favourite for the Guineas. He is a very speedy customer and, though from his breeding regarded as a non-stayer, he has won at the end of seven furlongs. The Benoni mile is an easy one and the connections of Royal Attendant are quite satisfied that he will see out the race. But should Royal Attendant win on Saturday, that would not necessarily enhance his Derby prospects. The three-year-old with the best staying credentials is one of the others hailing from the Cape. Narrow Gauge. How this colt of Mr. Marcus' comports himself at Benoni will be watched with interest; so, too, how Arrowsmith performs. Last time out, Arrowsmith won at a mile, and as regards the classics there is no saying he is not the top dog of the trio from the Peninsula. The race for the Guineas, which looks a good thing for one or other of the visitors, should indicate to Transvaal owners how they stand as to the Derby. In parenthesis it might be remarked that the breakdown of Mr. O'Meara's Marten last week removed from the Guineas what would probably have been the best Transvaal representative for the race. Marten has been gelded and turned out to grass.

"The Handicap."

Since the declaration of the weights only four (four that had been unlooked for as aspirants for big handicap honours) have dropped out of the Summer handicap. In last week's issue preference was expressed for the chances of Fabaris and Desert Gold, both of whom now stand at a short price in the betting market. Sir Abe Bailey has besides Fabaris the four-year-old Benedictine in the race. At the back end of last season Benedictine showed himself a much improved horse and with 7 st. 2 lb. might take beating on the 20th; still I am of opinion, all going well, the top weight will be the bearer of the baronet's first colours.

Oriel is going great guns on the Turffontein tracks and, with no interruption in his preparation, he should be a fitter horse this month than he has ever been. All the same I question the ability of the Durban July winner to succeed in the Summer handicap under 8 st. 4 lb. Another that is doing good work is Musketeer Dan; the four-year-old from the Cape is surely entitled to respect. One cannot fancy any one of the remaining quartette in at the minimum, and of the light weights Princess Alice, 6st. 8 lb., and Lady Daniel, 6 st. 4 lb., may prove the best. Some may argue the last-named is deficient in class, but if she is preferred to Duchess Trenton, the Sir Daniel mare has an obvious chance.

Dingaan's Day.

Seven of those that finished behind Brown Bess last Dingaan's Day are included in the 26 engaged in the chief event at the Johannesburg Pony and Galloway Club's holiday fixture on the 16th. Seeing that Eurotas is top weight and such as Sea Moment, who last year finished nowhere when carrying the minimum, is awarded 7 st. 5 lb. (Sea Moment's days of improvement are long past), it is quite apparent the field for the Dingaan's Day handicap this time will be by no means so "classy" as in days of yore. It is doubtless due to there being so few good galloways about that so many moderates were entered for the race on Dingaan's Day; and a goodly percentage of those engaged possess small pretensions to see out a mile, the distance of the race, if the pace is on all the way. At first glance Auditory, 8 st. 6 lb., Will's Maid, 7 st. 4 lb., look to have as good chances as any.

At Germiston.

T.M.S. is no longer acting the role that brought about his re-christening. The last time he was a runner-up was in the Derby. Since then, sandwiched between two wins—one at the J.T.C. Winter meeting and the other last week-end at Germiston—he has been unplaced in a good many races. Considering his three-year-old form through Red Ronald and Desert Gold, T.M.S. has always been leniently dealt with by handicappers. The officials can, however, point to the colt's record as proof that he is not nearly so good as one or two of his showings would suggest. T.M.S. was a hot favourite for the race at Germiston and just pulled through. Allowing he had not a very smooth passage, he took much too long to win the race to make the performance of any account. Instead of gaining, the colt lost prestige by the victory. This could hardly be otherwise seeing he was only conceding 15 lbs. on a light scale to the second, the very moderate Glacier, while Back Answer, third, was actually allowing him 8 lbs. T.M.S. can be dismissed from consideration for the Summer handicap.

The Booysens stable has assuredly struck a bad patch. Prismatic was the sole representative of the establishment at Germiston, and the good-looking son of Polychromy was confidently expected, and backed accordingly, to win the two-year-old event. But there was one in the big field found

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equal to downing Prismatic. This was Cardinal's Park, running in the nomination of ex-jockey J. R. Williams. Cardinal's Park is undersized, but is real smart. She won in right good style. The long bottled-up Queen of the Karroo was in fighting mood at Germiston. Going out favourite for the mile and a quarter event, she made a show of the opposition. It was demonstrated there had been no delusion about the talked-of merits of the filly. The top class sprint at Germiston is generally the last item on the card. Last Saturday it was the fourth race. Here Dropped Stitch, under her big burden 9 st. 8 lb., just failed to concede the required 3 st. to Buckram. While Spartacus, the one that finished first in the minor sprint, was better on the day to the second, Noble Lind, there had been a flagrant cross close home, and the stewards could hardly have done other than award the race to Noble Lind, which was the outcome of the inquiry.

A 7 st. Minimum Weight!

The totalisator is the sole medium for speculation on racing in New Zealand, and the number of race meetings in that dominion is regulated by the number of totalisator permits issued by Government to the Racing Conference for distribution. During the war period permits were largely curtailed, and it is only this year that Parliament has authorised an increase in the number. In sanctioning the increase in totalisator permits Parliament took a hand in the government of racing to the extent of inserting a clause in the Totalisator Bill to the effect that

> On and after August 1, 1925, the minimum weight to be carried by any horse in any handicap shall be not less than 7 st.

How would a 7 st. minimum work in South Africa?

Selections for Benoni.

Saturday is Guineas day at Benoni and the classic is bound to attract a big attendance to the course. Selections:—

12.30.—Stewards' Plate, 5 furlongs.
Penrod 1, Flying Colours 2, Royal Poly 3.

1,10.—Maiden Handicap, 6 furlongs.
Thoughtless 1, Loved One 2, General Hunter 3.

1.50,—Boksburg Handicap, "C," 9 furlongs.
The Woods 1, Foolscap 2, Permintor 3.

2.30.—Boksburg Handicap, "A," 7 furlongs.
Precept 1, Norwood 2, Dark Brown 3.

3.10.—Boksburg Handicap, "B," 1 mile.
Blue Dye 1, Surefoot II. 2, Brier 3.

3.50.—Benoni Guineas, 1 mile.
Royal Attendant 1, Narrow Gauge 2, Stage Girl 3.

4.30.—Boksburg Handicap, "D," 1¼ miles.
Done Brown 1, Polyvivian 2, Barry 3.

5.10.—Maiden Pony Handicap, 5 furlongs.
Rob Roy 1, Perfect Emblem 2, Bonny Jean 3.

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8 RACES 8

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Motoring and Motor-cycling.

By "Wire Wheel."

Successful Cape Car Event.

The third annual competition for the "London" Cup presented by the London Assurance Company to the Cape Peninsula Motor Cycle and Car Club was run off on Sunday, November 23rd. The competition was contested on reliability, hill climb and acceleration. A non-stop run was made to Caledon and a timed ascent of Sir Lowry Pass gave fastest time to the Chrysler car driven by Mr. W. Carson, who figured second in the total awards. Mr. O. H. Woods, on the Fiat, won the London Cup with 526 marks. The smallest car in the trial was a 7.5 Citroën, driven by the notable motor-cyclist, Mr. L. E. H. Hamertin, who lost no marks on driving times and finished sixth in the final classification.

Harley Outing.

Members of the Harley-Davidson M.C. and their friends spent an enjoyable day at Rivonia on Sunday last, and it was noticeable the number of ladies who attended. After assembling at the Harley-Davidson show-rooms, a start was made at 9.30 a.m. for the venue, travelling through the Kloof Drive, past Killarney, Rosebank and Sandown—a very interesting run of some 14 miles out over an excellent surface. After partaking of light refreshments, a ladies' hockey match was played with teams of three-aside. A tug-of-war from side-cars provided considerable amusement, whilst surf boarding provided thrills galore. Dodging balloons, solo and side-car, putting the ball and goal scoring afforded ample scope for those present, a notable feature being the number of lady competitors. It is intended to hold another outing of a similar nature at an early date.

Excellent Driving by Ladies.

On Sunday last three ladies were among the 25 competitors at the R.M.C.C. 3-speed gear changing hill climb contest. They were Mrs. C. D. Bulman, "Nash," Miss K. M. Strange, "Fiat," and Miss Lamprecht, "Chrysler." The performance of all three ladies were excellent, Miss Strange winning the ladies' prize and figuring well in the general classification. The final results have to be checked and will not be available in time for these notes. Of the 25 entries, four were for cars under 1,500 c.c., seven under 2,500 c.c., and 14 in the unlimited class over 2,500 c.c. and represented 16 different makes of cars. The "Fiat" made a remarkable showing, whilst fastest time was made by the Oakland, which climbed the ¾ mile gradient in 1 min. 6 2-5 secs. The venue, Edenvale, is an ideal place for such an event, easily accessible from town and situated among delightful surroundings. It is the intention of the Rand Motor Cycling Club to hold another car event at an early date.

Olympia.

Many novelties and new features were shown in cars exhibited at the Great Olympia Car Show in London last month. Business was very brisk, and it has been announced that the Morris Car Company sold 40,000 cars, valued at £8,000,000, within two hours of the show opening, and also that the Vulcan placed 1,500 cars, valued at £600,000. According to *The Daily Mail*, business amounting to £30,000,000 has been done by the exhibitors. There has been considerable reduction in the price of cars of all grades, and prices range from £80 for a light car to £3,500 for an expensive motor equipage. Four-wheel brakes and balloon tyres are general among the best-known makes, and many labour-saving devices have been introduced with the 1925 models. The new year upon which the motor industry in England is now entering will be one of great activity, and points to the British manufacturers making a bold bid in competition with European and American cars.

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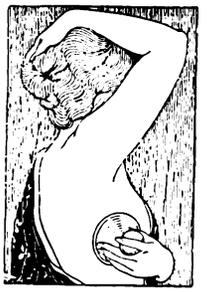

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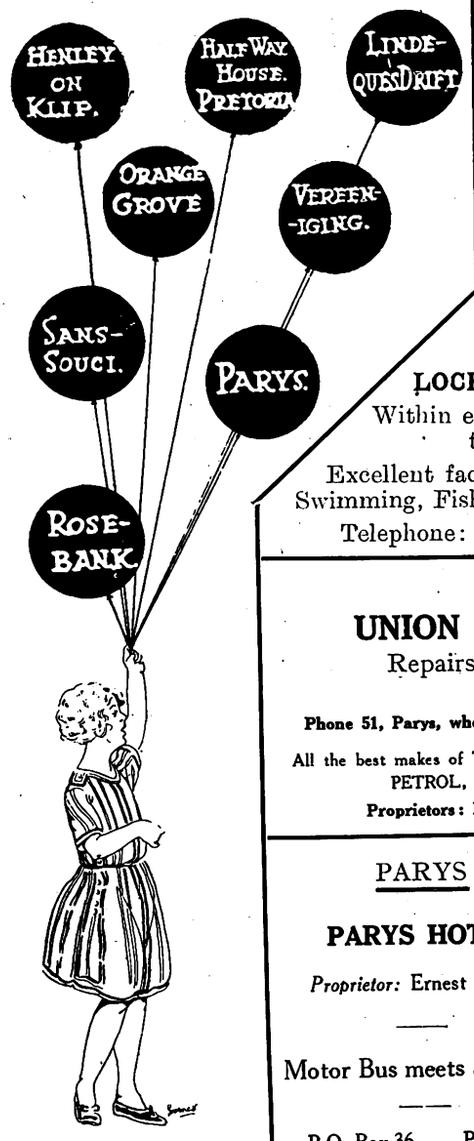

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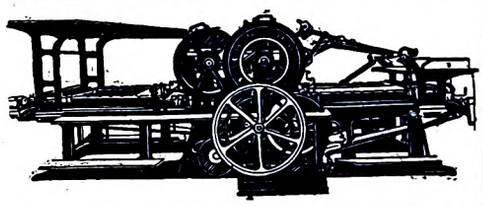

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The Ring.

The two, an old man and an old woman, boarded the tram, opposite a terrace of cramped houses with dusty, tired expressions and rusted iron roofs.

They sat opposite me.

He was almost expressionless. Years of work and the unending drudgery of his kind had brought a settled sadness to his face. But the sadness was in the lines and wrinkles, rather than in the expression itself. A mended shirt and a shapeless coat told me that the lean and lingering wolf made frequent visits to their door.

The woman was also marked by years of hard work. Her hands were gnarled and the skin was hard and mottled.

The only brightness about her was her wedding ring. She happened to look down at it the same time as he did.

"Worn, ain't it?" he remarked, with a smile that took a long time to develop.

"Yes, fifty-two years," she answered, and in her eyes was an echo of a young yesterday, when Youth went seeking with the wings of adventure set to his heels and the garland of high hope upon his forehead. *O.P.*

Queen Elizabeth.

It may seem rather late in the day to speak of Queen Elizabeth. But she is before us again, in a new story of her life by Miss Gwen John, published by Leonard Parsons. This is a better story of the great lady's life than most. No ruler of England has been subjected to more absurd writing. But Miss John is sane and she doesn't over paint a period when Kings and Queens were not in the least akin to the angels. One would like to read Mr. Strachey on Queen Elizabeth. He would bring her into the honest limelight which he directed on to Queen Victoria. But Miss John's book is better than most and is a happy relief after those unreal and totally inadequate school histories of Elizabeth.

At the Mount Nelson Hotel.

Among interesting visitors who are visiting South Africa is Miss Beardsmore Smith, who is now retired from the position of Matron-in-Chief of the Queen Alexandra Imperial Military Nursing Service. She has a sister in Durban, with whom she stayed before leaving for the Cape to join the "Anchises" *en route* to Australia.

Next Week's Calls.

WEEK COMMENCING MONDAY, DECEMBER 8TH.

Tivoli, Capetown.—Opening Wednesday, December 10th. Mewse & Singer, Les Rogers, Ted Marcel, Frank Fay & Little Lady from Dixie, Scott Sanders, Brennan & Newton, Two Vagabonds.

Empire, Johannesburg.—Henry De Bray & Partner, Key & Keyworth, Addison & Mitrenga, R. & W. Roberts, Bryon & Bryon, Foster & Ninon, C. H. Charlton, Zena Zampa.

His Majesty's, Johannesburg.—Leon M. Lion and Renee Kelly in "The Mask and the Face."

Grand, Pretoria.—Les Trombettas, J. H. Scotland.

Criterion, Benoni.—Veterans of Variety.

Rinko, Pietermaritzburg.—Bilton & Max.

Criterion, Durban.—Jas. Stewart, Nereide, Videau & Kirby.

Vaudette, Kimberley.—December 11th, 12th 13th—Madge Kennedy, Vesta Sisters.

Town Hall, Kingwilliamstown.—December 9th and 10th—"The Rising Generation."

Vaudette Theatre, East London.—11th to 13th December—"The Rising Generation."

Opera House, Pretoria.—December 8th—Australian Newcastle Steel Works Band.

Standard Theatre, Johannesburg.—December 9th to 14th—Australian Newcastle Steel Works Band.

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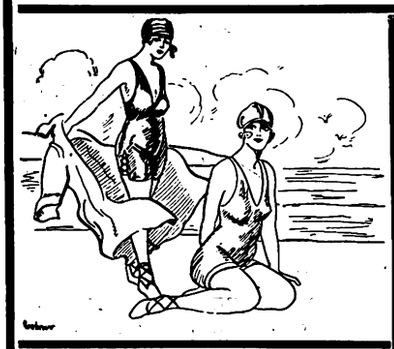

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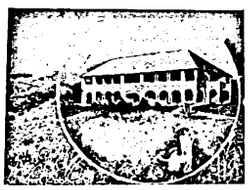

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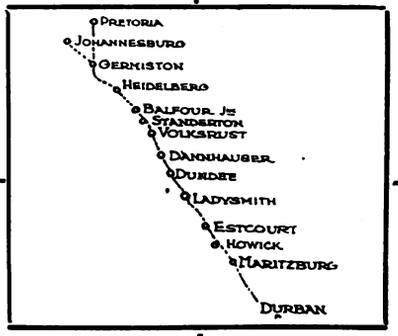

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"The Union's National Weekly."

VOL. XIX. No. 489.] SATURDAY, DECEMBER 13TH, 1924. (Registered at G.P.O. as a Newspaper.) PRICE 6D.

A Johannesburg Wedding.

Miss Kathleen (Peggy) Strange, elder daughter of the late Mr. and Mrs. Harold F. Strange, who was married on Tuesday last to Mr. Cyrie J. W. Veal of Capetown.

Mr. Cyrie J. W. Veal, the bridegroom, who is associated with the Survey Staff of the Crown Mines.

Mr. and Mrs. Stuttaford in their garden at Capetown.

Mr. T. G. Otley, President of S.A. Society of Engineers.
[Leon Levson, photographer.

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Immortality.

By Hector Bolitho.

The gardener sat in the shadows of an old-fashioned room. His face was pale and lifeless, as chintz from which the colour has faded, and his eyes stared dully through his overhanging brows like the feeble light of his cottage shining through the surrounding fence of thicket.

Outside, the wind shook the honeysuckle boughs against the window.

All through the winter he had been alone, on the high hill where his cottage stood. Only once a year was the silence and loneliness broken. It was when the brusque tax-collector climbed up the road, disturbing the quiet of the garden with the swish of his waterproof and the rustle of papers which he drew from his leather bag.

The old man was dying.

For three seasons he had worked to perfect a flower, and now it stood, poised on its tall stem in the small enclosure. It was pale. Shaped like a giant poppy, it was white as snow, and cosily nestling in the centre of the petals was an amber stamen, dusted with golden pollen.

While he sat beside the dying fire, the old man said: "And this is the end of my experiment? I have coaxed this frail glory from the parent seed. And none is to know its beauty but the passing wind and the swooping bird that darts across the garden space. To-morrow, when the petals fall, its beauty dies, and I die, and my love and work have been all in vain."

* * *

Out in the garden the flower trembled because of the coming night.

The candle on the tallboy burned down until the end of the wick toppled over and was drowned in a pool of melted wax. The firelight danced on the brass and filled the hollows of the old man's cheeks with a richness of colour.

All night long he sat there, and in the morning, when little pixies of sunlight came eddying in through the open door, the old man was dead and the fire was dead. A beady mouse scampered across the cold ashes.

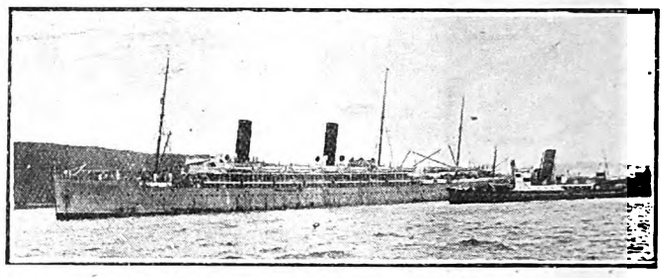
A little child opened the rusty garden gate and crept up to the house.

Near the door, a great seed-pod, larger than any poppy rattle, shook its tiny black dice and asked to be picked.

Podgy little fingers nipped it from the stalk and scattered the seeds among the parched grass stalks of the neglected garden.

* * *

And in the spring, the pathway from the deserted cottage was enriched by a pool of magic white flowers, as if an angel, in passing, had dropped her cloud-scarf upon the lonely enclosure.



The Royal Mail Steamer "Briton" sailed from Durban Harbour on December 5th, for England, on her last voyage as a mail steamer of the Union Castle Line. It is understood that she will be sold out of the service when she arrives in England.

SATURDAY'S CADET PARADE IN JOHANNESBURG.
Lieut. Hawkins, R.N., Lt.-Col. Thackery, C.M.S., D.S.O., Vice-Admiral Sir Rudolph Bentinck, C.B., K.C.M.G., Col. Godley, O.B.E., and General Brink in the Royal Box.
[African Film Production, Ltd., photograph.

AT THE RETREAT BOWLING GREEN, CAPETOWN.
Mr. Geo. Fleming of Rhodesia, Sir Drummond and Lady Chaplin looking on.

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Should Divorce Be Made More Easy?

"The Only Successful Solution of Marriage is Divorce."

By a Johannesburg Lawyer.

In view of the fact that it is remarkably easy to obtain a decree of divorce in South Africa, and because this privilege is exercised to a very large extent, it has been suggested that our Courts are rather lax and that divorce in this country is too easy to obtain. "Marry in haste and repent in the divorce court" would appear to be the slogan of the present day, and many people are desirous of making it rather more difficult for a couple to be able to avail themselves of this remedy.

Divorce can be obtained in South Africa on two grounds —either on the ground of malicious desertion, on the part of either spouse, or on the ground of adultery. These one ventures to think are two excellent and equitable reasons for dissolving the marriage bond.

Taking it for granted, however, that it is extraordinarily easy in this country to obtain a divorce, is this policy after all so very reprehensible? If our divorce laws were made more stringent, making it for instance more difficult, and possibly, in some cases impossible to obtain a divorce for the reasons which are at present good grounds for dissolving a marriage, what would the consequences in many cases be, looking at it from a practical point of view and taking human nature into consideration? Would it not be the innocent parties who would always suffer—the innocent spouse far more than the guilty one, and the children, if any, of the marriage? Where a couple cannot obtain relief in the divorce court the natural result would be numerous illegal unions with others, on the part of one or other of the spouses, resulting in consequence thereof in an increase in the birthrate of illegitimate children. It is an axiom that it is the innocent who suffer—should they be made to endure more because the sentimentalists of this world are opposed to divorce, mainly on theoretical grounds? No, any alteration of the divorce law making divorce more difficult to obtain would have a pernicious effect, and one might even go further and suggest various improvements in our law which would make divorce still easier under certain circumstances.

It may be of interest to note that under the Roman Law there was a system of divorce known as "Repudiatio." This consisted of a simple formal intimation by either party that he or she terminated the union, and in these cases no legal tribunal was necesary. The old maxim of the law was that marriage should be a free union, and the jurists tried to maintain this as much as possible, but the ecclesiastics who acquired some influence after the conversion of the Emperor Constantine, determinedly set themselves against divorce by "Repudiatio." They were however unable to encroach upon the principle of divorce by mutual consent, but eventually succeeded in obtaining enactments, confining the right of repudiation by one spouse, to cases where the other had been guilty of misconduct in some form or another.

It is of course not for one moment suggested that our courts should go as far as this, or should even follow the example of the courts of certain American States where divorce can be obtained on the flimsiest grounds, such as for example, incompatibility of temperament, but there are certainly cases of which the court should be able to take cognizance and by statute be placed in a position of being able to dissolve the union. Insanity of one of the parties, a long term of imprisonment, habitual cruelty (such as violence, continual drunkenness, or abuse) should all be reasons for inducing the courts to grant a divorce, and it is to be hoped that public opinion will presently be strong enough to force the Legislature to include these grounds amongst the present ones. Unfortunately, the courts at present are only empowered to grant relief in the last-mentioned case, and that relief consists of granting a judicial separation to the injured spouse, if such cruelty be proved. This, however, does not go nearly far enough; habitual cruelty should be an adequate ground for divorce. If the cruelty is of such a nature as to disenable the spouse to live with the offender, which fact it is necessary to prove in order to obtain the separation, there is under the circumstances no object in compelling the parties to be bound by the marriage tie, when in reality they are no longer man and wife. It may be said that by keeping the legal bond in existence any children that there may be of the mariage are thus protected, but it is difficult to see how they are prejudiced to any greater extent by the grant of a divorce in place of a judicial separation.

In the case of insanity of one party to the marriage no relief is accorded to the other. In 1923 a Bill was mooted which had for its object the introduction of a statute enabling a person to obtain a divorce on that ground, but the attempt to introduce the Bill during that session was abortive. It is evident, however, that it will not be long before the Legislature will give the judiciary the power to pronounce decree, if not on the ground of temporary insanity, at any rate in such cases in which it is shown that there is no reasonable expectation of the person recovering, and against such measure there can be no complaint, as it would not be prejudicial to the unfortunate spouse confined in the asylum, and would be the means of allowing the other to escape from an intolerable position which has arisen through no fault of the parties themselves.

At present, any term of life imprisonment imposed on either party to the marriage is a valid ground in an action brought by the other party. As previously stated, our law will only enable parties to dissolve the marriage tie on two grounds, and life imprisonment is therefore regarded as being analogous to malicious desertion. But again the law does not go far enough. Should one of the partners be bound to the other who is continually committing serious offences against the law, and being sentenced to varying terms of imprisonment, it is not too much to ask, surely, that the court should have a discretionary power in such cases, and should be placed in a position of being able to release the innocent party from the contract, into which he or she has so unfortunately entered.

Marriages unfortunately are not made in Heaven, and thus the Divorce Court is a necessary evil, but were it possible to formulate some practicable scheme whereby one could prevent hasty marriages, and marriages between those who are as yet too young to realise the responsibility which they are incurring, much would be accomplished, and our weekly divorce roll would be considerably shorter.

Moon Struck.

The white moth's flight
Across the night
Leaves a line fantastic!
The rising moon
Its light will soon
Make the night majestic!

The poppy nods.
Its noisy pods
Sing a gay cantata.
Somewhere within
A violin
Plays a sad sonata.

Beneath a tree
A form I see.
'Tis dancing! Most romantic!
I clutch it tight,
And through the night
We skip with steps gigantic!

H.B.

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London Theatres.

Leicester Square, November 10.

The electioneering has been responsible for a certain slackness in theatregoing and the disappearance of a few shows whose popularity was on the wane. The new Fortune Theatre, one of those "intimate" playhouses, situated opposite Old Drury's stage-door, has at last opened (it was ready, starched and ironed, some months ago) with a two-performances-a-day policy. "Sinners," a new melodrama by Laurence Cowen, was the chosen play but it met with such an unfavourable reception from the critics that it is hardly likely to fill the bill for long—a fate which I understand will in all probability be shared by "Patricia," the new musical play at His Majesty's and the "Show Off," in American farce at the Queen's. The two latter theatres have been strangely unlucky with their plays of late. Another failure amongst the new productions is "The Looking Glass" revue at the Vaudeville, where the much be-paragraphed Edith Kelly-Gould has been a featured artist. Matheson Lang too has had no luck with his latest vehicle, "The Hour and the Man" at the New. Although the provinces liked it, London turned the cold shoulder to the story of an English "Mussolini" with Hall-Caine-heroic characteristics and he goes the way of "The Wandering Jew," a piece evidently destined to be the modern equivalent of an "East Lynne" to Mr. Lang, just as "The Scarlet Pimpernel" is to Fred Terry and Julia Neilson. Still, you must not think we have no hits running in town: there are at least six shows whose runs exceed 300 performances and easily another half-dozen busy running up to that figure, whilst managers putting on successful productions in the provinces are as hard put to it as ever when they look around for a London home for their treasures. There is more or less fierce controversy raging just now around an announcement made by the Shaftesbury Theatre management who suggest selling boxes of chocolate at graduated prices, each box entitling the purchaser to a seat in a certain part of the house. In this way it is claimed that no Entertainment Tax can be levied as the theatre would be merely purveying foodstuff and throwing in free entertainment, on exactly the same lines as the cabarets. If the suggestion is carried into effect there will of course be a test case in the Law Courts and the theatrical managers will seize an opportunity to air their grievances in the hope of obtaining a uniformity of treatment with the cabaret and restaurant entertainments; the present anomalous position of theatres and music-halls in that respect is really ridiculous and nobody can blame the sufferers for taking whatever legitimate action they can, to put an end to it.

Another production I have seen is "The Duenna," Sheridan's comic-opera revived by Nigel Playfair at the Lyric, Hammersmith, and staged on similar lines to its predecessor "The Beggars Opera"—where the resemblance ends. The acting, singing, dancing and ensemble work is all done well but there is no opportunity for virtuosity here as there was in the "Beggar," no full-blooded rogues and shrews for Frederick Ranolow or an Elsie French (Miss French is a skilled "Duenna" and makes as much of the part as is humanly possible) to revel in, no lurid oaths *pour épater la bourgeoisie* and—worst fault of all— no rollicking tunes to provoke the Lyric audience to its favourite mood, that of vociferously demanding numerous "encores" for almost every "number."

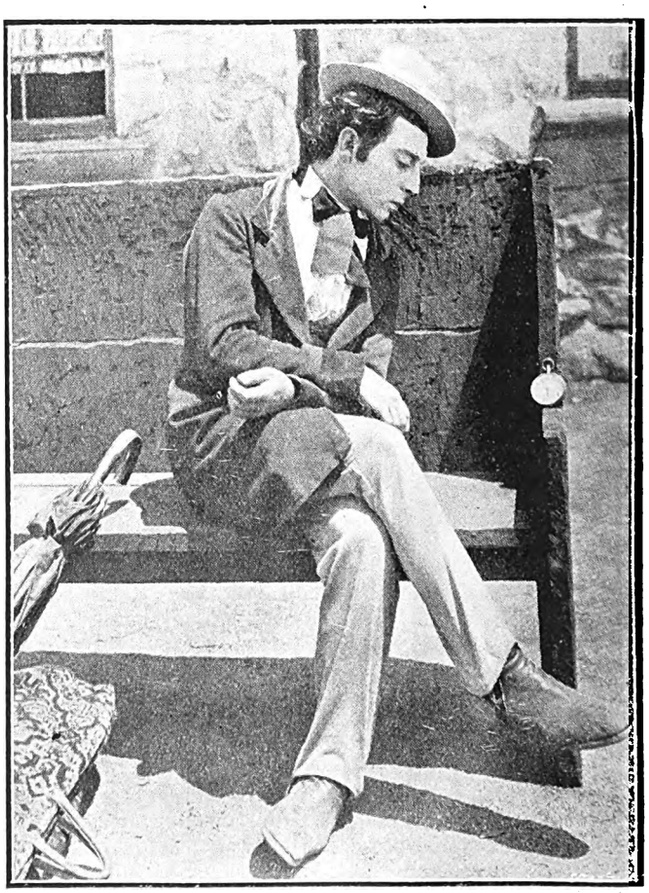
It is rumoured that Jack Buchanan will appear in pantomime this Christmas—quite a change for him. I suppose all South Africans who came home to Wembley, saw him in "Toni." Several new songs have been introduced into "Toni"; one of these is "Stephanie" and there is a duet "I'm wonderful," sung by Jack Buchanan and June. The two new numbers will no doubt be in the Union very soon.

"East Lynne" has been rewritten and reproduced, with Ethel Irving as Lady Isobel. The critics say it is an entirely new play and that at least it is presentable. But they have cut out Bullock, the comic policeman, and to me, East Lynne without Bullock would be like bullock without salt. *Paul Pry.*

Miss Ethel Oliver.

Although Miss Ethel Oliver came and went from Johannesburg so quietly—she left for the Cape on Sunday last—she is quite an important figure in London, for she played the leading part in "Paddy-The-Next-Best-Thing" at the Savoy. She came out here some months ago and was living at Bulawayo, where she was married. Her productions were a great success in the Rhodesian town and, talking to us before she left Johannesburg, Miss Oliver said that she would miss the life in Bulawayo very much although London had so much that was bigger and broader to offer. To mention her without her dog "Chow" would be ridiculous. She takes him everywhere with her and, the photograph, which is produced nearby, shows that Chow is worthy of the honour.

Buster Keaton's Film.



Buster Keaton will appear in "Our Hospitality," a special comedy, which the Orpheum will show on December 22nd. This is a comedy of comedies, an aristocrat among films.

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Fanny Ditch.

By H. B.

The factory horn announced six o'clock, and Fanny Ditch sighed as she stuck the last label on the last tin of meat extract. She washed the glue from her fingers, folded her apron, changed, and made her way to the door.

"Where are yer goin' to-night, Fanny?" questioned a voice from near the basin. "Out with yer sea-farin' bloke I suppose."

"Bloke indeed," she retorted. "He's an officer, and that's more than yer man from the gas works. Yer a common thing."

A little array of talcum powder and cheap silk towered as it swept out of the door.

Fanny was young—intolerably so. She hadn't lost the marks of the cradle, and her mind was cramped and wizened as a dried prune. She was proud of her ankles, but ashamed of her name. "Fanny Ditch!" Could anything be more ordinary? She couldn't help the Ditch in her life—few people can—but the Fanny part was a thing for which her mother was never forgiven.

The Ditch home was so drab; so drab, in fact, that when young men saw Fanny home, she invariably left them at the next gate, where a bay window and stone steps gave their neighbours an advantage over them.

The heart of Fanny was, for the moment, the property of one Tom—an officer, so he said. This sea-faring romance had opened up new possibilities for her. He seemed so considerate, and not the least bit forward, although they'd been together only one evening. She had not seen his brass buttons, but his officer heart had beaten next to hers in a way that "sent her dizzy like."

So even the spluttering gas in the hall, and the almost pegless coat-rack did not send dark clouds about her soul, and there was a suggestion of happiness in her walk as she went into the kitchen.

"Yer late. Yer always late," breathed her mother from the mysterious darkness about the sink.

"I should worry. What 'ave yer got for tea?" Fanny replied. She was answered by the clatter of dishes and the appearance of cold meat.

"It's always cold mutton. When are yer goin' to chuck that roast?"

Mrs. Ditch smacked her hands on her hips and declared: "That's right, with yer lady ways. 'Ere I'm slavin' me 'eart and soul out doin' for you and yer father, and what do I get?—Ungratitude. That's what I call it—Ungratitude. If yer father was 'arf a man 'ed thrash yer within an hinch of yer life."

Fanny averted a domestic drama with silence, and the cold mutton disappeared. The memory of Tom floated above the sauce bottle; his face shone out of the "Bubbles" picture over the fireplace, and even her father kept exchanging faces with Tom, whose image filled the room. Presently she left the table and went to her bedroom, but not before her mother called: "Fanny, now don't you go paintin' your face like a loose woman."

There was a clatter of greasy dishes pasing into the sink, as she said: "This is a respectable 'ouse, and yer goes if you brings disgrace on us."

I have said that Fanny was childish, but she was not unwise. She met these outbursts of morality with silence. She was soon donning silk stockings—half silk and cotton past the knees. Talcum powder was sprinkled down the front of her blouse "to make her smell nice"; eyes were pencilled and lipsol was applied. Fanny's bedroom impressed the sense of smell more than that of sight. It exhaled a queer atmosphere in which cheap perfume, dust and ever closed windows were the main influences. Nobody saw it, and so what did it matter? What if the wardrobe was a dirty stretch of cretonne suspended on a piece of string! What if the water jug was half full of combings, saved for the day when a switch would become a necessity!

Fanny peered into the glass for the last time, moving the candle from right to left so that every detail was illuminated. Over the grey city and into her bedroom stole the striking of eight o'clock, and, after a last pursing of her lips to spread the crimson more evenly, she blew out the light and hurried into the street.

She could see Tom waiting for her. No! it wasn't Tom. How silly for her to have mistaken that ungainly figure for his! The wind stirred the leaves in the gutter, and errant newspapers scampered along like fussy children. Fanny could see nothing but the clock face—a circle of light against the sky. The hand moved round to ten minutes past. Tom was late!

Once a youngish man, with a sweat cloth round his neck, stopped and leered at her. "The cheek," she muttered, as she moved away. The black hand stole round to the quarter, and the chimes frightened her. She took a puff from her bag, and scattered powder on her nose. She surveyed her finger nails, admiring their points and feeling satisfied that they appeared very remote from the world of meat and labels and glue.

A tear threatened, but then came the suggestion that he had been kept on duty. Perhaps he was officer on watch! Fanny had read of such things. Would he mind if she went to his ship and relieved the monotony of his duty with her prattle? He'd probably introduce her to other officers. Of course, she'd be nice to them, but she wouldn't forget that Tom was her "steady."

When the half-hour sounded, Fanny faced the dust-laden wind and descended the hill. She was sure that only duty could have kept him. The clock face climbed the sky until he was abreast of the tower. Through the city streets she glided, a disappointed figure in the panorama of life. The shops were passed, and the wharf gates appeared, and Fanny could hear the wind moaning between the sheds, and see the spectral lights an the dark water. A violin sobbed in the fo'castle of a small steamer, and some far away shred of her responded to it. There was the kindly smell of tar and the creaking of ropes.

Fanny approached the tall dark vessel and watched shadows creeping about the deck. All seemed very still, and the ship might have been deserted. There was the sound of feet, and the officer on watch appeared from near the wheelhouse. It was not Tom. Disappointment, like a wet and frightened bird flew into her soul. She'd been slipped up.

* * *

Her dreams scattered like a broken string of pearls, and she walked to the edge of the wharf. Somewhere in the distance a phantom voice mocked her. Down, in the indefinite black of the sea, she saw her first tragedy. It left her cold. Steamers sirened their farewells, and birds screamed in the void.

The heart of Fanny was like something wet and drowned.

* * *

There was a splash in the black water. Up above, from the rails, a steward was emptying peelings over the side.

Fanny looked up, and muttered "Gawd!"

It was Tom.

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Music and Musicians.

By "C. A. O. D."

Overseas Adjudicators.

The Witwatersrand Cambrian Society has lately been considering the question of engaging adjudicators from overseas. An association recently formed in England for the purpose of co-ordinating efforts in connection with competitive musical festivals has already done much in the direction of organising the services of well-known musical authorities for the benefit of societies concerned with musical festivals and eisteddfoddean. The advantages of such an arrangement must have simplified to a considerable extent the work of these bodies in England, who have regularly experienced the greatest difficulty in the matter of adjudicators. But while the facilities offered by the new English organisation can easily be utilised by societies in England, there seems to be a very definite reason why the proposal to import adjudicators cannot so easily be supported in this country. The main question is, of course, one of expense. Some figures recently published concerning the visit of English musicians to Canada leaves the impression that imported adjudicators are going to be expensive. If the adjudicators who are available under the British Musical Festival Association's scheme can come to South Africa only under similar conditions of remuneration, then the local society will probably consider the new proposal financially beyond its resources.

The Advantages.

But the advantages of the proposal are such as to merit the closest examination, and if it can be adopted only through the closest co-operation between this and other centres, it will probably be found to be to the advantage of all South African musical festivals to lose no time in arranging such co-operation.

The selection of adjudicators has always been a great difficulty in South Africa, and since so much of the success of properly organised festivals depends upon the authority of the various judges, it is highly desirable that the services of the new Association in England be enlisted if such a course can, by some arrangement, be made financially possible. The influence of the activities of the Cambrian Society's National Eisteddfod, held annually in Johannesburg, is gradually expanding, and the responsible committee will probably be ready to agree that independent selectors and judges will do much to widen the scope of the competitions and to create universal confidence in the final decisions. Unhappily there have been occasions in the past when the decisions in important contests have not given general satisfaction, and when, moreover, the causes for dissatisfaction were by no means unreal.

This question of overseas adjudicators is admittedly a difficult one. There can be no question as to the desirability of engaging experienced men in England. The only obstacle is that of expense. Cannot the various South African societies co-operate and thus share the expense incurred?

The Australian Brass Band.

The first concert given in Johannesburg by the Australian Newcastle Steel Works Band was in several respects something in the nature of a revelation to me. Not since the memorable visit of the famous Sousa's Band have I heard anything to approach the visitors in precision and technical finish, and it must be remembered that the points of comparison between the Australian combination and the famous American players are few indeed. While the latter relied on the complete resources of the wind instrument family—wood and brass—our present visitors are confined to the possibilities of brass instruments only. I say possibilities advisedly, but really learned at Wednesday night's concert that the band makes light of what I had previously considered to be impossibilities where brass instruments were concerned.

Now comes the Australian Newcastle Band to set an equally remarkable standard for a combination of brass instruments. It may be said that the brass band is something of a musical Cinderella. It is deliberately confined to what may be termed makeshift and unorthodox instruments; it has to strive for legitimate effects through the agency of sheer technical efficiency, and it has to search through legitimate music for the material suitable for its characteristically restricted interpretative medium. But its limits of interpretation, as shown by the Australians, are not as narrow as I had previously thought. As an instance, the performance of a Liszt selection merits detailed comment. The arrangement, by Dr. Keighley, is a distinctly clever piece of work, both in its musical and technical aspect. The arranger, with a fine instinct, went first to the Liszt E flat Piano Concerto, the opening section of which he has transferred with masterly effect. The broad, bombastic opening was splendidly effective, and things that we may have regarded as purely and exclusively pianistic came from the brass band with astonishing effect. The virtuoso pianist was scarcely missed, not even in those rippling cadenzas that Liszt simply had to write. It is in this respect that some of the Australian players made one's enthusiasm develop into unqualified admiration. What might be comparatively easy for the pianist's fingers is frequently beyond the capacity of a cornet—at least, was so regarded by the writer till the Australian player showed that, technically, he does not recognise "thus far and no farther." The section from the Sixth Rhapsody, also, was played with glittering rhythmic precision and with perfectly legitimate effect. The Liebestraume section did not appear to me to fit so snugly on the brass instruments, and if this part of the experiment was not so successful in the transfer, the whole selection is designed to test in detail every department of a brass band. From this test the Australian players emerged in triumphant fashion.

While ringing sonorities are a characteristic and normal effect of such a combination, the Australian Band showed its capacity and discipline were equal to the most delicate demands of tonal shading. In fact, the interpretative range exhibited by the visitors has established in my mind an entirely new idea of the musical and emotional possibilities of a finely controlled brass band. In this respect the Australian Newcastle Band is probably the most remarkable combination of its kind that has so far been heard in South Africa.

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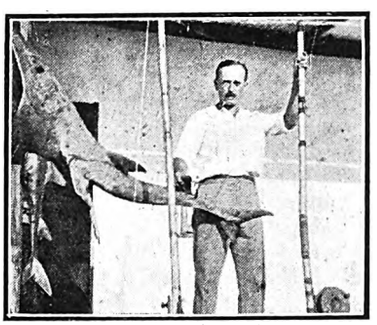
My Adventure With a Sea Monster.

By H. C. Ballance, of S. Coast, Natal.

No more astounding story has come before the South African public from its own shores in recent years than that of Mr. H. C. Ballance, of Margate, South Coast, Natal, who recently announced that, early in November, he saw a white sea monster fighting two whales off the coast near where he lived. He describes the unknown monster as having the body of a Polar bear, a trunk lilike that of an elephant and a long tail. On hearing a brief account of the story, the "South African Pictorial" immediately telegraphed Mr. Ballance for a full account of his adventure, and the following narrative carries the reader very vividly to the scene on the South Coast of Natal, where Mr. Ballance saw this sea monster jumping twenty feet out of the water and fighting two whales, which afterwards disappeared, leaving the monster, which was covered with long hair like that of a Polar bear, stranded on the beach. The following is Mr. Ballance's story.—[Ed., "S.A.P."]

On the South Coast of Natal there is the rising little Township of Margate with its population of about 150 souls, nestling amongst the beautiful undulating wooded coast, with rocks and bays which remind one of parts of the Mediterranean, the colouring of sea and sky being almost perfect at sunrise and sunset, and at this delightful spot the following interesting and exciting event has taken place, which seems too weird and strange to be true, were it not for the fact that actual photos have been taken and the strange animal seen by dozens of people of integrity. At no time in the history of South Africa has such an object been seen or washed up upon our shores and one can only surmise that some terrific upheaval in the south has brought this wonder of the deep to the surface and it has been attacked and harried by the denizens of the upper seas and been driven to our shores to make its last gallant fight and be beaten.



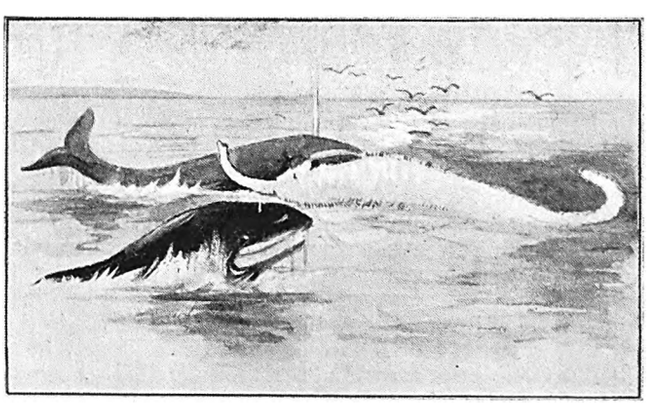
MR. H. C. BALLANCE.

On the morning of 1st November I saw what I took to be two whales fighting some sea monster about 1,300 yards from the shore. The sea was a dead calm and one could see the two whales battling with an object, which was, in size, equal to the two of them. I got my glasses and was surprised to see an animal which resembled a Polar bear. This creature I observed to rear out of the water fully 20 feet, and strike repeatedly at the two whales but with, seemingly, no effect. The fight went on for fully three hours, gradually nearing the shore. I then went down to the beach and found the battle raging within 200 yards of the rocks. One could see that the whales were getting the best of things, and the white mass was now passive and lying between the whales, I continued to watch and, after another hour, the whales made off and the incoming tide at length brought the monster within sight and, to my surprise I saw that the whole of the body was covered with hair eight inches long, exactly like a Polar bear's skin; by this time it was getting dark and I could not see, so I left for home. Early next morning I went down and there she was washed high and dry on the beach. I walked right round the creature but could find no head at all. Where the head should have been there was, at it were, protruding from between the shoulders a sort of trunk, 14 inches in diameter and 5 feet long, the end exactly like the snout of a pig; the tail, as you can see, measures 2 feet in diameter and was 10 feet long; the actual length from tip of tail to end of snout was 47 feet, 10 feet wide by 4 feet eight inches high; the backbone was very prominent; the whole body covered with hair, snow white.

Now comes the peculiar part of the business. For ten days this mass lay inert, on the eleventh day I went down expecting to find at least a very bad odour, and to my surprise there was not a sign of the creature. I met some natives, who told me that they were fishing off the rocks early that morning and saw the monster out in the sea, going up the coast, and that is the last we have seen of this wonderful animal of the south.

Dozens of people have been out to view the creature; speculation as to what it is has been running high; some maintain it is a giant octopus, others are positive it is a whale, and the wise ones have refrained from giving their opinion. It is a great pity that we could not have drawn the thing away from the water and saved the skin and collected the bones; there was an attempt made to haul it up with 32 oxen, but they could not move it an inch in the heavy sand and with the tide against us the effort was given up. A similar incident, I understand, occurred at the Cape some little time ago, and in that case it was some form of sea lion, but this thing remains a hidden mystery of at least 200 tons weight. Reports have come in from further up the coast that it has been seen floating off the coast, and I consider someone in authority should make an effort to obtain it. From a scientific point of view it should be of great value and a good asset for any museum.

We made attempts to cut into the back to get a sample of the skin, but nowhere could any impression be made; the back-bone was, as I say, very prominent, but this could not be sawn or chopped even, which makes me more convinced than ever that it was from the lower depths of the sea and its frame created to withstand the great pressure of the water. The fact that the whales attacked it goes to prove that it was something foreign to them; usually in



Our Artist's conception of the fight between the whales and the strange monster.

such a fight, one sees sharks and all sorts of fish attacking as well, but in this case it was simply a fight to the death between the two whales and this monster; there was no sign of blood on the water, which is a peculiar thing.

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The S. A. Business Man Criticised.

Johannesburg—Capetown—Durban: A Comparison.

By a Noted English Manufacturer.

The following notes have been written at the invitation of the Editor of the "S.A. Pictorial" by the head of a firm of British manufacturers who is at present visiting the Union. He has come in contact with both Government and private buyers and business men in all the centres and his impressions give us some idea of how we appear in the eyes of the business man who comes here from Great Britain.—Editor, "S.A.P."

It is no uncommon thing for a traveller, on returning from a short trip to a distant country, to pose as an authority on all things connected therewith, political, social, and economic, and to make speeches or write articles thereon which not only betray his ignorance, but arouse either derision or indignation among those really qualified to express an opinion on the subject. To forestall any such criticism, I wish to make it clear at the outset that the following notes merely record personal impressions, necessarily superficial, formed during a short visit to South Africa in the course of which I spent a little time in every important town in the Union. In no sense do I claim them as authoritative, beyond saying that I have heard many of them confirmed by other business men from home, and that I have from time to time visited many other parts of the world on similar missions.

The first thing that struck me, within a few hours of landing at Capetown, was my extraordinary ignorance of local conditions, coupled with the idea that the ignorance is very widely shared by other manufacturers at home. If one has any preconceived notions about the South African market, they are pretty sure to be more or less wide of the mark. One knows, before reaching Capetown, that the area of the Union is about half a million square miles, and the population about seven millions, of which a million and a half are whites. These figures are probably the basis upon which the home manufacturer builds his ideas of the South African market. Only consider the significance of this simple fact, and I feel sure it will largely explain the reason for that "extraordinary ignorance at home about South Africa," to which I have heard such frequent references during my trip. For look what the ordinarily-intelligent commercial man at home does—he compares these figures with those of other colonial possessions, and he sees that Australia has an area six times as large, with a considerably smaller total population, while in Canada there are about nine millions inhabitants in an area of nearly four million square miles. To be sure, in Australia they are all whites, and in Canada only a small proportion of blacks, but nevertheless he sees no very startling discrepancy between the apparent consuming capacity of the various Dominions. Of course, before I had been in South Africa half a day, I realised the fundamental inaccuracy of this point of view, and the necessity for reconstructing all my ideas: I grasped the fact that for nearly all practical purposes the population of the Union is, not seven, but one and a half millions, and that in a territory eight times as large as England there is a population less numerous than lives within ten miles of any one of the large manufacturing centres at home. This reflection was particularly applicable in my case, as my firm is not concerned in the manufacture of anything used or consumed by natives; but after all, I thought, here is a white population rather larger than there is in New Zealand, which is proportionately the best British market in the world, and why shouldn't South Africa buy on the same scale? It took me rather longer, but not much, to disabuse my mind of this possibility, which is nevertheless one that would appear not unreasonable to a stay-at-home Briton. In New Zealand you have a virile British population, *plus royaliste que le roi* in their anxiety to encourage trade relations with the Old Country, living in climatic conditions which stimulate social or commercial development on most up-to-date lines, and distributed over the country in numberless small but thriving towns, each the centre of a vigorous and progressive community. In South Africa, on the contrary, you have three large cities divided from each other by hundreds of miles of country very sparsely populated by Europeans, with a climate which, generally speaking, hardly encourages bodily or mental activity, and a large proportion of whose population is, at best, utterly indifferent to the claims or interests of British trade.

Another previously-held belief, in my own case traditional and still widely held in Great Britain, died a somewhat violent death before I had been long in the country: to wit, that there was a large proportion of well-to-do people eager to have the best of everything, and well able to afford it. From before the middle and right up to the very end of the nineteenth century we had regularly shipped to South Africa certain stable lines of a quality equal to anything of the kind bought either at home or elsewhere, and I can well remember being told, when I first entered the business, that South African specifications invariably demanded only this special quality. Alas! *Tempora mutantus.* To-day the most clearly defined impression upon the mind of a business visitor is that the one outstanding consideration in this country is that of *price*. And price, that is, apart from cost, because it is a truism that the cheapest article often proves in the long run to be the most expensive. I cannot venture an opinion as to the cause of this apparently short-sighted attitude, but there can be no doubt that its effect is detrimental to the interests alike of the people out here, and of the British manufacturers.

It is undoubtedly a fact that this widespread indifference to quality is fostered by the keen, not to say bitter competition between the distributing houses, who are only too ready to listen to the blandishments of any foreign manufacturers' agent however new and untried, provided he can offer a specially low price with which they can undercut a rival. In many an instance I was told by a merchant how he had snatched an order from a competitor by the acquisition of some specially cheap job lots, and later on I would hear the other side of the question, and be told by the defeated rival how impossible it was to stock any but the cheapest and worst quality of goods, and even then to secure a reasonable margin of profit. And so on, in an ever-widening vicious circle.

This attitude towards quality and prices is general throughout the Union, except in certain Government Departments, which know the value of the best, and take intelligent and effective steps to ensure that they get it. I prefer, however, to regard the Government Services as outside the scope of these notes. I will only say that one of my most pleasing impressions in South Africa was based upon the unvarying courtesy and attention accorded to me by each and every one of the numerous officials, British and Dutch, with whom I came in personal contact.

There is a vast difference in mental outlook discernible in the various cities of the Union. Johannesburg is unquestionably the most "alive," partly, no doubt, owing to the invigoration due to its altitude and climate, but chiefly because the town was born and bred, so to speak, in an atmosphere of speculative enthusiasm, traces of which are still apparent, which accounts for a certain readiness to assimilate new ideas and investigate new business possibilities. Capetown, on the other hand, is not only (to put it mildly) ultra-conservative, but it seemed to me that the business community there prided themselves on the fact. Over 120 years ago Admiral Pringle, at that time in command of the British fleet at Capetown, complained that the place was so stagnant that even the hens couldn't lay eggs, and perhaps, after all, there is a certain merit in maintaining old traditions. I have visited many countries both in the old and new hemispheres, and I am bound to say

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that I never before found any town where future commercial prospects appeared so disheartening. Durban is sound, solid, and quietly progressive. The usual battle between price and quality is being waged there, but the forces of the latter are not quite so hopelessly outnumbered, and there is an atmosphere of undemonstrative optimism which is agreeably reminiscent of home.

I must refer to one other point which, I think, has some bearing upon the present rather *laissez-faire* attitude of British manufacturers towards the Union, and that is the impression at home that South Africa is politically unsettled to an extent which lends an added risk to the development of business in a distant market. As far as I was able to judge, this fear is practically groundless; and personally I should not let it weigh with me in reaching decisions upon commercial questions. Politically speaking, of course, South Africa is not yet out of the wood, nor perhaps likely to be for many years to come, but I certainly got the impression that, whatever may be the racial difference between the extremists on both sides, the people as a whole are too hard-headed and fundamentally sensible to support a state of affairs which would seriously impair the commercial credit and future development of the country.

South Africa is a land of infinite possibilities, possibilities unlikely perhaps to take practical shape in the near future, but nevertheless worthy of the consideration of all serious-thinking people, and not likely to be ignored by anyone who has at heart the future development of colonial trade.

Bransby Williams.

One likes somehow to sum a great event up in a few short, crisp sentences. Thus one could sum up the visit of Mr. Bransby Williams to South Africa.

He is a great artist.

He is a great actor.

He has achieved great things in the theatres of Great Britain and those abroad.

His South African season opens at the Johannesburg Empire theatre on Monday, December the 22nd.

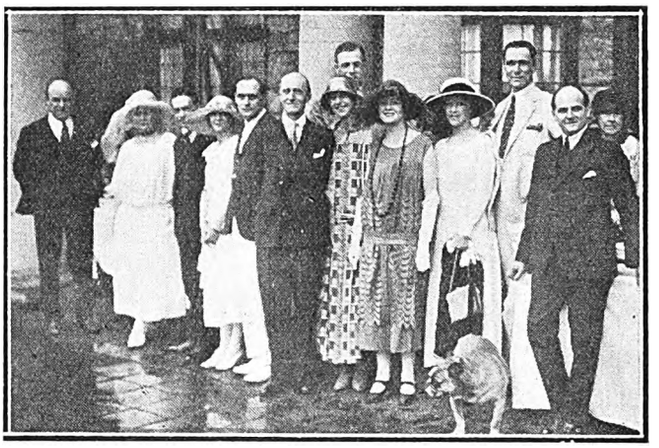
One might turn to the Australian magazine, *The Triad*, which has the reputation of being the coldest and cruelest and most critical, not only in Australia, but in the Empire, for a criticism of Mr. Bransby Williams' season in Australia. *The Triad* said:—

"*Australia has seen dozens of imitators of Bransby Williams. They have copied his make-up, his methods, and his repertoire. But now that the great man himself is here one realises how dismally his imitators have failed. This re-creator of Dickens's characters has the magical faculty of utterly suiting his intonation, enunciation, and even the timbre of his voice to the character he impersonates. As Montague Tigg, his voice is high-pitched, wheedling, and yet insolent; as Dan'l Peggotty, his tones are throaty; as Bill Sikes, malevolently hoarse; while as the Old Showman, whose false teeth have a precarious hold on his gums, the voice is again completely changed. Most actors—and Bransby Williams is an actor, in the first flight of actors—are never able to eliminate certain stock gestures and movements which appear in all their characterizations. In each sketch Bransby Williams loses himself and any idiosyncrasies that he may possess off the stage. That is merely as it should be; but how rarely do we see it done! His turn is vaudeville raised to a fine art.*"

Such a compliment from *The Triad* can be appreciated by anybody who knows how coldly critical this singular paper can be.

The *Montreal Gazette* said: "No more histrionic temperament than that of Bransby Williams has ever existed." Tributes have come to him from all parts of the world, and from all kinds of papers representing all kinds of people. And they have agreed in the tremendous fact that he is one of the greatest artists alive to-day. Johannesburg, like most sane cities, believes that the proof of the pudding is in the eating, and that the proof of an actor is in the hearing. On December 22nd the people of this city will have the opportunity of proving the genius of Bransby Williams, who holds a very exalted place in the modern theatre.

A Theatrical Garden Party.



Lady Dalrymple's Garden Party to Mr. Leon M. Lion and his Company was a tremendous success last Thursday. This is a snapshot of the Company with the hostess, Lady Dalrymple, on the left.

Mr. Peter Baxter picks a flower and Mr. Leon M. Lion looks on.

A Group of "Pioneers" were among the Guests.

Madam Lui Ngai, wife of the Chinese Consul-General, arrived in national costume.

[Photographs by T. Brittain.

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A Social Note Book.

By "Carrie."

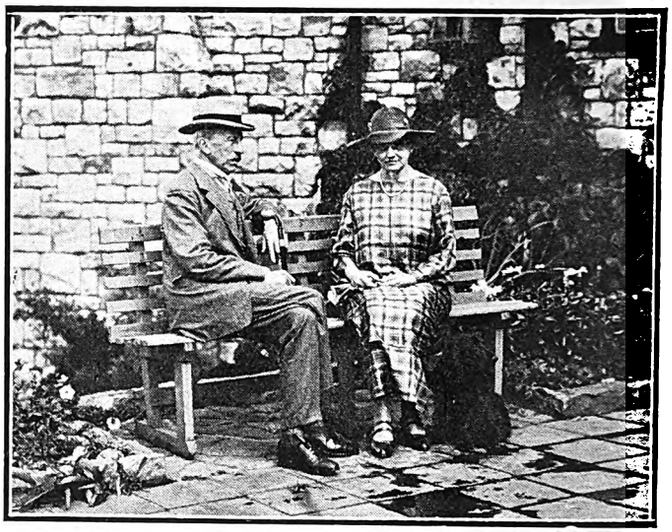
My mind is a muddle of funerals and Christmas. They're both very depressing, I suppose. I have just seen "The Mask and the Face" and the funeral scene has been haunting me (a rather plesant and amusing ghost) ever since. Of Christmas, well, my dears, it reminds one that one is a year older and that depresses one doesn't it? Back to the funerals! Really I can sympathise with that poor soul in the funeral scene of "The Mask and the Face." She had been up all night with the dye bucket, because she hadn't a black frock. I think it so catty of a woman to die when her friends haven't a black thing ready to wear. Funerals are not what they used to be. What with the bumpy roads and the dust, really, you hate the idea of your worst enemy dying. Of "The Mask and the Face," some of the frocks are very charming. Miss Kelly is, as ever, a ray of sunshine. She is the sort of woman women like, and that, believe me or believe me not, is saying a great deal. Because we *are* cats, you know. My editor says that women look at their fellow creatures over a saucer of milk.

It was not so much the cut or the style of the costumes of the women in the play that attracted me as here and there a surprising note. The glorious green of the feather fan Miss Kelly carried, the trimmings of platinum and turquoise on her gown with its famous girdle; the glint of shining shimmering gold with a long line of amber buttons worn by Miss Margaret Damer as Nina Zanotti; the "Madame Valentino" gown of Wanda Borelli with its quaint tight-fitting bodice and full skirt, most decorous and enticing mourning. A new note was struck by Wanda, Helen Coram, for her pink gown had full lace frills that began low at the elbow, where they were banded in roses and fell to the wrist, the upper part of the arm being bare. In our audiences lately I have noticed a surprising number of women wearing theatre hats and turbans; a nice revival to me. Everyone seems to be making up theatre parties nowadays. I saw Sir Evelyn Wallers there the other evening with Dr. and Mrs. R. P. McKenzie, Mr. and Mrs. Tillard, and Mr. and Mrs. James Neilson. Sir William and Lady Dalrymple brought Lady Milner, who seemed to enjoy the show very much. Now I want to tell you of the party Lady Dalrymple gave this week!

At Glenshiel.

Every time I go up the long drive at Glenshiel its beauty strikes me anew. It rained on Thursday, but still the gardens were charming. One saw the bright sparkling drops on the purple bouganvillia; there was the splendid scent from beds of old world lavender. Lady Dalyrmple greeted her guests in the drawing-room, where the flags of the Transvaal Scottish are placed by the side of the wide hearth stone in the home of the Colonel of the regiment. The grand piano was laden with the photographs of many Royalties who have been entertained at Glenshiel. The party was given in honour of Mr. Leon M. Lion and Miss Renée Kelly, and of course all the members of the company were present. Lady Milner was there in a black and white gown and black hat, and the hostess wore a white crepe de chine frock and a shady hat with a lace veil. Miss Kelly had chosen sunburn colour and looked very charming. Of course, I can't possibly tell you of all the well-known people who were there, but I had a chat with His Excellency the Chinese Consul-General, who brought his wife in a rich Chinese gown of grey brocade, with a black silk skirt, and he told me of his great admiration for Mr. Lion and said how much he had enjoyed the Marquis in the "Chinese Puzzle," with every detail so true to Chinese life. He had immediately gone to see the next play and had laughed all the evening. Lady Andersson was among the guests, in a fawn bouclette suit and large hat, and Mrs. Gustav Sonn, the centre of a merry group seated in and around a striped hammock, told me that the toys this year in London were marvellous, and that the newest craze was to buy a doll with several heads and arms that screwed on and off, so that they could change their heads—their minds—how feminine! Mrs. I. W. Schlesinger, who was with Mrs. Sonn, wore an attractive gown of champagne colour with net panels covered in narrow braid with a hint of colour; she had a Bankok hat with ospreys. Mrs. Petersen, the acting Mayoress, wore white georgette edged with black and hat to match.

Visitors to Johannesburg.



Lord and Lady Milner, in the grounds of "Glenshiel," where they have been the guests of Sir William and Lady Dalrymple.
T. Brittain, photographer.

Another Garden Party.

Next day there was another garden party, at the home of Sir George and Lady Albu. It is situated right on top of the ridge and from the windows and verandahs there is a wonderful view of the Zoo lake and the mountains. Her Royal Highness Princess Alice, who was attended by Lady Barbara Bingham and Captain Weld Forester, was received by Lady Albu, by Mrs. Karney, the wife of the Bishop of Johannesburg, and several other members of the committee, including Miss Florence McLeod, the hon. Secretary for the function, which, by the way, was in aid of the Irene House of Mercy. Then there came a long procession of old and young presenting purses for the fund, and little Betty McLeod presented a purse made by Mrs. J. R. Thurlow. Her Royal Highness wore an exquisite gown of tan colour and a hat to tone with ospreys at the side. Tea was served on the lawn and there were several stalls and sideshows that did a roaring trade.

At the Wanderers.

Have you ever heard your voice answering you back? That was the experience of the Minister of Defence, Colonel Creswell, at the Wanderers ground on Saturday afternoon, when 6,000 Cadets, headed by the Naval Brigades, assembled. Loud speakers had been installed and the Minister spoke into the microphone very earnestly. Back came always the last two or three words with the most curious effect. The echo at the Wanderers is known to most people, and I think the committee must be hoarding it up, for they never seem to try to alter it. The Governor-General took the salute, and in the Royal box I saw Sir William and Lady Dalrymple, Sir Llewellyn Andersson, Lady Milner, and Admiral Sir Rudolph Bentinck, who, with Lady Bentinck, has been staying at Government House in Pretoria. The previous evening, Sir Rudolph paid a surprise visit to the Drill Halls of the Wemmer Pan and Crown Mines units of the Witwatersrand Naval Brigades and saw the boys in blue being instructed. He was accompanied by Mr. E. G. Izod, President of the League in the Transvaal, Sir Llewellyn Andersson and Mr. J. Crosby, and spent several hours talking to the boys and men.

VISIT JANE PLOTZ PORTRAIT GALLERY, ART STUDIOS, THRUPP'S BUILDINGS.

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Rand Hunt Club.

In the course of a busy week-end, His Excellency the Governor-General found time to honour the Rand Hunt Club by joining their hunt on Sunday, mounted on one of the horses of the Master of the Hunt, Mr. C. A. Hadley.

Tennis and Turffontein.

Mr. Hadley is also the chairman of the Turffontein Tennis Club, which gave a delightful dance in the Selborne Hall this week, with pretty dark-haired Billy de Villiers, in a charming mauve gown, as the very efficient hon. secretary and organiser. Reginald and Edward Green, the well-known tennis players, were there and there was a bevy of pretty girls.

Back to the Christmas business! Personally, I feel so cold to-day . . . and it was hot yesterdey, that I am sure poor Father Christmas must be hating his proposed journey. I do hope that Mrs. Christmas (I trust that there is one, although I have heard this and that about the old man) provides him with warm woollens. I suppose he'll come down the chimney with his umbrella, the weather is so uncertain.

From the Cape.

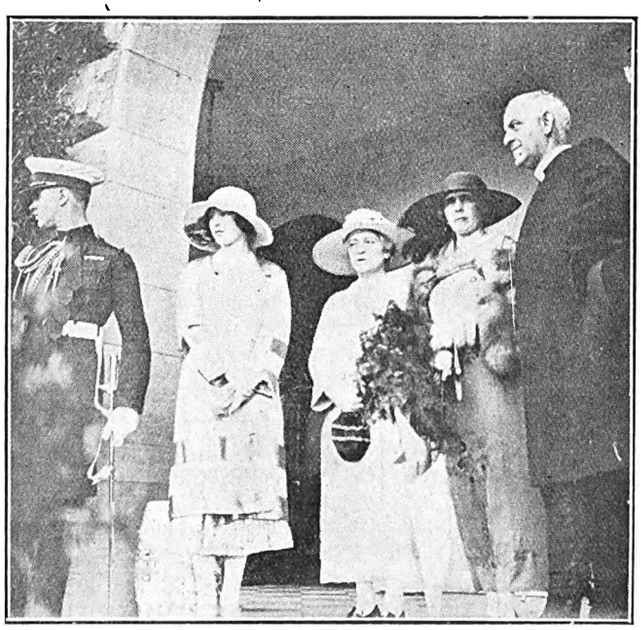
Such lots of things are happening round Christmas and New Year! One of the most ambitious functions will be staged by the 200 Club at the City Hall. The cabaret will start at 9 p.m. and finish at 4 a.m.—quite exciting for staid Capetown! And there are to be troupes of artists singing and dancing—"a revue show on a ballroom floor," as the secretary describes it.

A Ladies Orchestra.

In our part of the world we have many fine orchestras, but it is now threatened—pardon the harsh term—that we shall have one composed entirely of ladies, with Miss Raye Levin at the head. They are to start with four players and should become very popular. Capetown is the starting point for the innovation, as it was some years ago when a another enterprising feminine started a jazz band, which has alas! faded away.

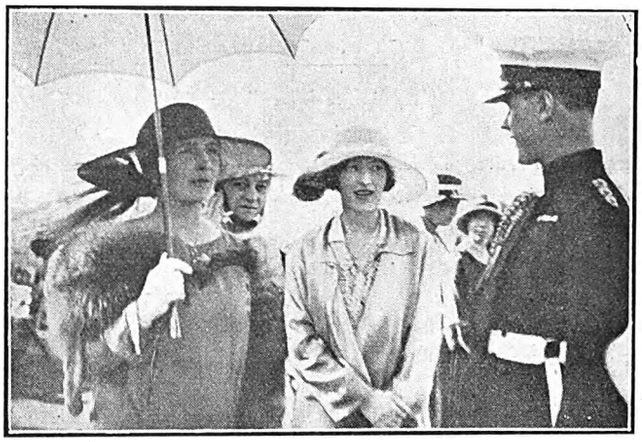
Miss Helen Webb.

Certainly Miss Webb is one of the most popular dancing teachers in South Africa and one of the finest. Capetown is justly proud of her work and always rallies round to her shows. This week she gave one—the Italian story of Harlequin and Columbine, in which fifty children took part. It was backed by the music of the Capetown Orchestra.

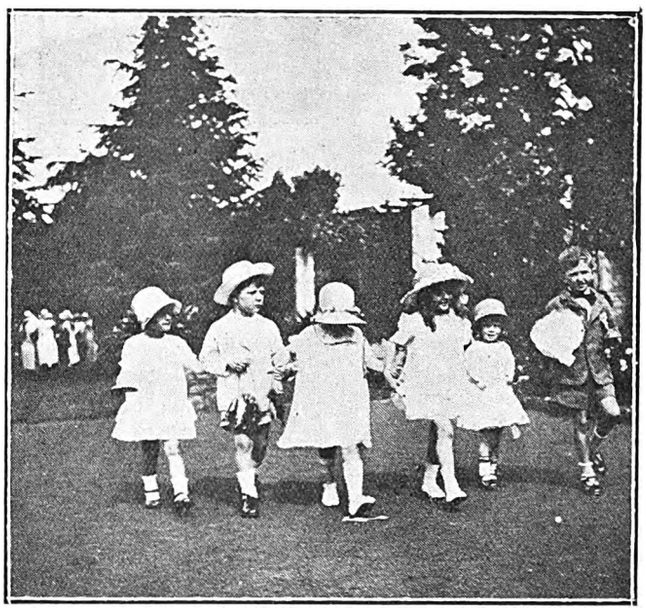


At the garden party given by Lady Albu for the Irene Home of Mercy on Saturday last. In the photograph, by African Films Productions, Ltd., are seen Capt. the Hon. Weld Forester, Lady Barbara Bingham, Lady Albu, H.R.H. Princess Alice, and the Very Rev. Wm. Palmer, Dean of Johannesburg.

Lady Albu's Garden Party.



H.R.H. Princess Alice, Lady Albu, Lady Barbara Bingham and Capt. the Hon. Weld Forester at the garden party given for the Irene Home of Mercy on Saturday.



Little girls who presented purses to H.R.H. Princess Alice for the Irene Home of Mercy last Saturday.

Capetown.

The Fairhaven Street Market was held in Capetown on Friday. Among well-known women assisting at the stalls were Mrs. de Villiers, Miss Maskew, Mrs. Foster, Mrs. Black and Mrs. Stokes. The latter ladies had a fish stall outside the station. Mrs. Chapman ran a flower stall by the Grand Hotel and did splendid business.

Technical College dances are always looked forward to, and the one held this week in the Banqueting Hall, under the dignified aegis of the Department of Commerce, was very well run. Mr. G. A. Hutchinson, head of the Department, was assisted by his wife, who wore a lovely black silk lace gown with a floral posy at the side, to receive the guests, and among those present were Mr. Hemer, the Principal of the College, with Mrs. Hemer in a cerise gown veiled in black lace.

Pretoria.

The Louis Botha Home had a most successful Pound Day this week, under the joint chairmanship of Sir Johannes van Boeschoten and Mrs. John Faure. The guests were received by the Matron, Mrs. van Vuuren, and the Secretary. Among the company I noticed Lady van Boeschoten, Mr. J. P. Jooste, M.P.C., and Colonel and Mrs. Joordan Jordaan.

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Motoring and Motor-cycling.

The Man on Your Left Has the Right of Way.
Remember - - Safety First.

By "Wire Wheel."

Triumph Wins Harley Shield.

On Sunday last the R.M.C.C. held a most successful team trial for the Harley-Davidson Shield. This was run off on the Alberton course, the distance being 176 miles. The weather was delightful and a stiff breeze, which blew from early morning, helped to dry the road after the soaking rains of the previous evening, which put the course in excellent order, and fast times were recorded.

MR. E. G. MURRAY
And his Harley-Davidson motor cycle on which he created records at Alberton, last Sunday, in the R.M.C.C. 176 Mile Team Trial for the Harley-Davidson Shield. Fastest lap, and record lap, 44 miles: 42 mins. 33 secs. Fastest times, and Record: 3 hrs. 7 mins. 28 secs. for 176 miles.

The first rider home was R. E. Green on a s.v. 350 c.c. A.J.S., who beat J. R. Berry, Triumph, by 3 seconds..

E. G. Murray, on a Harley-Davidson, put up a sensational performance, making fastest time for the third lap of 42 mins. 33 secs., which is a record, and also a record for the course of 3 hrs. 7 mins. 28 secs.

For the second year in succession, the Triumph team won the Shield with the following riders:—2nd, J. R. Berry; 3rd, A. H. Botting; 8th, J. Hodgkinson—a total of 13 points. The Harley-Davidson team were second, and Chater-Lea team third.

Green's A.J.S. was fitted with Hutchinson tyres, and those of the winning team with Dunlop cords.

Cape-Johannesburg Record.

Mr. H. P. Rose is not content to let the record, created by Mr. Van Rooyan on the Studebaker, last for long. On the 16th December Mr. Rose will leave Capetown on his Hupp, in which he created the previous record, in an attempt to make a record dash in time equal to the rail time. He will be accompanied as before, by Mr. Thorne.

The tit-bit going the rounds of Motor Town is the artful attempt to trade-in a second-hand car, on the agents of a well-known make. Recently the Government decided to discard certain cars which had honourable mileage to their credit. These were offered to the agents at a figure which they refused to entertain. The cars were sold by auction, and a few days later, with a coat of new paint, a buyer trotted one along and made an offer to trade-it-in at £100 for a new model. Needless, to say, there was nothing doing.

A marriage will take place this month, at Capetown, the contracting parties being the well-known motor-cycle rider, Mr. L. E. H. Hamerton, of the Cape Peninsula M.C.C., and Miss May, daughter of a well-known member of the same club.

Mr. Godfrey W. Volkwyn, who has been on an extended business tour, has returned after visiting the many motor manufacturing centres of England, the Continent and United States of America.

The Second South African T. T. Races.

On Tuesday next, entries close for the second S.A.T.T. races, which are to be held at Port Elizabeth on New Year's day and January 2nd, 1925.

The 350 c.c. class will start at 9 a.m. on January 1st, followed by the unlimited class at 2 p.m. In the former race, the cream of South African riders will contest the issue for the "Woolavington" Trophy. The Rand will be well represented, as I hear that Alf Long, I. H. R. Scott and Percy Flook are certain competitors, whilst others may enter if arrangements can be satisfactorily made for the necessary leave..

As the races this year are all scratch events, with no discrimination between side by side valve and o.h.v. machines, and held as championship events, there will be keen riding in the 350 and 600 c.c. classes. Many of the fast 350's will no doubt be seen competing in the 600 class, whilst it is quite possible one or two 350 and 600 c.c. machines will enter for the unlimited class.

Loader, Young, Cohen and Hall are likely entrants from Natal; Gill will not doubt enter from East London; Wilson, Moore, Gibson, C. W. Scott and Baby Scott, from Port Elizabeth. Capetown contingent will include J. W. du Toit and L. E. H. Hamerton, holders of the two trophies run off last year, and Bully may enter on the Royal Enfield. Bloemfontein may be represented in Mayhew and Robinson, with young Lambon doing service on a Norton.

Many new machines are on the way from overseas, some of which are reputed to be very fast. There's a Scott Squirrel, an o.h.v. camshaft Matchless, a rip snorting Norton, a perfect peach of a Douglas, A.J.S.'s galore, Royal Enfields, Triumphs, Harley-Davidsons and Indians. Most likely two B.S.A.'s will be entered, and a New Imperial, whilst in Natal it is rumoured a Brough Superior will make its first appearance in the unlimited class.

Both in riders and machines the second South African T.T. races will be the finest ever seen in Africa. The performance of the competitors and their mounts will be watched and results anxiously awaited by those who will not be fortunate enough to make the journey to the Bay at the end of the year.

Late entries, at an additional fee, will be accepted up until December 31st.

THE MERRIEST AND BRIGHTEST NIGHT OF THE YEAR.

African Theatres Cricket Club

Will hold their ANNUAL FANCY DRESS

CARNIVAL BALL

at the

WANDERERS HALL

ON

MONDAY, 15th DECEMBER

EVERYBODY THAT'S ANYBODY IN THE SOCIAL AND THEATRICAL WORLD OF JOHANNESBURG WILL BE THERE.

VALUABLE PRIZES FOR BEST COSTUMES. WONDERFUL ELECTRICAL EFFECTS, AND ALL MANNER OF NOVEL INNOVATIONS. THE JAZZ MANIACS (PERSONAL) WILL BE IN ATTENDANCE.

Tickets obtainable from all Theatre Managers, Members of the Committee and the Hon. Sec., Box 3647, Johannesburg.

YOUR PHOTOGRAPH? JANE PLOTZ WILL ADVISE YOU. ART STUDIOS, THRUPP'S BUILDINGS.

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"Outward Bound."

"Outward Bound" is to be produced at His Majesty's Theatre by Mr. Leon M. Lion and his players on Monday next. No play produced in London in recent years has created so much interest. It is a story of dead people who find themselves on the same ship bound for an unknown destination. Around this theme the author has written an enthralling story. It must not be thought, however, that the play is a gruesome one—the characters are just as human as one finds them in everyday life, and the same amusing situations occur, weaving themselves into bubbling comedy. All the well-known folk on board ship are present, going their little ways. But suddenly you realize that all these people are dead and that the ship is carrying them to the next world. The role of the steward, taken by Mr. Leon M. Lion, is one of the best character parts ever written. The show on Monday night will have all the elements of a London first night, as it is the first time Mr. Lion has produced the play, and the first time any of the members of his cast have played in it, although they were all starring or playing in shows in London when "Outward Bound" was produced and run for over a year.

The Inevitable Profiteer.

Many "Profiteer" stories comes one's way and some of them are very weak. But I think this is worthy of the attention of "the gentle reader."

He was a *real* Profiteer, with gold watch chains doing their best to restrain a real Profiteer stomach. He had bought a house of many rooms, set in many acres. He felt, however, that the gate was too simple. It needed a couple of statues to set it off, so he went to a dealer to make his purchase. "I want a couple of them there statues," he said. "One for each side of the gate, you know, a couple of them marble gods and godesses, Apollo on one side and Apolinaris on the other." *W.A.C.*

Capetown Amateurs.

Congratulations to the Capetown Amateurs, who celebrated their 21st birthday this week. As it should be, they are putting on "The Pirates of Penzance" and "Trial by Jury." I understand that since 1904 they have produced 34 different shows, among which are all the best known of Gilbert and Sullivan. And in handing them a bouquet, one must not forget Mr. N. R. Ingelby, who is not only one of the original members, but has been their musical director all through.

Men's Fashions.

Mr. Fashion, like the Dame of that ilk, had his varying moods and the modern man has to be quite as careful as his "weak life partner" in choosing his clothes. At the moment, Bond Street is dictating certain little changes which, as modern males, you should notice. Felt hats have bound edges no longer. They are worn with the ordinary cut edge, preferably in buff, with a band of the same colour. Curiously enough, Bond Street has cribbed the essentially colonial habit of turning the hat down to the front and up at the back. Double-breasted coats and double-breasted waistcoats with a straight waist-line are still correct. In spite of a great deal of apathy, the white waistcoat still holds its own with the dinner jacket, a fact which many South African Beau Brummels appreciate. Although so many shops show tucked dress shirts, they hold no dominion away from the suburbs where they belong.

W.A.C.

Laurie Devine

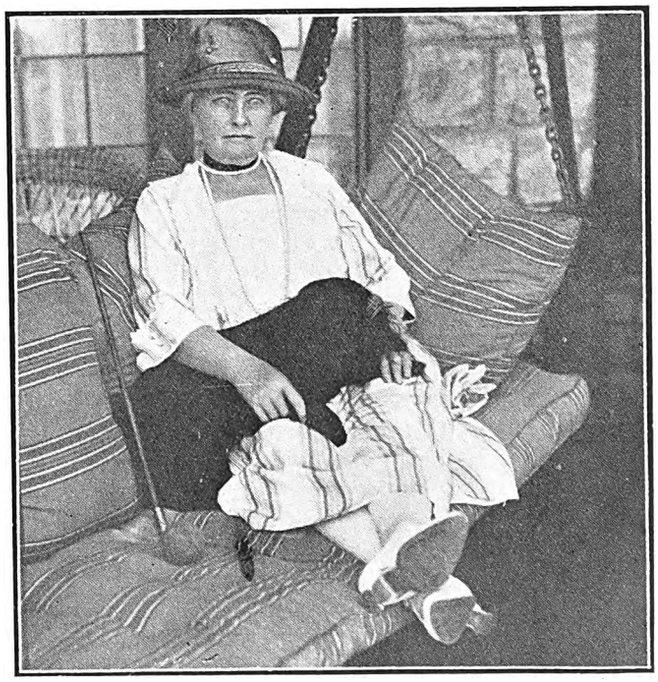
Prince's Restaurant has a new cabaret. It is a bustling, restless affair, full of pep and go and not very humorous. The best turn was that of Laurie Devine, an eccentric acrobatic dancer of remarkable agility and cleverness. She was born in Australia and has danced in public ever since she was six, and has appeared in strange parts of the world—Fiji, Hawaii, Cuba, Mexico, and speaks very happily of her tour in South Africa a little while ago.

P. T. London.

A Capetown Garden Party.

A successful charity garden party was held in the grounds of Mr. and Mrs. Stuttaford's home in Capetown last week.

Mrs. Fairbridge's stall on the stoep.



A recent snapshot of Lady Dalrymple, the popular Johannesburg hostess.

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THE WEEK.
—
PARAGRAPHED
and
PHOTOGRAPHED.

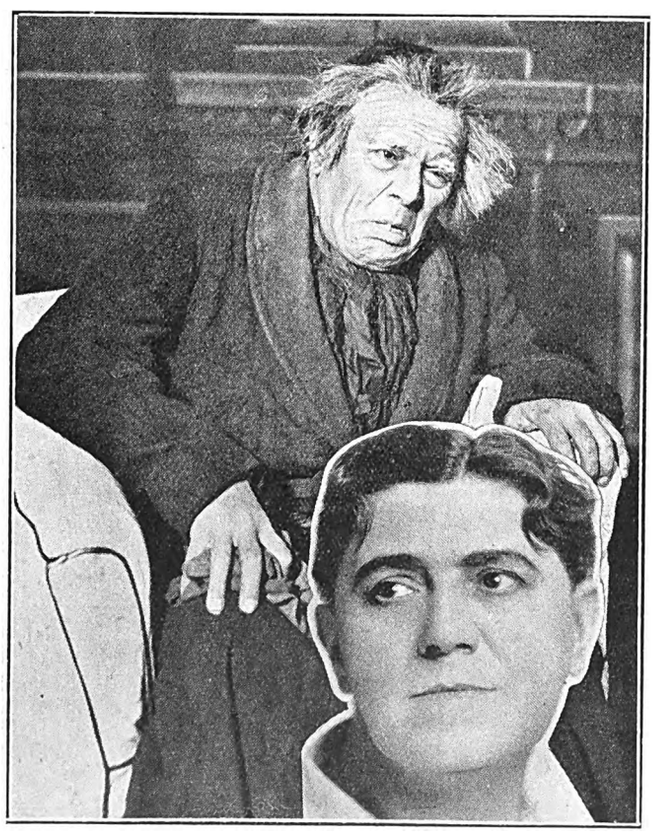
A Golden Wedding.

Mr. and Mrs. Henry Adler, who will celebrate their golden wedding on December 29.

Without offence to friends or foes,
I sketch your world exactly as it goes.

Swearing at Tennis.

There has been a question raised in sporting circles—Should players swear in tennis? Suzanne Lenglen, when questioned in France the other day, thinks that the complaint against swearing at tennis is overdone. One is inclined to agree. Crowds of people who play games—especially hard games—curse softly to themselves. One has heard rowing men, on whom physical strain is especially severe, do a course to the accompaniment of oaths which would appal a navvy or a drover. It is like the dentist's chair. One is surely entitled to swear there—especially when the drill comes down. But perhaps we should not take Suzanne's testimony, for if she swears, she does it in French, and that, somehow, always seems so much less heinous, don't you think? *T. P. London.*



Bransby Williams, the great character actor, who opens at the Empire, Johannesburg, on December, 22.

Madame Opperman-Urquhart.

Madame Kate Opperman-Urquhart is having a very busy time in London, singing at the Palladium, Kingsway Hall, Aeolian Hall, Steinway Hall, Mortimer Hall, and at Leighton House. Those of us who know her and have heard her sing will realize that we could not possibly have had a better representative than Madame Opperman when she broadcasted on Empire Day, to the delight of thousands. Charity concerts have, as ever, found her willing and ready to assist, and lately she gave her services to a matinee at the Savoy Theatre for the Brighton Diamond Cutters, a concert attended by Princess Mary. At Wembley she had the honour of singing before Princess Arthur of Connaught and Princess Marie Louise.

Little Nellie Kelly.

"Little Nellie Kelly," the sparkling revue, will be revived at the Empire Theatre, Johannesburg, on Monday next. Thus, we will be able to say good-bye to one of the most successful of the lighter musical shows that has been here for some years. "Little Nellie Kelly" is a banquet of music, dancing and humour. It pleases the eye, pleases the ear and satisfies one's sense of humour. Johannesburg already knows all there is to know about "Little Nellie Kelly," and this short season, in which she will make her salaams to audiences here, will no doubt be an echo of the great success that came when the play was first introduced some months ago.

On With the Dance!

The African Theatres carnival at the Wanderers' Hall on December 15th will be a carnival in the brightest and most happy sense of the word. The Jazz Maniacs are to supply the music, prizes will be distributed for the best fancy dress costumes under six headings, and the English cricketers with the Honourable Lionel H. Tennyson will attend. It seems that from the programme that the dancing will be under the most happy conditions, for, in addition to the fact that the floor and the band are of the best, the valuable prizes will be one for the best dressed lady and gentleman, one for the best advertisement, one for the most original lady and gentleman, one for the most humorous lady and gentleman, one for the best couple, and one for the best group, limited to six persons. With the English cricketers adding a bright note to the company, the lure of colour and costumes, it should not be very difficult for the promoters to sell the tickets, which, by the way, are on sale at the Carlton Booking Office or any of the local theatres. They can also be obtained from the honorary secretary, Post Office Box 3647. Double tickets are 15s., and single tickets are 10s. 6d.; extra lady's tickets, 5s. Dancing will start at 8.15 and go on until 2 a.m.

KODAK SNAPS ENLARGED AND PAINTED BY JANE PLOTZ, ART STUDIOS, THRUPP'S BUILDINGS.

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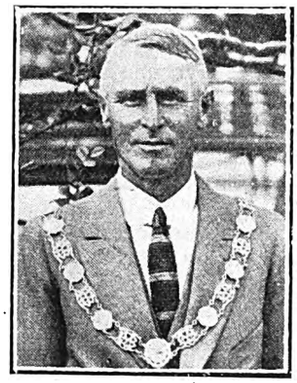
SIR HARRY GRAUMANN,
President of the Hebrew Order of David, which gave such a successful ball December 3.

MR. MICHAEL ARLEN,
Whose novel, "The Green Hat," is one of the most entertaining among the recent books.



MR. E. MURTON,
The Mayor of Boksburg.

THE MAYORESS OF BOKSBURG.
See letterpress below.

"Duggie Never Owes."

What reader of the British papers has never seen the advertisement in bold type "Duggie Never Owes," followed by *John Bull's* opinion of the straightforwardness of the bookmaking of Douglas Stuart? I myself have often wondered at the identity of this honest fellow and I was, to say the very least, surprised when I met him in Capetown on Tuesday. The secret is now out. "Duggie" is Mr. S. Freeman, a conventional looking man, quietly dressed, and looking nothing like the "big noise" in a business that spends, on his own reckoning £75,000 a year on advertising.

I put it to him that he had come to teach South Africans what it is like never to owe. "There's no need of that," he said. "I believe South Africans to be as prompt as the people of any nation with the payment of their gambling debts." He is an old Capetonian, having lived here as an employee of a firm of wine merchants.

Boksburg's Mayoral Chain.

The Mayor and Mayoress of Boksburg, Mr. and Mrs. E. Murton, are photographed at the top of this page. Mr. Murton has the distinction of wearing the first chain of office as Mayor of Boksburg. It was made from gold from the E.R.P.M., Witwatersrand, and Wit. Deep Mines. Mr. P. G. Meredith, of Eloff Street, Johannesburg, made the chain, which weighs twenty-five ounces. It is about four feet long and is valued at two hundred pounds.

Mailboat Day at Capetown.

London on a foggy November morning, when buses crawl and tempers are short, is one of the most miserable places I know. That is probably the reason for the unusually large number of tourists on the "Arundel Castle" that arrived in Capetown this week.

It was essentially a mailboat of tourists and pioneers, among the pioneers being Sir David Harris and Sir Abe Bailey both of whose visits to Europe have been short.

Looking up at the promenade deck as the ship was being brought alongside I recognised many familiar faces in the great crowd—there must have been nearly six hundred—of passengers. There were, for instance, Mr. Solly Joel's two sons, who, almost at the last minute had to sail without their father. From what they told me it seems extremely probable that the health of Mrs. Joel will keep the Rand pioneer in England at least until next year.

BEACHCOMBER.

The Iron Peer.

Lord Glanusk, "the iron peer" as he is known in England, with Lady Glanusk, and the Earl of Sefton were passengers by the "Arundel Castle." Lord and Lady Glanusk told me they were bound straight for the Falls. The Earl of Sefton is to stay with Sir Abe Bailey.

Vaudeville in Capetown.

The return to vaudeville after the end of "The Rising Generation" at the Tivoli was enthusiastically welcomed.

Frank Fay, with his "little lady from Dixie" who tops the bill arrived from England with Sanders on Monday. Sanders believes the best thing he ever did was to run away from home. It was to go on the stage that he ran away. For a time he was penniless. His hopes were very low when he wrote "On the Road to Anywhere," a song which, however, at once brought him fame and success which has never left him. In musical circles of the Peninsula the talk this week has been all of the forthcoming concert of Joel Myerson, the South African tenor, who is to sing in the City Hall, assisted by such artists as Miss Helen Chiappini, Ellie Marx and Victor Hely-Hutchinson. It is often enough too tragically true that a prophet—or a singer, for that matter—is without honour in his own country, and we have had examples of this in Capetown.

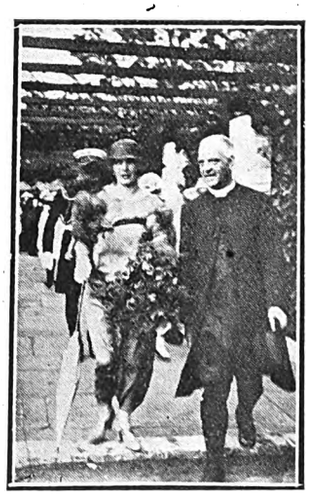
Mr. Myerson, however, appears to be the inevitable exception. There are few here that would deny that he has a fine voice and that his tour of Australia in grand opera will be a success. He showed me a cable this week from his British theatrical agent which read: "Cable when returning. Ireland clamouring to hear you again."

Cleaning Capetown.

This week may fairly be called Capetown's "clean-up" week. Not only have the minds of our City Fathers been gravely agitated by a vigorous newspaper campaign against the early morning meat and fruit markets, which medical men have pronounced "filthy" and a "disgrace," but that very important street—St. George's Street—has been "up."

A Woman Councillor.

The meat market scandal, including assertions of filth where the meat is handled that are almost unbelievable, created such an outcry that the Mayor, Mr. R. J. Verster, hurriedly called a special meeting and confirmed an action of Mrs. Walsh—our only woman councillor—who as Chairlady of the Markets Committee had already started a clean-up campaign.



H.R.H. PRINCESS ALICE AND THE DEAN OF JOHANNESBURG
At Lady Alby's garden party.

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A London Letter.

Christmas—Russian Ballet and Circus—People and Places.

By Pamela Travers.

108, *New Bond Street, London, W.1. Nov.* 20.

Christmas is abroad in the land—she comes knocking at our doors with insistent fingers and we, perforce, take out our savings from the old stocking which hangs half way up the chimney to see how much we can spend on presents.

Santa Claus is to be found in nearly every London street. I saw him the other day standing on the edge of a banana-barrow on Ludgate Hill. There he stood, very small, very grimy with most of his white beard gone, but still he was the merriest thing within sight. In his hands he bore a miniature sack which, had it been suddenly opened, would have been found to contain a store of delights.

Later in the day I saw him, grown miraculously larger, stalking along the Strand advertising a new hair dye. To such shameful uses do they put the beloved man!

I see him in every toy department—he is absolute monarch there. In some he stands at the entrance to magic caves, which even Aladdin would have appreciated; in others he sits in a huge sleigh, which is banked up with a freight of wonderful toys—doll-ladies dressed in satin garments, feathered hats and real kid gloves, cats that play fiddles when you wind the little screws in their backs, clockwork steamers and trains that will run for ten minutes at least, balloons, trumpets, everything that the heart of a child could possibly place among its dearest dreams.

Oh, yes, and we had our first fog the other day. Oh, the greyness of it—pitch dark at twelve o'clock midday and every light in London switched on to its fullest power. One could only discover other humans by hearing the hacking coughs which came through the mist, or the occasional bawling of a policeman as he perilously directed the traffic.

Even the Queen has begun her Christmas shopping, and in one shop bought several of the new rubber dolls which are made to resemble elongated young men about town, painted in jazz colours, and they take their top-hats off when you squeeze them in the middle.

Russian Ballet and Circus.

The Russian Ballet is due here within the next few days, to add to the Christmas festivities. They will dance "The Conqueror Lover" and the "Blue Train" at the Coliseum, to the music of Darius Milhaud, who, you must know, is the most advanced French composer. The proper thing to do when French music is mentioned is to throw up one's hands and exclaim with reverence and a long sigh, "Ah, Milhaud!" Then you know you've done the right thing.

But that's not all—oh, dear no! I haven't told you about the Circus yet. That, too, is coming very shortly. And there is a movement abroad to provide London with a continuous circus. That sounds very splendid from London's point of view, but one wonders how the circus people will like it. The caravaning and the constant moving from place to place is surely breath in the nostrils of Joey and the lovely lady in tights who swings by her teeth from a trapeze and the little girl in the ballet skirt who jumps through hoops perilously but always alights on the back of the horse with dainty safety—all these merry folk will surely rise in wrath if they have to stay in grey London for twelve months out of the year. Three hundred and sixty-five days in London *mais terrible!* Anyway, we shall see. It will be good to see the prancing white horses pirouetting in the ring again and see the baby elephant count up to ten with its foot. There is surely nobody in the world who has not at some time of their lives thought the circus a very excellent reproduction of heaven.

"Our Hospitality."

Buster Keaton and Natalie Talmadge in "Our Hospitality," opening at the Orpheum on December 22. It is said to be one of the best comedies ever screened.

The most learned boy at the moment in England is a youth of Liverpool, who, though he is only twelve, has qualified for residence as an undergraduate at Oxford University. But he is at least four years too young, so they are trying to teach the prodigy to play and be young for a few years before he goes up.

People Who Pass.

Amongst those who left by the "Arundel Castle" last week were Lord and Lady Glanusk, Mr. and Mrs. J. Andrew Cohen, Mr. R. H. Wisely, Sir Abraham Bailey, The Earl of Sefton, Colonel Sir David Harris, Major M. H. Milner, M.V.O., D.S.O., Mr. H. J. van der Bijl, M.A., and Mr. and Mrs. Tracey and their children.

Passengers by the "Balmoral Castle" to-morrow include Dr. M. L. and Mrs. Aronson, Mr. and Mrs. J. Austin, Colonel R. Colling-Wells and Mrs. Colling-Wells, the Hon. R. O. Edwardes, Consul and Mrs. H. M. Lakin, Captain A. A. J. Pople, Sir P. Stewart-Bam, Mrs. Wilson and Miss M. Wentzel Wilson.

Mr. and Mrs. Oswald Cox and their daughter arrived in London last Sunday by the s.s. "Diogenes," after a six months' visit to the Union and Rhodesia.

The newly-appointed Vice-Consul of the Netherlands at East London is Mr. J. Bicolay. Mr. A. Goudswaard, jun., has been similarly appointed at Port Elizabeth.

The Royal Mail steamship takes Colonel C. N. French, Assistant Director of the Empire Cotton Growing Corporation, for a tour in East Africa and India.

Mr. Eugene C. van Wijk, formerly Secretary to General Hertzog, has at last arrived in New York, where he intends studying economics and political economy in the Columbia University.

Lady Ryan sailed in the "Briton" for South Africa, where she will spend the winter months away from England. Her son and daughter-in-law, Mr. and Mrs. Gerald Ryan, accompanied her.

The following actually happened this week—for I heard it. I went into a small shop in the New Cut to get some fruit, and I heard the proprietor of the emporium say to his youthful assistant:

"'Erb, I want you to close the shop to-night. I'm going to the Old Vic."

And said 'Erb: "Yes, sir, to see the 'Merry Widder,' I suppose."

When I tell you that Shakespeare is being played at the Old Vic, you will readily understand how amusing it was to hear 'Erb confusing the 'Merry Widow' with the bard's "Merry Wives."

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Auditorium Etiquette.

By Nat Madison

Above everything, arrive late, and allow your lady partner to precede you to the stalls by at least a minute while you obtain a programme. This provides you with a ceremonial entrance all to yourself.

Don't sit down too hurriedly, but take a leisurely survey of the audience, as there might be a friend of yours among them bursting to catch your eye at that particular moment.

When you do sit down, it is a rather good thing than otherwise if your lady companion's cloak gets caught in your seat, as this permits you to draw yourself up, impressing those in the rear with your solidity, exploding the fallaciousness of the notion of "seeing through people."

If it is a Sullivan opera or a musical play with which you are well acquainted, hum the airs loudly enough for your immediate neighbours to hear, but not loud enough to attract the attention of the officials. It will convince your neighbours that you are an habitue and a few other things as well.

Preserve your friend from any element of surprise. If your memory serves you well, you should be able to keep her audibly informed on everything that is coming, and if your enunciation is clear you should be heard at the back of the stalls and sometimes, in tense moments, on the stage itself.

To forestall the actor in his lines is laudable, but to anticipate every situation and climax, which can be retailed during the duller moments of the piece, is to set upon yourself the hallmark of knowledge. Other marks and remarks may be avoided by hurrying out for a drink and a cigarette just before the interval.

If you know anything of the antecedents and habits of any particular actor, take pity on those around you and let them have the full benefit of every biographical detail which you think the actor would like them to know. This will, beyond any shadow of doubt, stamp your personality on your audience.

A gratifying thing to the man in front of you is to keep the time of the music with your foot on the back of his seat, if possible on one of the springs, which will better vibrate the tune into his system.

Don't ever leave your coat and hat and stick in the cloak room; place them under any convenient seats, and just before the curtain comes down on the climax strike matches to better locate the position of your hat.

Losing the programme is a good game; this is great fun and any number can play for an indefinite period, providing some spoil-sport doesn't insist on giving you his.

When a pathetic crisis has been reached—on the stage—(the crisis in the auditorium may well keep till late) and the mother is about to make her confession in a small, faint voice, then is the moment, if ever, to blow your nose and free yourself of that troublesome tickling in the throat.

During the interval, do not forget to relate clearly what a rotter the hero is in real life and mention, if you think of it, that you have seen this play under another name and presumably by another author ten years previously.

If you do happen to strike another acquaintance before he strikes you, there is nothing more delightful than to wedge yourself with him in one of the exits and talk until public pressure becomes too great—you might then give way, but continue your conversation with him across three rows of stalls.

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Racing Notes.

Narrow Gauge a Good Colt: "Handicap Notes."

By "Onlooker."

Guineas Day at Benoni.

The first of the classics, run over the Benoni Mile, was decided on Saturday last. It turned out a rather tame race. From the time the Capetown pair, Royal Attendant and Narrow Gauge, arrived on the scene the Guineas was generally voted to be a match between the two. Narrow Gauge had the better credentials as a stayer, but seeing Royal Attendant just before coming to the Rand had won in good company over seven furlongs, few doubted his ability to see out an extra furlong to this on the Benoni course. Royal Attendant was always favoured and started at 5 to 4. This was strange in view of the cramped, not to say groggy, action exhibited by Delaney's colt going to the post. As one experienced racing man expressed it, "Royal Attendant went down like a tired dog." It is quite certain any favourite going as short in a preliminary at headquarters as did Royal Attendant at Benoni would speedily have lengthened in price. The running showed all was not well with Royal Attendant: he really disgraced himself, at no stage of the race flattering his backers to the slightest extent. On the other hand, Narrow Gauge, from the outset treading on the heels of the leaders, came away with the race in hand a couple of furlongs from home, and passed the post two lengths in advance of Catalan, Merry Legs, just returned from Durban, being less than a length behind Sir Abe Bailey's gelding.

Narrow Gauge, by Brown Ronald from Railette, by Catrail, was rather mean looking as a yearling and was disposed of for the small sum of 75 gns. He did not come to hand until the back end as a two-year-old. In the early part of the season he was several times out of place behind Royal Attendant when the latter was giving weight all round. This season Narrow Gauge has established a really good record and, after his attractive showing in the Guineas, looks to have a chance second to none for the Derby. Indeed, Royal Dance would appear to be the only one standing in the way of Mr. George Marcus's colt capturing the chief classic.

Mr. Forbes, who bred Narrow Gauge, has an own brother to the Guineas winner to be disposed of at the yearling sales.

The fancied runners for the chief Handicap at Benoni—these being Magicienne, Dark Brown and Precept—failed badly, and the spoils went to Medeboeler, quite a recent purchase of Mr. Alf. Beatt. The owner did not gamble on the gelding, but expected him to do well with the course seven furlongs. And Medeboeler did do well, for he won very easily from Culmstock. Precept, third, did not give his best running. A note might be made of another race at Benoni. Carrying 7st. 8lb. and backed against the field, Thankful, who is in the Derby, won the mile Boksburg Handicap. Thankful had to be ridden out to win and the performance did not compare with that of Narrow Gauge.

The Summer Handicap.

There have been no defections from the Summer Handicap during the past week and most of the more discussed candidates are reported to be working to the satisfaction of their trainers. One that has recently come into favour is Surprise Sauce. When the weights were issued his owner, Mr. Rowe, was inclined to think as highly of the chance of his more lightly weighted Princess Alice, but the third in the last Summer Handicap—he has the same weight this time as he had when Cesarevitch won—has been doing so well that he has high hopes of Surprise Sauce being there or thereabouts on the 20th. And if, as reckoned, he is an improved horse to what he was a year ago he should take a lot of beating.

Oriel is undergoing a very solid preparation and is pleasing the touts; and so is Desert Gold. From what one hears, Fabaris is standing up to his work in such fashion that he will be a thoroughly fit horse on the day. The coming of Wonder into the betting market suggests that the White Lodge candidate is doing well.

A Veteran Gone West.

The death of Mr. H. F. Seale, of Capetown, leaves a big blank in racing circles in the Peninsula. Controlling as he did the biggest racing establishment in the Province, the late Mr. Seale could be regarded as perhaps the most successful owner-trainer in the land. For the past decade his name has invariably appeared each season in the first half-dozen of winning owners—he headed the list last season—and the stable has always been regarded as a good one to follow. Most of the horses that raced in Mr. Seale's colours were leased; a goodly percentage of them having previously carried Sir Abe Bailey's livery. The late Mr. Seale had reached the allotted span; he had been ailing for some months before death came as a relief to his suffering.

The Dingaan's Day Meeting.

Rather unexpectedly, Will's Maid and Flossey were not accepted for the Dingaan's Day Handicap at the P. and G. Meeting. The first-named has certainly failed to show to advantage when tried over mile courses, and a mile is the distance to be compassed on Tuesday next, and the owner has probably decided to reserve the mare for short cuts. Flossey last time out won at a mile; it is evident she is not considered good enough for the company she would have to meet. That company includes several well-accredited ones from Durban; and a very full-sized galloway in imported Feather from Capetown. Two of the Durban little lot, Rippling Loo and Romelia, are stable companions, and there is a growing impression that one of these charges of Ryan will carry off the stake. Rippling Loo has not yet scored at a mile, but Romelia has. There is nothing of the pedigree unknown about these two. They are both in the stud book. It is indeed interesting to note that it was the dam of Romelia, Romedia, who all but dead-heated with Abelard for that great sprinter's Johannesburg Handicap. One inclines to Romelia of Ryan's pair. Done Up has won at a mile and Sandboy beyond that distance at Durban. They do not have races confined to ponies and gallowayes at the Cape. Feather then has been running in open company and, though the imported filly of Marcus's has not scored this season, she won twice last season over long courses. The invaders must have a big say for the Turffontein

(Continued on page 20.)

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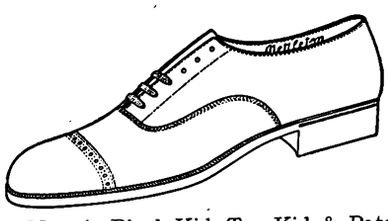

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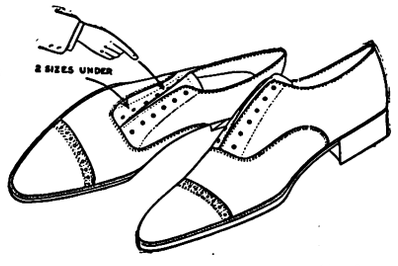

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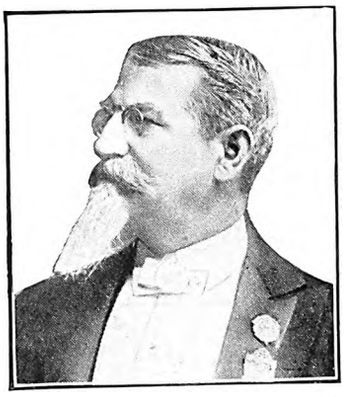

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Racing Notes.

(Continued from page 18.)

Dingaan's Day prize. The most formidable opposition may come from Auditory, Mifanwy, who only occasionally runs well, and Paper Fan, the last-named having the same weight (6st. 3lb.) she had when running second to Brown Bess a year ago. To anticipate the result, I place

RYAN'S SELECTED 1
FEATHER 2
AUDITORY 3

Selections for minor events on Dingaan's Day:—

12.10.—Galloway Handicap, "B," 1 mile.
Wilette 1, Royal Dance 2, Garboard 3.

12.15.—Pony Handicap, "C," 5 furlongs.
Relief 1, Hussy 2, Wilsan 3.

1.45.—Galloway Handicap, "C," 5 furlongs.
Bellman 1, Great Karroo 2, Sierard II. 3.

2.30.—Pony Handicap, "A," 6 furlongs.
Will's Maid 1, Lettie 2, Koodoo 3.

4.—Galloway Handicap, "A," 6 furlongs.
Happy Venture 1, Roman Girl 2, Dark Lady 3.

4.40.—Pony Handicap, "D," 6 furlongs.
Our Princess 1, Radio 2, Neptuna 3.

5.20.—Pony Handicap, "B," 1 mile.
Desmonia 1, Tamworth 2, Cornstack 3.

The Germiston Fixture.

The sport at Germiston this week-end promises to be very interesting, seeing many engaged at the big Turffontein meeting are down to compete. There are quite a number of Summer Handicap horses in the principal race, including Sproule's pair, Currency and Jungle Call. The race for the Germiston Handicap therefore should be an illuminating one. Selections:—

12.30.—Stewards Plate, 5 furlongs.
Illustrious 1, Volcanic Rock 2, Fighting Fusilier 3.

1.10.—December Handicap, "A," 1¼ miles.
Thankful 1, High Society 2, Carry On 3.

1.50.—Simmer Handicap, "C," 6 furlongs.
Dark Purple 1, Queen of the Karroo 2, Polyrose 3.

2.30.—December Handicap, "B," 1 mile 3 furlongs.
Lord Bronte 1, Hamlet 2, Permintor 3.

3.10.—Germiston Handicap, 1 mile.
Sproule's selected 1, Prince Orb 2, Weale's selected 3.

3.50.—Simmer Handicap, "B," 5 furlongs.
The Woods 1, Classicus 2, Trotsky 3.

4.30.—Simmer Handicap, "D," 7 furlongs.
Toddler 1, Polyvivian 2, Sir Frederick 3.

5.10.—Simmer Handicap, "A," 6 furlongs.
Precept 1, Brown Bess 2, Jubilant II. 3.

GERMISTON RACES

Saturday, December 13,

8 RACES 8

FIRST RACE AT 12.30 p.m. LAST RACE AT 5.10 p.m.
Double Tote on 4th and 5th Races.

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next week

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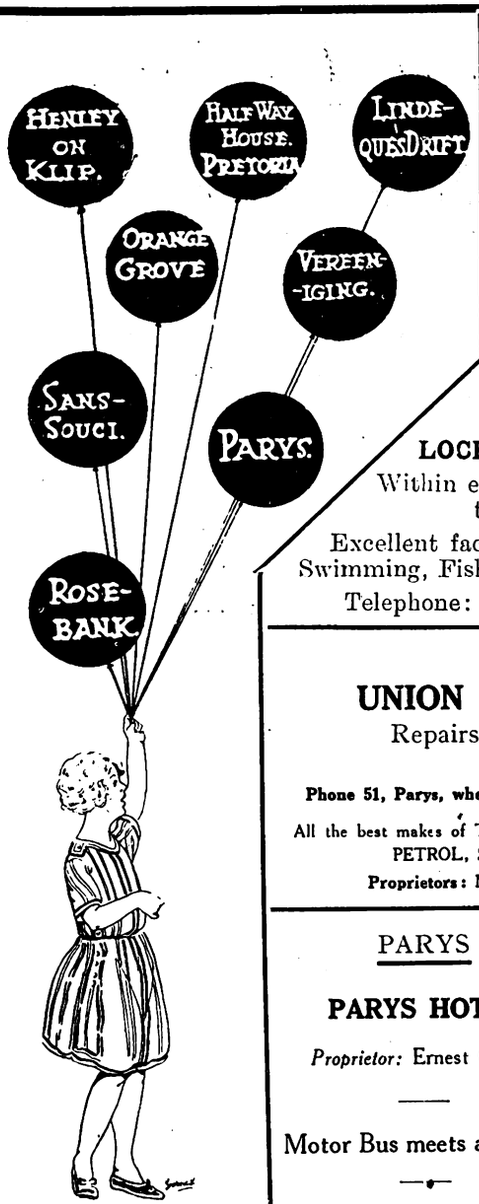

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On the Rialto.

By Antonio.

JOHANNESBURG, Tuesday afternoon.

Quite a big market has developed in Transvaal Consolidated Lands, the 10s. shares of which were dealt in at 27s. before High 'Change, an improvement of half-a-crown on the week. Transvaal Gold Mining Estates, which I have frequently pointed out was a cheap share around 11s., possessing both merit as a dividend-payer and prospects, were also favoured, if less aggressively and voluminously, up to 14s. on possession of farms said to be in the neighbourhood of recent platinum discoveries. Activity in "land" shares extended to Lydenburgs at 3s. 6d.—3s. 9d., and "Sallies" at 4s. 4d., prices which reflect little or no advance.

Government Areas are again 152s. 6d., while Modders and City Deeps make for 85s. and 70s. respectively. The good profit for November has infused a little activity into Crown Mines, which are a sixteenth better at 56s. 9d., as are Main Reefs at 15s. 1½d. We appear to be getting a number of "split-tickey" prices by the way, which looks like ultra professionalism. Thus, Lydenburgs 3s. 7½d., Modder East 18s. 4½d., Randfonteins 20s. 1½d. (weakish on dividend uncertainties), and Simmers 3s. 5½d.

The actual returns of output and profits for the month fully confirm the predicted shrinkage, though there are one or two exceptions which serve to prove the rule. For example, "Modder" did quite brilliantly, as, though its crushing was 6,000 tons "down," its profit was as good as for October, the £164,350 being the best result shown this year. As costs were the same and the price of gold lower, obviously recovery was higher; as a matter of fact it easily topped 10 dwt., which is rather on the high side. In rather sharp contrast is the showing of the Far East's other great mine, Government Areas, whose £175,400 represented a drop of nearly £35,000. How did this come about? To begin with, there was a drop of 14,000 tons in quantity milled, but the total expenditure was only £4,000 less than in October, which means that "costs" were a shilling a ton higher. Government Areas' superiority over "Modder" was only about a quarter what it was in October.

Despite the virtual disappearance of the currency premium on gold, Crown Mines in a short month (which, however, did not affect its crushing) was able to make a profit equivalent to a comfortable million a year, while low-grade Randfontein made £50,000 for the month.

How the drop in gold to practically standard has hit some of the low-graders will be realised when it is stated that five of them—Ferreira, Geldenhuis, Nourse, Modder East and Wolhuter—made less than £13,500 from the crushing of 215,000 tons. What "little ice" the premium now cuts is demonstrated by the fact that important mines like Brakpan and Springs each secured only about £1,650 from this source. The month was rather one of accidents and inconveniences. Simmer and Jack reports a breakdown at the Rhodes shaft, West Springs' tonnage was affected by stoppages in electric power supply, while City Deep had a skip derailment.

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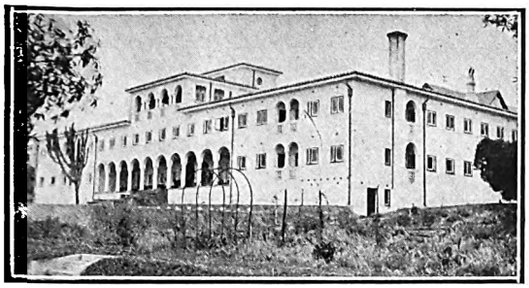

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A Seal of Satisfaction

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A Breath of Fresh Air.

Oh, yes! Africa is a very bright country. It's got a thousand times the sunshine of old London, a thousand times the spirit in some ways. But it happened on Tuesday that Johannesburg was very dull. It was raining like—well, yes, let us be vulgar—it was raining like the very devil. It was so gloomy that the electric lights were on and I sat in my chair and shivered and felt depressed.

The door opened, Mr. Henry De Bray walked in. That may not convey very much to you, but it did to me. He came like an echo of London, for after all London *is* the centre for everything. He is at the Empire—you probably know that—you probably already have sat in the stalls and laughed and enjoyed the carnival and fun to which he treats you. But, if it is humour that is spilled from one end, grace and agility and nimbleness show very definitely at the other, for, as a dancer, his feet have the energy and vitality of a tornado.

He was very modest. He didn't talk about himself. He talked about the great magnificent London which he left only four weeks ago. His sailing for South Africa was rather dramatic. He had been to Paris—he says it was to say good-bye to his mother, but I never knew anybody to go to Paris for that before; they usually come home with Folies Bergeres programmes scattered among their luggage. As Mr. De Bray had been only five days in Paris, he was able to give me all the latest London news. "The Mask and the Face," which we are enjoying so definitely in Johannesburg, has moved down to the Comedy Theatre and is still attracting full houses every night. Jack Buchanan's second edition of "Toni" has been produced and is already a tremendous success. There is talk of Delysia appearing at the Piccadilly Cabaret when she returns from America. All those nice quiet hotels in London have become cabarets now: The Metropole, The Piccadilly, Prince's, Café de Paris, Queen's, Victor's, The Criterion, and, most wonderful of all, there is talk of the Trocadero, Lyon's mansion of mansions in London, falling into line with the new craze. The Grafton Galleries, The London Club, Moodie's, and Victor's are also running cabarets. Mr. De Bray ended his talk by saying: "Prince's have actually started five o'clock Follies. It seems that they are dancing for every meal, and really I feel that I should go to the Hyde Park corner coffee stall and offer them my terms for a breakfast cabaret during the coming autumn."

Next Week's Calls.

WEEK COMMENCING MONDAY, DECEMBER 15TH.

Tivoli, Capetown.—Opening Wednesday, December 17th, 1924. Key & Keyworth, Teddy Stream, James Stewart, Vesta Sisters, Lola Krasavina, Madge Kennedy.

Empire, Johannesburg.—"Little Nellie Kelly" return visit for one week only.

His Majesty's, Johannesburg.—Leon M. Lion & Renee Kelly in "Outward Bound."

Grand, Pretoria.—Theda Sisters, Henry De Bray & Partner, Addison & Mitrenga, Videau & Kirby, R. & W. Roberts, Bilton & Max, Mello & Nello, Nereide.

Criterion, Benoni.—"A Night Out," 15th, 16th, and 17th.

Rinko, Pietermaritzburg.—Les Trombettas.

Criterion, Durban.—Bransby Williams, Ormonde Penstone, Byron & Byron.

Vaudette, Bloemfontein.—Foster & Ninon, C. H. Charlton.

Apollo, Germiston.—The Birchalls, J. H. Scotland, 15th, 16th, and 17th.

Theatre Royal, Kimberley.—"The Rising Generation," 16th and 17th. *Grand Theatre, Bloemfontein.*—18th to 20th.

Palladium, Johannesburg.—"The Voortrekkers," on Dingaan's Day, 16th. *Tivoli, Fordsburg, Johannesburg.*—17th December. *Palace, Vrededorp, Johannesburg.*—18th December. *Broadway, Rosettenville, Johannesburg.*—19th December. *His Majesty's, Pretoria.*—Dingaan's Day, 16th December. *Savoy, Benoni.*—Dingaan's Day, 16th December. *Vaudette, Krugersdorp.*—Dingaan's Day, 16th December. *Gaiety, Port Elizabeth.*—Dingaan's Day, 16th December. *His Majesty's, Durban.*—Dingaan's Day, 16th December.

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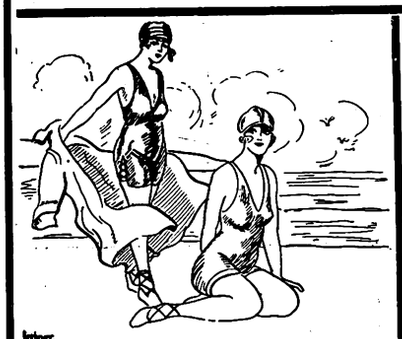

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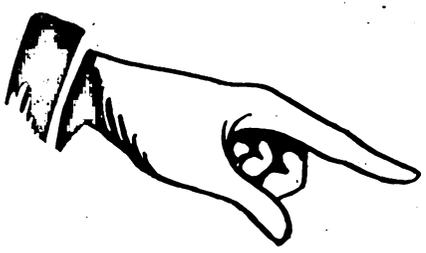

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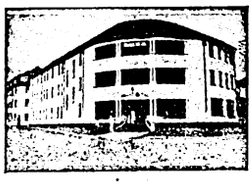

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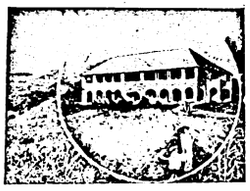

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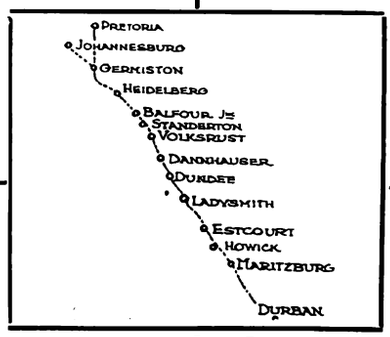

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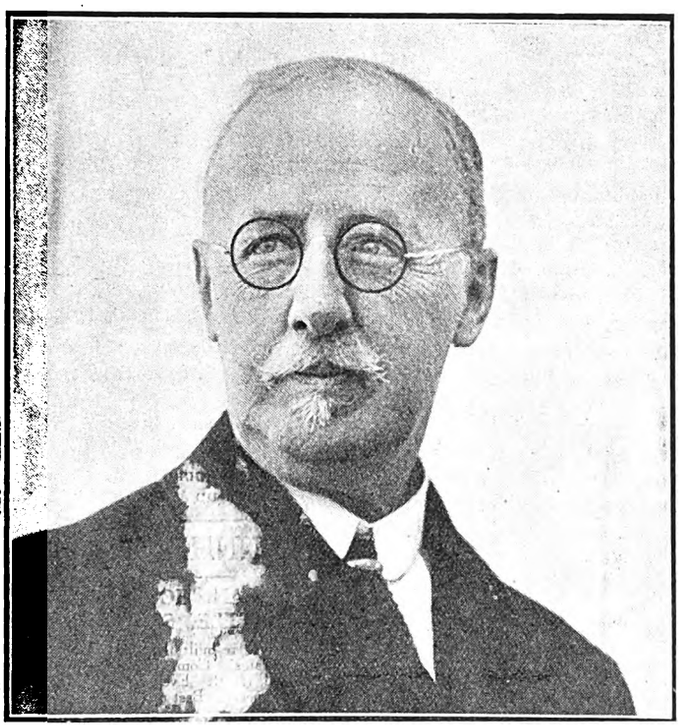

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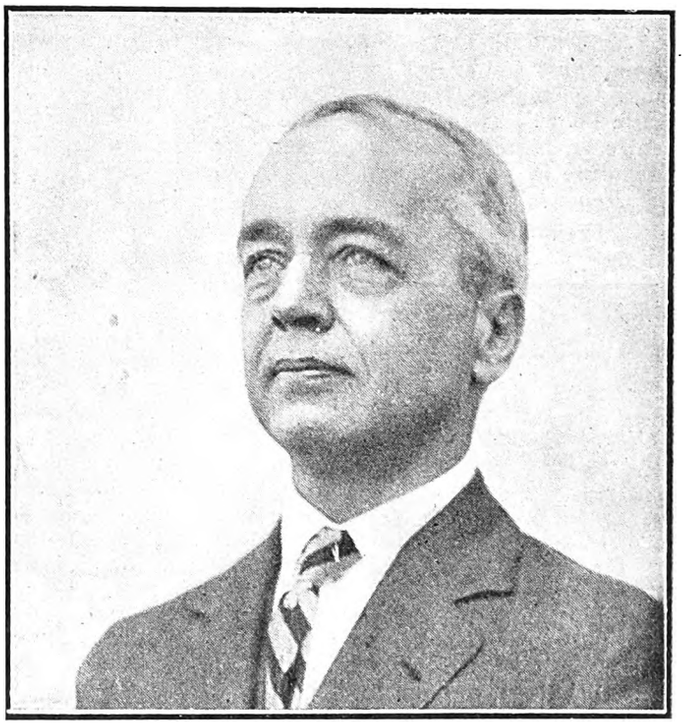

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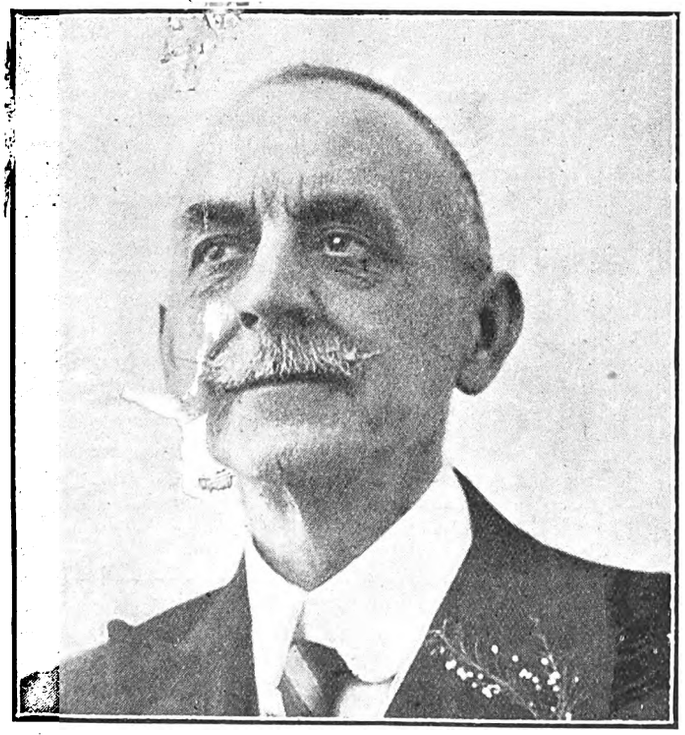

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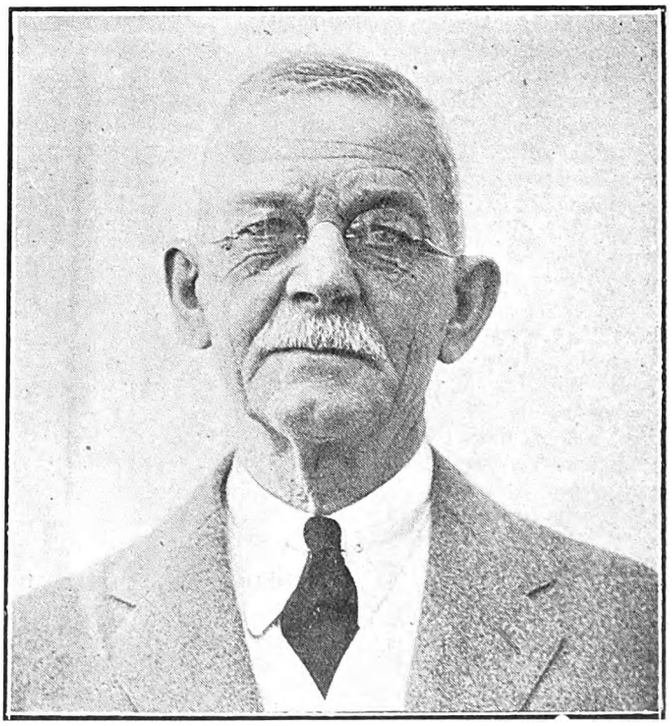

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Randfontein, a Concert and the Veld.

Oh, it's all very well to buy a ticket to go somewhere, know *where* you are going and feel very settled about it all. But when somebody says, "Come to Randfontein," and you don't know whether it's a mining town, a lion-hunting centre or a suburb of Johannesburg, there's an element of adventure in saying "Yes."

I said "Yes."

I forgot the name of the place next day, and thought it was Braamfontein. When you are a stranger to these parts how are you to know?

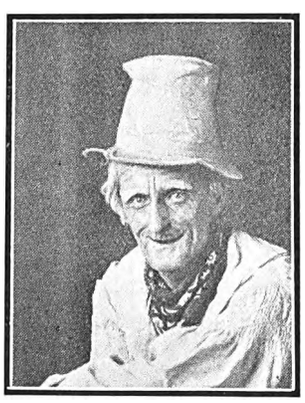
MR. J. OATES.

However, we started. It had been raining, and the wet red streets were smeared with wet red paste. The car shot on through the evening cold, out of the clustered lights of Johannesburg, away from the forest of concrete and steel, out on to the veld. Away in England, the word veld is about the only one we know from this land. We pronounce it with the "V" because we're such poor ignorant children.

The motor car sped on, along the ridge, into the increasing dark. Those gaunt steel structures were like the skeletons of mammoths standing up majestically from the level. One knows that deep down below these mammoths there is the wherewithal for everything that lives and breathes and exists in South Africa. So, one takes off one's hat to the mammoth.

My friend on the left told me the Cockney's description of the veldt. "Miles and miles and miles of . . ." My printer is a Methodist and so we'll leave it at that.

This pageant of the night on the veld! It has a tender beauty even the desert never can possess. The mistiness, the eerie shadows between trees, lonely gum trees that come like an echo of Australia, the rolling veld itself, with deep purples and browns sandwiched in between the darker shadows, and the occasional mammoth shafts, with the cold, austere dumps as a background . . . dumps which, in the deeper darkness, look like giant slumbering elephants. In the day time they're very ugly.



MR. W. T. WINTERBOURNE.

Through Krugersdorp, more veld, and then the lights of Randfontein . . . not many lights I'll admit. We left the car outside the hall; you see my friends were to give a concert, a free concert, all intended to impress upon the people the fact that Westminster No. 7 cigarettes are better than any other cigarettes. It is a rather ingenious idea, this of the Westminster management, who send their concert company around the land, singing and talking about their goods and giving every man and his wife on the mines a free show.

I asked them if I could go and see the town before the show started. They laughed at me. So we went to see the other building, the recreation club, where a young man with a shock of erratic hair sold us ginger beer and showed us the club, a comfortable place, where a middle-aged miner was looking at Phyllis Dare's legs in the *Tatler*.

MR. D. LUKE.

Then back to the concert! They were very noisy people at first, these young and fair of Randfontein. The boys whistled like young railway engines, and they stamped their feet and watched the curtain with wide eyes. Then the concert started. Mr. Jack Oates introduced the artists. Mr. Francis Foster played the piano, and Mr. W. T. Winterbourne sang. It was all very splendid and the hefty sons of subterranean fathers liked it immensely. Then came Mr. Turpin, not Dick of that variety, and he ventriloquised. I suppose that is a coined word. I know no other. He did it excellently and, when it was all over, he told me that he came from Brighton. Now that's very clever. People go to Brighton . . . they say that every hotel and boarding-house sounds a bell at six in the morning, and the bell is not to remind you of bathing or breakfast. Oh, yes, people *go* to Brighton. But Mr. Turpin comes from there. He is a very good ventriloquist. I'd like to see him with a good setting, good dummies and patter, and we'd see something exceptional in the art.

Mr. David Luke was the Scottish comedian. They call him the pocket Lauder. Candidly, he made me laugh more than Lauder ever did. But I was never an admirer of the Scot. They say, you know, that the finest example of slow motion photography in the world is Lauder stretching out his hand for the bill in a restaurant.

However, back to Mr. Luke, who sang Scottish songs for them at Randfontein. He went what they call "big." He was encored, recalled and cheered, and he deserved it, for he was very amusing. But still, this is an article on Randfontein and not a musical criticism.

We saw the concert through, watched the hefty-footed sons leave the hall, and then we packed ourselves into the car to come home again. That drive through the night was wonderful! There is something solemn and austere about the veld at midnight. It seems to be very remote. It seems to say, "You can dig deep into my inside and take the gold out of me, you may erect mine shaft heads and make money out of me, but I am still immaculately remote from you. I still have my secrets."

But a motor car, 1924, a concert party, a Scottish comedian, a journalist, the promise of bed and home, don't wait for the veld . . . they have no sympathy with its depression.

So, Randfontein with its sleepy, shadowy houses, its hall, its recreation club and its mines was left, and we were back in town, and I promise never to confuse Braamfontein and Randfontein again. *H.H.B.*

Innocent.

I am the beau that slept with you,
But we didn't sleep in sin;
Though I'm a beau, I'm really a bow
And you're a violin.

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When South Africa Dances!

A Criticism, by a Player from Daly's Theatre, London, at Present Visiting the Union.

Dancing practically dominates the world to-day. Successful marriages are based upon it. Men no longer ask the question "Can she cook?" Nowadays, they ask "Do her steps fit mine?" and if they do, the fact is sufficient grounds for a successful marriage. Many of these marriages are more than successful, running into one and two years.

South Africa does not escape the dancing craze. No longer does your Romeo lure his Juliet to a sundial under a full yellow moon. He does all his courting in the full glare of the ballroom lights, and to sit out a dance is superfluous, stupid.

And how does South Africa dance!

If London standards count for anything, South Africa dances moderately well, but there are many points about the dancing here which we must not overlook.

You take up dancing more enthusiastically than they do in London. Here it is your staff of life. First of all, I have to pay you a compliment. The South African girl dances with more ease and grace than the Londoner. The men likewise.

I suppose it is because riding, swimming, tennis and every other outdoor exercise, denied the Londoner, give you a sense of natural physical rhythm. But that is not all that is essential.

The poor Londoner may never see the sun, except as a sickly red blob in a foggy sky. But he knows *how* to dance. To him it is not merely the art of navigating a girl around a crowded ballroom.

I have not seen one dancing couple in a South African ballroom holding each other correctly. Sometimes the girl is correct, sometimes the man is correct, but it is never mutual. The effect of this, to the looker-on, is very dreadful.

In a few months, you'll be entertaining the Prince of Wales. He is one of the best dancers in London. He knows how to hold his partner. He places his right hand in the small of his partner's back, with the back of the hand touching her lightly. Now that gloves are not worn, one saves a delicate frock by holding the back of the hand and not the palm against it. I saw the Prince dancing a Tango at the Grafton Galleries a little time before I sailed, and his dancing was so excellent that he could be said to have achieved exhibition standard. And he is a discerning dancer. He chooses his partners for their dancing. So, South Africa, buy all the dancing manuals, take all the lessons you can, and don't be satisfied with the fact that you can "get around all right." It is not enough.

Another point in which I may hold up His Royal Highness as an example! Don't hold your partner to your side, under your arm, like a parcel. Hold her right in front of you so that if you did happen to be wearing belts, the buckles would touch each other. Look straight into her eyes. In extending your left arm, holding your partner's hand, don't raise it sky high—don't point it to the floor. Hold your arm so that your extended hand is about an inch below your shoulder. But the arm should not be stiff. It should have a bend at the elbow to lend grace to the dancing. Throughout the entire dance, the Prince of Wales did not leave this position.

The Tango.

The Tango of to-day is a splendid dance and a good ballroom dance. There is no need to hold your partner to one side and do a sort of Spanish National dance so vigorously that your partner feels remiss for not having brought her castanets. That is *not* the ballroom Tango. When Valentino danced in "Blood and Sand" he did a theatrical dance—not a ballroom dance. But half the Juliets of the land who saw him have been trying to mould their partners into Valentinos to do likewise. It is "bad taste" to introduce the art of the stage into the ballroom.

Another Point!

If London is right, then you must drop the habit we all grew into—the habit of dancing with our feet always on the floor. Now, in the smartest and most alluring West End night clubs, they dance with their feet working more vigorously than of yore, and it is correct to lift your feet from the floor in most dances.

The dancing of to-day is not new. It is the dancing of a thousand years ago. It is the dancing of the Egyptians—the rhythmic, easy dance that they did; except that we have partners whereas they danced alone. (Dull! you say.)

Modern dancing is not easy, in spite of what the manuals might say. It is difficult because it is straight dancing and not trickery. But, when it is done properly, it is the height of grace and beauty.

A fault I find in dancing here, as in many places, is in the changing of steps. There is a moment when one should change the step in a dance, and the moment is decided by the music. When the movement, the theme of the music changes, then only should the step of the dancing change.

But in Capetown, Durban and Johannesburg, the dancers are too conservative. They do, in the main, only one step. They do it to a waltz, a fox trot or one step. Why not dance a waltz to waltz music? After all, it's a very graceful dance, a real dance with real steps. The fox trot is an entirely different dance, and when a fox trot is played, why continue doing this one monotonous step, now to one side, now to the other, with an occasional turn?

The orchestras are partly to blame. They play the same time for fox trots and one steps. I don't want to be too sweeping, for the Maniacs who played for the dance in Johannesburg, on Monday, form an excellent orchestra, similarly the orchestra of the Marine hotel in Durban; an excellent combination.

Have you grown tired of the Blues and the Tango? London is still dancing them enthusiastically and The Princes, Grafton Galleries and Piccadilly still have them on their programmes.

South Africans have a remarkably natural sense of rhythm, I think it is a delight to see Durban girls walking along the street; they seem to woo some extra grace out of the sunshine, the open air and the sea. But, graceful walkers must always remember that they may still be poor dancers. People with a perfect sense of rhythm very often have the habit of hopping. They *will* travel. I have danced with some Johannesburg girls, and before you know where you are, they have taken *me* in hand, steering me around at such speed that one's heart is affected. You try to slow them down—you become almost forceful. But No! On they go, this is the age of quick travelling, and they must do their two miles before the band stops. That is bad. Remember, dancing is a *slow graceful* movement, not a form of ballroom hopscotch.

When the Woman Holds.

When a girl holds her partner, she must remember that men are docile creatures, and they don't have to be gagged and bound to be kept. One sees too many girls slinging their arms around the neck of the partner, holding him as if they expected a siren to come and steal him at any moment. Hold him calmly. Look straight into his eyes: that is a far more effective manacle than an arm. Stand straight on, place your left arm just on his right shoulder, not around his neck and curve your right arm, just touching the tips of his fingers. Anything more intimate with the hands is both hot and unnecessary.

The Americans are good dancers, but they are too muscular in their hold. We have to thank them for The Blues, which come from the negroes. Its slow moaning time should be followed by all teachers. It should be almost an exercise in dancing schools. The Blues, wrongly done, may become both ugly and disgusting.

(Continued overleaf.)

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When S. A. Dances!—continued.

Syncopation.

Syncopation has a very definite hold in London at present. Most of the new steps may be syncopated by little taps with the foot on the floor, holding the body almost motionless, but still keeping it in movement with the strict time. Thus one is syncopating one's feet, but not one's body. It is a two movement effect, and is very beautiful and pleasant to do.

In the main, I think South Africans dance very well from a natural point of view, but they are too lazy to improve their style and their steps. They can "get around" and are satisfied with that. If dancing is to be a pleasure, it must be taken seriously. A bad dancer is as much a nuisance on a floor as a bad player is a nuisance in a game of bridge.

So, don't be satisfied with the ability to "get around." Take lessons from a good teacher, or even practise yourself, using your brain as well as your feet. That is the trouble with many people! They don't realise that one dances *with* one's head if not *on* it.

Australia's Idol Racehorse.

From the time communities were founded in Australia, the inhabitants of the island continent earned the term of being a horsey people. And Australians have never forsaken the fetish for the racehorse and racing. Indeed from generation to generation the people seem to have become more horsey. A great racehorse becomes endeared to the multitude. A couple of years ago it was Eurythmic that the racing throng delighted to honour. When he won, as he more often than not did, Eurythmic was cheered to the echo; when he failed it engendered an air of depression. Before Eurythmic it was Trafalgar, a mighty long distance horse, that Australians took to their hearts. To-day Gloaming is the popular idol. Gloaming is in truth one to enthuse over. There has been no such performer in the history of racing in the colonies; or probably elsewhere. Gloaming has smashed all sorts of records. Bred in Victoria he has been racing for seven seasons, and year after year has thrown down the gage of battle to all comers; and very seldom has he had to strike his colours to the best talent young or old brought out against him. Once at the start of a race Gloaming fell. That was the only occasion he finished further back than second; and it was only by the narrowest of margins he was ever beaten. He has over fifty victories to his credit. Although not raced for pelf, the wonderful horse has been vastly profitable to his New-Zealand owner Mr. Greenwood (for Mr. Greenwood likes to have a bet), and to his constant backers, for these were well assured, Gloaming would not be started for a race unless there was the expectation of his winning; and expectation was realised some six times out of seven. Gloaming was not engaged on Melbourne Cup Day. There was, however, a clamour that the idol should be on exhibition on the great day and Gloaming was duly paraded with the colours up.

A Windy Welcome.

Floods of letters and telegrams greeted the arrival of Sir Pieter Stewart Bam by the "Balmoral Castle" on Monday, December 8. After an absence of thirteen years, during which he has never for one moment lost touch, this old friend of South Africa, whose popularity was never better shown than by the welcome he received here, has returned to his native city.

I met him pacing the deck in the cool, clear sunshine of the early morning. The blue smoke from the calabash pipe by which he is remembered curled lazily upward, and Sir Pieter gave a little sigh of content as he looked out over the city. Grey had crept into his hair, but he was still the same genial Sir Pieter Capetown remembers.

Under the shadow of Table Mountain he was born. "When I saw that wonderful sight—Capetown and that grey mass from the sea in the early morning—I knew I was home again," he said, quietly.

And was it a coincidence or was it arranged that the old Cape Doctor should blow fiercely from the south-east, giving its own welcome, a day before the "Balmoral" sailed into Table Bay. *R.*

Kings Gold Medallist.

Cadet Lee, winner of the King's Gold Medal on the S.A.T.S. "General Botha."

A Man of Muscle.

Although one hears little nowadays on the Rand of Tromp van Diggelen, I gather he is doing big things down at the Cape, which he is revisiting a third or fourth time after a periodical tour round the Union. Tromp van Diggelen divides his attention between curing people by physical culture and catching fish around Kalk Bay, where he has a delightful cottage, on the mountain-side overlooking the sea. A sporting car also comes in for a large amount of attention and, with his wife and baby girl, he travels over almost every road on the Peninsula. At one time there were numerous strong men improving the Johannesburg muscles. but Tromp, who has a first-rate scientific and practical knowledge of the subject, seems to be the only one still going strong. *H.G.*

Passing of a Ship.

There is always something pathetic about the passing of a big ship.

Many heavy hearts there must have been when the "Briton" sailed for England on December 12. It was her last voyage as a mail boat.

For twenty-seven years she has been on the mail service. Time was when she was brand new, powerful and a wonder ship that people talked of with pride, with her 10,000 tons and 10,000 horse-power engines. But newer vessels came and faster ships, and she grew old.

Then the war crashed. She was cleaned and polished, made young again, and pushed into the front line of transports. For a time the old glories were hers, until the war ended. Then they took away the quickfirer, the camouflage was painted over, and the "Briton" went back to her old run.

Now she has finished. Once the proudest vessel in the Union-Castle fleet, she will now be sold to sail in unknown seas.

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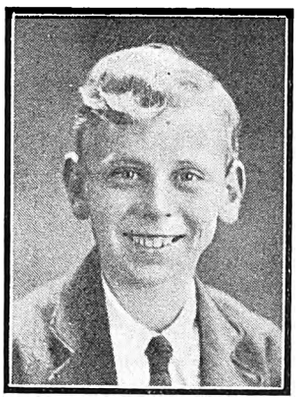
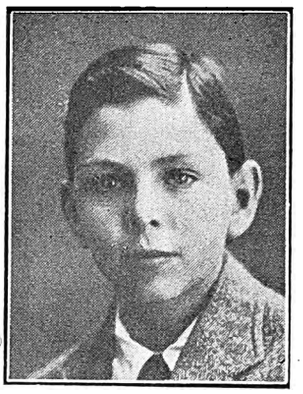
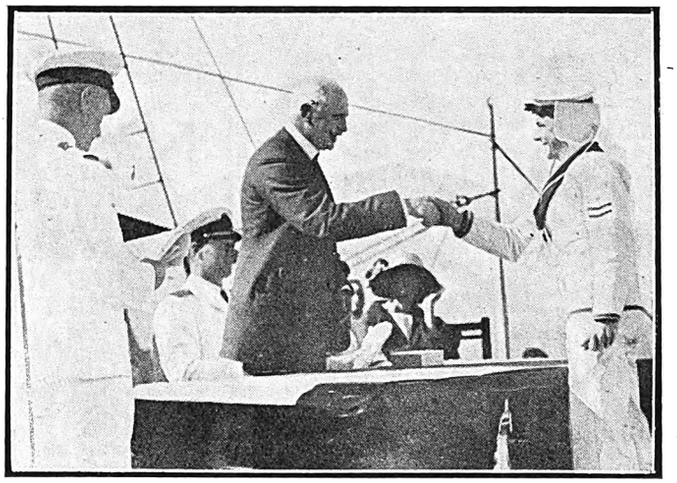


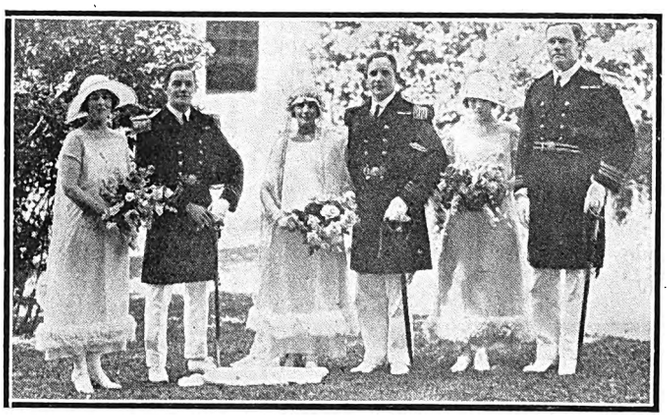
Jocelyn, son of Mr. and Mrs. Jocelyn Leigh-Hunt, winner of the St. John's Foundation Scholarship for boys under 12.



Randolph, son of Mr. and Mrs. H. Lowenstein, winner of the St. John's Foundation Scholarship for boys under 14.



Sir Drummond Chaplin presenting the King's Medal to Cadet Lee on the S.A.T.S. "General Botha."



The marriage of Commander Richard Edwards, R.N., of H.M.S. "Wallflower," and Miss Elizabeth Blackstone-Williams, in Capetown. A photograph of the bridal party.

The Mayor of Johannesburg, the Mayoress, and a group of helpers of the Salvation Army Fete in the Town Hall—a great success last week.

FOR THE BEST POSTCARD PHOTOGRAPHS, NEW YORK STUDIOS. OPPOSITE G.P.O.

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Music and Musicians.

By "C. A. O. D."

Eisteddfod Selections.

The full list of test pieces selected for the next Eisteddfod competitions is now available, and it will be seen that the scope of next year's festival will be considerably widened, and that there will be several features of exceptional attraction.

It is good news that the coming year will see the offer of two special bursaries by Trinity College of Music, London. These will be confined to instrumental performances, an award of £12 10s. going to the pianoforte playing section and a similar award to the violin and 'cello sections. Among the new sections are the two preliminary tests in the pianoforte and violin playing competitions. It has been felt for a long time that a competition confined to very young students—ranging in age from seven years to ten years—would probably be welcomed. The introduction of this test will no doubt prove popular, for the number of candidates in Johannesburg who could qualify for test is remarkable. It should prove to be one of the best competitions at the next festival, and the hope is expressed that the nature of support forthcoming will justify the permanent retention of the preliminary section. The test pieces for the various piano playing competitions seem to have been judiciously selected, for in each case the music will afford the necessary material for fine adjudication. In the preliminary test candidates will have the Rondo from Beethoven's Sonatina in F; in the junior, Mozart's Rondo in D; intermediate, Schumann's "Aufschwung"; senior, Bridge's Capriccio in A minor, and in the open competition Ireland's "Chelsea Beach." It is announced that gold medals will be awarded only in the senior and open piano competitions. In many respects the decision is a wise one, but it represents a radical departure from previous years. The offer of gold medals, whatever the educationists might say, has been a strong pulling force in inducing candidates to enter. It remains to be seen what effect the decision will have on the number of entries for those competitions in which the award is something other than the much-coveted gold medal.

The same policy will be introduced in regard to the violin playing competitions. In this section the gold medal award will be confined to the open test. The committee's decision as to the nature of the awards in the lower tests has not been published, but in any case there seems to be some risk of restricting of the number of candidates through the changed policy. As I have indicated, the committee will have the approval of most musicians in the desire to discontinue the almost indiscriminate distribution of gold medals, but it is a practice that has been associated with local Eisteddfods for many years, and the withdrawal of the gold medal award in so many of the popular sections might adversely affect the nature of the competitions. On the other hand, candidates might possibly be more imbued with the proper spirit of these tests—to a greater extent than I, perhaps, expect, and no appreciable falling off in the keenness of the playing might result. Any way, it will be of interest to note how the new policy will affect not only the number of entries, but also the nature and standard of the performances.

The String Tests.

In the violin playing the test pieces will be:—Preliminary, E. German's "Bouree"; junior, Drdla's "Souvenir"; intermediate, Couperin-Kreisler's "La Precieuse"; open, the first movement of Godord's "Concerto Romantique." It is difficult to believe that violin literature is so limited as to compel the music selectors to take the Drdla "Souvenir" for the junior test. The piece is hackneyed, and it does not seem to me to be an appropriate selection for the juniors. The Godard should be interesting, for the composer has written much that comes very near the border line of great music. This will be the only work for the performance of which a gold medal award will be made.

Another new feature will be the introduction of a new competition for boys' brass bands, to consist of from twenty to twenty-five players. The Cambrian Society has reason to believe that an interesting contest will result, and if this proves to be the case, there is much more brass instrument playing on the Rand than is generally expected.

Adult vocalists will still be enticed by gold medal awards, which will go to the soprano solo (De Costa's "I will extol thee"); the contralto solo (MacCunn's "Lie there, my lute"); the mezzo-soprano solo (Cyril Scott's "Blackbird's Song"); the tenor solo (Martin's "The Minstrel"); the baritone solo (Vaughan Williams' "The Vagabond"); and the bass solo (Schubert's "The Wanderer").

In recent years the choral competitions have been somewhat disappointing, owing to the limited number of entries. The nature of the test pieces set for the coming festival should induce choral combinations to enter and so create a greater interest in this section of Eisteddfod. It is in the adjudication of these contests that the great difficulty lies, and when once all concerned can feel that there is indisputable authority behind the various judgments there will probably be a revival of interest in the choral singing tests. The work entailed in choral organisation and preparation merits every consideration, and when the problem of adjudication is finally solved to general satisfaction there should be greater enthusiasm among choralists.

The competition for Trio playing has been retained in the syllabus. In previous years this test has been included with varying success, but the past year's experience has been such as to justify the retention of this feature. The educational and musical value of chamber music is fully realised by the Cambrian Society, and if a larger number of entrants will come forward on the next occasion some valuable results might be attained. The test solo is a movement from the Brahms' Trio in C minor, Op. 101, which will afford the players the necessary material for the display of technical and musical resource.

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A Social Note Book.

By "Carrie."

Johannesburg.

Wandering down the street a day or two ago, the strains of a barrel organ came to me. I was surrounded by a very live bunch of costers and their Lizas, who were the outposts of the fete for the Driehoek Homes of the Salvation Army. Everyone one knew was in the hall in some guise or other. Inside was a riot of colour. At the central stall I became the possessor of a wonderful fan made of white quills with a straight handle tipped with a coloured silk tassel. On the enamel front was some Chinese handwriting. Mr. Leon M. Lion, who is an authority, told me that a little scrap of writing such as this is always means that you may have a wish. Being a vain soul, I wished for a new race frock, and behold, it came! There was a bill with it, but still my wish *did* come true. The fete was a great success—all the dear women surrounding the mere male and extracting all the money out of his pockets. And there were stalls where you smashed china for sixpence! Such a relief, my dears, from being a perfect lady. America, not Scotland, inspired the cold drink stall. Chatting to Lady Andersson and Mrs. Paul Selby, at the Needlework Bower, I was shown such a novel doll, with a pretty bonnet, from which ran ribbons to hang on to your arm, a flounced skirt, three frills please, and under the first one an opening in which you deposited your best possessions. Such a charming idea for a bag! I believe Rowena Selby made it. Up in the Selborne Hall there was tea and dancing. Miss Madge Saunders was the lovely Princess who called the fairy tales to life. Pearl Adler was responsible for the Tales, and the wee babies were all her pupils. Mrs. Joe Cohen, as a Salvation Army lass, was working very hard, and the Army gave her an inscribed tambourine for luck.

The Hold!

The burning question of the hour is, "Does he hold me in that correct manner the S.A. Society of Dancing Teachers would wish?" At the Carlton Hotel souper dansant I found a ballroom full of people trying to decide that knotty point. There was brightness and laughter in the Palm Court and the restaurant was filled with parties. Each lady seemed, to my trained eye, to have a new dress in honour of the advent of that hoary-headed old rascal, Father Christmas. Mr. and Mrs. G. Philcox were there. He is by way of being a very large stockbroker in London, I am told. They were with some friends and Mrs. Philcox was wearing a jade green gown with two accordian pleated flounces and edgings of gold. Their son and daughter were with them. I noticed Mrs. Orpen in a black gown and Mr. Aubrey Hyman, just returned from London, and his brother, Mr. Edgar Hyman, who lives in Johannesburg. Mr. and Mrs. Pardee, who are here for a few months from America before they leave for India, were entertaining Mr. and Mrs. Menzies, the latter lady in black and silver. Mrs. Pardee wore a very smart apricot crepe de chine with lines of crystal beads. I particularly noticed her fireball earrings shining and glittering with a thousand lights. Miss Renée Kelly was with her husband and Mr. and Mrs. Ernest Jeppe, and did not look a little bit tired after the exhausting rehearsals which made "Outward Bound" such a great success. Her gown of shell pink struck a new note with its Richilieu embroidery edged with tiny beads and hemmed with white fox fur. At one table I saw Mr. and Mrs. Harold Wallers and Mr. and Mrs. Abel. It was a very enjoyable dance, and the red, white and blue lights shone down on the polished dance floor, turning it into a vast mirror and making us all feel less plain than usual.

Corlton and Christmas.

While on the subject of the Carlton Hotel, I am sure to see you all at many of their Christmas and New Year functions. You can imagine the restaurant filled with a joyous crowd on Christmas Day for the special Christmas dinner. Then there will be a dinner dansant on the 24th, and again on the 27th, and a grand Boxing Day souper dansant, with the New Year's Eve cabaret as a finale to the year. I understand that the management are busy thinking out all sorts or novelties and that they have sent to Paris for special caps and toys. We may also meet at the tea dansant on Wednesdays or on Saturdays.

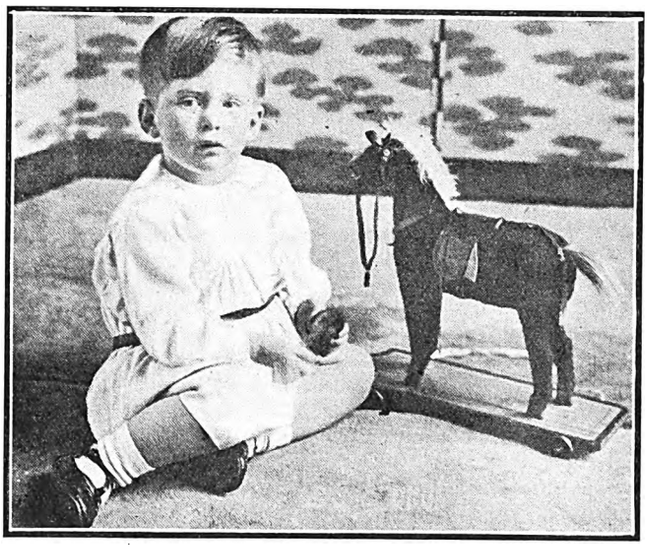
Politics make strange table fellows. Guns and pillar boxes are hardly companionable subjects, yet I saw our Ministers for these respective subjects lunching at a small table in Plein Street the other day. Col. Creswell, looking appropriately severe, hurried off after a cigarette to attend a demonstration of cadets, leaving Mr. Boydell to devote his attention to boiled chicken. The rise to ministerial rank has left our Minister for Posts unaffected in manner or clothes. He is still the same homely individual as when he handled a lathe in the Durban railway workshops. One thing these, as all Ministers appear to develop, and that is a look of deadly secrecy about the eyes.

Lilian Natali.

News comes to hand by this mail that Miss Lilian Natali, who scored such a great success at Queen's Hall recently, has been adding still further to her laurels. She has been making tests for the Edison Bell Gramophone Company, and it is highly probable that in the near future we shall have an opportunity of hearing this singer on the

(Continued on page 11.)

The King's Grandson.



A new photograph of Master Hubert Lascelles.
[Central News Photograph.

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"One, Two and Three."

The Story of a very Temperamental Man.

By Violet M. Lezard.

Temperament had always been his ruination!

By profession he was a painter, and painters, if they want to earn a great deal of money, must not be too temperamental. Peter Hawthorn could have earned money, and should have earned money, had he not been cursed with a temperament.

He already had a following, and dealers were more than polite to him; they even commissioned him to paint pictures for them. But they were always pictures he did not wish to paint. How could anyone reasonably expect him to paint Highland cattle and kittens when he hated both of them. They gave no scope to his temperament, and he had to paint fruit and flowers. These he hated, too, although he liked their parents—the trees. He liked the green, hundreds of different greens, and the brown of the foliage, and he liked the grey of trees—the soft grey. People annoyed him by erroneously calling it green. He even liked the trees of the Noah's ark description, prim and straight, like Baptists; that looked as though they should have a little block to stand on.

But best of all, Peter liked painting from human models. It was a wonderfully fascinating pastime. Peter seemed to see more than the flesh and blood in the faces that he painted. He located vices and virtues, and very often recorded them on the canvas.

Peter had a wonderful imagination, and he loved to paint beautiful women—women more beautiful than women—so beautiful that they were almost unreal.

He was working on one now.

A lovely face; perfect in every detail, artistic in every line and shade—and a dimple! Peter thought he had excelled himself in that dimple, hours and hours of work. It was high on the left cheek.

It had just that necessary hint of laughter, which was echoed in the heavily fringed eyes.

The result was most alluring.

Peter almost fell in love with the painted woman. He felt a desire to find the living duplicate of this Eve.

But these women are born only of the imagination of men. Their only cradle is the cradle of thought. So Peter thought. Yet he set out upon a journey.

He put a few finishing touches to the copper coloured hair, put aside his brushes, took off his overalls and went out into the street. The day was tired—he was sinking back into the cool arms of the evening. He went to the park to walk.

Peter always told himself that he walked for art's sake.

He always hoped to become inspired by a droning bee, swinging in a honey-laden flower, and then rush off to paint a "pot-boiler." But really that was not his purpose. He was always looking and wishing for something to happen.

Peter was not seeking an adventure—he did not long for exciting and thrilling scenes. He wanted something quieter, so long as it was new. It occurred now . . . with such suddenness that Peter was too amazed to wonder at it.

Here, in this ordinary park, with its ordinary green trees, its ordinary flowers, among which he had walked for months and months—here, coming towards him was a girl with a face exact in every detail: a face which was the mirror of the woman in his canvas. They were the same woman.

He must speak to her. He must make her smile. He wanted to know if she had his dimple high up on her left cheek.

Peter did what was for him a most unusual thing . . . he smiled into the face of this strange girl.

There was a flicker of the eyelids, a hint of a smile in the wonderful eyes, a quivering of the lip and—his dimple in all its impudence.

"Hallo, old thing," she said, airily. "Going my way?"

Peter was petrified. He had painted a Diana and she had turned into a Jezebel.

The girl turned away, her mirth-laden eyes seeking a more responsive victim.

Peter never quite remembered how he got back to his studio.

It was too awful. He could not bear to look at the canvas and yet he could not look anywhere else. *There it was*, smiling the same smile, with the same wonderful dimple. There was no difference. But now Peter saw it with different eyes; he hated it. How he hated it! Seizing his brushes, he painted furiously—quickly—madly—he painted out his masterpiece.

He painted out the eyes with their mocking smile first, and then the dimple. And as he painted out the features a tiny daub of warm brown paint dropped on to the chin, just beneath the mouth.

Peter stood with raisd brush and looked at it.

The effect was wonderful—charming . . . here was another idea, in fact an absolute inspiration.

He abandoned himself thoroughly and absolutely to the new idea!

That was temperament!

He was absorbed by a new face of creamy texture, smooth and unbroken, save for the "beauty spot."

It enhanced the beauty of the already beautiful mouth.

Being temperamental, he called it "Lure of Love."

This time the gods were more kind to Peter.

He lived with the painted woman for four weeks, lived with her, loved her, and was her slave. Then he met her. She was carrying a half-starved baby in her arms. Bedraggled, unclean, with a sinister man urging her forward.

Sordid! That was the only word Peter could think of. On the side of her forehead was a stain of scarcely dried blood. But, as if laughing at its surroundings there, on her cheek was the "beauty spot."

It was too horrible.

The woman glared at him sullenly.

Of course, she never knew, but she had disillusioned him.

For two years after this Peter never painted a model of any description, but devoted himself to Highland cattle, kittens and fruit. He was a great success. He made plenty of money and laughingly nicknamed himself the "Cattle King of the Canvas."

And then Peter fell in love, genuinely, without limitations.

She was a plain girl with red hair, and she couldn't cook. But he loved her. To him she was beautiful.

They were married, and Peter spent most of his time wondering why he had been lucky enough to find the perfect woman.

One day as they sat before the fire, the woman Peter married asked him a question.

"Peter," she asked softly, "will you paint me one day?"

Peter looked into the fire. Dimple and beauty spot danced there for a moment. Then he saw Highland cattle, groups of kittens, still life studies and money.

He kissed her gently before answering.

"I think not," he said. "I love you too much."

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A London Letter.

The Robinson Case—Ouistiti—Wembley.

108, *New Bond Street, London, Nov. 27.*

I seem to be continually moving—never have time to stop long in one spot. And yet, somehow, I manage to glean a good many things as I trip by.

Of course, the two questions of most importance in England at the moment, are the affaire Sudan and l'affaire Robinson.

The shooting in the Sudan has sent all political England into discussion. And old men, grey with living, are writing letters to the *Times* telling of forgotten days, when they captained some regiment at Khartoum, when Kitchener was just beginning to make his name. These letters are mostly very dry reading, but they are topical, and so they are printed. The papers themselves have come out in rashes of Kipling, and are continually quoting long sentences wherein the words "White Man's Burden" and "Hafiz" occur with astonishing frequency. Gordon's name comes trippingly to every cub-reporters' pen, generally, in conjunction with the wrong dates. Galleries are taking out from old cupboards, various pictures of Egypt and Sahara—like landscapes, and these they label as tremendous works of art. Ministers meet and confer together, and go away from the meeting place with heads shaking dubiously or hands gesticulating fiercely. Oh, the affaire Sudan has caused a great stir in England, and we are now eagerly awaiting the outcome.

The Robinson Case.

But, after all, political questions are minor things when it comes to the point. A good meaty law case will always drown the public's enthusiasm for politics. And the Robinson case is about the meatiest one England has had for years, not excluding the late stream of murders. Mrs. Robinson has now been in court for several days, and was once in the witness-box for six hours on end. As the villain in ancient melodramas was wont to remark "The plot thickens!" The woman in the case in quite imperturbable, and watches the proceedings with a calm, grave detached manner, even when she is being cross-questioned. She has grit.

Crowds wait outside the law courts every morning from dawn until the opening of the courts. They don't mind cold or wind or rain, it seems, and everybody in the queue wears an expression of extraordinary eagerness. The same faces are noticed there day after day. In fact, a policeman on guard, at the outer door this morning, was heard to greet one of the women as an old comrade.

If somebody could stage this amazing case in the Albert Hall, they would get an over-flowing house and make a fortune. I heard two bewigged Indian barristers, who were listening to the case from very uncomfortable perches, expressing surprise that more accommodation was not provided for the general public. Evidently in India they do things differently.

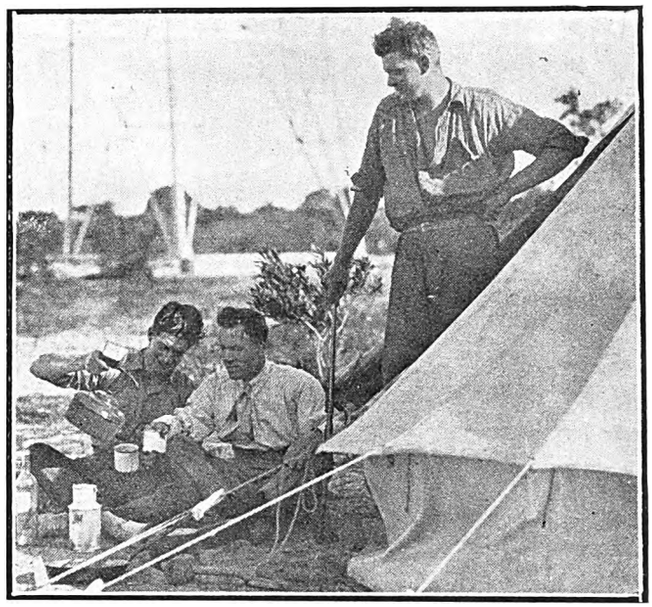
The Chauve Sourie.

The Chauve Sourie company of Russian actors and actresses is with us, and the houses are packed nightly. The company is very hurt that one item of their programme has been banned by the Lord Chamberlain. It deals with Mary and Joseph seeking shelter at Bethlehem. They have demanded to know why Temple Thurston should be permitted to produce a play on Judas Iscariot, while they have to put away their purple and fine linen until they reach some less narrow-minded country. Only a phrenologist could do justice to the Lord Chamberlain's mentality, they say.

Their Majesties.

The King and Queen have been very gay lately. They paid their first public visit to a kinema theatre last week to see the naval film "Zeebrugge." In consideration of the fact that the proceeds of the evening would be devoted to Earl Haig's British Legion Fund, they allowed themselves

Capetown to Cornwall.



The Capetown operators, who are in touch with Cornwall, at the camp in the wilds of Cape flats.

The nursery rhyme dancers at the prize giving at St. Cyprian's Convent School, Capetown.

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to be filmed when they entered the theatre, and at the end of the evening, they saw themselves on the screen. It was the fastest development of moving picture film ever known, and their majesties were as delighted with it as two children with a toy.

To-day at a meeting of the House of Clergy, at Church House, Westminster, proposals have been put forward by several members of the conference that the marriage service should be altered. The elimination of the word "Obey" was requested and also the changing of the phrase "with all my worldly goods I thee endow" to "all my worldly goods with thee I share." Votes were taken, and both proposals were defeated, as well as the suggestion that the woman should also give a ring to the man. So we are just where we were before, and we women, my dears, will have to bow our heads and obey until the end of the next chapter. Luckily, the word has only its face value nowadays.

Ouistiti.

I must tell you the latest craze in Paris. To be utterly fashionable you must have a ouistiti, which is a teeny weeny monkey, which costs many thousands of francs. He is worn instead of a flower in the buttonhole so you will see how tiny he is. His body nestles in a little pocket in the coat of his owner, and when he is not asleep he pokes a pert small nose through the buttonhole and regards the world with disdainful eyes. He is chained safely to his nest with a silver chain. And he is naturally a good-tempered, rather smug, self-satisfied person until he is roused—but when he IS annoyed, then it is time to beware. There was a dreadful fracas in Paris the other day, tea tables were over-turned, priceless cups and saucers shattered, and women arguing and screaming. It turned out that two rival ouistitis had both set their affections on a certain chocolate, and each little smug face suddenly turned to black fury, chains were broken, and two black streaks shot through the air and landed together. The wee bits of fur flew about in all directions. The moral is, keep your ouistiti safely in your purse if there is another one about.

Wembley.

Now that the powers-that-be have definitely decided to reopen Wembley next year, there are many conferences convened to discuss improvements on this year's scheme. For one thing, there is to be more comfort for visitors. The officials are going to make sure that people will be able to get a bun and milk at a cafe without waiting half an hour for it. The roads are to be cemented so that visitors will not have to walk through streams of watery mud to get to any pavilion. Even the amusement park is to be improved and more joyful terrors thought out by people with strong hearts. Though what will happen if they make a super-giant racer one dares not think. The giant racer of this year was terrible enough.

They say that Wembley didn't get enough visitors, because they went to the seaside. And the seaside resorts says that Wembley robbed them of half their visitors. So now one wonders where the people did go. They couldn't have stayed at home. The officials at bus and tube termini vouch for that.

People Passing.

Very few people in South Africa realise what a trade they did with ostrich feathers at Wembley. Twelve thousand of them were sold over the counter in ones and twos.

Major and Mrs. C. L. R. Harries were passengers to Capetown last week in the *Dunluce Castle*, together with Colonel and Mrs. H. A. Erskine and family.

Brigadier-General, the Hon J. J. Byron, returns to South Africa in the *Windsor Castle* on December 12. The same ship brings to England Sir James and Lady Beattie. Sir Bouchier Wrey will also travel South in the *Windsor Castle*. Mr. and Mrs. T. B. E. Davis returned to Natal in the *Balmoral Castle* last week, with Mr. and Mrs. A. M. Campbell and Mr. and Mrs. J. Berlein.

Last week the Prime Minister, Mr. Stanley Baldwin, entertained the Dominion High Commissioners at tea at number 10 Downing Street. They discussed important Dominion matters, but as no grave and important decisions were announced next day, we may suppose that it was merely a friendly gathering round the sandwiches and cakes.

Lord Leven and Melville will manage the London Section of the 1820 Memorial Settlers' Association, when Sir Lionel Phillips goes to South Africa at the end of the year. Sir Lionel's book, "Fifty Years of South Africa," has caused a great stir in England. He rounds off his strenuous career as miner, mining magnate, financier, publicist, and reformer with a book, which is, in addition to being the leisurely fruits of retrospect and lively recollection, a true history of South Africa from 1875 to 1924. His pen pictures of Cecil Rhodes, Frank Rhodes, John Hays, Hammond and Jameson, Kruger, Smuts and Botha are all very true and life-like. It is gracefully dedicated to Lady Phillips. Sir Lionel's part in the making of South African history has been enormous, and he has always sought the welfare of the country before everything else.

And that for the moment is all, *mes amis*.

Until next week (if I am not frozen to death before that), greetings!

Bransby Williams.

The Empire, Johannesburg, will be the centre of great interest during the holidays, mainly because Mr. Bransby Williams is making his salaams to the Johannesburg public from its stage. Mr. Bransby Williams is the great Dickens, character actor. But he does not limit his work to Dickens, for he exploits almost every field of histrionic interpretation. South Africa greets many good artists, now and again, in fact very frequently, it greets a great artist. Mr. Bransby Williams comes under this heading, for he is very famous in England, and in these days when the London theatre world is suffering what is commonly called a slump, he is still one of the most popular players, and never away from the theatre for a night. His engagements run two and three years ahead all the time. One can say many things about him, and yet, it is very difficult to describe him. A journalist's work in life is to dress things up with adjectives. He finds that he has used these adjectives to describe small things in many cases, and he has no adjectives left to describe the great things. He has described the *little* things as marvellous, and when something really great comes along he is at a loss. One has that feeling about Bransby Williams. One can only say this: that his name stands high in the English theatre. He is a man whom many artists have set out to imitate. But none of them has succeeded. Nobody has ever imitated Ella Shields with success. Nobody has ever imitated Lauder with success, although opinions of his art may differ. Nobody has ever imitated Mozart, Ellen Terry, or any other immense personality of the theatre. Although in a different world, Bransby Williams is similarly remote from the possibility of imitation. Johannesburg is to see one of the emperors of the acting world on Monday next, and it is hoped that Johannesburg will, as ever, appreciate a great artist, when he comes into our midst.

The Bijou.

"Chu Chin Chow" with Betty Blythe as the star opens at the Bijou on December 22nd, Monday next. As a production the film is as grand, as sumptuous as the stage production which ran in London for years. No better picture could be chosen for the Christmas season than "Chu Chin Chow." For beauty, the film has no equal, and the acting which takes place against this background of Eastern splendour, is up to the standard with which Mr. Oscar Ashe when he thrilled war-weary London with his magnificent production some years ago. To provide a happy contrast, the management announce that Larry Semon will appear in a comedy entitled "Solid Concrete." Thus, the Bijou promises two star attractions for Christmas week.

VISIT JANE PLOTZ PORTRAIT GALLERY, ART STUDIOS, THRUPP'S BUILDINGS.

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A Social Note Book (*continued from Page 7*)

gramophone. In addition Miss Natali has succeeded in making herself very popular at the National Sunday League concerts and is booked for several appearances in December, Miss Natali was born in Durban and she has a very fine soprano voice. She is the daughter of Mr. and Mrs. J. F. Beare, of the Victoria Hotel. London critics speak very highly of her singing, and at the Battersea Musical Festival's performance of "Elijah" the *Musical News and Herald* praised her rendering of "Hear me, Israel" in no uncertain terms. We shall watch with interest the progress of this young singer.

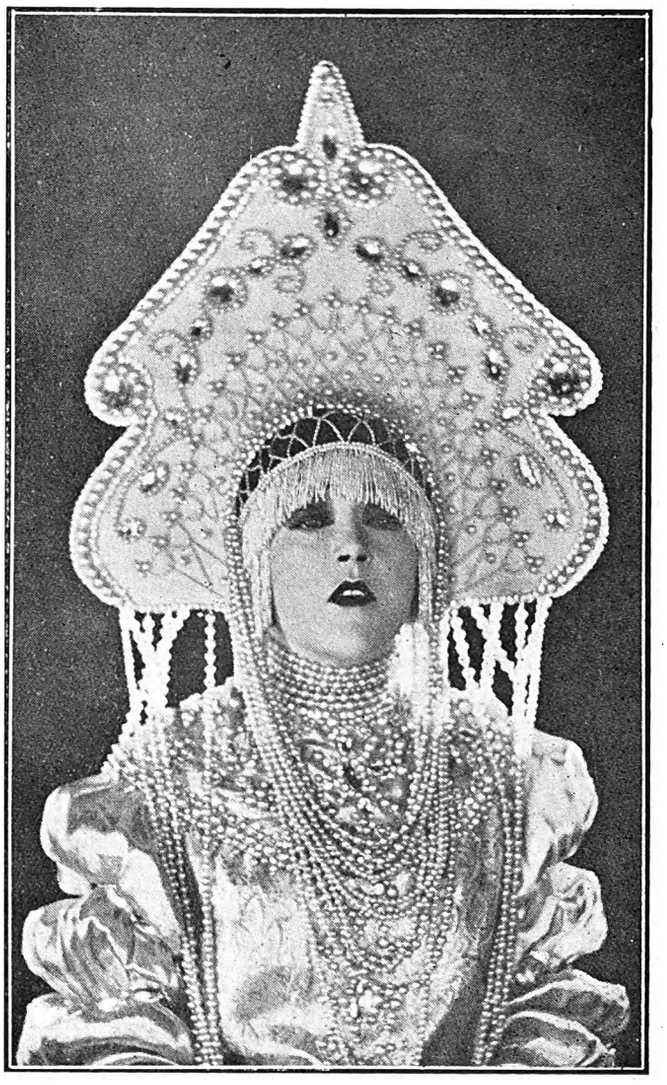
Outward Bound.

As I arrived at His Majesty's, the big theatre was filling rapidly, there was light and brightness everywhere, and a fashionable crowd of "first nighters" were taking their places in the boxes and stalls. Mr. E. G. Izod, whose wife has just left for the Cape where he will join her at the end of this week, was with Mr. and Mrs. Max Tillard. Mrs. Tillard tells me she is going to England on holiday bent very soon. Mr. and Mrs. Lewis Rose McLeod with Miss Florence McLeod were in a box, and Mrs. James Whitehouse, sitting in the stalls with her husband, looked very handsome wearing a wonderful Spanish shawl of brilliant hues over her gown, and a high comb in her hair. Mrs. Nelson Grahame, who is a keen theatre goer, wore mauve brocade patterned in gold flowers and a cloak to tone. Miss Lion, sister of the famous actor, was with Mr. and Mrs. Percy Leon, who are, of course, relations of hers. Dr. and Mrs. R. P. McKenzie, Dr. Kanin, Mr. and Mrs. W. Seals Wood were among other well-known people. And as I said, all was laughter and brightness in the theatre. The curtain rose on the bar saloon on board the ship, the very human characters came and went, the sky was blue outside and inside prosiac red velvet. Yet the atmosphere of the theatre was changed in an instant, everyone sat tense and still, we all felt, as Mr. Prior said, there was something strange about the ship. A wave of cold air as from another world swept us, the siren blew, something so eerie about it, and at the fall—we wonder if Heaven and Hell *are* the same place. Who knows? I do not wish to give you the idea that we sat and wiped our eyes throughout the whole play, far from that, it is so human that laughter is rather its keynote. And Miss Renée Kelly came and went as a pale waif through the play. I wonder if you realized her gown! "Love in a Mist," all bluey-grey, banded with the deeper blue of hope and cloudy as the skies. It was a supreme piece of artistry in clothes.

S.P.C.A.

As to another world, I went over to the Carlton Hotel where the S.P.C.A. were holding their ball, quite one of the most successful and brilliant gatherings I have seen there for many a day. The big white-walled ballroom with its myriads of coloured lights was looking its very best. Everyone wore wonderful gowns. so wonderful that it is difficult to pick anyone out. Lady Lister came with Sir Spencer and wore a charming black gown. Major Alexander and Lieut. Hawkins, R.N., of the Governor-General's staff, came over from Pretoria and most of the English cricket team were present, Mrs. Tennyson wearing a charming pink frock. Mrs. Coddington, who is the wife of Colonel Coddington, C.B., D.S.O., who has just arrived from England, wore black, patterned in crystal beads with an inset rose with green leaves. Miss Hudson looked well in black charmeuse with trails of flowers round. Mrs. Dr. Pocock had chosen peach taffeta with gold laces, and Mrs. Maisels wore a black jetted gown over white. Mrs. Islip had on black velvet with white accordian pleated side panels and embroideries of crystal beads. Mrs. Wartenweiler wore powder blue fringed with ostrich feathers. Sir Ernest Chappell was among those present; also several of the Consuls. There were so many pretty girls! Miss Bateman was in china blue, hemmed with flowers, Miss Gundry in white with a turban to match, the whole edged with diamante, and Miss Rudd in peach with fringes of the same.

"Fashion Row."



Miss Mae Murray is the star in this excellent film, to be screened at the Orpheum, Johannesburg, on December 29.

The Music Market.

I was astounded last Sunday night at the number of people in one of our musical tearooms. A solid block of fifty stood in the passage, waiting to grab the first seat that became vacant. Is Johannesburg really musical or are we so bored with our homes that we must "get out"? One recent, eminent visitor, an Italian tenor, told me in passionate phrases that although music teaching might be considered the chief industry after gold mining in Johannesburg, there was but one solitary teacher who knew his job and that there was practically no musical taste at all.

Still, the proprietors of the tearoom think otherwise, and they are hard put to it to get first class talent. Mr. Ivan Goldberg, who came straight out of the London Symphony Orchestra to take the lead of the Lounge combination during Ferramosca's absence, proves how far they'll search for ability. All who have heard the sextette under his leadership appreciates his worth. Now we are going to lose him. He is to return to London and will subsequently tour America with Squire's Celestial Octette. Mr. Goldberg expresses a belief in the existence of classical music appreciation in Johannesburg, but deplores the absence of a municipal orchestra which could do much to lift the town from its devotion to "rags." This, the largest city in the Union, lags behind. while Capetown and Durban have their civic orchestras run for the entertainment of residents and visitors alike. *H.G.*

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Races—Men—Dances.

By Carrie.

I am afraid you are all going to be very upset with me my dears. Oh! yes, I went to the Pony and Galloway at Turffontein and I *did* admire your gowns. But somehow or other it was the "mere men" who intrigued most; they also were smartly dressed. So. just to be contrary, I am describing the men's clothes and leaving my own sex out for once. You'll come back in all your glory next week—this is just a mood that passed over me momentarily. Of course, Major Henley led the fashion in his strawberry coloured shirt, worn with a smart suit and a "boater" straw hat. Mr. N. O. Currie's suit had a herringbone pattern in fawn and white, and I noticed his white shirt had mauve lines with dimmer black ones, and his tie was of blue and rose. Sir Julius Jeppe looked very cool in grey, his shirt being striped in the same shade and worn with a grey tie and hat to tone. Felt hats were the order of the day, although one saw a bowler or two and one of grey that was worn by a smartly dressed man. Dr. R. P. McKenzie also had on a grey suit, and his tie had something Scotch about its blues and greens, very artistic when worn with his white shirt with pique collar. Councillor Japhet preferred a black and white tiny check for a racing suit, worn with a blue tie and grey hat. Mr. Christopherson, back from England now some time, had a delightful shade of nigger-brown on; his white shirt had grey stripes. Mr. Stewart, a visitor to this country, looked well in pearl grey with a tiny red line. Mr. Edgar Hyman was in a blue suit with a neat black tie that had a pearl pin in it. He was chatting to a group of friends which included his brother, Mr. Aubrey Hyman in a blue suit with a white pin stripe and a shirt with wide blue stripes. His tie was red, mauve, green and white, blended into a perfect whole. Mr. Charles Madore, of Durban, who was with them, was well suited and had on an original tie pin, which he told me was a cat's head and a dog's eye, a lucky mascot banded in gold. Mr. Henry Adler looked well in brown with a purple and black tie on his grey striped shirt. Mr. Gordon Douglas was also in brown with a faint dotted line of yellow and a Paisley tie. Mr. W. R. D. Phillips came in blue with fawn hues, his handkerchief of blue, with colours to tone, matching his tie. Captain Holloway came in black and white with a semblance of blue, and a blue and white shirt and smart tie. Of course, I'd like to tell you more but for my old enemy, space. Still, gentlemen, I thank you! A well-dressed man is a benefactor to mankind.

African Theatres Dance.

And of the African Theatres Cricket dance at the Wanderers. First impression? A whirling mass of colour that, dissected, evolved itself into many wonderfully costumed separate units. A cowboy danced with an Egyptian Princess, Felix waltzed with a fairy; two very fashionably dressed ladies in a golden mirror (or was there only one?) were in close converse with a pirate. A Dutch girl was in animated conversation with a Chinese maiden, and, with flowing robes of magnificent hues, a tall Arabian, Mr. Ambrose Flower to boot, strode across the hall. It is many moons since we have had such a successful fancy-dress dance, and thanks to the organizer and D.C., Mr. Paine, and his committee, everyone enjoyed it so much that the hour of closing was extended—and still they danced.

The judges, Mrs. M. Douglas, Mrs. Moss Alexander, Miss Benjamin, Mr. R. Wilson and Mr. H. Bolitho had a difficult task, and finally awarded the prizes to:

Best Dressed Lady.—1, Mrs. A. Pain, Egyptian Princess; 2, Mrs. du Toit, Secrets.

Most Original (ladies).—Mrs. A. Taylor, Africa; consolation prize, Miss D. Sims, Spider.

Most Humorous (ladies).—Mrs. Mark Rose, Then and Now.

Best Dressed Couple.—Mrs. Britston and Mrs. Elliott, Mirror of Fashion.

BOKSBURG'S NEW TOWN HALL.
The Governor-General arriving with the Mayor and Mayoress to lay the Foundation Stone.

Best Dressed Man.—Mr. Tony Hodson, Chu Chin Chow.

Most Original (man).—Mr. S. J. Greenberg, Felix; special prize, Mr. Bessarabia, Pirate.

Best Advertisement (man).—Mr. Macdonald Rouse, "Say when, mon."

Best Advertisement (ladies).—Mrs. E. H. Hart, Embassy Chocolates; consolation prize, Mrs. H. M. Hart, Feathers.

Consolation prizes were awarded to Miss Oats, Bacchante; Miss Primich and Mr. Wells, Chinese Grandees.

Mrs. I. W. Schlesinger, in a very charming white gown embroidered in shimmering crystals, presented the prizes, and during the supper interval Mr. Schlesinger was asked to accept a framed photograph of the African Theatres Cricket team. For this he thanked the team and the committee. There was a novelty stall filled with the most fantastic goods, Mrs. A. P. S. Paine and Mrs. Moss Alexander having a bevy of assistants . . . .and well, I could fill columns telling you of everythiing that happened but space waits for no man.

Orpheum: Johannesburg.

Byron & Byron, who have perhaps made themselves more popular than any double turn of their kind in South Africa for some time, are at the Orpheum, in Johannesburg, for the week commencing December the 22nd. They need no description. They present a turn as crisp, clean, up-to-date, humorous and refreshing as any of its kind I have ever seen. The double turn of this kind is very popular in the West End of London, but I have never seen greater exponents in this line than Byron & Byron, and they should be as great an attraction at the Orpheum as they were when they opened at the Empire some weeks ago.

Messrs. R. and W. Roberts support them as strong men, who present their act with a certain quiet charm which makes them what we might, for want of a better word, describe as "Different." The Orpheum and the Bijou, in fact, all the theatres in Johannesburg, Durban and Cape Town, have special bills to be presented for Christmas week.

"Little Nellie Kelly."

The revival of "Little Nellie Kelly" has been a tremendous success at the Empire, Johannesburg. The musical revue, with dances, songs and scenery of the brightest, has come back from its tour as full of laughter and beauty as when we saw it some months ago. "Little Nellie Kelly" is a show essentially for holiday time, and perhaps it is a shame that the season is limited to this week. But pantomime calls, and the company must obey.

YOUR PHOTOGRAPH? JANE PLOTZ WILL ADVISE YOU. ART STUDIOS, THRUPP'S BUILDINGS.

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The Theatre in Australia.

Government Appreciation.

I am not concerned or even interested in politics; I have lived in too many places and have moved from country to country too many times to feel definitely interested or associated with the politics of any one country, although I feel a certain pride in the fact that my birth place, New Zealand, is so peacefully content that she has not changed her Prime Minister for twelve years.

Whether my politics are *this* or *that*, I cannot help admiring and acknowledging the undoubted breadth of thought on the part of the Queensland Government in Australia in connection with the permanent Shakespearean company which tours the Commonwealth. Mr. Theodore, the Premier of Queensland, has made a considerable reduction in favour of the travelling expenses of the company whilst touring his State. This is the first time that a Government has tangibly recognised the drama or the theatre as an educational factor.

Mr. Allen Wilkie, who is well known as a player in South Africa, is the actor-manager responsible for this company, which has created a world's record by giving fifteen hundred consecutive performances of Shakespeare's plays. This has never been done before; not even in Germany, where Shakespeare is played more frequently and successfully than in England. Mr. Wilkie is not a great actor, but he gives very intelligent performances of the sixteen or eighteen plays in his repertoire.

Mr. Wilkie naturally makes anything but a fortune out of his tours of Australia and New Zealand and, realising this, the Queensland Government decided to help him by lessening his railway expenses, a considerable item to any touring company. The Government recognised that their duty did not lie entirely with post offices and taxes, and that they had responsibilities in regard to the mental development of the people beyond the work in the primary schools. They recognised the fact that the theatre, when good plays are staged, is a place of mental culture as well as entertainment.

Departing Musicians.

Within a few days of one another three people very widely known in the musical world of South Africa have given farewell recitals prior to going overseas.

Mr. and Mrs. Ellie Marx will be especially missed in Capetown. In their studio a few days before they sailed they gave an "at home" at which a very large number of their friends gathered to wish them luck. Mr. Marx, accompanied by his wife, played a group of solos, and Mr. Leslie Howard, the new and popular conductor of the Capetown Orchestra, showed that he has mastered the elaborate technique of Bach by his playing of Preludes and Fugues.

On the following evening in the City Hall Mr. Joel Myerson sang his farewell songs. He has a powerful tenor voice of fine quality, although he shows a tendency to over emphasise. *R.*

An Old Homestead.

Bathed in the mellow afternoon sun of autumn, when sheltering trees throw long shadows, the homestead of the Constantia Wine Farm, which is owned by the nation, has given many a beautiful picture to many young artists. This historical building has been a show place for wondering visitors for many years; not least among its beauties being the avenue of ancient oaks, which is one of the finest in the Peninsula.

The homestead itself is one of the best specimens of South African Dutch architecture in existence. Yet the Government have decided to discontinue work there and have called for tenders for the lease of the land and the building.

There are many who hope that Mr. Boydell, who saved the old Supreme Court buildings, will do the same for the Wine Farm.

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MR. ADOLPHE HALLIS.
A S.A. pianist in London. See letterpress below.

The Week.

Paragraphed and Photographed

Without offence to friends or foes
I sketch your world exactly as it goes.

MR. G. C. BEADLE.
Superintendent of the new Durban Broadcasting Station.

A S.A. Pianist in London.

The other evening I was very strongly reminded of the resemblance between the scene in a London music room and the well-known picture "Beethoven," showing a group listening to a violinist and a pianist playing the great master's compositions. On the evening to which I refer the audience consisted of two lady painters, a singer, a biologist, a medical man and a journalist, all lost in the masterful performance of Bach-Busoni, which Adolphe Hallis, the South African pianist, was playing, utterly forgetful of himself and of those round him. Sketches and portraits covering the walls of the studio completed the artistic atmosphere of the room. These were the work of Madame Hallis, who knows how to give that undefinable touch to everything she does and says, as only a Parisienne can . . . When Hallis finished, the dead silence which followed spoke more forcibly than all applause could have done.

Adolphe Hallis is undoubtedly the foremost South African representative of instrumental music in England. His studies and concert tours in Austria, Italy, France and Switzerland, together with his great linguistic ability have been essential factors in forming his artistic personality. He is a personal friend of many notable modern Continental composers, and intimate discussions with them have given him an insight into their minds and hearts which the study of their works alone would not have provided.

London artists have less gregarious instinct and far less *camaraderie* than their Continental colleagues, and that is why Hallis feels much more at home in Paris, where he is quite a well-known figure in the cosmopolitan crowds of greater and lesser artists who gather nightly in the famous Café de la Rotonde on the Boulevard Montparnasse. It was there, by the way, that he met his wife, "his fate," as he calls her. Those who know the atmosphere of that particular Bohème, as the writer of these lines does, will realize that artists born and bred in oversea Dominions are better equipped for fitting into this milieu than English artists, many of whom find it difficult to shed every particle of their insularity.

In South Africa Adolphe Hallis is so well known that I need not outline his career in these columns. It will suffice to emphasize the fact that he has made his mark in Europe and is more and more being recognized as a pianist of exceptional merit. *Allegro.*

Iris Hoey.

It must be more than two months since I saw Iris Hoey playing in Glasgow. It was a matinee, for I was playing myself in the evening. It was a dark, wet, slushy day and one felt the need of something bright. Iris Hoey gave it to us. She has a strange personality. She has all the lightness and brightness that one wants to find in a musical comedy star, and yet there is a womanliness and sympathy in her work that makes her more than entertaining. For want of a better word, one might call it human appeal. It is a matter for congratulation that the African Theatres have been able to book her for a tour in the Union next year. Her name stands high in London, which she seldom leaves for the provinces. Iris Hoey plays in comedy as well as musical comedy. It was a comedy in which I saw her last. I believe she is to bring some of her brightest musical comedy successes to Africa with her next year. She is a great artist and is sure of great success. *W.A.C.*

The Dominion Artists' Club.

The Dominion Artists' Club has at last obtained a club-room in Australia House, London. This club was formed some months ago to help Dominion painters, singers, musicians or writers who cross the world to try their luck in the great parent England. Many young singers and writers and painters go to London knowing little of the conditions there and expecting success to be waiting patiently at the other end to greet them the moment they arrive. It happens that this is not true. Success in London is a very elusive lady, and she takes a great deal of wooing.

The Club is designed to provide young students with information and help and introductions. Every city in every one of the Dominions has a representative of the club who acts in an honorary capacity on behalf of young people who wish to go home to study or make careers. Mr. Hector Bolitho, editor of the *South African Pictorial*, is the honorary representative of the club in Johannesburg, and will be more than pleased to provide singers, painters or writers proceeding to London with help and introductions, including an introduction to the club, the officials of which will do everything in their power to lessen the difficulties of the stranger in London.

Without Every Modern Convenience.

Visiting a house up in the country that lies at the back of Durban, I was surprised at the very modern way it was fitted up. It reminded me of a cottage that belongs to our family in England—because it was so different! For, strange to say, although our country seat nestles comfortably within fourteen miles of London, neither electric light no gas can be obtained, and so the ancestral hall has to struggle along with an army of vicious oil-lamps. This benighted spot is known as Lower Kingswood, and is only two and a half miles from the centre of Reigate. There are a good collection of houses scattered around us, but owing to the delay and obstructions advanced by the lighting people, the larger houses have now installed their own plants, and so the area has been totally banned for the remainder. It is only by finding conditions such as these almost on the doorstep of quite large towns in England that enables one to appreciate the enterprise of South Africa, where the telephone and electric light almost travel ahead of the country as it develops. *Frank N. Wyatt.*

KODAK SNAPS ENLARGED AND PAINTED BY JANE PLOTZ, ART STUDIOS, THRUPP'S BUILDINGS.

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MADGE KENNEDY,
The English commedienne who has opened her S. A. season at the Tivoli, Capetown.

MR. SYDNEY SHRAGGER,
The Johannesburg baritone, recently back from London. His concert was given on Thursday.

COLONEL CRESSWELL,
Minister for Defence and Labour, who has gone to Namaqualand to make investigations.

MADAME KATE OPPERMAN-URQUHART.
A recent photograph from London.

The Deputy Mayor.

The sight of that really fine piece of architectural work, the Durban Town Hall, brought back memories of an evening I spent there some years ago. It happened at the end of 1915, when I was chief officer of an Australian transport that called in on her way home. We stayed in the port for some days, and I wished to entertain two ladies, so I suggested a show after dinner one evening, but on 'phoning the Criterion found that they were booked up. There remained a film at the Town Hall as the next best attraction. It was raining hard. I lingered for a second and bought three circle seats. Progressing up a broad stairway, we found nobody at the top to direct us, and so we bore down a carpeted corridor that led to the right. I noticed a door on the left with *Mayor's Box* on it in letters of gold. I opened the door in order to have a peep inside. The ladies, however, imagined that we had arived at our seats and boldly entered the sacred domain. I hesitated for a moment and then informed them that we were in the Mayor's Box. "How nice!" they chirruped. My heart failed me when I thought of the tickets for three circle seats for about Row Z in my waistcoat pocket. When the lights were turned on for the interval, the ladies preened themselves as they viewed the massed audience in the body of the hall. Not many minutes had flown before there was the face of an attendant at the oval glass window in the door. The face watched us steadily for some minutes whilst I endeavoured to assume the air of a Mayor. As the ladies were resplendent in full evening dress and I was in uniform, the face-at-the-window hesitated and then withdrew from the observation post. I was just about to prepare my guests for the blow when I saw the head bob up behind the glass once more, and behind it was another head. My puzzled friend had evidently gone for reinforcements! The attendant entered the box and asked if we had the Mayor's permission to use his box.

The game was up!

Examining our tickets, I found to my surprise (?) that we were in the wrong seats! We were ushered by the two attendants to three seats in Row Z of the circle.

It was a long time before my friends forgave me. Still, I *can* say that I have occupied the Durban Mayor's Box, and can thoroughly recommend it. *Frank N. Wyatt.*

The Wrong Box.

She was a very naughty Capetown telephone girl, and she put the subscriber on the wrong number.

Naturally, he thought he was connected with the theatre for which he asked, and being in a hurry, he promptly asked for a box for two that night.

"But we don't have boxes for two!" said a startled voice at the other end of the line.

"Isn't that Tivoli Theatre?" he demanded, crossly.

"No," was the reply. "This is the undertakers."

Outward Bound.

"Outward Bound," which was the theatrical attraction in Johannesburg last week, has been produced in Vienna by Max Reinhardt, who is no doubt the world's greatest producer. Max Reinhardt is a German actually, and his productions in Berlin have almost set the theatrical standard of the Continent for the last ten years. But Vienna, the pulse of life in Austria, attracted him about a year ago and he is bound as producer there for some years. But he goes to Berlin to produce "Outward Bound" very soon. Thus the play which we are seeing, here in Johannesburg, is holding the attention of the greatest producers and the greatest audiences on the Continent.

Capetown's Distinguished Chameleon.

At least one South African chameleon has now completed a tour of the world, and is well and fit after all his travels. I found the little fellow on a bush in the Capetown Botanical Gardens some five months ago and took him to England with me, where he visited a number of counties and then came back to Africa with me. He had heard much from his brethren in the Botanical Gardens concerning the fine quality of the Australian flies, so he whispered in my ear, and I took him to Australia with me. He has been christened "Dopey," chiefly owing to his slothful habits, and has lived mostly on the guard of the electric fan in my room, on which he roosted in all sorts of impossible attitudes. During the cold spell whilst "running the Easting" down between the Cape and Australia, he prepared for his arrival out there by flaunting forth in a brand-new skin. Although he received no welcome of an official nature, many newspaper reporters came down on board to see him—the editors of several well-known papers having received mysterious 'phone messages to the effect that there was on board a *distinguished South African personage specially invited over to demonstrate a scientific means for the eradication of the fly pest.* Unfortunately, although "Dopey" shot forth his tongue and slew at least two flying terrors for the benefit of the Press, several editors considered that they had been hoaxed! Once a day I used to perch my small companion on my finger and visit such fly-haunts in the ship as the butcher's shop, etc., and then hold "Dopey" within range of any of the winged tribe that happened to be resting, so that he could obtain a light lunch. For a while I could not get him to drink anything, until I found that if I dipped my hand in water he would lick off with relish the moisture that adhered. Having travelled just over 28,000 miles, the little tourist has once more been restored to the exact bush that was his original home in Capetown Botanical Gardens. Around one of his ankles I have put a small circlet of fine brass wire, so that I shall know him again when my ship comes back. *Frank N. Wyatt.*

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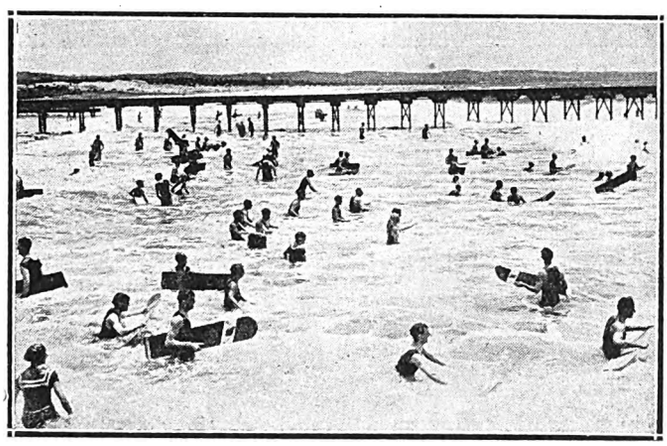
Bathing in Durban.



Surfing during the week-end.

The beach on Sunday morning.

Kissing in New Zealand. The Maoris being hygienic people, kiss near their noses instead of their mouths.

Tennis in Capetown.

Under the shadow of Table Mountain on the Western Province Association Courts at Rondebosch, Mrs. Newton Thomas has just organized a very interesting tennis tournament for the National Council of Women Workers, interesting not only because of the tennis. There were so many social lights either playing or watching. Mr. and Miss Graham came first, with Mr. and Miss Corder second, and among those present I saw Lady de Villiers, Lady Rose Innes, Mrs. Molteno, Mrs. Arbuthnot and many others.

Figures.

I should imagine that of the few men high up in the official world possessed of the chance to give us poor struggling civilians an occasional ray of cheer, Sir William Hoy must be one of the elect. Nothing can blow down the solid comforts of figures. It is nice to read that the railway deficit was only £154,106 in September last. Sir William's slogan, "See South Africa First," and his enthusiasm in giving us cheap travel facilities to see the spots he enthuses about, must have a lot to do with this improvement. My week-end paper, however, gave me a nasty jolt when I opened it and read these romantic statistics: *65,811,610 people in 369,443 beds.* I silently registered great grief at such terrible overcrowding. The passion for detailed figures should be continued. I wonder how many tons of leather are worn out annually by our postmen in delivering the month-end halfpenny stamped envelopes. *H.G.*

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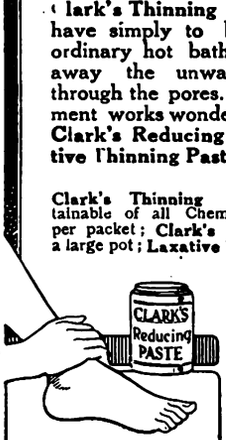

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"Mind Your Hood."

The secretary of the Eastern and Midlands Automobile Club writes to warn motorists touring in the Eastern Districts to beware the Katberg. The Devil's Bellows is notorious for finding the weakness in a hood should it be up when travelling in this district. Mr. C. A. Lowe, the secretary E. and M.A.C., warns motorists to put up their curtains as well. This will save a new hood and be far more comfortable for passengers in the car. It may not be generally known, but having a hood blown off the car is not a legitimate claim on the insurance company. The blowing away of a hood is counted as an "act of God."

Rand Riders for the Cape.

Mr. Alf Long left last week for Capetown, where he will compete in the Metropolitan M.C.C. 194 mile race on the 492 c.c. side valve Indian motorcycle. Another Rand rider competing in the same race is Mr. I. H. R. Scott, who will ride the 142 c.c. Francis Barnett.. Afterwards these two riders will travel to Port Elizabeth, where they will be domiciled until after the T.T. races, which take place at the Bay on the 1st and 2nd January, 1925. Long will ride the Belgian Grand Prix Indian, whilst Scott will be seen astride the A.J.S. on a similar model to that which he rode in the Isle of Man T.T. race, when he gained third place in the junior event.

Cape to Cairo.

Major Court Treatt and his party with the two Crossley cars have arrived at Bulawayo, and were expected to leave for Livingstone on December 8.

The Year's Best Performance.

The most remarkable achievement of the year is that recently made by Major C. M. Harvey at Brooklands track on the Alvis. All Class A records were broken from half a mile up to ten hours. In eight hours the Alvis broke the previous ten-hour record, coverinag 704 miles in the time, attaining a speed of 96.9 m.p.h. and averaging over 94 m.p.h. for 300 miles. The Alvis, fitted with an o.h.v. engine, used no super-charging device whatever, but was in all essentials identically the same as the standard sports type Alvis.

Enterprising Advertising.

An advertisement stunt, which it is claimed outshone all previous efforts to attract the public, was recently carried out by a Manchester (Old Trafford) agent for the Ford. The year previous the famous Besses-o'-th'-Barn Prize Brass Band was engaged. This year, however, a recently erected extension was converted into a fine picture theatre with screen, stage and music all complete. The building had seating accommodation for 10,000 people and admission was free. Shows were given every afternoon from 3 to 5 o'clock, and evening performances from 7 to 10 o'clock. Films of the Ford works at Detroit and Manchester were given, interspersed with comic films. Each day the hall was packed all the time, and the crowds lingered to inspect the fine display of Fords, which, of course, was the feature of the entertainment. The Ford agents stated that the expense was fully justified by the business results.

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Coming Events.

By "Onlooker."

The Germiston Meeting.

We had a capital day's racing at Germiston last week-end; made doubly interesting seeing that many of the contestants hold engagements in important events at the Summer Meeting at Turffontein. The first race at Germiston was for Maiden two year olds, and all coloured on the card, 27, went to the post. Mr. Murray's Illustrious was backed against the field, and won in faultless style by a wide margin. Polystome, the sire of the winner, has established a name for begetting speedy stock, while the dam of the colt, the Greatorex mare All Moonshine, was brilliant over short cuts. Most backers will hardly look beyond Illustrious for the winner of the S.A. Nursery Plate. Mr. Murray has another winner, Noble Peerless, in that race, but one would take Illustrious to be his best.

Currency is a taking looking colt. His performance in the Germiston Handicap was, however, far from a taking one. He went out a hot favourite for the race, but was really a beaten horse before six furlongs of the mile had been covered. He can be dismissed from calculations for the Summer Handicap; and no one of the other runners in the same race can be figured to have a chance in Saturday's big event. It was only by a head Prince Orb won at Germiston, the race under notice. Mr. Gard's horse lost his place early on; had he not done so, the finish would not have been as close as it was. The runner up, Cardinal's Guard, is certainly confounding his detractors. His claim for classic honours cannot be despised.

The other Derby candidates seen out at Germiston were Gladiator, Royal Dance and Thankful. The first named won readily enough the longest race of the day—one mile 3 furlongs—but the opposition was weak, and the time for the journey poor. Royal Dance and Thankful came together in the December Handicap, one mile and a quarter. Thankful was sent out favourite, and in an exciting finish had to knock under to Back Answer. The winner was conceding Thankful 25 lbs., while Royal Dance, fourth, was conceding the other three year old 10 lbs. Mr. Passmore was quite satisfied with the showing of Royal Dance, who can be considerably improved before Derby Day. Yet it does not look at all on the cards that Royal Dance can come on sufficiently to win the classic. Cardinal's Guard might be said to have created the best impression of the Derby candidates seen out on Saturday, and that colt would not seem to have much chance against Narrow Gauge.

Handicap Day at Turffontein.

The Summer Handicap, the most important Handicap of the year at racing headquarters, is to be run for on Saturday. Fabaris won the handicap at the last "quarterly," carrying top weight, 9 stone. Admittedly Fabaris had not very much to beat in the Spring Handicap. This time the field will be a particularly strong one; and that the race will bring about a good contest looks to be assured. Will Fabaris, burdened as he is with 9st. 5 lbs be able to again do the trick! It takes a very good one to succeed in a Johannesburg Handicap with anything over 9 stone in the saddle. Fabaris, however, is a horse of class; class tells, and if the going be on top of the ground, I am inclined to think the top weight will be very hard to beat. At time of writing the Durban representative, Oriel, is the actual favourite. Oriel is in trim to run the race of his life, but he is a better horse than the writer takes him to be if he can win. It will surprise some of us should the Durban July winner prove himself 6 lbs. better than Desert Gold over 10 furlongs. Major Cooper's four year old was one of this paper selections for the race when the weights appeared. For some little time Desert Gold was under a cloud—was coughing. He has thrown off this disability; has been working well and I take it will strip in condition to do himself justice. The forward running of Princess Alice at Germiston points to her stable companion Surprise Sauce having a great chance, if as said, he is considerably better at the weights than the filly. Poldemere was heavily backed for the race a few days ago. This English bred four year old has always been highly spoken of by those in the best position to know of his capabilities. Presumably, Mr. Murray has got Poldemere to his liking, and such being the case the colt, with but 6 st. 10 lbs. to carry, should go close.

Strong support came for Wonder in the rooms on Monday. This points to the classy importation having satisfied his trainer, Mr. Gard, that he can take his part on Saturday with some credit. And it must not be forgotten that the White Lodge stable possesses an excellent trial horse in Prince Orb. In attempting to precast the result I place

DESERT GOLD	1
FABARIS	2
POLDEMERE	3

For the other races on the first day the following are selections:—

Trial Handicap, 1 mile.
Foolscap 1, Blue Dye 2, The Woods 3.
Yeoville Handicap (Bottoms), 1¼ miles.
Brown Sugar 1, Permintor 2, Fiction 3.
Flying Handicap (Bottoms), 5 furlongs.
Paperdilla 1, On Land 2, Popgun 3.
S.A. Nursery Plate, 5 furlongs.
Mr. Murray's selected 1, Prismatic 2, Peleus 3.
Yeoville Handicap (Tops), 1½ miles.
Catalan 1, Battle Cry 2, View Holloa 3.
Flying Handicap (Middles), 5 furlongs.
Jasmine 1, Memoria 2, Earley 3.
Flying Handicap (Tops), 5 furlongs.
Dropped Stitch 1, Calm 2, Buckram 3.

Gilbert and Sullivan.

Capetown amateurs in opera have been celebrating their one week of the season.

In the Opera House, before all their friends, they have been able to romp each night through the joyful choruses of "Trial by Jury" and the "Pirates of Penzance." The audiences who listened to them probably enjoyed their evenings as much as the amateurs themselves, who, it is certain, enjoyed every minute they were on the stage.

They would, however, do well to sing out a little more clearly—so that the opera does not become merely Sullivan.

R.

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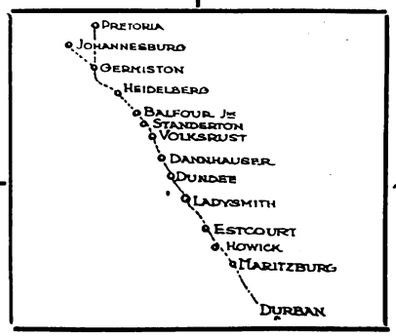

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Holiday Theatres.

The " Extra Special " notice could deservedly be put outside most of the theatres in South Africa, for the managements have done their best to enter into the spirit of Christmas. Mr. Lion and his company will be playing " The Chinese Puzzle " at Pretoria on Monday, Tuesday and Wednesday. On Thursday and Friday he presents " The Mask and the Face " and on Saturday " Outward Bound." All three plays have proved themselves splendidly in Johannesburg, and Pretoria will, no doubt, echo the larger city's appreciation.

"Outward Bound."

Last week I said that a great play needed a great producer. That a great producer needed great players, and that when these things were combined, that it was the duty of the public to fill the theatre. Since then I have seen " Outward Bound " produced at His Majesty's, I have seen Mr. Lion and his company present the play with even more spiritual and tender beauty than when I saw it produced in the West End of London. There is a silly idea in this country, as well as other Dominions and colonies, that they are forced to accept the crumbs from the theatrical table of London. Mr. Lion has shown South Africa that the West End, the pulse of theatreland, is not immovable. He has brought it into Africa. All the three productions in which he has starred, with Miss Kelly, have been presented here with as much richness, in production as well as acting, as they were presented in the West End of London. And now, one is at a loss to find words with which to describe " Outward Bound." It is to be played here for only a week; when this issue of the *South African Pictorial* is placed on the bookstalls, two or three days of that week will have passed. One feels prompted, for unselfish reasons, to urge people to make use of the two or three days in which it is possible for them to see this production, which is one of the finest ever staged in a South African theatre. The story of " Outward Bound " is already known, for the daily papers have been more than enthusiastic and just in their enthusiasm in speaking of the play. They have recognised the fact that the African Theatres have surpassed themselves in transferring this play, with all its London polish and fineness, to the theatre in Johannesburg. Miss Kelly is acting her part with a delicacy beyond description. Mr. Freeman, Mr. Flower, and all the others of that very excellent company, fit into their parts like a hand into the proverbial glove. I am writing this little note, late at night, after seeing the play. I left a corner in the paper to squeeze a paragraph in at the last moment, before the *South African Pictorial* went to press. Thus my space and words are limited by my decision of yesterday. I would that I had a column or even a page in which to express my appreciation of a play which, if you miss it, will be a tragedy. As it is, it is a play, not a drama, not a tragedy, not a comedy, but a play with intense humour and intense human interest. It will make you think, and it will entertain you, and if you ask more of the theatre than this, you deserve to go unsatisfied. If I were an American I should say " Outward Bound " is a great play —see it."

The Tivoli at Capetown.

Addison & Mitrenga, who aroused so much interest in Johannesburg, open at the Tivoli, Cape Town, on Wednesday. A new English artist who is at the Tivoli now, and due to play here soon with Addison & Mitrenga, is Madge Kennedy. Miss Madge Kennedy, who was Kiddie Kennedy a few year back, has cast aside her dolls and is " grown up." The transition from childhood to womanhood has only served to mature her gifts. She has a good voice and she wears some delightful frocks. All her numbers are new to us, and she is as sure of success as she was when she made her recent tour of the music halls of England.

Pantomime.

The greatest crime one can be guilty of is " growing old."

For this there is no excuse, and no punishment could be too great. The moment to decide whether you have grown old or not, is the moment when you realize that you do not want to see a Christmas pantomime. The General Manager in his office may grow a beard, and he may be very gruff and serious, but, if he has grown beyond the point where he can appreciate a pantomime, then he is a lost soul. The wife, in her home, may think that sinks and saucepans are things of the devil, and she may have had many of her ideals drowned in that self-same sink, but if she believes no longer in pantomime, then she also is a lost soul. Of the children, one is more or less certain no child could be so horrible as to ignore " Cinderella," or the merry people who follow in her wake, in the pantomime production at His Majesty's theatre on Tuesday next. When one is very young, one believes in pantomime with as much seriousness as some of us believe in the ten commandments. In fact, we would far sooner break one of the commandments than break our belief in the wickedness of the baron, the beauty of the fairy godmother, the virtue of the principal girl, and the heroism of the principal boy. In these we believe solemnly. " Cinderella " is being produced at His Majesty's theatre along sumptuous lines, Cinderella is to appear in her coach, drawn by six real ponies, the fairy godmother is to be there in all her glory, and the baron in all his wickedness. We would not deprive him of his wickedness for all the world. It is his virtue. Mr. Levard has produced a wonderful pantomime, and the rehearsals which have revealed a little of its beauty, assure us that the Christmas season at His Majesty's will be a tremendous success. At Christmas, we may throw away all our solemn dignity, and we may make a journey back to the charmed realm of childhood. It isn't a bit silly for us to do this, and the best way we can do it is in His Majesty's theatre, for pantomime time is the time of every man who has not grown old and, as I started off, I shall say again " now to grow old is the most terrible crime in the world." Its antidote is pantomime, and, at the moment its antidote is " Cinderella."

Byron of Byron and Byron at the Orpheum, Johannesburg.

The " South African Pictorial " has increased its circulation by more than 30 per cent. in the past four weeks.

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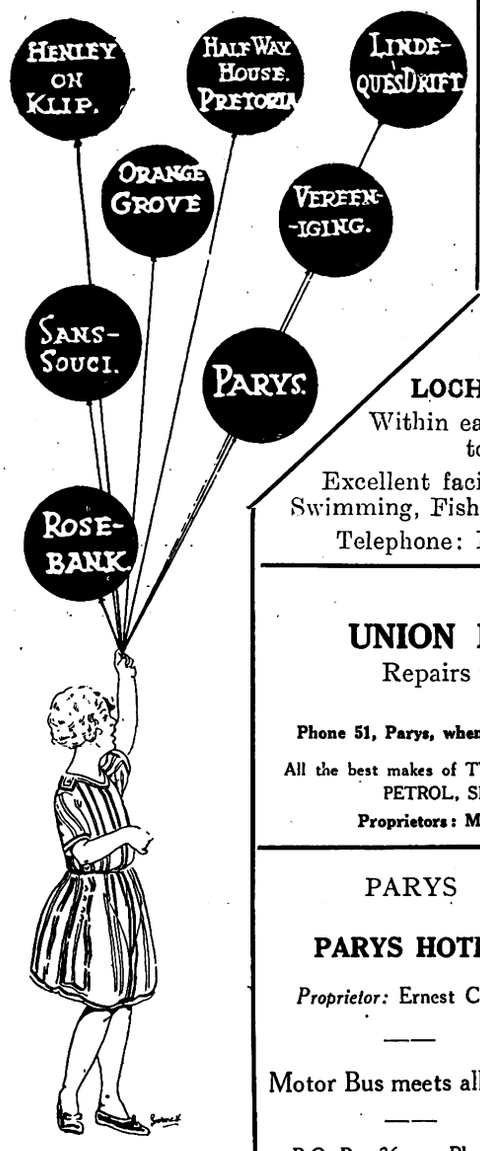

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On the Rialto.

By Antonio.

JOHANNESBURG, Tuesday afternoon.

The continued approach of gold to standard price—the last quotation in London is 88s. 9d. per ounce—has caused a somewhat easier tendency in gold shares, though in the majority of instances with scarcely quotable difference. Some liquidation has also been caused by the necessity of financing deliveries of large parcels of Transvaal Consolidated Lands arriving by each mail. From 24s. 9d., these have risen with a large volume of tranactions, to 27s. 3d. last night. Gold Mining Estates jumped from 11s. 9d. to 15s. on reports of good development on the company's gold areas, but have since eased to 14s. 6d. Central Wests, on the favourable meeting, became 13s. 6d. buyers yesterday afternoon.

The whole of the half year's dividends have now been announced. While the Albu group notified its dividends last week, Aurora and Van Ryn paying the usual ten per cent., the great "stonewaller," the Meyer and Charlton, the more than usual 50, the "Corner House" and Anglo-American groups only came along with their notification late yesterday afternoon, while that of the Barnato house is dated to-day.

Many Repetitions of June.

As I anticipated, many of the distributions are at the same rate as for the first half of the year, the decay of the currency premium having prevented many companies from increasing the final dividend (or "clean-up"). Thus City Deep 5s., Consolidated Main Reef 1s. 3d., Crown Mines 4s., Geldenhuis 1s., Government Areas 6s. 6d. (here conservatism is dictated by the allocation of profits towards plant extension), "Modder" 5s., Rose Deep 2s. 3d., to deal with notifications of the past few days only, pay exactly the same as for the first half of the year.

Randfonteins, Shilling.

Some of the "bears" last week were whispering that Randfonteins might not pay a dividend, hence the wilting in price to 19s., but the pessimists have proved wrong, as have the optimists, who were glibly talking of 1s. 6d., the actual notification being 1s. This is as much as could be expected in view of the "Law's delays." If the decision is in the company's favour, there may be a bonus later, or shall one say an "Easter Egg" to supplement the present Christmas box?

East Rands—After Many Years.

East Rand Proprietors will receive a nimble ninepence a share, the first dividend warrant they will have seen since 1916, when they only got sixpence. I hear that the board was rather divided. "To pay, or not to pay" that was the question. An explanatory announcement is rather quaint. "The net result of the year's operations was £87,167, which is equivalent to 3.79 per cent. The directors have accordingly decided to declare a 3¾ per cent. dividend." I call this the "microscopics of finance," at a margin of .04, or a twenty-fifth of one per cent. Certainly a very "fine adjustment"! Some of the early propaganda had indicated that a dividend would be forthcoming at the end of this year. But, this consideration apart, conservation of funds would have been a wiser policy in view of the vanishing premium.

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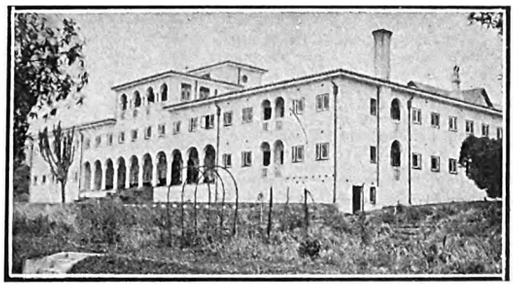

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Theatres Elsewhere.

Miss Marie Tempest is to appear in a new musical play called "Orange Blossoms" in London at the Queen's Theatre, Shaftesbury Avenue, within a week or two. This follows on her tremendous success in "Midsummer Madness" at the Lyric Theatre, Hammersmith. Although Miss Tempest did not make a success of her first re-appearance in London, it was the play and not the player at fault. With all the younger stars who have come into the theatrical heaven in England in recent years, none has the delicate grace, the Dresden-china elegance of Miss Tempest.

It is possible that Miss Violet Loraine will return to the English stage. She appeared at the benefit matinée for Mr. Arthur Roberts at the Alhambra Theatre in London a few weeks ago, and the public received her so sensationally that she was bombarded with offers from managers when her performance was over. The people shouted, "Come back, Vi," when she left the stage door, and Mr. Julian Wylie has asked her to return and play with George Robey in the "Bing Boys." She confessed that she was seriously thinking of returning to the theatre, but when the matinée was over she went straight back to her home in Northumberland and to her baby. Her return to the English stage would be a sensation, for she has not got her parallel in the theatre of to-day.

Melba Remembers.

Dame Nellie Melba, who is making her final appearance in Australia, is, for the benefit of her own publicity and her admiring public, telling stories of her green and waving past.

This is one of her latest:—"You probably know," she said, "that Verdi himself explained to me the exact manner in which the role of Desdemona is to be interpreted. Well, one of Verdi's great friends was Boito, who collaborated with him in the opera 'Falstaff,' and Boito was a confirmed practical joker. One evening he took me to the opera and he sat in a box overlooking the orchestra. The formation of these boxes in such that the tops of the double basses reach almost up to the level of one box itself, and one only had to lean forward to be able to touch the instruments. I saw Boito's roving eye come to rest on the double basses, and as soon as the first interval came he turned to me and said: 'Let's unscrew them all!' It was very terrible of me," confessed Dame Nellie, "but I simply couldn't resist the temptation. We leant out of the boxes and quickly unscrewed the double basses, so that the strings became quite slack. I wish you had seen the faces of the players when they returned. They looked here, there and everywhere, and finally up into our box. As soon as they saw Boito they knew whom they had to blame, and they shook their fists at us—but with smiles on their faces."

Next Week's Calls.

WEEK COMMENCING MONDAY, DECEMBER 22

Tivoli, Capetown.—Key and Keyworth, Teddy Stream, Madge Kennedy, Addison & Mitrenga, Les Trombettas, James Stewart, and Vesta Sisters.

Empire, Johannesburg.—Bransby Williams, Ted Marcel, Frank Fay and Dixie Lady, Henry De Bray & Partner, Chris Charlton, Two Vagabonds, and Videau & Kirby.

His Majesty's, Johannesburg.—Opening Tuesday, 23rd December, the Grand Christmas Pantomime "CINDERELLA" produced by Philip D. Levard.

Grand, Pretoria.—Foster & Ninon.

Criterion, Benoni.—Bilton & Max, and Professor Mellini presenting "Nereide."

Rinko, Pietersmaritzburg.—Theda Sisters.

Criterion, Durban.—Scott Sanders, Betsy De La Porte, Brennan & Newton.

Theatre Royal, Durban.—23rd to 27th, "The Rising Generation" Company.

Palace, Bulawayo.—"The Veterans of Variety."

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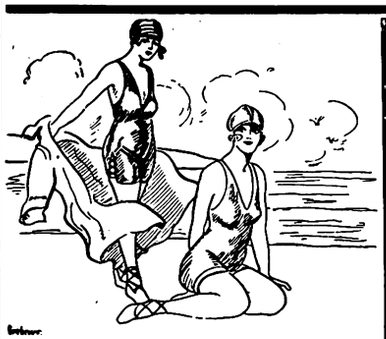

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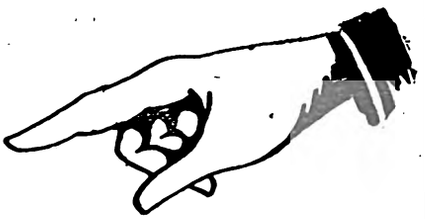

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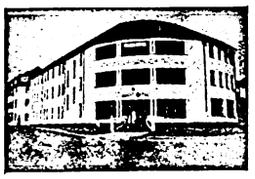

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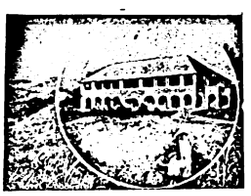

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The Week Paragraphed.

One sometimes wonders what exactly it is that has brought visitors to South Africa—whether it is the beauty of the Cape, the wonder of the Rand mines, the picturesqueness of Durban, the call of the lonely veld, the sunshine or just a desire to see some place that is new.

It is the sunshine that has brought Field-Marshal Sir Arthur Barrett out here from England. A veteran of many campaigns—and he looks a typical soldier—including the Anglo-Boer war, he has come to South Africa purely for a holiday. From the Falls he will go round Rhodesia and on to Kenya before returning to England in March.

The Currency Experts.

Famous men very often disappoint us in their appearance. Mr. H. G. Wells, for instance, looks more like a wool merchant than an author; and Mr. Arnold Bennett might easily be taken for a bank clerk. The currency experts, however, Dr. G. Vissering and Professor R. Kemmerer, who arrived by the mail boat on December 8, look exactly like the keen-eyed, shrewd business men they are.

Wisely they declined in the scramble of departure to express any opinions on currency matters to the Pressmen who crowded round and only smiled at the numerous questions fired at them.

Dr. Vissering, however, found time to tell me of his intention to go to the rich Dutch East Indies when he leaves South Africa. He liked Java, he said. "*R.*"

A Composer-Conductor.

Whoever knows the Capetown Orchestra knows Mr. W. J. Pickerell, the assistant conductor and the best bassoon player in South Africa. Wherever the orchestra has travelled he is remembered; but few people know that he is also a composer and is already responsible for two operas.

His second a one-act opera written by A. J. Wilson, is called "The Mill of Youth," and Capetown will have an opportunity of hearing it when it is produced there shortly.

Mr. Pickerill's musical career in England was very varied—he has played all over the country—and it is now ten years since he came to South Africa. He played in the first performance of the Capetown Orchestra.

When the Band Played.

Johannesburg people love a bargain, in music as in aught else, so I was not surprised to see a big crowd in Joubert Park on Sunday afternoon to hear the Australian Brass Band at 1s. per head. Funny how the lawns, usually held sacred, are freely used when there is something special on!

If people came to get any ideas on how a band should play, their visit was not in vain. I have never heard brass to better advantage. And the calm, unruffled manner with which Mr. Baile conducted the ensemble was a sublime lesson in restraint. No gestures, no striving after effect, no gallery acting; just simple beating of the baton and an occasional nod of the head. I remember Lyell-Tayler standing in his place some considerable time ago. I was fascinated by the marvellous wrist work he exhibited in guiding his merry men.

Listening-in the other night to his orchestra playing at the Durban Municipal Radio Station, on the opening performance, I remarked the same sense of perfect team work which distinguishes the Australians. *H.G.*

A Docks Artist.

Although in odd unfrequented corners of the docks I had often seen an artist quietly sketching, I did not suspect Mr. B. W. Dumbleton of being one of them until he gave an exhibition of water colours at Messrs. Dempers and Wiley, Capetown, recently.

Mr. Dumbleton's ideas on ships and shipping are not those of an expert, but the same cannot be said of his work. He shows a fine appreciation of depth and shade. His colours are quiet and his effects simple. He paints inanimate things well, but I must disagree with the critic who wanted Mr. Dumbleton to go out to the open sea. He is essentially an artist of calm. *R.*

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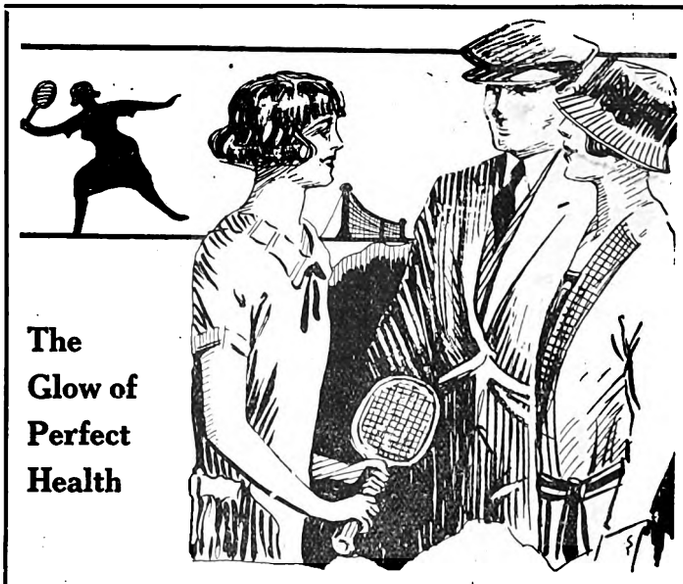

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"The Union's National Weekly."

VOL. XIX. No. 491.] SATURDAY, DECEMBER 27TH, 1924. (Registered at G.P.O. as a Newspaper.) PRICE 6D.

Daughters of Johannesburg.

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Miss Coleen Purchas, daughter of Mr. and Mrs. T. A. R. Purchas.

Miss Elsie Healey, daughter of Mr. and Mrs. J. E. Healey.

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This Christmas Business.

By Hector Bolitho.

I suppose every editor of every newspaper in every corner of the earth is sitting down to write a Christmas message to his readers. It is inevitable. It doesn't matter how you have swindled and sinned, you have an attack of nice-mindedness towards the end of December and you take up the pen that has libelled and lied for three hundred and sixty-four days and buy back the freedom of your soul on the three hundred and sixty-fifth.

Honestly, I've no Christmas message. What can one say? "I wish you a merry Christmas." I certainly do that. Then of course one can always say "Christmas is not what it used to be." They always say that—the dullards. For me, Christmas will certainly be a changed affair. One in New Zealand, one in Fiji, two in Australia, one in England, one in Paris and now South Africa. In New Zealand we keep up the English tradition and eat with vulgar enthusiasm until we are forced to sleep out on the lawns all the afternoon. We teach our children to believe in Father Christmas and I think it is a very good thing. I wish I could believe in him. Nothing would give me greater pleasure than to hang up my stocking and believe that the train and the sweets and blocks and Felix were put there over night by the hand of the man who drives a sleigh, drawn by reindeer. I think it would be splendid to be able to believe in that. The trouble is that we believe in far too little. We are a sour, bitter crowd . . . we human beings. So we pass the bitterness to the youngsters and smash their little elfin beliefs. So Peter and Peggy of to-day, at the age of five, scoff at fairies and, when you mention Santa Claus, they say "Go on! you're pulling my leg." No, you *are* right! Christmas is not what it used to be.

Last Christmas I went to Paris. I remember it all so well. A friend called for me in the morning. I lived in Chelsea then and he had leased King Henry the Eighth's barn in Cheyne Walk and had turned it into a house. Time was when the vicious Henry used to seduce his ladies there. But my friend was more literary than lustful and his house was what we Chelsea stupids used to call "a literary pulse."

"We are going to Paris in an hour. Will you come?"

Mon Dieu, I packed a pair of silk pyjamas and a tooth brush into my coat pocket, borrowed ten pounds from my landlord, walked down the stairs and sailed for Paris. It was all very easy.

I don't know what happened in Paris that last wonderful Christmas. You see, Paris is the only place in the world that never disappoints you. Paris . . . you go to her and she may have her laughing face half veiled in winter mist . . . she may have her eyes dancing-golden in the spring. She may be met at night, with scarlet shoon upon her feet and her silver laugh that echoes down the boulevards, among the chestnuts and into the thousand cafes where long pallid fingers are playing with coffee cups. Yes . . . I am hungry for Paris at the moment.

I am one of those terrible people who keep a diary.

I can turn it open . . . it is very fat and in many volumes now . . . and tell you exactly what I wrote on that Christmas day . . . if you care.

This is my entry.

Christmas Day in Paris.

I made these notes at intervals during the day, on top of my Continental edition of the "Daily Mail" (Mr. Lewis Rose Macleod of the "Rand Daily Mail" was literary editor in those days). I spent most of the day at a little cafe on the corner.

Eight o'clock in the morning—Christmas Day.

The artists all danced their feet into pulp last night. That snail breakfast at five o'clock, after seven hours dancing at the Maniacs club, was too much for me.

Forlorn, deserted wine bottles lie, like corpses, in the gutters. Kiki is looking for her hat. Somebody has climbed to the third story balcony of the Hotel des Ecoles and the little sequin toque is hanging from the railings where they've tied it.

Five o'clock in the evening.

The Artists are all awake and they are coming into the cafe for breakfast. C——, the great painter of sunrises, and who has never seen one, eats one snail and drinks a glass of mandarin and curacoa. His mistress, whom he feeds entirely on cabbage leaves, to keep her pale, eats an aspirin and shudders.

She is talking to Dodo who ran away from the hospital yesterday morning in her nightdress. The doctor gave her three weeks to live, so she is living them. She leans over and tells the morning news. Ezra Pound is in hospital with appendicitis. They are putting ice on his stomach. The artists are all American or English. That is the beauty of Paris. It is the only place in Europe where you are safe from meeting the French. Maurice . . . the modern poet is writing verses called "The reflection of my face in clear soup."

Marguerite, the artist, arrives. She thinks she has a purple past whereas it is merely mauve. Her fourth husband stabbed her in the neck with a tin opener and she hides the mark with a jade ribbon. Maurice is talking to her. Maurice is youthful no longer. Once his wife chased him right down the Boulevard de Montparnesse, in nothing but his sky blue singlet.

The Dutch painter has come in. He is talking to a Russian about German poetry in English.

There is an old Russian poet with a black beard dipped in beer, putting yellow tulips into Marguerite's hair. A poilu in his sky blue uniform comes in with ——— who was the favourite model of Rodin

Outside . . . look . . . you can see her through the glass doors, a woman in sabots is selling mistletoe . . mistletoe . . Christmas . . . Paris is laughing . . . if you listen very carefully you can hear the chuckle, in the whirr of the trams, in the whisper of the waiters' shoes on the tiles, in the voices of the million, in the bells, . . and this, written around the edge of the Continental edition of the "Daily Mail," in Paris, was my Christmas.

But that is all over now. Paris is still laughing. My friends are on the channel steamer . . .Angus, with the broad brimmed black hat he always keeps for Paris.

So, you see, I've got no editorial Christmas message for you. I haven't mentioned Noel, yule logs, holly or any of those things. I have just rambled on, with a higgledy-piggledy mind, and I've wandered far enough. Only this . . if Christmas is a time of ease, find a moment of it to think of the youngsters. We have ceased to believe. We are too grown up and Christmas means for us, a time when we make a little more money and when we spend a little more. But it only empties our pockets . . . it doesn't bring any old slumbering fire to flame. We put the fire out long ago.

But we can make Christmas real for the little people. If you would only believe it, it is far better that they should believe in the candles on the tree, in the magic of the stocking filled over night, than they should be wise and shrewd. It isn't a bit wonderful to make a child believe in the earth upon which he walks, in the gold within his grasp and the generosity of the hand that feeds it.

It is better to believe in the light, the sun, the elfin unrealities of the things past that silver door . . . the place of Imagination. The tradition of Christmas has been built on Imagination, but we've pushed old Santa Claus off his throne and put Bacchus and Shylock in his place. It was very rotten of us.

Please let the children suppose that Santa Claus is still there.

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The Caged Canary.

By William J. Makin.

I.

"'Ere you are. Who'll buy another bullfinch for ninepence? Yer can't go wrong."

Into the rather drunken Saturday night mind of Alfred Winch, the raucous voice penetrated. He was making his way through the jostling crowd of the little pavement market, pleasantly bewildered by the kerosene flares and the cheapjack lures of the stalls.

"Who wants another bullfinch? A chance of a lifetime. A bullfinch for ninepence."

Alfred Winch swayed himself to a standstill and gazed up at the voice. A red-faced man in shoddy clothes bawled hopefully at the crowd. His big, grimy hands fumbled a small paper bag in which something fluttered, life in a paper bag for ninepence, the flaring kerosene lit up a face distorted with the passionate endeavour to sell bullfinches for ninepence.

WILLIAM J. MAKIN.

"Thank yer, sir. Yer a gent."

A hand had reached out from the crowd to clutch the paper bag.

"Now, who says another?"

Much beer was making a paradise of the pavement market to the muddled outlook of Alfred Winch. While fluttering paper bags disappeared into the crowd, he gazed open-mouthed at dangling bird cages, some with birds hopping to and fro in frightened fashion, which provided a background for the man with the red face and shoddy clothes.

Blue cages, golden cages and green cages. Golden birds, green birds and blue birds. It was a confused jumble of colour to the open-mouthed Alfred Winch. Yet, from out this spectacle of coloured cages there fixed itself in his mind the vision of a red cage with a yellow canary.

It may be that it fixed itself on his mind because the yellow canary was the only stable thing in that fluttering, jumping display. While other birds fluttered and dashed themselves against the bars of their coloured cages, the yellow canary perched itself dumb and stationary and calmly eyed the crowd of faces that stared upwards. A red cage and a yellow canary, the colour effect appealed to Afred Winch, who worked as a painter and decorator.

"I like that. My missus would like it, too," he said to himself.

At that moment the yellow canary popped its head to one side and seemed to gaze in perky fashion at Alfred Winch.

"Did you ever, now? Seems a bright little bird that. I'm sure missus would like it."

Alfred Winch lurched towards the stall. Although his aesthetic sense had been captured by the yellow and red combination, he had another motive in desiring to buy the bird. A merry afternoon with merry companions had rather depleted his week's wages. The gift of a caged canary might placate somewhat the disturbing reception he anticipated from her when he reached home.

"A bullfinch for ninepence. Yer can't go wrong."

He had elbowed his way up to the red-faced man in shoddy clothes.

"What's the price of the canary?" blurted Alfred Winch.

"Which canary, guv'nor?"

"The c . . ; canary in the red cage."

The red-faced man gave a swift look at the stall.

"Seven and six ter you—and cheap at the price."

"Hand it over," decided Alfred Winch, recklessly.

The red-faced man reached out a grimy hand to take the cage, when a miserable, shivering figure of a boy appeared from beneath the stall and clutched his arm. The red-faced man looked down.

"Don't."

It was a hoarse whisper.

"Eh? What d'yer say?"

"Don't sell the canary," came the whisper again from the shivering boy.

"Garn! Who owns this blasted stall, me or you, eh? Get out of it."

He raised a threatening fist and the boy shrank out of sight. The next moment the red-faced man had clutched the cage and swung it towards Alfred Winch.

"'Ere yer are, guv'nor. Seven and six. Tike it away."

Alfred Winch solemnly handed over three half-crowns and, holding the cage above his head, lurched out through the crowd. As he passed out of that paradise of kerosene and cheapjacks the raucous voice pursued him.

". . . . Gawd blime! 'Ave yer all spent yer wages tonight, or is there a blooming strike on?" Eh?" A bullfinch fer ninepence. Yer can't go wrong."

Alfred Winch stumbled homewards.

"The missus is bound to like it," he mutttered to himself. The thought gave him confidence.

II.

"It's a rum bird, Alf?"

So said Mrs. Aggie Winch as she folded her arms over a capacious bosom and gazed at the red cage and the yellow canary that hung over the remains of the Sunday dinner.

Alfred Winch, engaged in the simultaneous tasks of picking his teeth with a match and reading a particularly interesting poison trial in his Sunday newspaper, merely grunted. It meant either assent or dissent.

"It sits dumb-like on the perch all the time and never so much as squeaks. Do canaries sing or do they squeak, Alf?"

With regret Alfred Winch laid down his newspaper.

"They whistles," he said.

"Gawd knows why yer bought it," went on his wife. "Yer must 'ave been more drunk than yer looked last night."

"I tells yer I couldn't resist when it perked its head at one side and looked at me. I tells yer, Aggie, that's a very knowing bird."

"And I tells yer again it's a rum bird."

Alfred Winch sighed in the manner of a man who has long known the illogical nature of woman.

"It's not a flighty bird, I admit. It doesn't flutter about the cage and whistle all day like these cheap wild birds that should never 'ave been caught. This canary is a knowing bird. It sees things. What should I do with a rowdy bird?"

"But it never even chirps," continued Mrs. Winch, relentlessly. "When I gave it fresh water and bird seed this morning it didn't even look at it. It's unnatural, I say."

"Maybe, it's pining."

"And what should a canary be pining for, I wants to know? It's a rum bird. There's something wrong with it."

Alfred Winch considered the red cage. That at least was satisfying.

"P'rhaps if I hung it outside in the sunshine it would liven up," he said. "After all, birds want the sunshine and open air, yer know."

Mrs. Winch let her eyes rest on the dirty plates and the remains of boiled cabbage that littered the table.

"Take it outside and give it away if yer likes," she said, savagely. "I'm goin' ter wash up."

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With his Sunday newspaper and the red cage and yellow canary, Alfred Winch proceeded to the doorstep of his house. Dirty pavements, a lean black cat, and a monotonous row of brick houses similar to the one in which he lived was the familiar scene that met his eye. Watched with baneful intensity by the lean black cat, he stood on tiptoes and hung the red cage on a rusty nail against the brick wall. Then he stood back to admire his handiwork. The black cat slunk cautiously out of the way of his heavy boots.

"I think the missus is right," he murmured to himself. "It is a rum bird."

The yellow canary still sat with silent aloofness on its perch. The only sign of animation was when it ruffled its feathers for a moment, and then resumed its air of complete detachment.

"I wonder why the youngster didn't want the canary sold?" he mused, and then sat down on the doorstep to continue his reading of the thrilling poison trial.

How long he sat reading his Sunday newspaper he hardly remembered. But it was while he was studying the sporting news that he suddenly sat up in surprise.

"Tweet . . . tweet . . .Chr . . r . . . r . . . p!"

Alfred Winch almost chirruped himself in sheer delight at the sound. He let the newspaper fall from his hands, stood up, and discovered the old gentleman.

The old gentleman, with grey stubby beard and round benevolent spectacles had his face almost against the red cage. He might have been whispering secrets to the bird. Whatever it was, the yellow canary had suddenly shown itself vitally alive and was trilling a song as though its throbbing throat would burst with ecstasy.

Discovered by Alfred Winch, the old gentleman turned towards him. He was dressed in a frock coat, faded green, and held a bulgy umbrella behind his back with the air of a man of peace.

"That's a very fine bird," he said. "A very fine bird."

Alfred Winch was still in a state of surprise and so contented himself with a hoarse acquiescence.

"Might I ask if it is a particular pet of yours?" asked the old gentleman.

"Well, it ain't exactly a pet, for I only bought it last night."

"Dear me . . . dear me. Only last night."

A short silence followed, through which the canary shrilled its happy song.

"P'raps you're very fond of canaries?" blurted Alfred Winch, feeling that the silence was becoming strained.

The old gentleman turned his benevolent spectacles away from the canary and the red cage, and smiled, sadly.

"I am very fond of canaries—of a canary," I should say.

"It's queer your comin' along and makin' that bird sing," went on Alfred Winch with reckless intimacy. "My missus had been saying that there was somethin' wrong with the bird. It's never sung a note until this moment when you put yer face up against the cage."

The old man sighed gently, and allowed one hand to stray from his umbrella in search of a handkerchief that he could not find.

"I never . . . never expected to see that canary again," he said.

"What! yer knows that canary?"

"I do, and the cage. Alas, a very sad story. But then, you wouldn't understand. A father's sentiment. Yes. I suppose you wouldn't take five pounds for that canary and cage?"

Alfred Winch positively blinked his surprise.

"Five pounds!"

"I cannot bear to think of the bird being out of my possession. It is vital."

The last word was almost a sob.

"Won't you come inside?" suggested Alfred Winch.

III.

Mrs. Winch had come flushed from her battle with the dirty crockery. She sank, a blousy, fleshy creature into a chair that was much too small for her and stared respectfully at the faded green frock coat that perched itself on the edge of the sofa. Alfred Winch straddled himself in the fireplace, as the master of a home should.

The old gentleman was nervous. His hands smoothed the bulgy umbrella and laid it across his knees. Then, in a quiet and hesitant voice, he told the story.

"It was only two months ago," he began, "and yet it seems a century. I lived in a little cottage at Teddington, just near to the river, with my daughter, Angela. Angela! She was the most wonderful girl in the whole world—laughing curls, laughing eyes, and a laughing mouth. She was born to bring sunshine into the world."

Mrs. Winch rolled her podgy hands into her lap and nodded sympathetically.

"Alas, there were others who saw the beauty of my daughter. There was one in particular, a young man who loved my daughter passionately. A good-looking young man, always dressed smartly and with an air of being something in the city. He used to come down to Teddington at the week-ends and take my daughter on the river. They spent days together in a punt.

"It was not long before my daughter loved him in return. A girl cannot be expected to spend days of sunshine in a punt with a good-looking young fellow in flannels and blazer, and not be expected to love him. Many an evening when Maurice—that was his name—had gone back to his hotel at Teddington, Angela would come and nestle herself at my feet and shyly tell me of the wonderful day they had spent together."

The old gentleman's voice broke, and Mrs. Winch coughed encouragingly.

"These week-ends continued all through the summer. From my cottage I looked on and smiled, but I was sad at heart. I knew that the time was coming when my little girl was to be taken in a lover's arms and whisked away into all youth's splendid enjoyments of life. I could see love gleaming in her eyes when she came home after a walk with Maurice, her curls laughing in the breeze and kisses on her lips.

"Maurice was always bringing her little presents. She was still a child and looked out for them with all the eagerness and expectancy of a child. One Saturday he brought her a canary in a red cage, the same canary and cage that now hangs over your door. Angela laughed with delight and clapped her hands at the sight of them. The cage hung in her bedroom and many a time when I have passed her door I heard her whispering love secrets to the canary. And the bird sang its joy and delight. Many things she whispered which were much too sacred for an old man to listen to. I hurried past the door."

The old man paused, took off his spectacles, smeared them with his fingers and put them back again.

"It came like a cloudburst, so sudden and devastating. Maurice was married. He had been married for years, and his week-ends at Teddington were merely the amusement of a married man bored with the company of his wife at home. How Angela found out I never discovered. But she made him admit the truth, and in his shamed, downcast face she saw all her ideals and illusions smashed. He said he was sorry, and went away. . . .

"I tried to comfort her, but an old man's love is no use to a girl who has thrilled to a young man's passion. She wept and cried pitifully. It is a terrible thing to see a girl weeping at your knees and feel helpless to comfort her. . . ."

Mrs. Winch nodded sympathetically and caught her husband's eye.

"Just like our Ada when she had her first tiff with Jack," she said, loudly.

Alfred Winch bared his teeth at her with a snarl.

". . . She went to bed early that night," continued the old gentleman. "There was a determined look on her white face, from which all laughter had gone. Oh, if I had only realised the tragedy of that determination! I never knew until the next morning when I went to her bedroom. She was not there. The bed had not been slept in. And the canary and the red cage were missing, too.

"I was so stunned by the sudden sense of tragedy that I hardly knew what happened. I found myself wandering

FOR PASSPORT PHOTOS, NEW YORK STUDIOS, CORNER RISSIK AND PRESIDENT STREETS.

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"Veronique" at Durban.

The amateurs who produced "Veronique" at Durban last week.

along the river bank, calling, 'Angela . . . Angela.' Tears filled my eyes and dimmed my sight, and it was only when I stumbled over something that I realised what had happened."

"What was it?" asked Mrs. Winch, her blousy figure leaning forward.

"It was the yellow canary and the red cage, standing alone on the river bank," said the old gentleman, quietly. "A few yards away the grey water swirled and eddied in sinister fashion. At once I knew the worst. Angela had gone forth to drown herself in the river. Only the canary, the one who knew all her secrets, had seen her humble death. In the dim light of the early morning she had placed the caged canary on the bank, whispered a tender farewell, and then gone towards that swirling grey water. Only the canary had seen everything. . . . Two days later the police found her body. . ."

The old man's voice broke. Mrs. Winch dabbed her eyes.

"I allus said it was a rum bird," she said. "No wonder the poor thing ain't got a song in its breast. What horrors it must 'ave seen."

Even Alfred Winch felt the emotion of the moment and visibly drooped.

"It was while I was rushing away for the police on that dreadful morning," said the old gentleman, in the same quiet voice, "that I realised I had left the canary and red cage on the river bank. When I returned to the spot with the police they had disappeared. Someone wandering along the river bank that morning had found the bird and taken it away. They did not realise the humble tragedy. For weeks I have been searching for the yellow canary in a red cage. I have advertised in the newspapers. It was not until this afternoon that I happened to pass your home. And there I saw the bird and the cage. There was no mistake. It is the yellow canary to which Angela told her secrets."

"There's no doubt the bird recognised you, too," murmured Alfred Winch. "I tell you, Aggie, it nearly burst its throat when the old gentleman appeared. I allus said it was a knowing bird."

The old gentleman gazed at him through his round, benevolent spectacles. There was a sad, wistful expression on his face.

"You won't refuse to sell me the bird now? For Angela's sake. It's all I have left, all that an old man like myself can cling to. Angela opened her heart to the canary. Perhaps some day I shall understand those trills and learn something of the beautiful soul of my little girl."

He placed a five pound note on the table.

Mrs. Winch was now openly and unashamedly weeping. It was a great moment in the life of Alfred Winch. He cleared his throat, noisily.

"Guv'nor, the bird is yours. I wants yer to take it, as a gift. Me and my missue 'ave 'earts and we should never feel easy if we took your money. Take the bird and Gawd 'elp yer to bear yer sorrow."

The old gentleman was visibly moved.

"I thank you," he said, quietly. "Will you allow me to shake hands with you?"

Self-consciously, Alfred Winch felt his grimy hand gripped by the old man, and then he saw the faded green frock coat disappearing into the street.

"We've chucked away a fiver, Aggie," he said to his weeping wife, "but I feels a better man for it."

"Alf, I'm proud of yer," sobbed his wife.

Then, together, they stood in the doorway and watched an old gentleman walking along the street carrying a yellow canary in a red cage. The bird was singing.

* * *

Half-an-hour later the old gentleman sat in the back room of a shop where birds and cages were sold by a red-faced man in shabby clothes. On a rickety table stood the red cage with its yellow canary.

The old gentleman had discarded his round, benevolent spectacles and displayed an ugly, angry face.

"I'll break every bone in your disgusting body," he was saying, "if you dare to sell a bird in a red cage again. My instructions were quite definite. When you receive a shipment of red cages and canaries you display them, but don't sell them. It cost me half-an-hour's hard talking to get this caged canary back again."

"I told you . . . I warned you," cried a shivering, white-faced boy.

The red-faced man licked his full lips, nervously.

He watched the old gentleman fumble the cage until a false bottom suddenly revealed itself. Slowly, the tray was brought forth. It was filled with a dazzling white powder.

"Cocaine!" chuckled the old gentleman.

The canary chirruped blithely.

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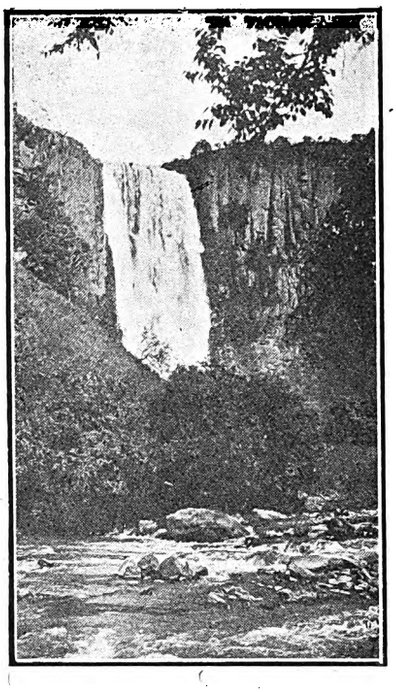
The Cape of Good Hope.

A CONTINENT — IN A CAMERA.

By Joseph Albrecht.

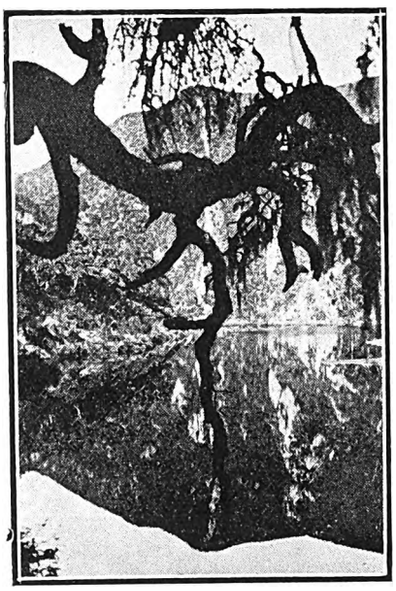


Howick Falls, Natal.

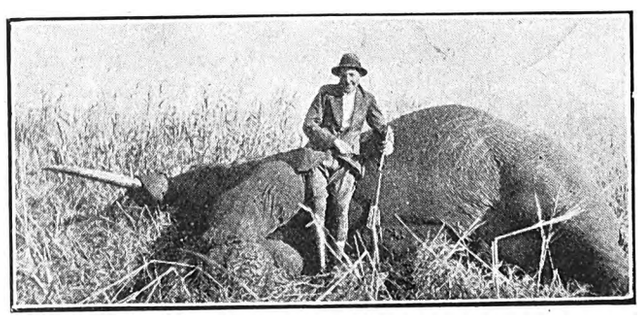
Canada, Australia and New Zealand seem to have become very sophisticated countries, very civilised and very much like the people who have settled in them. But Africa still holds many of her secrets from the invasion of people from the Old World, and although great cities have sprung up in Africa, and although the land is peppered with small progressive towns, there are still the jungles of Rhodesia, the Addo Bush and the Big Game Hunting territories of East Africa, to woo the hunter away from his civilised city and give him a taste of the wild and wonderful days when there were no critics, no newspapers, no mines, and no activities at all, except the rambling of black men through the forest and their rude kraal on the unending veld. The camera men of the African Film Productions Company spend almost all their lives in these remote and far away places, seeking adventure, so that it may be photographed in either camera or motion-picture machine. During the past years, South Africa has provided the outside world with hundreds of moving pictures of jungle life, big game hunting and aspects of native life in the country. Thus, our men have carried their cameras into strange places.

One could provide a mountain of photographs for recording these adventures. But Editors who talk on space must be considerate, so I am going to tell you my story of a continent in a camera with sixteen photographs chosen from my book.

We shall go far south for the opening of the story—as far south as we can in this continent. We find the rocky, austere Cape of Good Hope looking out over the tremendous distances with no land between itself and the icy territories of the Poles. The Cape of Good Hope was discovered to the western world by Vasco Da Gama in 1497. You leave Capetown, skim over the glorious roads of the Cape Peninsula, pass Muizenberg, St. James and Kalk Bay, over the Red Hill at Simonstown and on to the beautiful Cape Point road. We had to travel 2,000 miles from Johannesburg to get this photograph, and when it was eventually screened only twenty feet of film were used, lasting twenty seconds. It was an expensive and difficult twenty seconds of moving picture entertainment to prepare. From the solitary grandeur of the Cape of Good Hope, which has fired the sense of adventure of children in many countries beside our own, we shall move to Natal.



Keurbooms River, in Cape Province.



An enormous bull which fell before the gun.

Not so very long ago our photographers had to go to a great deal of trouble to photograph Howick Falls, for they played a great part in the South African film, "The Voice of the Waters." It was necessary for us to build the interior of a drawing-room in order that the Falls could be seen through the window, in keeping with a certain incident in the story. So, right out on the edge of the Falls, the carpenters prepared a drawing-room and the scene was acted and filmed. A photograph of Howick Falls near by will give you some idea of what an excellent background this film story had. The next subject of interest is Keurbooms River, the famous beauty spot in the Knysna district. It is a day's journey from the nearest railway station, and we went there for the purpose of filming the marvellous reflection on the river in the early morning. The Keurbooms is a tidal river and the best effects are observed at the turn of the tides.

Our camera men have frequently been associated with big game hunting, and they have never had to travel further than one thousand miles from the gold reef in order to secure their most successful pictures. When Major Pretorius cleared the majority of the elephants from the Addo Bush, a camera man spent a considerable time with him.

One of the most fascinating journeys ever undertaken by our camera man was to Ruwenzori, popularly known as The Mountains of the Moon. This range is situated on the edge of the great tropical forest of the Belgian Congo. Setting out from Nairobi, the camera man proceeded to Mount Kenya. One of the photographs near by shows the Kikuyu warriors of Kenya colony. When this route had been filmed he made his way to Ruwenzori, travelling from Kenya by Mount Elgin, where he was able to photograph the quaint natives known as the cave-dwellers of Mount Elgin (see page 10). This photograph was taken in country teeming with buffalo and other wild game. From Mount Elgin, the route passed the shores of Lake Victoria Nyanza and, when

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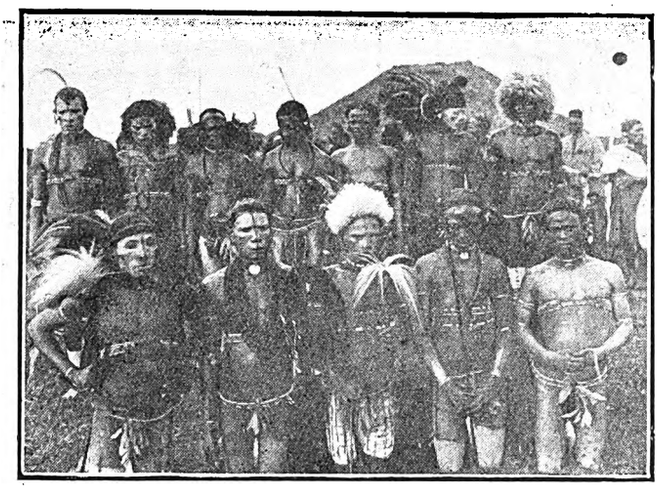
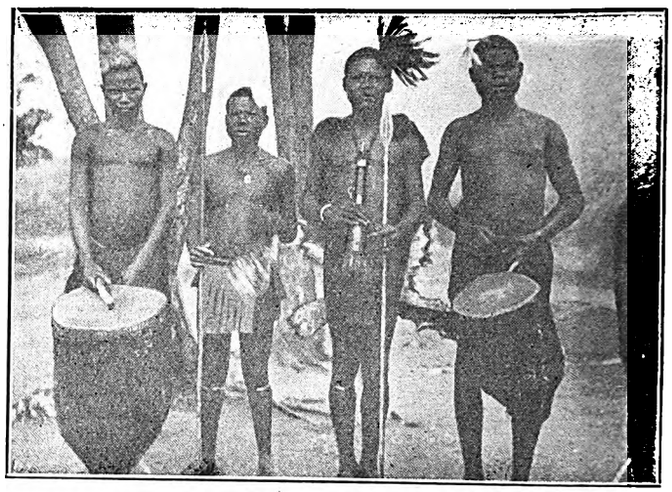


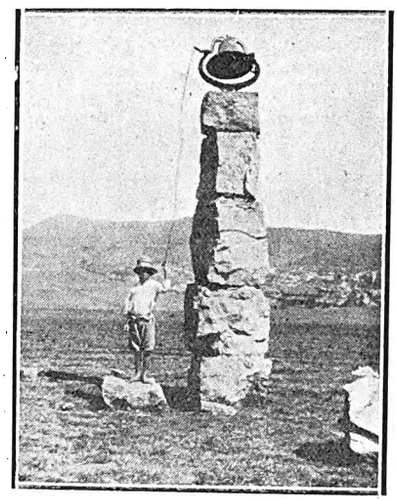
Kikiyu Warriors of Kenya Colony.



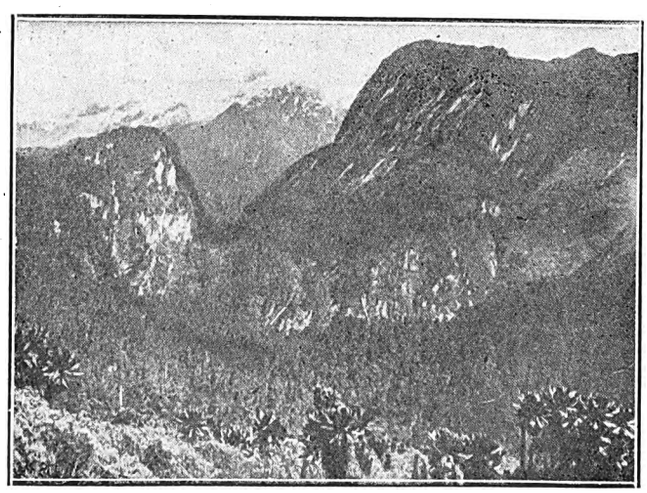
Bakonjos, inhabiting the lower slopes of the Mountain of the Moon.

the lake was crossed and the landing had been effected at Ginga, the camera man filmed the birthplace of the Nile. Proceeding overland, Kampala was reached and there all arrangements were made for scaling the Ruwenzori. Near here is Fort Portal, the remotest outpost of the British Empire. Proceeding onwards the porters arrived at Ibandha, passing on the way the wonderful and mysterious crater lakes and hot springs. At night, the deadly silence of the forest was broken by the dull thud of the feet of numbers of elephants. It was an exciting journey.

At Ibandha, new natives were added to the party for the ascent of the mountain. First, there went a party of pathcutters, who hacked a path through the undergrowth to enable the food porters to establish stations at which stores were planted. After the food porters came the camera man's party, accompanied by the natives who had acted as guides to the Duke of Abruzzi in his successful journey up Ruwenzori. Ever upward they climbed, through dense bamboo forests, upward to the dead forest where for generations numberless trees have fallen and have become petrified. Deep fissures between the dead trunks made travelling unsafe and slow, and there were hidden obstacles everywhere until one's progress was merely a matter of stumble after stumble, and always they climbed higher and higher. There were sleet and slush and fog; there were swamp gardens splendid with orchids of every colour and strange, beautiful flowers hanging like fairy lanterns from the trees. At last, they reached the spot where the Duke of Abruzzi had made his last camp. This is just below the great glaciers of Mount Baker. After five days spent in filming the scenery, shortage of food compelled a retreat. Down the mountain side the party stumbled, but their reward was in the camera, for they photographed some marvellous mountain scenery. To spite all that has been written about Ruwenzori, the Mountains of the Moon, our photographer came home and insisted on renaming it Mountain of Mud, a place of rotting decay and disease.



A Piccaninny ringing the School Bell in Basutoland.



At Ruwenzori, in the Mountains of the Moon.

There are still lands remote from the motion camera man. There are still islands, even on our own coasts where the mysterious machine has not intruded. Madagascar was in this position up to a very short time ago. The African Film Productions, Ltd., took the first motion camera to Madagascar, at least the first camera to completely record life and scenes on this beautiful island. The camera men landed at Tamatave on the south-east coast of the island. There they were faced by an immense forest belt, through which they made a thorough tour. Here, beauty reigned supreme. Wonderfully coloured flowers and a pageant of brilliant birds, butterflies and insects turned the place into Nature's splendid pantomime. The scenes changed with magic unreality, like the transformation scenes we know in our earliest pantomime. The people who dwell in the forest are called Betsimisaraka. Leaving the forest, the photographers arrived at the fascinating capital of Madagascar. The Frenchmen call it Tanamaridu, and the natives call it Antamanariva. It is terribly difficult to pronounce whichever way you approach it. The town is built on a rocky eminence and spread about its feet are rich and profitable rice fields.

The Governor of the island, Monsieur Garbi, took a very modern view of motion camera men, and he was very anxious to help us in every way. One of the most interesting places touched during the journey was Ankavandra, in Western Madagascar, where the photographer obtained pictures of the well-known Sakalava natives. These natives live very near the notorious Sakalava oil wells. Mosquitoes were an intolerable pest at Ankavandra and the photographers had to eat their dinner with their legs wrapped in blankets, and with a mosquito net covering the table. Then, the party came to the edge of the Bara country; here the Bara natives of Ambalavoa are a splendid race, and they compare very favourably with the Zulus of Southern Africa. They also were very enthusiastic about the camera men. At the request of the Governor, they collected from all parts of the country and marched for

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An Antanala Porter in Madagascar.

Natives of S.E. Madagascar making Sacrifices to their Gods.

eight days from the chief village to the appointed place in order to save the camera men a fearful trek over almost unknown country. Pictures were taken of the men wrestling and dancing, and this semi-pagan scene was photographed under such a merciless sun that, when it was all over, the camera man was laid low by sunstroke. From the Baras, the camera was taken to the Betsileo people, who are the industrialists of Madagascar. They cultivate silk and weave it into beautiful lambas or cloths, which they then trek to the various market places for sale. The next place was the bamboo forest, where the Antanala people live. These people are almost dwarfs. They clothe themselves in cloths made from the fibre of the Raphia palm, which grows very profusely in this part of the island. They also beat out the bark of certain trees and make a fibrous cloth, which they cut into capes and skirts. But Raphia is the more popular cloth. These Antanala people reconstructed a native ceremony for the benefit of the camera. It is called "The Invocation of the Gods of the Antanala." They suffer a certain amount of class distinction in the God world. There are the first class gods, which are the gods of men, the gods of women and the noble people of the race. The second class gods are the gods of their ancestors, and the third class gods are the gods of the ghosts of the plebeian. To the first class gods they offer a piece of the rump of an ox, which, being tender, is easily digested. At the same time they ask them to watch over the fortunes of their race. The second class gods get a morceau of liver, and the gods are invoked to protect the race against elimination. The third class gods are offered a piece of cooked tripe, and they are plaintively requested to protect the tribe from spooks. This ceremony has not been seen by more than twenty white men in the world, and it took a week to persuade the natives to re-act the scenes of their past barbarism. These natives are more or less christianized, and I have a slight idea that the only thing they appreciate is the fact that if they get malaria they can secure a supply of quinine, for which, I must say, the missionaries charge more than we pay in Johannesburg for it. On the way back to the Union, the boat had to call at the island of Reunion, and the camera man, who was reduced in colour to that of old parchment because of the malaria, was carried up to a filthy hotel at Point des Galles, and there met a representative of the Vacuum Oil Company, who had also got a very bad dose of malaria.

A Surf Boat on the stormy South Coast of Madagascar.

The next island that comes to mind—the island of sugar—is one of the gems of the Indian Ocean: that is Mauritius. It is a place of many beauties. Bhamarel Mountain is one of the outstanding features of the island, and the beautiful scenery on it gave the camera man plenty of material for his moving picture. Mahbourg, Soeummih and Blue Bay were all photographed. Mark Twain, in writing of Mauritius, said, "The best view one can obtain of Mauritius is from the stern of mail steamer outward bound." I cannot agree, for, although Mauritius has nothing of tremendous interest for the traveller, it is a place of sweet content, great beauty and restfulness.

The Zimbabwe Ruins are the skeleton about which an imaginative man can build a great story. Rider Haggard's novels, although belonging to the superficial world of fiction, owe their strength to the charm of these ruins about which he wrote the story of "She." The ruins stand, immaculate and defiant, for historians still differ as to their origin. A series of photographs of South Africa without one of Victoria Falls would be absurd. Although photographs of the Falls have appeared in every corner of the earth, and although they are known by every traveller who sets his foot in Africa, they still hold a charm, some say greater than that of Niagara. We took a company of actors, a camera man and a director on to Livingstone Island, which is on the Zambesi just above the Falls. We were filming a story. Hippo hunting is a favourite pastime for camera men. I can recall an occasion when we went down the Incomati

Sakalava Women of Western Madagascar.

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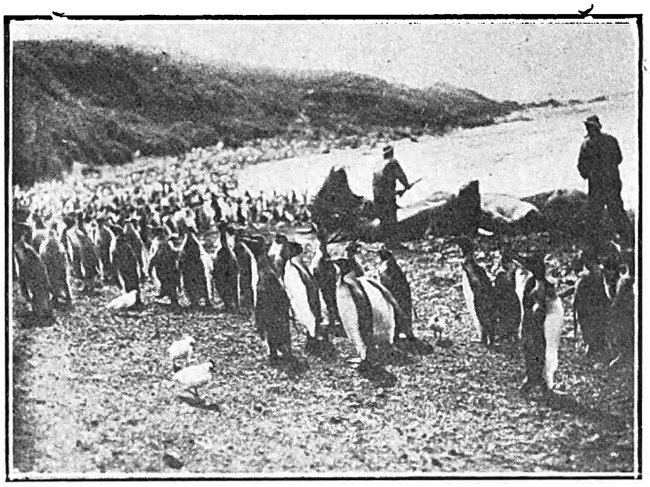
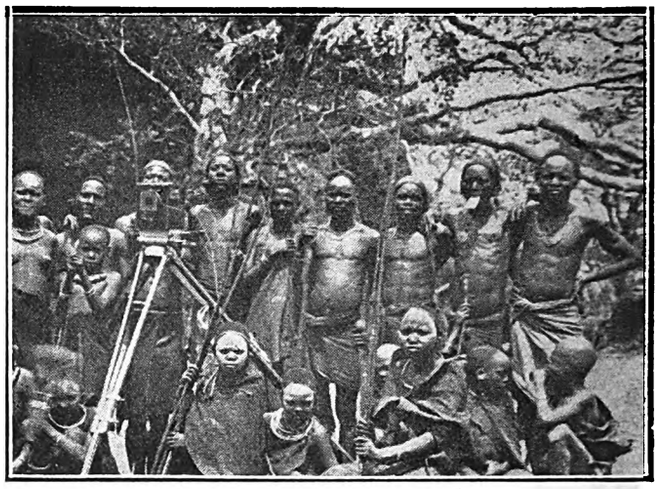


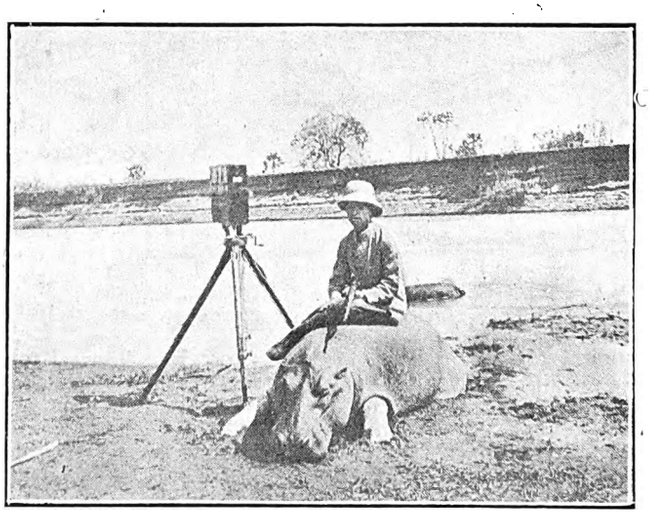
Sea Elephants and Penguins on Kerguelen Island.



Cave Dwellers of Mount Elgon.

River, which empties into Delagoa Bay, armed with a permit to shoot hippo for film purposes. Accompanying us was an actor who was also a big game shooter. We set out one evening from Delagoa Bay on a motor boat, which chugged along steadily. Night overtook us within two miles of our camp, and we lit a lantern in the boat. Our Big Game companion was seated in the bows staring keenly ahead for any sign of a wayward Brontosorous which might be grazing in the river. He had his rifle couched. Suddenly a large bream—attracted by the light of the lantern—leapt into the boat, and our Big Game friend dropped his rifle in his hurry to find out what had entered!

We reached camp without further molestation. Next day we set out in a two-ton dhow and sailed quietly down the river to the spot where the school of hippo were browsing. As we approached, they came half-way out of the water, snorted and disappeared. We cruised around and took several scenes, and it was our intention to slaughter after lunch.



A Hippopotamus killed in Liberia.

At 3 p.m. we got in among them again, and we all stood by to watch the Big Game man. He stood keenly alert. Suddenly a hippo came up near the boat. Bang! and we saw a splash as the bullet struck the water about a hundred yards away. This gave us confidence and we loaded our own guns, taking good care to kep them pointed downward in case they accidentally went off. Shots were fired in all directions. "Got him!" was the popular exclamation, irrespective of the fact that we neither knew nor cared whether it was a bull or a cow we fired at. At last the final shot was fired. Our Big Game friend assured us that within twelve hours the bodies would all be floating, so off to camp we sailed.

We handed the boat over to our boys on arrival at camp and told them to scour the surface of the river for the dead animals, and when they found them they could have the meat, but the hides were to be returned to us for curio making. Whilst the boys were away our Big Game friend commenced to tell us exactly which portions of the hide were useful for curio making. He decided that he would take a belly and make a table from it. Someone else was to get a leg for use as a hall-stand, and so on. Then we retired. At 4.30 a.m. next day the boys returned; all they would say was, "Ikona Inyama!" so we left it at that. Our Big Game friend was certain that he had hit four or five, so we decided that as the mouth of the river was very shallow, we would find the hippo blocking our exit when we sailed back to Delagoa. To cut a long story short, we made a direct trip back to Delagoa Bay and never grazed a thing with the boat's bottom.

The accompanying illustration shows a scene on the banks of a Liberian river and was taken after a kill. The expedition concerned was in search of the pigmy hippo, and they were successful in securing specimens and also in filming their haunts.

One of our camera men was detailed to make a trip to Kerguelen Island, which is situated in the correctly named Roaring Forties. The object of the expedition was to kill the sea elephants which make the island their home during the mating season, and secure blubber for commercial purposes. The camera men secured unique studies of these animals and also the millions of penguin which inhabit the island. Kerguelen is a sinister place. It holds many pitfalls for the unwary, and many a good man has come to an untimely end through exploring the island alone. The bogs and treacherous crevices have taken their toll during these expeditions. On this expedition one of the ship's crew left the ship one evening and was never heard of again.

Truly in Africa the camera man is not merely a person who turns a handle. He is something more. He is an explorer, and the language in which he records his travels is universal.

A "Rag."

There had to be a "rag" of course on Graduation day in Cape Town and this year it was probably better than it has been for many years past.

Excited students surged into the City Hall at a very early hour in the day and tried the Vice-Chancellor, Sir Carruthers Beattie, for procrastination in connection with the new building at Groote Schuur. The accused was impersonated by one of the junior students who seemed to have caught even that well-known twinkle in Sir Carruthers' eye. After he had been found guilty there was an operation on the stage at which that unhealthy growth, procrastination, was cut out and thrown to the audience who found it to be several lengths of rubber tubing.

VISIT JANE PLOTZ PORTRAIT GALLERY, ART STUDIOS, THRUPP'S BUILDINGS.

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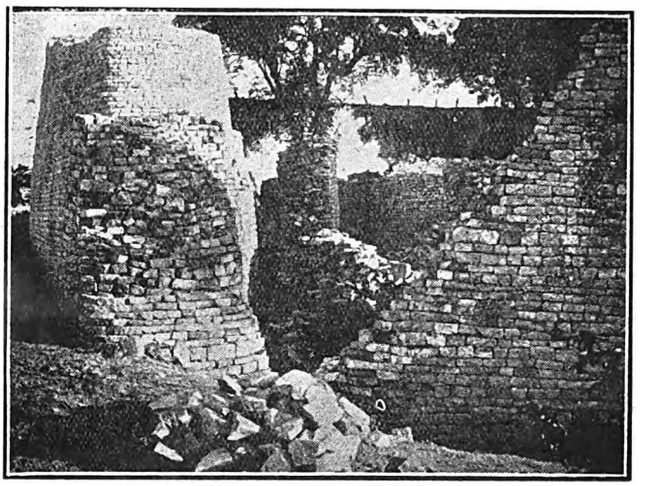
The Zimbabwe Ruins: The scene where Rider Haggard staged his story of "She."



The Zimbabwe Ruins: The Temple entrance which admitted people from the Acropolis on the adjoining hill.

First Sounds.

I sleep out on the balcony with my big brother Peter. In the main, we share the pleasures of the open air equally, but there is one hour that is entirely mine.

It is the first hour of sunrise when Aurora flies over the housetops, waking her friends and leaving the dullards asleep. So Peter stays asleep while I have my own hour.

Then the milkman rattles his musical cans at the gate, and even his unromantic old cart woos music from the road-stones.

Birds in the neighbouring trees send their welcome, ringing-ringing through the summer dawn, and the world is rippling with laughter.

Then a factory siren shrieks out its slogan of 1924, and Peter wakes up and damns the factory and all the sirens that ever shrieked.

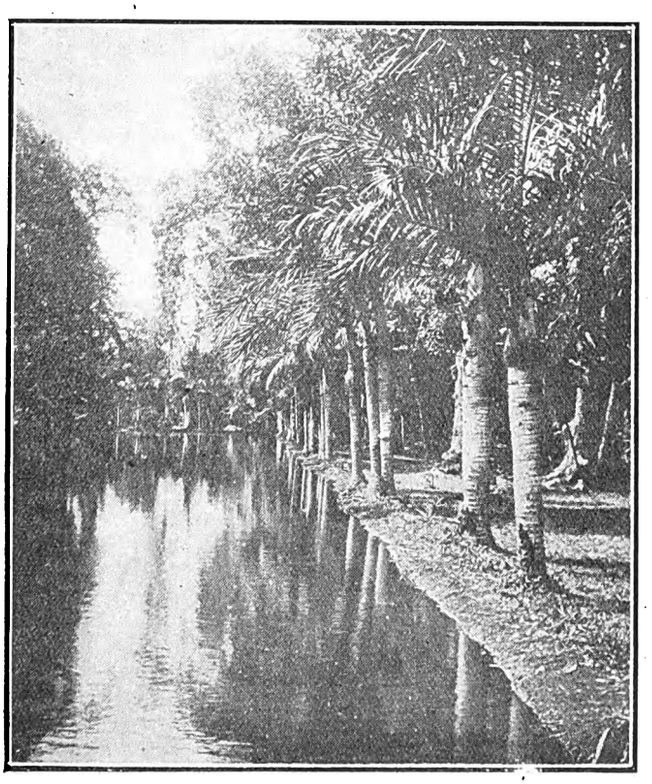
But he has missed *my* part of the day . . . the first sounds that are there for those who seek them, and not there for those who aren't able to appreciate them. *O.P.*

An Idealist.

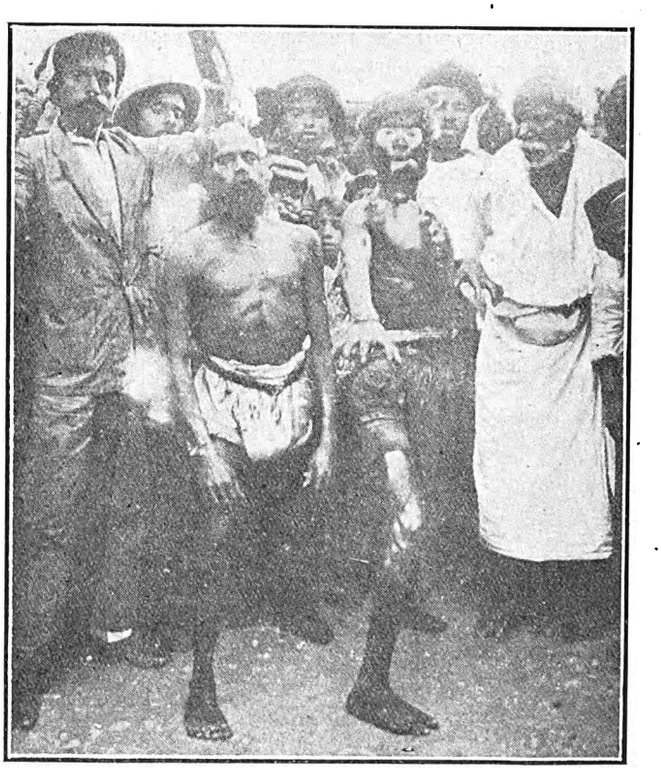
One cold foggy morning I paced Waterloo station with a quietly dressed unassuming American, who for many weeks had been London's guest. We walked and talked from one end of the draughty platform to the other, he of his ideals and I just drawing him out. It was D. W. Griffiths, the producer of "One Exciting Night" who has just come to South Africa.

He had been in England for some months and was returning to the United States. There were just his London agents and I to see him off.

In the way these things happen D. W. Griffiths had somehow started to talk of brotherhood. "Through the World," he said, "men are fighting each other for their existence. Day in and day out, in any little corner of the world there is this bitter fight to death for the prize of life. And I can do nothing. None of us can do anything but join in." And he spoke of his great ambition, to do something to "advertise," as he called it, "the idea of brotherhood."



Mauritius: A scene in the Jardin des Pomplemousses.



Mauritius: The Devil Dancers.

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We can't help growing up, but we can help growing old. Pantomine is a good test for age—if you feel that you can't sit in the gods, munch liquorice all-sorts and believe in the tyranny of the demon, the purity of the principal girl and the unsaleable honour of the principal boy, then you are growing old.

There is a definite formula for enjoying pantomimes. If you are grown up, take somebody very young and enjoy *their* enjoyment. Let them believe that Jesse Sweet is really one of the ugly sisters, and that Justus Gerrard is similarly wicked. Don't let them think for one minute that they are middle-aged men who shave and rid on twopenny trams the same as you do yourselves. Don't, whatever you do, let your little adventurer know that the fairies are only girls tied to a beam by the thin clothes line or that the Baron's stomach is blown up with a bicycle pump. That would be giving the game away. Cinderella arrives at His Majesty's Theatre, Johannesburg, on Tuesday evening. She had been working very strenuously, training her horses, and trying to induce her pumpkin to turn into a carriage without any trouble. Everything was successful. Preparing for pantomime was great fun: the stage was a chaos of demons' tails, dukes' crowns, fairies' wings and startling wigs. And out of it all came a fairy story modified into a pantomime. Of course we may pine for th old days when Columbine sighed and pined and danced, when Pierrot and Pierette danced like thistledown to the tune of a harpsichord, and we may want to see Harlequin with all his diamonds, his thin, graceful legs flitting across the stage like lightning, but, nowadays, pantomime is going hence and a new pantomime has come into vogue. Prince Charming is a normal girl who lives in a flat and knows how to cook. Dardini plays tennis and knits jumpers ,and the Baron isn't really bad at all.

The management call the pantomime a fascinating and glittering pageant! True! it is brimful of laughter and beauty. Victor Crawford is funny as ever as the Baron's page, Jean Andrews is Prince Charming in all truth, Renee Sutton is Dandini, and Bertha Ricado is Cinderella. Gwen Slater is the fairy godmother, and Jesse Sweet and Justus Gerrard are the delightful ugly sisters. They prove how beautiful it is to be ugly. Mr. Philip Levard produced the show with all its wonderful innovations, gorgeous scenery, brilliant costumes, pretty girls and haunting music. Most phrases find their full meaning in Cinderella, which will be at His Majesty's for some weeks.

Bransby Williams.

Bransby Williams, the eminent character actor, whose name is legion in England, has already established himself at the Empire Theatre, Johannesburg, and his season, which started on Monday last, has aroused Johannesburg just as Mr. Leon M. Lion kept us interested during the weeks before, His programmes are a veritable delight and, on the stage, he makes one realize that one has used the word artist far too often with far too little reason, for he gives a new meaning to the word. My first impression of Bransby Williams, the great artist who is appearing at the Empire this week, was gained at the station when he arrived on Monday morning with Mrs. Williams. A tall, well-built man with certainly the blackest wavy hair and the keenest dark eyes I have even seen. Unfortunately, the train was hours late and must have somewhat marred his first ideas of Johannesburg, which, in between the showers, had put on her most smiling face to greet him. A keen Rotarian, Mr. Williams was greeted at the station by Mr. W. Seals Wood, chair of the Programme Committee, and Mr. Babb, who extended him a welcome to the city on behalf of the local club. On Monday night at the Empire over 80 seats were taken by the Rotary Club, who, together with the general public, gave Mr. Williams a great ovation. Among those present were Councillor Fernhead, the chairman of the Rotary Club, Mr. W. Seals Wood, and Sir William Dalrymple, who brought Mr. Rendall, the headmaster of Winchester College, who has just arrived in Johannesburg.

The Bijou.

Some of us would be in wild countries for Christmas, if duty did not tie us down to the chairs of our homes. But to all of us it is possible to make a journey from that chair to the seat of a picture theatre, where one may see a film representation of adventures in the great countries of which one reads. An ice jam in Bow River, a real roaring blizzard near Banff., a dog's team race in the shadows of Mount Robson, a fierce attack of wolves and a wild canoe ride through the ice-choked rapids of Seymour Creek, are a few of the high lights which the "Eternal Struggle" calls for. This picture is being screened at the Bijou Theatre on Monday next. The story is taken from G. B. Lancaster's novel, "The Law-Bringers."

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Dancing Competitions.

The recent Johannesburg dancing competition can be taken as a fair indication of what advances ballet dancing have made in South Africa. The first competition on Wednesday last, at the Empire Theatre, was surprising for the number of children who could really dance. Some of course, were poor dancers. They were not up to exhibition standard. They lacked finish and needed facial expression. From the many competitors on Wednesday, five were chosen to dance in the finals on Saturday afternoon. The choosing of these five, proved the knowledge and intelligence of the public as judges of dancing. But when the five children appeared again on Saturday not one of them danced as well as on the previous Wednesday, probably through nervousness.

I had already seen a dance recital given by the pupils of a well-known Johannesburg teacher. I am afraid the children were not quite ready for a recital. They all needed two more years at the bar. Side practice is very necessary for children and, just as the piano or any other instrument has an essential term of apprenticeship, so dancing has its own stages when a child should be practising at the bar and not appearing in public. But one child at this recital was outstanding. She did not look into the wings all the time for the next step. She was confident and sure of herself.

Mothers are very often at fault in connection with their children and the success of their dancing. They expect their children to be solo dancers in the first two or three lessons. I do not think it is wise for parents to attend dancing classes and watch their children. Parents expect children to learn a dance within the first few weeks. This is absurd. No child should be taught other than the class steps and side practice for at least a year. And then, they should learn their steps only a few at a time, for thus, the brain has a chance to hold the steps. With sound knowledge, and imagination, a child can remember her steps and invent new ones.

The best way for a child to develop her imagination in connection with dancing, is to see theatres. Parents should never allow a Christmas pantomime to pass by without letting the little children see it. I can remember my first pantomime. It inspired me so much that I thought *I* could fly. Parents should remember that a child is more nervous of them than of strangers. They are afraid parents will laugh at them. To laugh, is fatal, so, if parents wish children to become good dancers, I should advise them not to watch them at class. A child will be ready enough to "Show off" when she arrives home, feeling confident that she has learned and achieved something.

Saturday's Dancing.

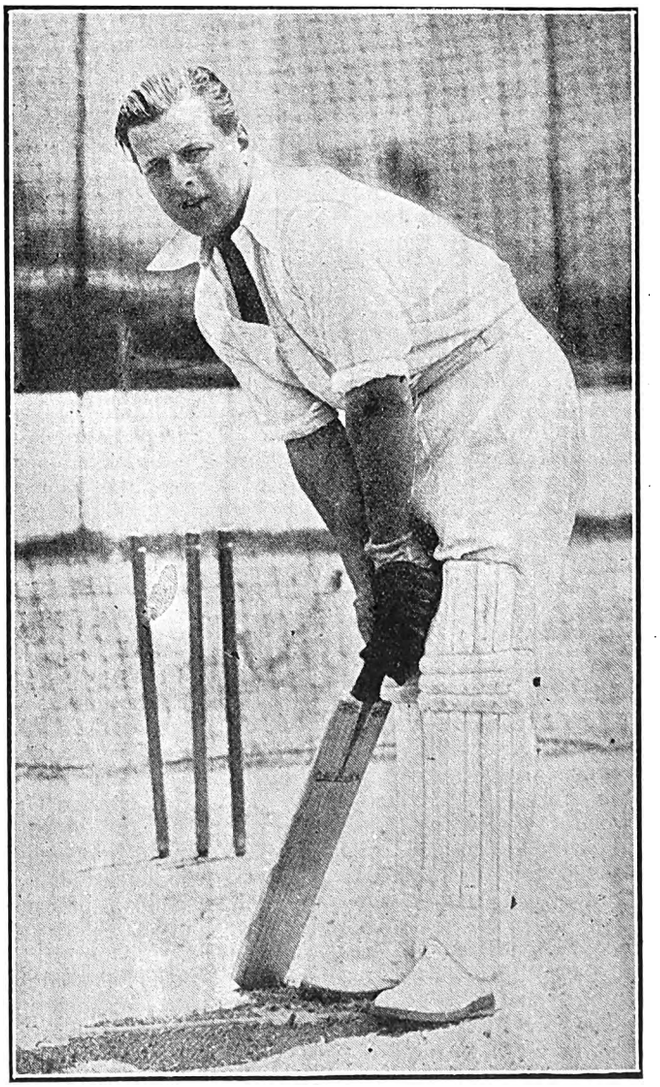
The finals of the competition on Saturday afternoon were attended by a tremendous audience of mothers and friends. The five children were all dressed very charmingly, although they were made up more than was necessary.

The public was no doubt right in awarding the first prize to Rhoda Brown. She was very good, and should go far if she practises hard and does not slacken her interest and enthusiasm because she has won a medal. Florence Innes was second. Rosemary Milne was third, and she also was good. The audience was very just when these two dancers had to dance again to decide who should win the second and third prize. Miss Valerie Smith was among the best of the other dancers, but she needs to be shown how to do a coupee and a pirouette.

These dancing competitions are a great stimulus for both teachers and pupils. The Empire Theatre management are to be congratulated on their enthusiasm. Mr. Philip Levard announced the names of the winners from the stage. The competition was sandwiched in to the matinee performance of "Little Nelly Kelly" and altogether the afternoon was a tremendous success. *W.A.C.*

Two Visitors.

Miss Alice Gundry, a visitor from America, who has appeared in some charming frocks at the Carlton and the Twelve O'clock Club dances.
[Photograph by Leon Levson.



THE HON. LIONEL TENNYSON,
Captain of the English Cricket Team.

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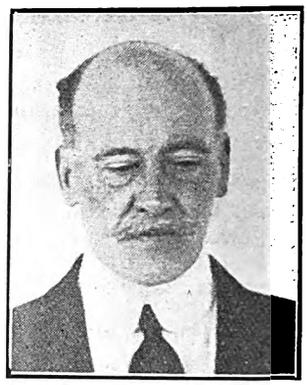
Mr. G. F. Mills, Grand President of the Sons of England (who have just celebrated their 50th birthday).

The Week.

Paragraphed and Photographed

Without offence to friends or foes
I sketch your world exactly as
it goes.



Mr. Victor S. Corkran, C.V.O., Comptroller to H.R.H. Princess Beatrice.

A Royal Organizer.

It is small wonder that our Governor-General and Her Royal Highness, Princess Alice are so popular, for they have entered so whole-heartedly into everything for the good of the country. The King Edward VII. Order of Nurses, that splendid memorial to the late King Edward, has her Royal Highness's special interest, and she is herself organizing a Black and White ball to be held at the City Hall in Capetown on the 17th February. Mrs. Tanner has been asked to be chair of the committee and something very special is expected. I only remember one Black and White ball for many years. This one was given at the opening of the New Model Dairy on the Durban beach, and was a tremendous success, the variety of costumes evolved from the two colours being wonderful. Among the dancers there was Miss Ada Reeve, who was then on her way to Australia, and who danced every dance with the utmost enjoyment. It was practically in the open air, for the hall has wide verandahs and the silvery moon shone on a silver sea just a few yards away and made the night romantic.

1820 *Settlers.*

With Lord Leven and Melville on the way out to South Africa, a great revival in the work of the 1820 Settlers Association is expected. Lord Leven will take Sir Lionel Phillips' place in London when Sir Lionel leaves for his wonderful farm in the Cape. Between February 1st, 1921, and November 30th, 1924, over a thousand settlers have been brought out with 664 dependants, the total capital brought into the country being £2,800,000. The Association has as its object the bringing of settlers from overseas and the perpetuation in every way of the memory of the early settlers who made South Africa fit for us all.

Africa in the Air.

A newspaper paragraph the other evening gave me much food for thought and reflection. Aviation has just reached its coming of age—twenty-one years ago the Wright Brothers, American bicycle mechanics, flew for twelve seconds. Just thirteen years ago South Africa saw the same marvel for the first time. It was at Orange Grove. I wonder how many recollect Kimmerling and his Voisin biplane. He hopped over the trees on his glorified box kite and I, with hundreds of others who had dodged the mounted guards, yelled ourselves hoarse with praise and delight when the machine touched ground.

Now we have an Air Board and a Minister of Posts and Telegraphs who is actively investigating the adoption of aerial posts. We also have a fine body of men under Colonel Sir Pierre van Ryneveld at Pretoria, who alone stand between us and the stigma of an aviationless continent. Sad to relate every attempt at commercial flying has crashed. I have been associated with, and flown with, most of the men who have written the brief, brave, yet futile, chapter of commercial flying in this country. Most of them are still with us. Major Miller and the Solomon Brothers are still hoping and longing to split the atmosphere again. "South Africa is a glorious flying country" as Lieutenant Gearing often said to me, and yet only one of the one and a half millions resident here (some unknown Johannesburg hero) has had the gumption and sense to appreciate this and order an English light aeroplane, a D.H. 53 with Blackburne motor-cycle engine to give him thrills and pleasure that the motor enthusiast can never know. The little monoplane should be here before long, and it would not be surprising to hear shortly afterwards that Johannesburg, as ever to the fore, founded a light plane club. *R.G.*

A Capetown Artist.

La Revue du Vrais et du Beau, the new French art journal, has a representative who travels the world in search of fresh talent among the younger generation. When he comes across anyone whose work he considers of outstanding merit, he sends their portrait, press notices and a biography to his paper, with often a reproduction of their work. Although the journal is a comparatively new one, I believe it has already caused something of a sensation in art circles by introducing the various styles of the different Dominions. In the course of his pilgrimage he arrived in Durban at the time the Natal Society of Artists were holding their exhibition. He was attracted by the work of Miss Stella Chiappini, a young Capetown artist, who had two illustrations and two portraits hung on the line. So Capetown and South Africa will see yet another of her daughters honoured in a number of *La Revue*. Miss Chiappini has made a great name for herself in her home city by the wonderful decoration schemes she has evolved for the various balls held there recently, and I understand she is busy at the moment designing the decorations for the Black and White Ball which Her Royal Highness Princess Alice is organizing for the King Edward Order of Nurses.

Pretoria Singer.

We are proud of our young South Africans who go overseas to study, and who certainly hold the name of our country high in the eyes of the musical world. It is pleasing news that comes from the Royal Academy of Music about Miss Rose Alper, who is making great strides with her singing and who was a pupil of Madame Bal in Pretoria. Immediately on her arrival in England she won the Clarke scholarship, qualifying herself for three years' training. Her latest engagements include the Palladium, the Forum Club and Sunday League Concert, the latter only last week. Miss Alper is studying for operatic work, and her many friends will have an opportunity of hearing her next July, when she is coming back for a short holiday, during which she intends to give a series of concerts.

KODAK SNAPS ENLARGED AND PAINTED BY JANE PLOTZ, ART STUDIOS, THRUPP'S BUILDINGS.

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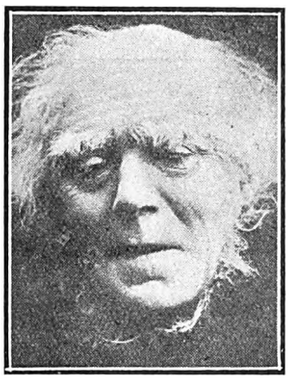

BRANSBY WILLIAMS,
the famous English character actor at the Empire, Johannesburg.

THE AGA KHAN,
England's most successful racing owner of the season.

MR. I. MIRWISH,
whose benefit concert was a great success in Johannesburg on Sunday evening.

MISS DOROTHY BLACK.
A Johannesburg actress in London, who played Helen in "The Trojan Women."

Lola Krasavina.

I have had a talk with Lola Krasavina, the great Russian singer who is appearing at the Tivoli in Capetown this week. She is one of the best dramatic singers I have ever heard. "Aach," she said, gritting her teeth, "how I hate those concert platform singers. They are so cold, so . . . . so indifferent, eh. I should kill myself if I were like them. I like to lose myself in a song, and rouse the people as I always do with my French war song."

She told me that she was a very lonely and sad singer on the mailboat until she reached Madeira. There was no mother to accompany her as she usually had. Mother had stayed in England to nurse father through a dangerous operation. And a sad Lola Krasavina nearly ended her career at Madeira stepping out of a pitching rowing boat on to the companion ladder of the steamer. She was almost in the sea when a strong arm clutched her and planted her safely on the ship. "He was a big tall Englishman," said Lola, "and he was so nice. He introduced me to another Englishman, a little shorter, and he in turn introduced me to another Englishman, shorter still. They were all good friends and they looked after me for the rest of the vogage. I called them my Three Musketeers. Veree nice boys."

Lola Krasavina told me that she has married an English doctor, and that she spends all her leisure time in North Wales, which she has made her home. *Beachcomber.*

William Harvey, Lord Lister.

Medical history is so closely associated with the history of mankind, that the life of a man like William Harvey carries one back very definitely to the England of the latter part of the sixteenth century. Mr. R. B. Hervey Wyatt has written a book, a "Life of William Harvey" and it is published in "*The Roadmaker*" series by Leonard Parsons & Company of London. A copy of the book to hand proves that even in this work-a-day world, one can be very much absorbed and fascinated by the story of William Harvey who, as most people know, discovered the fundamental truths about the circulation of blood. His discoveries lifted medical and natural research out of chaos on to solid ground. It is not likely that this book will appeal to the man and woman in the street, but in a place so full of doctors as Johannesburg it should have a considerable sale.

Just as William Harvey created a milestone in the medical history of the race, so Lord Lister was important for the fact that he discovered the antiseptic system. In the same series Mr. Cuthbert Dukes has written a "Life of Lord Lister" and he justly states that the history of surgery can be divided into the pre-Listerian era and the Modern era. The beauty of this life of Lord Lister is that it is written in plain language, intelligible to those untrained in science. When one remembers what the antiseptic system has done for surgery, the treating of wounds and injuries, Lord Lister's name assumes tremendous importance and his life story, in this book which, like the life of William Harvey is published by Leonard Parsons, is very readable and more than interesting.

A London Letter.

Theatrically we are at present in the throes of another Russian invasion: at the Coliseum the full Diaghileff Ballet are unfolding the wonders of their new repertoire to old and new admirers; at the Strand Leon M. Lion's "obstinate success" ("Tiger Cats") has made way for Nikita Balieff's charming little "Chauve-Souris" cabaret company, who are presenting some new items; and, at the Empire, Leonide Massine and Vera Trefilova, two of Diaghileff company's brightest luminaries, are appearing in a little divertissement. So far I have only seen the last-named and must leave it till later to make any observations and comparisons. At the Little there is a new play by Sutton Vane, his first since the sensationally successful "Outward Bound." "Falling Leaves" is just a beautifully written little comedy of the eternal triangle, possibly an earlier work than "Outward Bound," and, since it has no strikingly original basic theme, hardly likely to rival the run the latter work enjoyed here. Young Noel Coward was acclaimed as a budding Shaw on the production of "The Young Idea," and now he follows it up with a truly brilliant essay in a style we can only describe as Ibsen-brought-up-to-the-minute with a dash of Wilde and Wedekind. "The Vortex" is the "vortex of beastliness," in which an (we hope) exceptional set of ultra-modern neurotic ne'er-do-wells revolve and work out their viscid destinies. The "curtain" at the end of the second act is reached when the young hero's mother orders her lover out of the house in company with the girl he has deserted her for, and who, in her turn, had been the hero's sweetheart; during this scene the hero himself sits at the piano beating out a frenzied fox-trot in a sort of delirium caused by the turn events had taken. Bearing in mind the success of Maugham's "Our Betters" in the West-end, it is pretty certain that "The Vortex" will be brought down here from its present elevation (the Hampstead "Everyman"). Mr. Coward is definitely acknowledged to be one of our theatre's "bright young hopes," so it is only right that his work should be given every chance.

Paul Pry.

For the Sea.

Now that the hot weather has come to Capetown I have been enjoying life by bathing in the sea. But as a mere man I am beginning to find that my ordinary navy blue bathing costume is a little too ordinary for Muizenberg. More than one male bather wore pink bathing costumes, while others sported Felix and Bonzo designs near the shoulder. Among the women, yellow and black seems to be the predominant note, but the bathing caps seem to be more elaborate than ever. Some of these caps might be worn in Adderley Street without being out of place. *Beachcomber.*

FOR A PORTRAIT OF YOURSELF OR YOUR BABY—JANE PLOTZ ART STUDIOS, THRUPP'S BUILDINGS.

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A Social Note Book.

By "Carrie."

My dears—it's here!

You're a year older!

Christmas depresses me when that idea comes. And yet I do feel glad to be alive at present, don't you? It is so exciting this week. Everyone has laid dull care away, with the Editor's blue pencil, and, although Christmas strikes one as being rather funny in these sunny countries, still we do our best. The clinging to the old traditons is one of our nicest traits. If Father Christmas has to wear mousseline de soie instead of good red flannel, what's the odds! He's the same obliging old gentleman. And if the lad of your heart, supposing you possess such a commodity in these days of surgical triumphs, tells you he loves you in the shade of the peach tree, under a tropical sun, he means it as sincerely as if you were both, frozen with cold, pacing the path in the back garden because the children are everywhere, and there is lots of good will and no peace on earth. Christmas is the kiddies' time, so the "old 'uns" must step aside and let them have their way.

Dear, dear, what a sermon! I must certainly go out at once and cheer myself up by seeing all the wonderful things in the shops, shaking hands with Felix, who is promenading solemnly outside a well-known store, and buy myself a dip. A dip is the parallel of life—you don't know what is in it until you undo the wrappings.

Of Christmas Presents.

The Municipality has given me a Christmas present. I've got an automatic telephone. Such a wonderful idea! Of course, the pure joy is that any number may play. The rules of the game are inscribed on a card in simple (for a civil servant) language. You decide to call up your dearest enemy; you lift the receiver; there is a long, dull sad bizz, and you feel the earth slipping away from you, and drop it—the receiver I mean. You get a shock, but it is not electric. There are voices . . . . many voices. It might be one of those temperamental Irish plays . . . . strange voices. You don't hear the person you want to speak to . . . . of course. First you hear Mrs. B. telling Mrs. H.: "My dear, the common thing that she is, coming here and flaunting her clothes in my face, and the way she gets them. Not that I'm a woman to talk, but I'd sooner have cotton stockings and my good name than silk ones and be her kind."

That ends and you hear Mrs. Somebody else on the telephone. Actually, I think it was my best friend. It sounded like her voice. We have been friends for years. She is the most spiteful, two-faced thing I've ever known. She'd scandalise her own sister for the sake of having something to say. I know, because she's my friend. Anyway, she was talking and my name came up, and she said: "Carrie . . . . don't be silly . . . . you can't tell me that two evening frocks in a month come out of social gossip. Mind you, she can cook."

Now, I think it's damning to be told that you can cook. It's like being told you are plain or middle-aged. Anyway, my automatic telephone is a joy, and I'm having the time of my life with it. I just listen, and it's better than broadcasting.

The Earl of Kinnoull.

It is only a very short time back that the Earl of Kinnoull paid a visit to South Africa under romantic circumstances. A son and heir has been born to him, a baby to be known as Viscount Dupplin, a Scottish title three centuries old. The Earl and Countess are both very keen aviators and possess an aeroplane with a dual control, so that they can take it in turns to be "the man at the wheel." They are living in Prince's Gardens at present, and at Balhousie Castle, in Perthshire. The castle from which the heir will take his name is occupied by Lord Forteviot, who was a visitor to South Africa this year.

A New Evening Dress.

An Eve Valine frock from London, of copper metal lace, studded with copper-painted stones.

On the "Mulbera."

With the visit of the Prince of Wales on the horizon, every scrap of news to do with our Royal family is being eagerly scanned and has assumed enormous importance. Not that we have ever been apathetic! East Africa has been greatly thrilled with the coming of the Duke of York and his pretty little Duchess. The "Mulbera" picked them up at Marseilles; quite a small boat, with a crew of forty. Of course, there had to be alterations, such as white paint in the State Rooms; the knocking out of walls to provide a drawing room.

The Premier's Christmas.

We are either home birds or we are not. We either spend Christmas in our little houses by the fireside, empty of glowing embers, but filled with green plants and flowers, or we go out to shake a light fantastic toe. Our Premier, General Hertzog, has set the fashion by leaving for his farm, at Middleburg, where he will be joined by his two sons, Mr. Charles Hertzog, a student of farming at the Glen Agricultural College, and Barry, who is home from school from Bloemfontein.

Foxtrots and Christmas.

Naturally I have done a round of dances, foxtrotted here, waltzed there, admired your gown so much, dear lady, and think that new idea of tying our heads up in the evening so smart, so reminiscent of bandaging classes. I like the small combs you are wearing, and the circular ones that come right round the back of the hair and are generally very diamante, if you know what I mean. And I love turbans for evening wear. But only the very smart dare venture on them. In this, Miss Grundy, whose photograph you will find elsewhere in the paper, is really a charming example and her chintz turban, worn with a black gown the other evening, was very effective.

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Carlton.

As far as Johannesburg is concerned the Carlton Hotel is the centre of Christmas life. There are parties and tea dances galore, and cabarets every night. The ballroom is full of people; there are lights everywhere and long cold drinks in which the ice tinkles merrily against the sides of your glass; there is music and laughter and youth. Do you ask more?

And at this festive season, if you want to please your dancing partner, wear a button-hole in your evening suit to match her dress. It is a delicate compliment, born in France. Talking of dancing! There is always the man who wants something for nothing, and he wastes no occasion which can provide him with that cheap commodity. Just at present, he sits and watches the couples who are taking part in the various bouts (is that the correct word?) for the Transvaal Championships. Why? Because he learns more from watching them dance than by a whole course of instruction. In England they tell me the champions are wearing bell bottom trousers, but don't do it here, dear men; it is too reminiscent of "a life on the ocean wave," just when you want all your wits about you. While we are on the subject of fashions, Jean Patou, the famous little dress-maker, arriving in America, has taken sixty suits, 200 shirts, and 300 ties with him, just in case. I suppose there are no shops on Broadway. He favours the double-breasted waist-coat, with two rows of buttons. The land of the stars and stripes says he is the best dressed man in Europe and that his outfit is a "knock out." A vulgar phrase, but it has its meaning.

The Carlton Bioscope.

Priscilla Dean is the star in "White Tiger," to be screened at the Carlton on December 29th. She is a very good actress, one of the best on the screen, and nobody has forgotten her success in "Under Two Flags," which was an excellent picture. One often tries to see exactly why one act is different from another. I think the great feature, the excellent feature about Priscilla Dean is that when the theme of the story turns to love, she is the most beautifully feminine and alluring woman one could wish, but in films in which adventure plays its part, she can turn into a "White Tiger" with masculine fierceness. It is a story of the underworld. It is a story of crooks, but not the old detective drama of which we are a little bit tired. Here is a story of a wonderful woman who is the centre of interest of a criminal gang. The story is not merely melodramatic; it has all the characteristics of great drama, and all the faultless production one would wish to see surrounding a great drama.

PRISCILLA DEAN.

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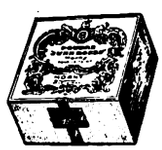
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Racing Notes.

The Big Day at Turffontein.

Fine Race for the Handicap.

By "Onlooker."

Poldemere's Win.

"A day for light weights" was a fairly general remark one heard passed before the beginning of proceedings at Turffontein on Saturday. Such prediction was naturally prompted on the assumption that the going would be deep. And after the heavy storm that prevailed on Friday the assumption was warranted. Friday's storm did not last long, but while it lasted "some" rain fell. The headquarters race-course is most excellently drained, yet the effects of the excessive downpour could not be effaced in 24 hours. Though then the going on Saturday was not deep it was holding; the slow times registered for every event proclaimed this.

Of a verity it was a day of light weights. The highest impost carried to Victory in the races under handicap conditions was the 7st. 7lb. borne to the front on Lady Beauty over five furlongs. That was the race before the Summer Handicap.

It is difficult to recall a Handicap here that has evoked more prior interest than Saturday's chief event. There was certainly not the big money wagering over it as on handicaps in the halcyon days. Still the volume of anti-post betting on the race greatly exceeded that on any previous Johannesburg Handicap for years. Contrary to rule, there were so many genuinely fancied ones for this last Summer Handicap that for weeks before the day there was no surprise at one horse and then another being quoted at the shortest price.

The announcement that Fabaris would not run left Wonder as the single horse representing real class to compete. It was the sturdy English bred 4 year old that ruled as favourite on the Friday. There was a regular transformation in the betting as the time for the decision of the race approached. Sir Abe Bailey was on the scene to witness Benedictine, the substitute for Fabaris, run and expressed confidence that his colt would be very hard to beat. As a consequence Benedictine came to the shortest odds; started a sound favourite at 7 to 2. Twice those odds were at flag-fall obtainable as regards Wonder and the hope of Durban-Oriel. Poldemere started second favourite at 11 to 2.

Having only 6st. 10lb. to put up and in the knowledge his charge was the top of his form, Mr. F. W. Murray was very sweet on the chance of Poldemere; and confidence was strengthened when the gelding was drawn to start from the inside berth. It was a race brimful of interest. Duchess Trenton and Cardinal's Guard alternately made the running, Poldemere being always prominent in the wake of the leaders. When Duchess Trenton was left with a clear lead after entering the straight she made a gallant effort to keep her place. The mare was however collared by Poldemere with half a furlong to go, and the latter forging ahead won in good style, but seemingly with nothing in hand, by half a length. Third place went to Wonder. Starting from the outside position and with none the best of luck in the running Wonder's performance was a sterling good one. He was the only heavily weighted runner to shine on the day. Benedictine the favourite and Musketeer Dan bumped into one another before entering the straight and both dropped right back. The surprises of the race were the capital showing of Duchess Trenton, and the poor displays given by Oriel and Surprise Sauce.

The Summer Handicap winner was imported to this country by Mr. J. T. Wallace of Durban, who always maintained he was a good one—sure to win a big handicap. Poldemere is set down as being by Polymelus or Pommern. He has all the characteristics of the former sire.

The Derby.

The Derby comes up for decision on Boxing Day. Narrow Gauge, Catalan and Gladiator may be something like the order at the finish.

At Turffontein on Dingaan's Day Mr. A. E. Passmore saddled up two home bred winners and these winners were steered to victory by his sons. It is no unusual thing for the elder of the boys to weigh in first, but his midget brother, A. Passmore, on Cherry Lass rode his first winner. As indicated, Mr. Passmore has himself now relinquished race riding. It goes without saying he will be an able tutor to his sons in the art. It is many long years ago since A.E.P. first donned a racing jacket, and during his time he probably rode more winners than the majority of professional jockeys now in harness.

The Rand Sporting Club has sanction for the ensuing year, as during 1924, to race as a Wednesday Club. There is more than a sufficiency of Saturday racing clubs on the Rand, and it might be said there is also an over sufficiency of such Wednesday institutions. The Springs, Krugersdorp, and Pretoria clubs have had a hard struggle to make ends meet during the past 12 months, and, unless times greatly improve, they are in for another lean year. The proximity of the New Clare course to Johannesburg gives it a pull over the other Wednesday courses that is not nullified by any advantage of better facilities for racing enjoyed by the institutions, whose operations are conducted far from the source of supply; and practically speaking, Johannesburg owners supply all the horses that sustain the Wednesday sport. There would be no great grief if mid-week racing on the Rand were discontinued.

The Dutch Minister addressing the people at Cradock on Dingaan's Day.

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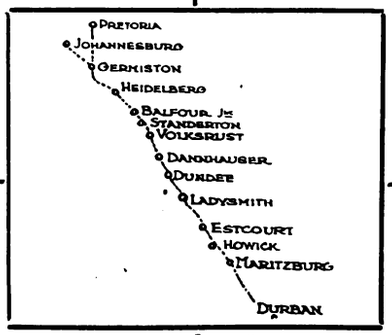

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Music and Musicians.

By "C. A. O. D."

Mr. Sydney Shragger.

Confidence and a genuine sincerity are among the qualities that have been acquired by Mr. Sydney Shragger during his studies abroad. He had a good voice before he went; he now commands a voice of good quality and much power, and his manner of using it suggests that he always carries something in reserve. But it appeared to me that as yet Mr. Shragger's art is not instinctive; it is always intelligent and always reveals a degree of appreciation for the major significance of what he sings, while the finer subtleties of his music seem to escape his attention with a consistency that can mean only one thing. That he is fully capable of grasping the inner meaning of his songs is undoubted, yet Mr. Shragger contents himself with the letter of music and often ignores the spirit that lies hidden behind the printed notes. He is evidently content to keep his own personality in the background, and the result is that his song deliveries are less spontaneous and individual than they otherwise would be. To say that Mr. Shragger was not at his best in dramatic interpretation is merely to state the same consideration in another way, but that he can sing some things with undeniable charm and effect must be freely conceded. For instance, the German leider and negro spirituals demand an emotional understanding and sympathetic treatment, and these qualities Mr. Shragger brought to his work in unmistakable fashion. In these songs Mr. Shragger's voice was full and resonant, and conveyed to the listener a degree of warmth and feeling that compelled the ready recognition of the audience. He may be generally congratulated upon a successful re-appearance.

Mr. Afseh Paiken.

Among recent arrivals on the Rand is Mr. Afseh Paiken, a violinist, who appeared in the Selborne Hall last Thursday evening. I can pay him the compliment of saying that he is finely equipped in a technical sense, but that his executive capacity never challenges the listener. It is noticed only when it is deliberately listened for. He is first of all a musician, in the wider sense of the term, and violin playing is probably only one of his several means of expression. There was nothing drab or unbalanced about Mr. Paiken's playing, and seemingly he can extract something of musical beauty and interest out of any sort of phrase. This indicates that he concerns himself only with the higher aspirations of an executive musician's art, and for this reason he will prove a valuable addition to the musical and artistic strength of the Rand. I can write with genuinely felt enthusiasm of the seriousness and continence of his performances, and also of that subtle but easily felt assertion of an individuality that feels and thoroughly understands a composer's thought. Mr. Paiken sometimes created the impression that he has neglected the technical side of his art. This remark is prompted by occasional indistinctness of utterance and occasional lapses in intonation. But, as I have said, these factors were almost completely overshadowed by a musical temperament of rare distinction. He conveys the consciousness of an artistic mission, without recourse to any shallow allurements. A notable poise dominates his bearing and his work; a notable earnestness and sincerity mark his attitude towards his art.

The Accompaniments.

Those who go to concerts and listen in a critical sense have long since recognised the fact that the art of the accompanist can hardly be taught. It is an instinct, inborn and inherent, hence the scarcity of accompanists who are swayed by the music they play and who instinctively re-act to the moods of a soloist. Both Mr. Shragger and Mr. Paiken were fortunate in having the support of Mrs. Ernest Solomon at the piano. This lady has developed an amazing capacity for the exacting and often thankless task of the accompanist. I admire particularly the well-graded variety of her tone, and also the precision which marked her work in support of the violin. I can only express the hope that both soloists have realised what an important factor in their success was the work of Mrs. Solomon.

Mr. Herbert Fryer.

Many local concert-goers will remember the recital given here last year by Mr. Herbert Fryer, who came to South Africa in connection with the examinations of the University of South Africa Mr. Fryer is essentially an athletic artist. He recently gave six Chopin recitals in one week, and at about the same time gained the medal for skating in Switzerland. He is not only an all-round musician, but also an all-round sportsman. Not long ago, during a world's tour, he not only played the harmonium at a concert in Ceylon in aid of the cricket club, but, in addition, a violin solo. He is also a composer of considerable note, a good club cricketer and fast bowler, can string together breaks of fifty at billiards, and is a golfer with a style, even if with a longish handicap.

Albert Sammons.

Some artists are born to fame, others achieve celebrity by their individual efforts. Prodigies are spectacular personalities, but seldom remain permanently in the picture. Albert Sammons, the celebrated English violinist, was not a prodigy in the ordinary sense of the word; he was just a British boy who took to the fiddle at the age of seven because he wanted to beat his elder brother. His progress was so remarkable that he was allowed to have lessons. Sammons is virtually self-taught. For three years he played at Harrogate in the summer and at theatres during the winter. Coming to London, he one day played a movement from the Mendelssohn Concerto in the Waldorff Hotel, when Sir Thomas Beecham heard him. Sammons was offered a place in the Beecham Orchestra, and in twelve months' time he became leader. Fortune's tide flowed with irresistible force, he founded the London String Quartet, then found his real metier. To-day Albert Sammons is one of the most distinguished English violinists.

Orphans and Pantomime.

On Monday afternoon about eight hundred children from the orphanages of the city were the guests of the African Theatres, Ltd., at a special matinee of the pantomime "Cinderella." The theatre was vibrating with childish laughter. They laughed at the Ugly Sisters, laughed at the Baron, sighed over Cinderella and spent a few rapturous hours in the Land of Imagination. And among them, a child himself for the nonce, the Mayor of Johannesburg enjoyed himself thoroughly and applauded as loudly as anyone.

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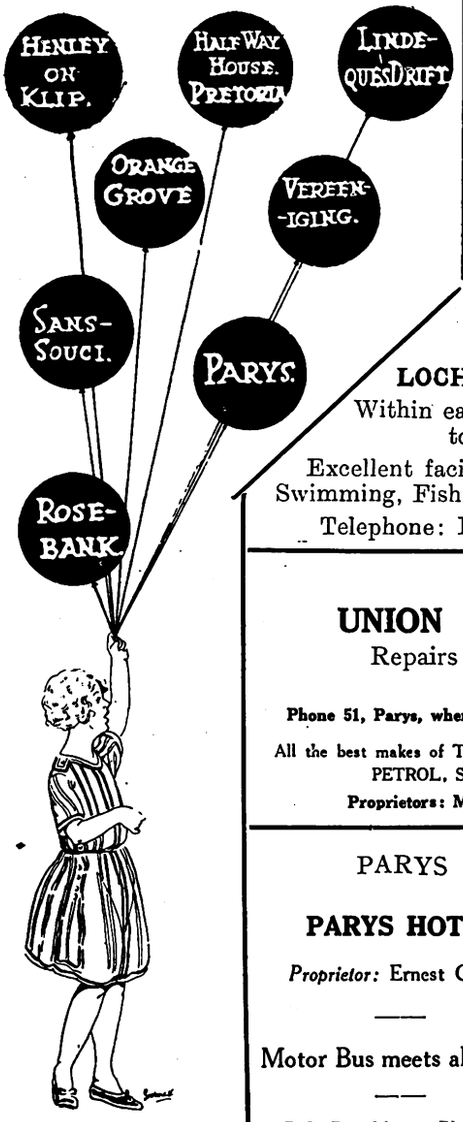

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On the Rialto.

By Antonio.

JOHANNESBURG, Monday afternoon.

Pre-holiday quietude has settled on the Stock Exchange, and there were this morning only 15 markings as against 22 on Saturday. No further dividends have been announced. The aggregate is a very handsome one, and doubtless a goodly proportion will find its way into the market when the dividend warrants come along early in February. Among the big stocks, Government Areas slackened off from 152s. buyers a week ago to 149s. sales this morning, but Modders scarcely changed at 83s. 9d. If there has been some selling of these shares, and others in a similar category, in order to participate in the "platinum" gamble, the effect on prices has been almost negligible. "T.C.L.'s" are quieter at 26s. 10½d. Lydenburg Platinums were dealt in largely at 17s. 6d.

Randfontein's Bad Accident.

Randfonteins have dropped sixpence on the week, changing hands at 18s. 10½d. this morning. The accident on Wednesday night, when the rope at the south vertical shaft broke, resulted in the deaths of one white man and 30 natives. It is expected that this shaft will be working normally again to-morrow (Tuesday). The loss on crushing for the month is estimated at 18,000 tons. I rather expect that this will put up working costs to the neighbourhood of a sovereign a ton.

Union Corporation's Offer For Geduld East Declined.

Gedulds keep steady at 64s. and a shade over, and were not affected by the announcement in the *Gazette* that the tender of the Union Corporation for the eastern portion of the farm Geduld has been "refused by the Governor-General," to use the quaint official terms. It is stated that no opportunity was afforded to the Union Corporation for any discussion of the original or amended tender; indeed, there has been no conference whatever between the Government or the Mining Leases Board and the mining house. This seems a strangely uncompromising attitude if the Government really wants to get new areas going. I wonder if there is some idea "in the offing" of starting a mine all on the Government's own? I hope not! New South Wales has lost nearly a quarter of a million in the State trawling industry, Queensland in various enterprises has sunk over a million. At the annual meeting of the "P. and O.," Lord Inchcape said that he had recently bought two steamers for £60,000, which cost a certain Government £600,000. He did not enlighten us as to the amount they had lost in the interval.

It is interesting to notice from the November analysis of the Chamber of Mines that the profits of Rand gold mines for the eleven months have been £13,400,000. A ton of rock has to be mined, crushed and treated to yield a sovereign and a half's worth of gold. We can grasp what a ton means when we see it off-loaded from the coal trolley, but you will have to ask Messrs. (or Doctors) Kemmerer and Vissering when we are likely to see our "sovs" again. To pursue the simile, as it costs a few pence under a sovereign to deal with a ton of the Rand's banket, the average profit is approximately what is, or rather was, the professional half-guinea.

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Holidays and Travel.

It may not be generally known that the firm of Thos. Cook & Son is in a position to engage accommodation at all seaside and other resorts for visitors and holiday makers. Cook's will also engage seats on the trains for their clients. At the time of going to press they are very busy with the Christmas and New Year season tours round the coast, combining land and sea travel, giving the holiday maker the opportunity of a steamer trip between Capetown and Durban or in both directions. These trips include all meals and bedding on the trains as well as full board on the steamer, and being arranged at a considerable reduction, they are extremely popular. All reservations may be made in advance, including hotel accommodation for the period desired. Sightseeing by motor at the principal resorts can also be arranged.

Special arrangements have been made by the management of the New Polana Hotel at Lourenço Marques for the entertainment of visitors during Christmas and the New Year, and those who are fortunate enough to go there should have a most enjoyable time, judging by the programme of festivities. Special terms are in operation at this luxurious establishment, and Cook's have the booking arrangements in hand.

Soon people contemplating a visit to Europe next season will be thinking about their passages, and with the prospect of the British Empire Exhibition being re-opened, it is anticipated that there will once more be a large exodus overseas. Already many advanced bookings have been made at Cook's Johannesburg office, where passages may be engaged by all lines.

Last season many people took advantage of the arrangements made by Cook's to reserve accommodation in London in advance, which, owing to the extreme congestion, proved a great convenience. The same facilities are still at the disposal of the travelling public, and once more the firm will organise an escorted tour to Europe, leaving South Africa early in June, visiting England, Scotland, France (including the battlefields), Belgium, Germany, The Rhine, Switzerland and Holland. Everything is pre-arranged throughout, and the party is accompanied on the tour by an experienced representative of the firm with a full knowledge of the places to be visited.

Vaudeville.

The familiar cry "Come on Red" is no longer heard in the act of Bill Bailey and Cowan, for the two partners are at present putting on a double act without the assistance of that popular little lady, in private life Mrs. Cowan. Everyone will remember the sensation their turn created at the Empire and allied halls throughout the country, their second return to South Africa proving more popular than even the first. They are at present in America, and Bailey has recovered from his recent illness.

Next Week's Calls.

WEEK COMMENCING MONDAY, DECEMBER 29.

Tivoli, Capetown.—Bio-Vaudeville. Artists: Prof. Mellini presenting "Nereide" and Addison & Mitrenga.
Empire, Johannesburg.—Bransby Williams, Ted Marcel, Two Vagabonds, Frank Fay and Little Lady from Dixie, Videau & Kirby, Chris Charlton, Henry De Bray & Partner.
His Majesty's, Johannesburg.—Grand Christmas Pantomime "CINDERELLA" produced by Philip D. Levard.
Grand, Pretoria.—Brennan & Newton, and Zena Zampa.
Criterion, Benoni.—R. & W. Roberts, and Moore & Stewart.
Rinko, Maritzburg.—Scott Sanders.
Criterion, Durban.—Moss & Maachah, Lola Krasavina and Jock Crawford.
Opera House, Capetown.—Leon M. Lion & Renee Kelly Company in "THE CHINESE PUZZLE."
Scott's Theatre, Maritzburg.—29th and 30th "The Rising Generation."
Opera House, Pretoria.—31st December to 3rd January, "The Rising Generation."
Palace, Salisbury.—29th, 30th 31st December and 1st January, "The Veterans of Variety."
Vaudette, Kimberley.—Vesta Sisters and Madge Kennedy.
Grand, Port Elizabeth.—December 30th to January 3—J. H. Scotland, Mello & Nello, and Byron & Byron.

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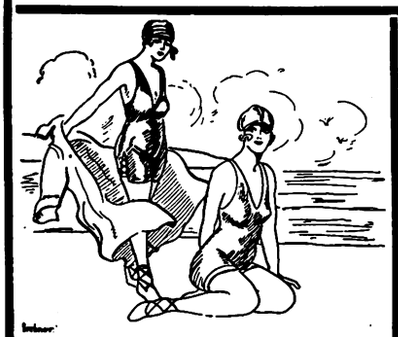

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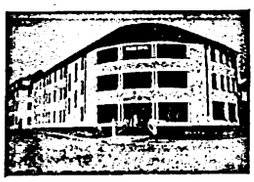

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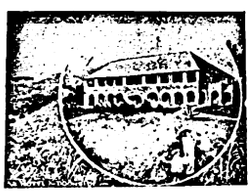

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Success of Rand Riders.

Dingaan's Day at the Cape was a red letter day for two of the Rand Motor Cycling Club's riders, Mr. Alf. Long, Indian, and Mr. I. H. R. Scott, Francis-Barnett. Both were entered in the Metropolitan M.C.C. 194 mile solo race over the Killarney-Malmesbury course which had to be covered 4 times in the solo event and 3 times in the sidecar event. Long was entered on the 492 c.c. S.V. Single Cylinder Belgian Grand Prix Model Indian motocycle, and was in receipt of 17½ minutes' start from scratch. The virtual scratch rider was on 16 minutes, therefore Long was actually 1½ minutes in advance of the scratch man and gave away 2 hrs. 5½ minutes to the limit rider, and one hour 20½ minutes to Scott on the Sport 174 c.c. Francis-Barnett.

Long rode a wonderful race, and won by nearly 10 minutes from Scott, making the fastest time of 3 hours 31 minutes 58 seconds. Scott had a bad fall in the second lap. A calf disputed the right of way, and rider and machine were pitched into a gully alongside the road. Fully expecting to have his chances extinguished, Scott on picking up the Francis-Barnett was surprised to find little or no damage done to it and continued the race and as stated gaining second prize.

His lap times were, first 60 mins. 30 secs., second 68 mins. 30 secs., third 66 mins. 30 secs., final 68 mins., a total of 4 hours 23 mins. 30 secs. Sixteen riders started, five only finished the course, fifth position being occupied by the 142 c.c. Francis-Barnett, ridden by N. McLeod of Somerset West who experienced considerable trouble with his plugs.

Second S.A. Tourist Trophy Races.

Information reached the Rand at the end of last week that the 350 c.c. and 600 c.c. T.T. classes had filled up well, but regret was expressed that only five entries had been received in the unlimited event. Of these one is E. G. Murray, the Harley-Davidson exponent, and it is distinctly hard lines on Murray that the event will be cancelled for lack of entries. This rider has gone to endless trouble to tune his engine, and in addition is paying all his own expenses, and they are by no means a light item. Five guineas for entrance fee, return fare on machine, and railway fare and accommodation, for himself. The best part of £50 would go in the event of the race being cancelled, and at time of writing there seemed very little prospect of the event being held, a wire having been received from Port Elizabeth stating entries extended to 23rd December, event will be run according to rules and regulations, which interepreted means that 10 entries must be received for the event to be run off.

For the sake of the heavy weight, sincerely trust enough entries will be forthcoming.

The Poor Children's Outing.

The Rand Motor Cycling Club are taking the poor children of the Rand Children's Aid Society for an outing to Victoria Lake on Sunday, December 28th. An earnest appeal is made to all motorcyclists, members of the club and car owners to lend the assistance in transporting the children to the lake. It is the intention of the Committee and the earnest desire of the Chairman of the Entertainment Committee, Mr. H. C. Leon, that not one child shall be left behind to sob its heart out in disappointment. Many generous offers have already been made in the way of transport and others have come forward with gifts in kind (refreshments, sweets and toys).

Transport will assemble at the front of the Town Hall not later than 8.30 a.m. returning to town about 5 p.m.

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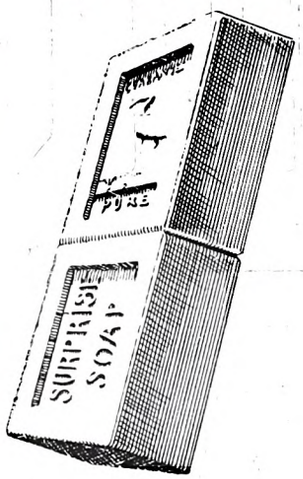

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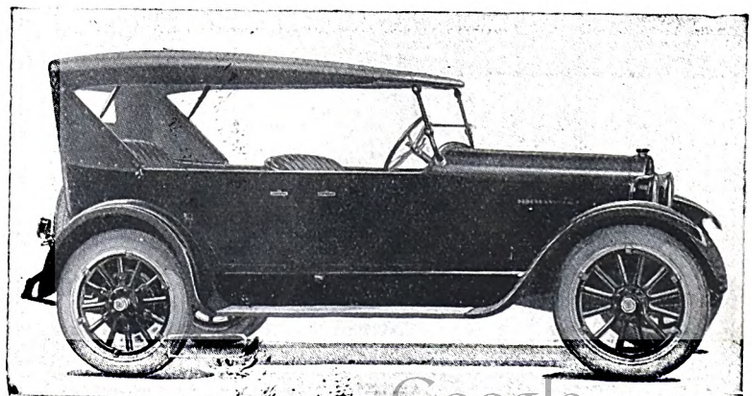

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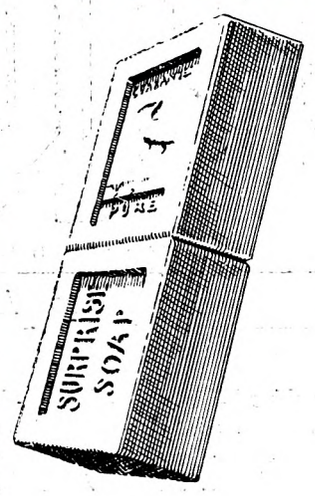

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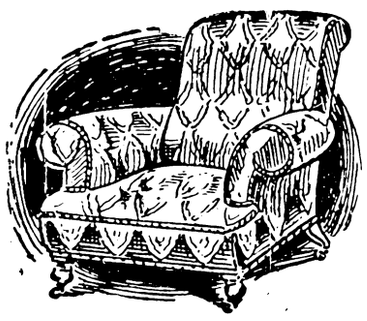

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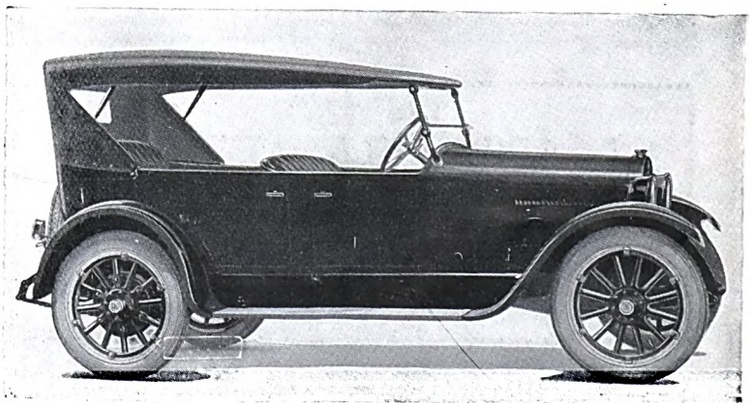

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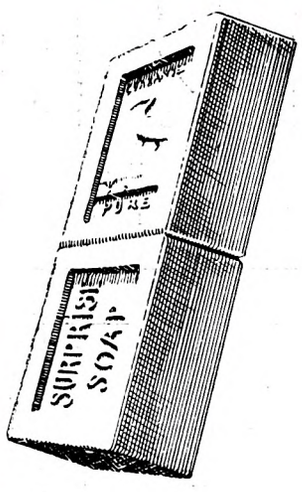

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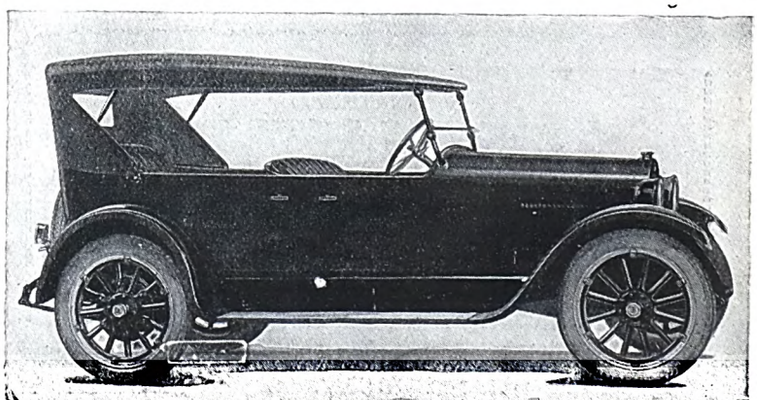

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VOL. XIX., No. 476 JOHANNESBURG, SEPTEMBER 13TH, 1924. [Registered at G.P.O. as a Newspaper. PRICE 6D.

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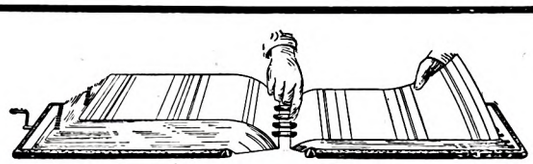

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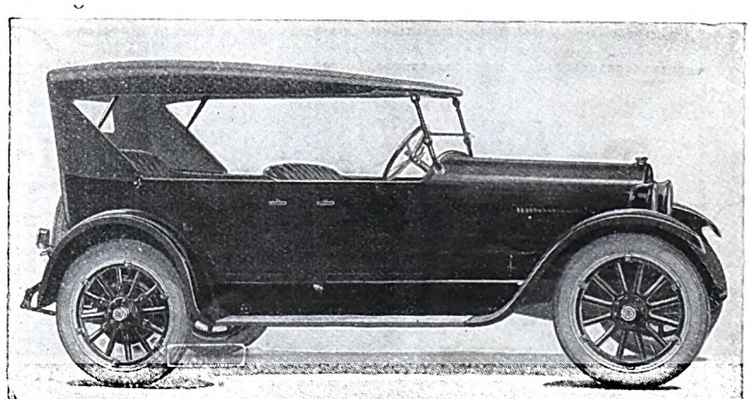

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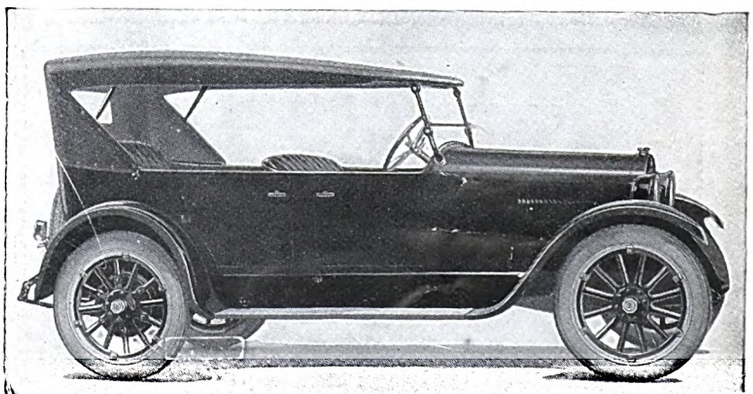

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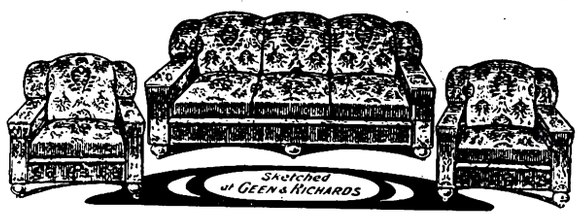

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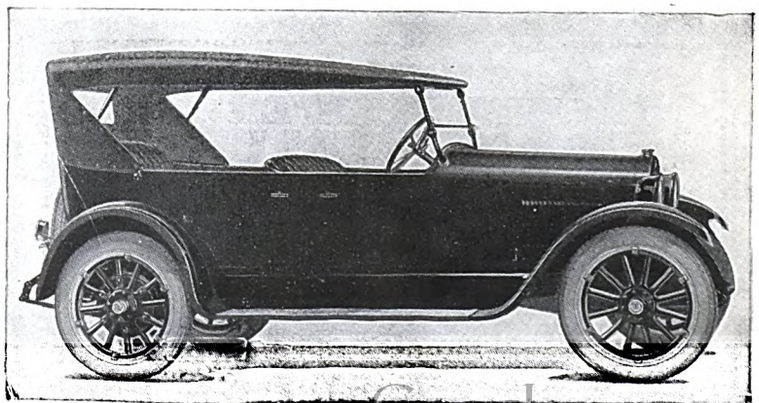

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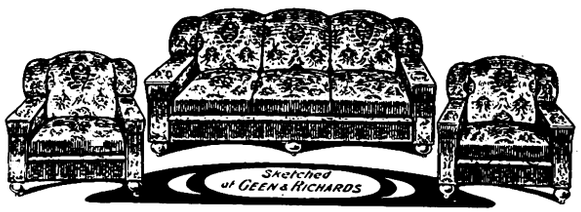

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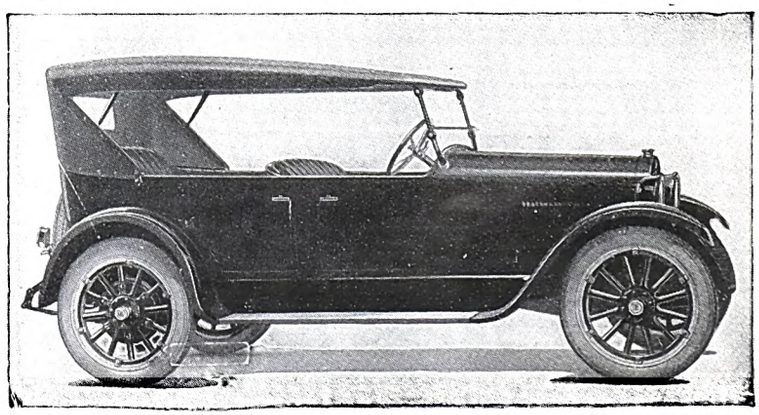

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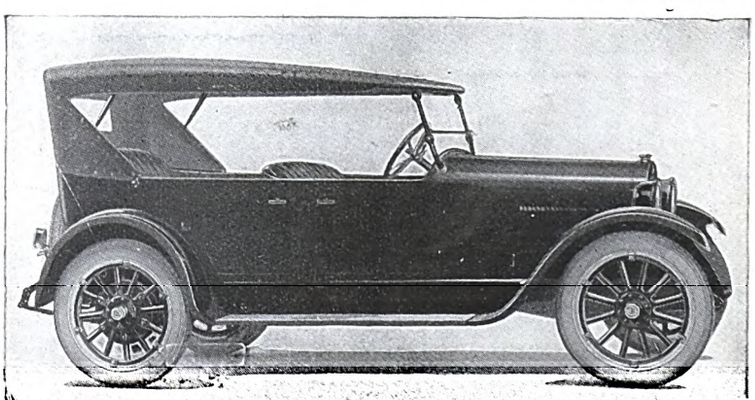

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EXCURSION FACTILITIES.

SUMMER SEASON 1924-1925.

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To EAST LONDON, PORT ELIZABETH, JEFFERYS BAY, PORT ALFRED, GEORGE (for Knysna and the Wilderness) and UMTATA (for Port St. Johns) on certain days each week during NOVEMBER, 1924, and JANUARY and FEBRUARY, 1925.

To SWAKOPMUND on certain days each week during JANUARY and FEBRUARY, 1925.

For particulars see Handbills.

W. W. HOY,
General Manager.

Johannesburg,
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Of all high-class Chemists and Stores. It effectually removes all Roughness, Redness, Tan, Irritation, etc., and is delightfully Soothing and Refreshing at all times.
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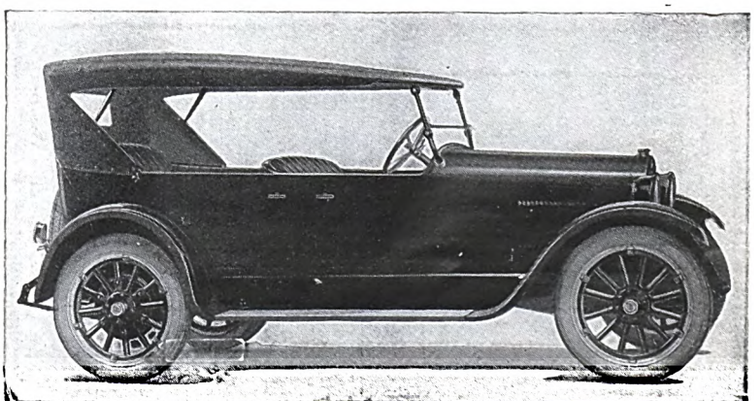

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SUMMER SEASON GENERAL EXCURSIONS.

1st DECEMBER, 1924, TO 5th January, 1925.

During the period 1st December, 1924, to 5th January, 1925 (inclusive), Excursion Tickets (all classes) at Single Fare for the Return Journey will be issued between all South African Railway Stations and in through bookings with N.C.C.R. and C.F.L.M. Minimum fares: First Class, 2/-; Second Class, 1/6; Third Class, 1/-.

In through bookings with the Rhodesia Railways and Beira and Mashonaland Railways, First and Second Class tickets only will be issued. Minimum fare, 2/6.

In local bookings over the Rhodesia Railways and Beira and Mashonaland Railways (all sections north of Mafeking inclusive) during the period 14th December, 1924, to 5th January, 1925, inclusive. Minimum fares, 2/6 all classes.

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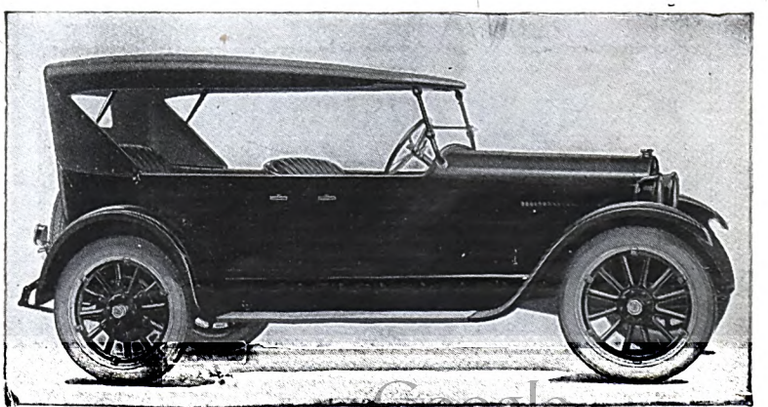

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£1,000 to the holder should such accident as above defined not prove fatal, but cause the loss of two limbs by actual separation above the wrist or ankle, or the total and irrecoverable loss of all sight in both eyes; or
£500 to the holder should such non-fatal accident cause the loss as aforesaid of the sight of one eye or the loss as aforesaid of one limb only.
Provided that the above undertaking is subject to the following special conditions, which are of the essence of the contract, viz.:—
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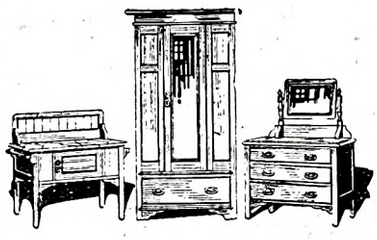

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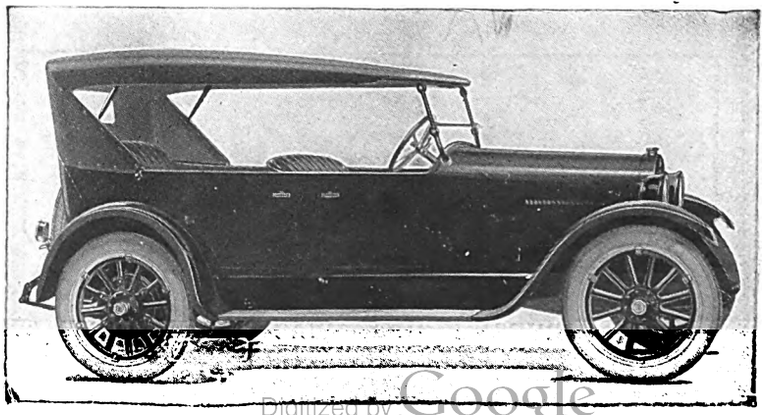

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